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THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

A Weekly Journal,

Devoted to Literature and the Fine Arts:

Embellished with Engravings and Music.

VOLUME XVII

New York:

1839.

Yours With true regard

Prosper M. Wetmore

NEW-YORK MIRROR,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Embellished with Engravings, and Music arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

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THE ENGRAVING.

PORTRAIT OF PROSPER M. WETMORE.

Among the poets of America, the name of Prosper M. Wetmore must long maintain an honourable rank. Although he has published but little, yet that little is enough to distinguish him as a practised and powerful writer and a man of genius. His compositions are characterized at once by energy and a chastened taste We know of few lyrics in the language that can compete with his "Lexington," in Tyrtæan ardour and beauty of versification. It is, perhaps, the best known of the author's productions; but we think many of his shorter pieces are quite as much entitled to admiration; among them, the spirited stanzas to Murat will not soon be forgotten. Mr. Wetmore has collected his fugitive poems, including "Lexington," into a volume, which was given to the public six or seven years ago, and is, doubtless, in the libraries of a majority of the lovers of poetry in our land. Like two of his eminent coevals, Halleck and Sprague, Mr. Wetmore is engaged in active commercial pursuits, from which he too rarely withdraws himself to "build the lofty rhyme." He seems utterly to have forsaken the muses of late, and is, if we mistake not, not only a man of business but of politics It may be for some future commentator or biographer to exclaim:

"How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost!"

The likeness we present our readers to-day is a faithful one, and was engraved by Parker from an admirable painting by Henry Inman.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES OF REAL LIFE.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS OBSCURE.

BY WILLIAM COX.

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."—*Philip Van Artevelde.*

CHAPTER I.

Containing sundry original interrogatories and reflections, appropriate to the history.

Who can estimate the pains and pangs attendant upon the possession of the fatal gift of genius? Who can form the slightest conception of the wild ideas, the bewildering reveries, the scathing thoughts, the gloomy reflections, the eagle flights, that tear and rend to pieces the fine tissue work of the cellular membranes? Who can comprehend the inflammatory action incessantly going on in the over-excited brain? Who, indeed—for who, it may boldly and fearlessly be asked, can comprehend the incomprehensible? Is not genius—or the reputation of it—coveted by all men? Yet, what has it done for them? Has it not plunged those afflicted with it into the depths of misery—brought them to the verge of madness—given them hints, not to be mistaken, of ultimate starvation? Has it not lifted them above the clouds, only to let them fall the heavier to earth again? Has it not elevated them to barren high places—mental pillories—merely to be pelted, scoffed at, and reviled, by the crowd below? It has. It has found men poor, and it has kept them poor It has found them rich, and brought them to the insolvent court. It has drugged the bowl, sharpened the dagger, whetted the knife, strapped the razor, primed the pistol, for its unhappy possessors! It has hung them up by the neck in verdant forest glades, and caused them to bathe in deep waters without taking off their clothes. It has done many things; and most indubitably, among others, it shut up the shop of Josiah Jefferson Craggs, apothecary, 638 Bowery.

Terrible gift! dreadful distinction!

CHAPTER II.

Of the birth and parentage of Josiah Jefferson Craggs, and of his progenitors.

The great Craggs, when little, came into the world pretty much in the same manner as other people, and for the first twelve months of his existence took his infantile sustenance without evincing any marked peculiarity to distinguish him from the ordinary run of children. Shortly after this, however, his mother and female relatives began to express an opinion that he was by no means a "common child," (very few are,) and being an only one, his precocious sayings and doings were duly noted and narrated for the profit and entertainment of all who visited the house of Craggs. But it is much to be regretted that the details of the earlier period of his life are lamentably obscure and apocryphal. A hazy incertitude hangs over the days of his childhood and adolescence; indeed, the only thing of moment that is positively known, is the interesting fact recorded in the literary scrap-book of an azure maiden aunt of his, that at the age of six he showed a decided preference for the history of Jack the Giant Killer, (or, as many learned men and sound authorities write it—Queller,) over that of Tom Thumb.

This mark of discrimination was looked upon by the family as something

The father of our hero, Hancock Madison Craggs, flourished in the city of New-York as an eminent tallow-chandler towards the close of the eighteenth and early portion of the nineteenth centuries. It may be as well to mention—as everything connected with genius acquires a perhaps adventitious consequence—that the original manner of spelling this obscurely-illustrious name was "Scraggs;" but one of Josiah's ancestors being gifted with a refined taste and euphonious notions, thought proper to drop the *s*, thus at once cutting the association which connected the family name with the extreme or "scragg" end of a neck of mutton, and at the same time skilfully connecting it with the picturesque beauties of nature—"ye crags and peaks," etc.

Hancock Madison Craggs was an inoffensive man. He neither distinguished, nor sought to distinguish himself, in arts, arms, politics, philosophy, or literature, but no man made better candles; and as the fame of his "dips," long and short, spread abroad, and the excellency of his "moulds" became known, his money, and consequently his respectability, increased. But his accumulative propensities relaxed not; and he continued to devote all his energies to the profitable task of enlightening his neighbours.

Sitting in his shop, however, one summer's afternoon, being then in the fortieth year of his age, it suddenly occurred to him, that he might just as well take a wife and perpetuate the name of Craggs, as leave his cash to distant relatives. It also occurred to him that there was not many orders in to execute, and therefore there could not be a better time than the present. Being a man of strictly business habits, he accordingly advertised for a helpmate the next morning, and in the evening paper of the same day he was blessed with a favourable response. He was a little daunted, it was true, by the promptitude of the reply, but he scorned to shrink from his word. An interview took place, preliminaries were arranged, and three weeks afterwards he bowed his neck to the yoke, and went through the trying ceremony of matrimony with a decent fortitude and a manly resignation that evinced no ordinary firmness of character

In the due and legitimate time allowed by law and nature, Josiah Jefferson Craggs, the illustrious obscure of the present memoir, squalled melodiously in his nurse's arms.

CHAPTER III

Of the early days of young Craggs, and how he astounds his relatives.

The biographies of most eminent men—Sheridan, Scott, Crabbe, Byron, etc., go to prove that they were but dull boys, inapt scholars, and that wit, poetry, or eloquence, could neither be whipped into or out of them. Young Craggs, in these respects, bore a striking and hopeful resemblance to those great men, for a more inveterately stupid youth never puzzled a tutor. True, he learned to read, and, moreover, wrote a hand which, like that of other gentlemen of genius, it was almost impossible to decipher; but all attempts to inoculate him with any portion of arithmetical knowledge were found to be altogether fruitless; and as for grammar, not only did he loathe, abhor, and despise it in his secret soul, but he habitually evinced his thorough contempt for it in his ordinary conversation. In fact, common people thought him a fool; but the backs of his copybooks began to show flashes—coruscations—of the spirit within him. They were covered with such rural rhymes as "plough," and "cow"—of a suicidal character, as "despair," "nightmare," and of an affecting or incipient amatory tendency, as "heart," "smart," "depart," "waters blue," "long adieu," "think of you;" from which those who could see beyond the mere surface of things, or were under obligations in business to the elder Craggs, surmised that there was more in the young Josiah than met the eye. The "faculty divine," however, might have remained long undeveloped—might have smouldered away unseen, unknown; he might have been a "mute inglorious Milton," he might have been a tallow-chandler, but for an event untoward in itself, but productive of the happiest and most important consequences, and which, like the application of a match to a rocket, sent his genius at once soaring and blazing away into the seventh heaven.

His blue-stocking aunt had a tortoise-shell cat. The tortoise-shell cat was imprudent in its habits—staid out late o'nights, and a cold, an inflammation, and an untimely end were the series of consequences brought on by its bad hours and irregular modes of living. Great was the lamentation which ensued. The aunt was inconsolable: and for two days and two nights afterwards, young Craggs, then in his sixteenth year, was observed to be a changed creature. He was lost in thought, abrupt in his answers, absent in his manner, and started in his sleep. This was attributed to his extreme sensibility: but lo! on the third morning, a folded sheet of foolscap gilt-edged paper was observed upon his literary relative's dressing-table. She opened it, and a "Monody on the Death of a Favourite Tortoise-shell Cat," met her astonished view. She read it, and went into a fit of unequivocal raptures—hurried down to the breakfast-table, where, after an immensity of questioning, much mystery, a good deal of blushing, and somewhat of flutter and trepidation, the author, at last, stood revealed in the person of her nephew!

Upon this Mrs Craggs, who had pertinaciously refused to read the lines until she had finished her coffee and toast, eagerly seized them, fell into a fit of raptures also, shed tears of joy, and uttered sundry thankful ejaculations for having been "blest with such a son!"

After the breakfast-things had been cleared away, and the proud mother and delighted aunt left by themselves, a consultation was held touching the wonderful discovery of the morning, when both ladies simultaneously found out that it was a long time since they had had a tea-party; upon which the number of chairs, silver teaspoons, and Chinese cups and saucers were counted, and a proportionate quantity of invitations issued.

CHAPTER IV

Of the great Craggs's tea-drinking, and the consequences thereof.

On one of the dog-days in the year 18—, all the talent, beauty, and fashion connected intimately or remotely with the family of the tallow-chandler, assembled at six o'clock in the evening in his best parlour, and speedily a cloud of white vapour, the combined evaporations of two-and-twenty smoking cups o'er-canopied the heads of two-and-twenty lovers of adulterated hot water. As the operation "progressed," the atmosphere became hot and humid to the last degree. The countenances of the ladies assumed the hue of "flame-coloured taffeta," and their curls—all the crispness taken out—unanimously uncurled, and hung down, in most mermaiden and disconsolate fashion, around their perspiring countenances. They had all pretty much the appearance of having recently emerged from a vapour bath, and their attempts to look cheerful and fascinating were, it is to be regretted, anything but successful. The hostess, though as hot as most of them, persisted, as is usual, in showing the greatest hospitality by pressing the company to eat and drink considerably more than they thought requisite. A general desire, however, seemed to prevail to get the scalding fluid out of the room as soon as possible, when, unfortunately, a little, fat gentleman—a distant relation, noted vulgar though reported rich, inadvertently yielded, much to her horrour and surprise, to the hypocritical entreaties of the hostess to take a "fourth cup," which he sipped very leisurely amid the silent maledictions of the more refined two and three cupites. After he had finished, the little gentleman arose, threw open the window, sat down beside it, flung himself back in his chair, stretched out his legs, set his arms a-kimbo, and commenced puffing and blowing with the regularity and precision of a steadily-worked bellows.

After the tea-kettle had been cleared away, and the individuals composing the company had informed each other that it was "very hot!"—"very!"—"very close," "exceedingly so," etc., Miss Smithers, (the azure aunt,) announced that she believed she had "a little treat in store for them," whereupon they one and all declared that they "really could *not* take anything more;" and the little, fat gentleman stopped puffing and blowing in order to express *his* belief that he had taken a good deal too much already; upon which Mrs. Craggs gave a supercilious and malignant glance towards the vulgarian—when his eyes were turned another way and then looked smilingly and apologetically around towards the rest of the assembly. Miss S., however, simperingly explained that it was a "mental" treat to which she alluded, and forthwith the aforesaid sheet of foolscap gilt-edged writing paper, was produced and laid on the table with an air of very considerable mystery.

The several portions of the company looked puzzled, and straightway the eyes of Master Craggs became intently fixed upon the ceiling

Miss Smithers then proceeded to read, with much emphasis, but very little discretion—in consequence of being carried away by her feelings—the "Monody on the Death of a Tortoise-shell Cat," during which operation Josiah's face assumed a decidedly apoplectic appearance.

This is not the place to give that monody entire, and a sense of justice will not permit us to mar its pathetic beauty and touching simplicity by fragmentary quotations. Suffice it to say, that after Miss Smithers had finished, a murmur of satisfaction and applause filled the room, and, it being obvious that it was a family affair, the inquiries after the tender and talented author became numerous and pressing in the extreme; whereupon Mrs. Craggs and Miss Smithers looked fondly, complacently, and knowingly towards a certain individual who still continued to peruse the ceiling. The company took the hint, and unanimously looked amazed and gratified beyond measure. The approbation of course became vociferous, and exclamations of—"Is it possible!"—"Dear me!"—"Well, I declare!" "Who *would* have thought it!" flew round the room in all directions.

Grateful as the dew on Hermon was all this to the soul of Josiah, and his protestations that the "thing was nothing!"—"a mere trifle!" etc., only added to the prepossession in his favour. "A mere trifle, indeed!" indignantly exclaimed the guests, and one solemn old gentleman sagely remarked, that "modesty and ability always went hand in hand."

Enough! the triumph was complete, and when the company broke up, every individual present (except the vulgarian) begged for a copy of the "Monody," as the greatest earthly favour that could possibly be bestowed upon them.

The cat had been previously stuffed by one of the most accomplished artists in that line; the monody was printed, framed, and hung up above it, and the future destiny of Josiah Jefferson Craggs was fixed!

(To be concluded in our next.)

ORIGINAL TALES FROM THE GERMAN.

THE GRAZIOSO.

BY MRS ELLET

IN THREE PARTS—PART THE FIRST.

It was on a clear balmy morning in the spring of 1703, that a number of carriages, drawn by mules, were moving slowly along the highway leading to the capital of a certain German prince. The roads were at that period in a condition not far from dangerous, which accounted for the massive structure even of the most elegant vehicles. Those, however, of which we now speak belonged rather to the class of freight-wagons, and were well laden with the persons and chattels of an Italian dramatic and dancing company, journeying on the express invitation of the prince.

Spite of the tedious road, the tenants of the wagons showed merry faces; even Signor Ranuzio Spacicamino, the impressario, (the office is, in general a sorrowful one,) looked gaily around him, full of the pleasant certainty that his empty money-boxes were soon to overflow through the liberality of the prodigal prince He spoke not, but there was meaning in his looks, as if in the depth of his manager-soul he rejoiced and exulted. The other members of the troop on the contrary were loud in mirth; some chatted, some sang canzonets, some emulated the birds, and roused the echoes with idle whistling.

A short distance in advance of the first wagon rode, on spirited mules, a young woman of unrivalled beauty, and a young man, whose fine though strongly marked features showed a strange mixture of cunning and audacity, of good nature and satirical malice; to an experienced observer readily announcing him as no other than the grazioso of the company

The fair one was evidently the prima donna, as proclaimed by her demeanour, the haughty yet at the same time languishing glance of her large dark eyes, the arch smile of her rosy lips, and above all the magnificent voice, as she joined in the tune the grazioso began to play upon the mandoline.

The others became instantly silent, as Fiametta, (that was the name of the lovely girl,) began to sing, save at the close of every verse, when the chorus struck in with accompaniment of castinet and tambourine. The song ran as follows:

"Love, curious, once travelled
Unknown the world around,
To see, to prove, if any where
Could constancy be found
But ah! the search was vain,
And vain the eternal pother;
Where one was found to keep the vow
'Twas broken by the other!

CHORUS.

Believe, O yes believe him,
If Love doth promise pleasure,
Believe the sweet delight he brings,
But Truth's a hidden treasure.

Then sighed Love—full of sorrow;
Is then my power so small!
Must I not count upon a day—
I—mightiest of all!
But smiling said Dame Venus,
"Dear boy—set trouble free;
Love will endure for ever,
As doth Inconstancy."

CHORUS

If *one* we love forsakes us,
Must we sans comfort be!
For ever, ever, Love endures,
As doth Inconstancy! etc.

When the song ended, the merry people shouted and clapped their approbation. But Fiametta turned to her companion and said, "Your song, Giovechino, is like yourself! half pleasant, half perverse; it vexes me whenever I sing it, and yet I have it always on my lips. Can you tell me why it is so?"

"O yes!" answered the grazioso; "you are a thorough woman and never know your own mind!"

"A bad conclusion, good friend; I certainly know it in one respect!"

"In what? I should like to hear."

"I always laugh at you whenever you prate to me of your love!"

"Laugh or weep, Fiametta, I will never believe that I sigh in vain, till you can treat me with indifference!"

"Ah, poor knave! then you may hope to the world's end, for I can be indifferent towards no man. But only wait till the right one comes to woo me and wins my heart—"

"Death and the furies!" cried the grazioso fiercely, and Fiametta burst into a musical laugh

"Tell me, Giovechino," said she archly, "how stands it now with your confidence!" and wheeling her mule round, she rode back singing to the carriage in which sat the impressario.

"The witch has again stirred me beyond bounds!" murmured Giovechino, laughing at his vexation and striking his forehead. "Yes—" he sighed with a comic expression of disquiet, "yes—I am a fool, who seeks all imaginable means of tormenting himself but, by St. Jannario! I love her better than the light of my eyes; ay, and she loves me; yes, she loves me—only. Madonna help her! she will not own it"

The company here drew nigh the end of their journey; they entered a chestnut avenue, and saw shine in the morning light the towers of the princely city, whose gates were soon to open hospitably for their reception.

At the expense of the sovereign a stately mansion was fitted up for the abode of the company, the distinguished members of which were frequently supplied with choice dishes from the prince's table

An open space surrounded with pavilions was assigned them, where the stage scenery, etc, were arranged; the impressario, putting all in order to the best advantage, assisted in his labours with alacrity by Giovechino and the primo amoroso, Antonio Monte Cavallo. After a few days the preparations were so far advanced, that all was ready for the rehearsals. The impressario failed not to announce this important intelligence to the court marshal, who conveyed it, as in duty bound, to the gracious ears of his master.

"You really are, then, of opinion, that this company will suit us?" asked the prince.

"Most undoubtedly, my lord; it is the same company your highness saw and was pleased to commend three years ago in Naples, and they have improved much since that time, particularly in the new grazioso, a wild lad, who seems created for the part he has to play."

"And what is become of the pretty child, the dark-eyed little girl who sang and danced so bewitchingly! she was called Fiametta, if I mistake not."

"Ah! I marvel at my gracious lord's memory," cried the marshal with a deep inclination; his eyes flashed as he proceeded, "by mine honour, your highness, the little Fiametta is grown the loveliest maiden my eyes ever beheld"

"Indeed"

"As I have the honour to assure my gracious lord, never saw I such a shape! such perfect symmetry, youthful fulness and freshness! And a head, my prince, such a head! I say too little, when I say it combines Juno's majesty with the beauty of Aphisodite! The glance of her eye is like the storm-lightning of a summer's night! Yet what avails description; may it please you, my lord, to see her yourself"

"Now by my faith that will I," laughed the sovereign, "and the sooner the better." The marshal received his orders, and the next afternoon the prince went without other attendance than his confidant, to be present at the rehearsal.

The impressario, apprised beforehand by the marshal what an honour he might expect, received the royal visiter in his best attire, and with the deepest humility. An immense Spanish peruke adorned his venerable head; his crimson coat was so adorned with gold lace, a hand's breadth wide, that the original colour of the material was only visible in small spots; in short, Signor Ranuzio Spacicamino shone and glistened like a gold bug. His blue satin vest was richly embroidered; his black velvet breeches were fastened at the knee with huge bright yellow rosettes of silk; his flesh-coloured stockings had golden clocks, his shoes golden buckles and high heels; a long, pointed sword, and a small three-cornered cap decorated with magnificent plumes completed his elaborate array.

With a persuasive melody of speech, granted of heaven only to those born in the Strada di Toledo at Naples, Signor Ranuzio Spacicamino lauded his glorious fortune, and the condescension which had induced so great, and powerful, and generous, and renowned a prince to suffer the sunlight of his presence to irradiate a poor, obscure impressario. Having concluded his oration, he stood awaiting the royal answer, in an attitude of humility much resembling that of a pocket-knife half clasped; but his highness laughed most uncourteously in his face. "Leave your silly compliments, Signor Ranuzio," said he; "we want no such stuff; but show me the members of your company." Though somewhat disconcerted, Signor Ranuzio bowed so low that his dependent arms touched the ground, and did as he was commanded.

Highly delighted was the prince, when, as the impressario called over the names and presented the members in turn, the grazioso came forth with a merry leap, improvising an appropriate canzonet. A full purse thrown to him proved his gracious satisfaction at the performance of the sprightly lad. But an involuntary exclamation escaped the prince, as Signor Spacicamino introduced the fair Fiametta. "By my troth!" whispered he, entranced to the marshal, "the damsel is divine!" Fiametta was not unaware of the effect her appearance produced; it occasioned her some embarrassment and she stood before the sovereign with downcast eyes. At length his highness recollected himself; he was pleased to pay her some compliments, whereat many a court dame would have pined with envy, inviting her, during the rehearsal in the intervals of her singing, to take a seat near him. He in fact led her to the seat, in defiance of all etiquette, for it was the place appropriated to the princess during the evening representation. Yet the marshal took no notice; nor would even the high seneschal, had he been present, have dared to remind his highness of the breach of form; the master of that court observed etiquette only so long as it pleased him.

ENIGMAS.

THE CLOUD.

In light, in shade, its changing form appears,
Now clothed in blushes and now bathed in tears;
It spreads its wings upon the summer air,
And sits in silence on the mountain bare;
Wrapped in the shadows of its gloomy breast,
The springs of life, the fires of vengeance, rest;
It floats in kindness, and it flies in wrath,
And skies grow darker in its awful path;
It paints the petal of the dying flower,
It shakes the temple, and it rocks the tower!
Its shaft strikes down the lovely and the brave,
Yet will it turn and weep upon their grave.

THE DEW-DROP

It came unheard, and darkness veiled its birth,
The child of heaven, yet only seen on earth;
It lay half hidden in the folded leaves,
The sleeping floweret round her bosom weaves,
And when the moonbeam touched it from afar,
It shone and sparkled like a fallen star;
But ah, it trembled in the breath of day,
And softly faded like a dream away.
Such was its fate, and thus without a stain
It came to earth, and sought the skies again;
A rosy cradle, and a golden shroud,
Born in a flower, and dying in a CLOUD.

O. W. H.

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

VIEWS IN ONEIDA COUNTY.

I am inclined to think, Mr. Editor, that the scenery of middle New-York—of Oneida county, for instance—has not been sufficiently appreciated and extolled. I imagine, moreover, I can let you into the secret It is this: the route of travel lies through the swamp region of the canal; that long snake (whose tongue is cooled in the waters of Lake Erie, and whose "tip of tail" tickles the Hudson at Albany) preferring, as is natural, the low, hemlock, old stump and frog region to the country above I do not blame said serpent, the pet of the state, for preferring the low grounds to the distressing heights, which, south-west of the Mohawk, swell up and then sink away into valleys; ah! how voluptuously beautiful! But I wish to blame those who have wandered by the banks of the Mohawk where it saunters down from the regions north of Rome—those who have gazed upon the Oriskany and the groves which emparadise its meandering, who have stood upon the elevation called "Butt's hill," viewing beneath, far—far beneath, the spires of the would-be capital, and in the dim distance, perched upon the avenue of poplars, the stately chapel and buildings of Hamilton College. Let me speak of one of these scenes. About six miles from a spot (on the canal) called Mansion-House village, the memory whereof is fragrant by reason of its swarms of topers, its profuseness of beer, and the bright excellence, pungency and variety of its jokes—six miles from this rare village, is a ravine, into which, from the height above, by a steep, smooth road, and past a mill, you descend upon a bridge. A queer, picturesque old thing it is; and it spans the Mohawk.

I am given to understand that the inhabitants of the neighbourhood contemplate a new erection to supplant the old building, which now hovers over the child-like waters and crazily threatens to "crush" them "into mist." Nothing can be more preposterous than this plan. It is true, the present contrivance has, by its shaking, been the curious means of frightening several females into fits; it is true, several horses, amused by the rocking of the old timbers, and by the gaping of several holes disclosing a river twenty-five feet below, have thereupon reared, and by their upright conduct expressed themselves desirous of jumping over into the water; whereby, pulses have been quickened, and cheeks paled, yea, even to the whiteness of the foam which dances down the current I do not deny the propriety of a man's getting his life insured, or of putting his hymn-book into his pocket, and making his will previous to venturing over said bridge with a plump, bouncing team and a couple of ladies in the back seat of his vehicle. Spare me, if you please, the imputation of contradicting your assertion that, in all probability, the plunge through the shivered planks and parting beams, of Mr. A. and oxen, or of Mr. B., wife and daughters, will, ere the year is closed, furnish the country papers sundry dainty paragraphs headed "awful catastrophe," "shocking accident," etc.

But the question is this: whether such trifling occurrences (past or prospective) as are hinted at above, are sufficient to warrant the complete destruction of the old, and the construction of a new bridge? Even if the old one *should* sink away with or without a load of flour and two yoke of cattle, ought not some reverence to be entertained for the ancient—all weather-stained and most beautified as it is? Ought it ignominiously to be cut up and rafted down the stream? Methinks such conduct to the down-trodden would be unbecoming this age, and especially that section of country. Would not such treatment look too much like revenge? We should consider its past services; how often moved by the affecting weight of the bonneted in the passing carriage, and in consideration of their worth and alarm, hath it foregone the satisfaction of fainting away at such a time, and postponed again and again the hour of its fall, till weakness forbade longer deferment? Let it therefore remain, (if it should tumble,) rich in its desolation—its abutments partly

fallen, and yet vine-clad—the green grass upon the crevices of the stone, the old railing still upright, and uniting with other features to give it a saddening interest and a charm.

I anticipate your objection; that the horses of Rome township, Oneida county, generally speaking, are not accustomed to spring fifty feet from bank to bank with a wagon-load of apples, calves, or girls, as the case may be; at any rate, you aver they cannot perform such a Rome-antic feat without somewhat discommoding the load or passengers—inducing in the latter a digestion altogether too rapid for health and enjoyment. I am inclined to grant you the same; but permit me to inquire if there is not a bridge near by, distant only five miles above; not to mention one five miles below? Consider, moreover, the taste of the wandering artist, of the lover of nature, who, of course, would be shocked by a new erection with bright-looking timbers, and, for aught I know, painted rails and new stone abutments without one stain of moss, or the festoon of a single bramble. Consider, in addition, the respect due to age. Would it not look too much like imitating the habits of those savages in Oregon, who are accustomed to ease their aged parents of life's closing troubles by crowding in their brains by means of a hatchet, applied thereto with an action usually called "a blow," and in such instances, coupled in civilized criticism with the epithets "outrageous," "horrid," "devilish," etc. Let us consider the old bridge as standing. From it, what a lovely scene is beheld! The distance, blooming in an azure, soft as the blue of a ripened plum, through which the purple peeps, floats up upon the sight—a range of gentle hills, with outline printed upon the reposing clouds in curves and variety which would absolutely enkindle the eye of Cole. The high, richly-red, and again brilliantly gray cliffs to the right, with their wealth of vines and festoons swinging in the air, are a sumptuous addition. To the left, and in "the middle distance," bowing over the Mohawk and vieing in majesty and grace with the live oaks, which, swept of their moss, mirror themselves in the brightness of those sea-inlets upon the Georgian coast with its thousand isles—vieing with them, tower the elms and sycamores—to Taste's enthusiastic eye, witchery imbodied and draperied in green!

To my own mind, hardly less agreeable is the view from above Thence, we take in the fine old tattering concern which stretches over the river; the precipice, too, comes in on the left; and it must be confessed that its blackness and jeggedness are hideously grand against the sunset's rich, yet delicate splendour. This splendour is prolonged and more profusely flushed with the magic of colour by reason of the sheets of light flung up into the wizard haze from the bosom of Oneida lake Here our distance (looking south-west) is recognised in the hills which are full fifteen miles from our station From those hills (shaking the kaleidescope of memory) we now behold the departure of the sun. Daylight vanishing in the lake as in a blaze of fire, like the visitant of Manoah, assumes amid the flame an angel's ravishing beauty, changing in its flight, before the eye, into the supreme loveliness of heaven. The view here is widely changed; it is a vast scene sinking away toward the lake and the one cone of a hill beyond in the horizon's verge. The lazy wreaths of smoke rising from the middle distance and the star-mocking tips of spires remind us that in the valleys villages are reposing. One might imagine they had been swallowed by an earthquake, so that naught was visible but the steeple tops, while the smoke of those fires, which rocked and engulfed the devoted town, was curling upward to become another signal added to the flames tipping the spires, and likewise admonishing the distant of its doom. Permit me to describe a scene far from the present and vastly differing therefrom. But as this article is now a respectable length, perhaps the description had better be left to another paper. Yours truly, O. H.

RIGHT OR LEFT?

Mr. Editor—In reply to your question concerning the subject of discussion at the eastward, regarding the side which the gentleman should take of the lady when riding on horseback, I beg leave to say, that though many riding-masters have taught that the gentleman should take the right of the lady, I have ever dissented from such instructions, and, with all my female companions, prefer riding to the right of the gentleman for the following reasons:—First, when the gentleman is upon our right side, he is unable, if required, to render us assistance, as his left is the bridle arm, and his right is from us. Second, the lady is less liable to accidents, especially in cities, when the gentleman is on the left, as she is then protected from the passing vehicles. In England, where it is customary to turn to the left, it is different in this respect. Thirdly, it is easier for the lady to converse on the left than on the right, owing to her position on the horse. These three are the chief reasons why we prefer and practise riding upon the right. I have heard it said on the other side, that when the gentleman is on the left, there is danger of accidents by collision. Experience teaches the reverse. It is almost impossible to dislodge or injure the lady by collision when on the left, while a slight contact of the horses or riders on the opposite side is very apt to do much mischief. There is a greater feeling of security to the lady when the gentleman is on the left, and she is more secure when he is "at hand." We shall therefore adhere to our right, and presume that the eastern ladies will come to the same determination. MAY DACRE.

Florida war.—Now that the Florida war is again concluded, and, in all probability, *for the last time*, we trust that some one competent to the task will give us a full and authentic history of the origin, progress, and close of the military operations in that territory. A most interesting volume might be collated from the adventures of our troops during the last six or seven years. But where is the Aristides, who could satisfy all parties by his impartiality?

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

ABDUL ORRINDEC.

That fickle minister of Allah, whom the Franks call fortune, and picture as a blindfold goddess, seemed resolved in heaping her favours on Abdul Orrindec, to show that her hand is not always unsteady nor her eye blinded. He was one of those instances which she delights sometimes to set before the sons of men, to convince them that inconstancy is no necessary part of her nature—that she can pour forth unmingled sweets, and crown with an unfading garland Or perhaps she had consigned Abdul's earthly lot to the ministration of those tender houris who are now attending him in the seventh heaven, and who had fallen in love with him before he left this world for his native seat.

Be this as it may—his lot was well seen to. He was a fortunate and a happy youth. Son of the prime vizier of our greatest sultan—a wise though indulgent father—he saw smiling around him all the luxuries which wealth and influence could procure. As he bounded through his spacious palace or fairy gardens on the banks of the Tigris, moving every limb with the agility of an antelope—his neck curving more proudly than the desert serpent's, his eyes sparkling above his cheeks like two stars above the redness of the northern dawn, enchanted the fair girls who had forgotten their native vales in his delicious grottos; and he saw through the scented foliage the glance of their beckoning arms.

He had a frame at once healthy and delicate His pure blood, exquisitely sensitive to every delight, sported like quicksilver through his veins.

And Abdul failed not to partake of all the good which Allah had spread around him The nimble courser, the dancing boat, the cooling sherbet, and the rich red wine; the maiden's bower, and the fresh zephyrs laden with music and perfume floating through it—he joyed in all.

But Abdul's soul was large. His eighteenth summer had not flown over him when he was found often alone. No: Hafiz was with him; he conversed with the sweet bards of the days that are gone. His boat often lay still, midway on the broad, calm, sunset-flushed bosom of the Tigris, and their strains were in his ear A new power woke within him; and he sighed with joy when he found that it could conjure up richer scenes than any within the blue mountains of Bagdad's horizon. He imagined.

And in his palace he gazed often and long on a marble head, such as the Franks have about their stairways and halls It was one which his father had seized at the sack of Antioch—a head of the great Greek dervise, Plato. And Abdul gazed upon it till Haidee and gentle Lilua grew jealous of its broad, still forehead. And ere long the books of the Greeks were in Abdul's palace, and in his choicest shades, and in his boat; and a Greek captive taught him to read them Abdul thought.

His days were now days of labour. Pleasure was no longer his business. His thoughts were with things afar, and with things past, and with things to come. One evening, as he was gazing from his window upon a noble palm—"Three years ago," he exclaimed, "how was I happier than thou art? I luxuriated in my health and vigour, and comeliness, living on outward influences; and so dost thou. But now"—His eye glanced to heaven, first with pride and then with gratitude.

He had sounded all the joys of sense; but thought and knowledge spread before him an ocean, which he might sail for ever and discover neither bottom nor shore.

He saw the merry together in their merriment, and the thinker alone in his thoughtfulness; and he sighed not, but smiled as he reflected that he now found that happiness in himself which he was once obliged to seek in companions. He loved his present pleasure the better that it was his own—that its spring was unknown and untasted by those about him.

He did not envy the gay their smiling and laughing; for he knew from experience that these were the tokens of mere bodily exhilaration. "When I smiled and laughed like the best of you, it was my body, I remember, that rejoiced; but now that my spirit is taking its pleasures, look into that, if you can, and you shall see it smile."

Thus thought Abdul. Would he have thought and felt, and been all this, had he grown up in labour and restriction? Or would he not, when he grew old and rich, have looked murmuringly upon his body, as not having afforded him all the enjoyment it could produce? Disgusted with that application of which he knew only the drudgery, and allured by that gaiety and boisterous mirth of which he knew not the shallowness, might he not have resolved to make amends for a youth void of pleasure, by becoming that most loathsome of living things, a sensual and profligate old man?

How little knowest thou, O mortal, of thine own good! It may be well for thee, even to have been born a prince. W. H. S.

A delicate rebuke.—General Wilkinson was, in 1777, an aid to General Gates, and by him sent to Congress, at Yorktown, with the despatches giving an account of the surrender of Sir John Burgoyne, and the British army, to the Americans at Saratoga. On the way he spent a day at Reading, about fifty miles from Yorktown, with a young lady from Philadelphia, whom he afterwards married. When the despatches were read in Congress, propositions were made for paying a proper compliment to the favourite of General Gates, who brought us such pleasing news. Samuel Adams, with a grave and solemn face, moved Congress that the young gentleman be presented with a "pair of spurs."

Marriage portions.—It was one of the laws of Lycurgus, that no portions should be given with young women in marriage.

A THOUGHT.

When I am gone, oh! lay me not to sleep
In the dark vault where sunbeams dare not dwell—
Too heavily would weigh the silence deep
On one who loved this flowery earth so well!
But where the breezes tremulously swell
Through the green summer foliage; and the sky
In dreamlike beauty bends above my cell,
With all its swift-winged songsters soaring high,
Amid sweet Nature's glow—there would I wish to lie!

Sweet, sweet shall be my sleep; the delicate grass,
Spangled with dewy flowers, shall o'er me spring;
And the light gales, that through the branches pass,
Scattering around their early blossoming,
Wildly and sadly sweet, my dirge shall sing.
The fragrant turf shall tempt no vulgar tread,
But gentle hands their flowery gifts shall bring,
And the pale moonlight holy tear-drops shed,
And smile serenely bright above the early dead! INEZ.

Influence of circumstances.—Great men are those who have felt much, lived much; who, in a few years, have lived many lives. The tallest pines grow only in the regions of storms. Athens, the city of tumult, was the mother of a thousand great men; Sparta, the city of order, boasted but one Lycurgus; and Lycurgus was born before his laws. Thus, we see that great men most frequently appear in the midst of popular agitations: Homer, in the midst of the heroic ages of Greece; Virgil, under the triumvirate; Ossian, on the wreck of his country and her gods; Dante, Ariosto and Tasso, in the midst of the reviving convulsions of Italy; Corneille and Racine, in the age of the Fronde; and Milton, chaunting the first rebellion at the foot of the bloody scaffold of Whitehall. And if we examine the individual destiny of these great men, we shall find them harassed by an agitated and miserable life. Camoens cleaves the waves, his poems in his hand. D'Ercilla writes his verses on the skins of beasts, in the forests of Mexico. Those of them, whom bodily suffering does not divert from suffering of mind, lead a stormy life, devoured by an irritability of disposition, which renders them a burden to themselves and to those who surround them. Happy they who do not die before their time, consumed by the ardour of their own genius, like Pascal; by grief, like Molière and Racine—or victims to the terrours of their own imagination, like the miserable Tasso!

American names.—The names of many of our finest streams and mountains are sad stumbling-blocks in the way of the poet, but, in most instances, the original Indian names are more euphonious than those which have been substituted. Niagara, Ontario, Oregon, are not unworthy appellations, but what shall we say of Frog's Misery, Squam, Oneleg, Tompkins, Mudville, and such elegant cognomens! A writer in the Nantucket Inquirer, in the following sonnet, presents a ludicrous instance of the difficulty under which a *local* poet would labour, in attempting to enrich his verses with our names of places.

SONNET.

To thee, O, Siasconset! when I've stood
By Niagara's tide and heard the roar
Of those fierce waters and down-pouring flood,
My thoughts have flown, and by thy sounding shore,
By memory led, again my feet would stray,
Near where Tom Nevers lifts his sandy head,
Where Sankoty his beacon did display,
And down by Sachacha's soft oozy bed;
Most willingly my thoughts were led away
From Quisconsinian prairies green, where graze
The shaggy buffaloes; from regions gay
With flowery tribes: from these in by-gone days
Still back to thee, O home! my thoughts would stray—
To Polpis, Shemo, Squam, Muskeeket, Coatuc, Quaise.

Napoleon among the ladies.—We learn from one of his recent biographers, that politeness to the fair sex was not habitual to the character of Napoleon He was but little calculated for the utterance of those soft nothings which custom has familiarised to female ears His compliments were often of the most uncouth description. At one time he would say to a lady, "Mon Dieu! how red your arms are!" to another, "What an abominable head-dress!" or, "Who can have trussed up your hair in that manner?" or, "How soiled your dress is? Do you ever change it? I have seen you in that at least twenty times." In spite of this bluntness, Napoleon possessed every requisite for forming what in the language of the world is termed a man of engaging manners—every requisite but the will.

French cookery.—The French decidedly bear away the palm in the science of the *cuisine*. In this branch of enterprise not even the Yankees can compete with them. Mr. Bremner, in his late work upon Russia, remarks, that French cookery, like the French language, is fast overrunning the earth, levelling all national distinctions, and doubtless destroying all national prejudices. "The professors of this popular branch of sciences are to be met with everywhere; everywhere, too, are their labours in behalf of humanity munificently rewarded. A *chef-de-cuisine*, who leaves Paris on the top of the diligence with nothing but his nightcap and saucepans, rolls back from Russia, as from England, in his own carriage, loaded with the tribute of grateful nations."

Foibles of the great.—Voltaire should not be judged by his comedies, Boileau by his Pindaric odes, or Rosseau by his allegories. Criticism should not maliciously seize upon the feebleness which the most distinguished talent often exhibits; nor should history give undue prominence to the littlenesses which are almost always found in the most illustrious characters. Louis XIV. would have thought himself dishonoured, if his *valet-de-chambre* had surprised him without a wig; Turenne, when alone in the dark, trembled like a child; and we know that Cæsar was alarmed, lest he should be upset in his car of triumph.

We are happy to be enabled once more to publish an ORIGINAL POEM from the pen of Mr. HALLECK. There is no writer in the United States for whose productions the public clamour is so loud and frequent. The following is not unworthy of the most inspired moments of the author of "Alnwick Castle," and the lines upon Burns.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

Again ye come, again ye throng around me,
Dim, shadowy beings of my boyhood's dream!
Still shall I bless, as then, your spell that bound me!
Still bend to mists and vapours, as ye seem?
Nearer ye come—I yield me as ye found me
In youth, your worshipper, and as the stream
Of air that folds you in its magick wreaths
Flows by my lips, youth's joy my bosom breathes.

Lost forms, and loved ones ye are with you bringing,
And dearest images of happier days;
First-Love and Friendship in your path up-springing,
Like old Tradition's half-remembered lays;
And long-slept sorrows waked, whose dirge-like singing
Recalls my life's strange labyrinthine maze,
And names the heart-mourned many a stern doom,
Ere their years summer, summoned to the tomb.

They hear not these my last songs, they whose greeting
Gladdened my first—my spring-time friends have gone,
And gone, fast journeying from that place of meeting,
The echoes of their welcome, one by one.
Though stranger-crowds, my listeners since, are breathing
Time to my musick, their applauding tone
More grieves than glads me, while the tried and true,
If yet on earth, are wandering far and few.

A longing long unfelt, a deep-drawn sighing
For the dark SPIRIT LAND o'erpowers me now,
My song's faint voice sinks fainter, like the dying
Tones of the wind-harp swinging from the bough.
And my changed heart throbs warm—no more denying
Tears to my eyes, or sadness to my brow.
The Near afar off seems, the Distant nigh,
The Now a Dream, the Past reality.

F. G. H.

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM ENGLAND.

LONDON AND LONDONERS.

Strangers—Cockneys—Greenwich Pilot—London, past and present—the Queen.

It is a common remark that strangers know more about London than Londoners; and it is a very true one. A man of reading and intelligence who has lodged a month in the city, becomes, in his brief sojourn of thirty days, much better acquainted with its churches, cathedrals, theatres, parks, gardens, museums, picture-galleries, and other places of resort, than thousands of citizens who have spent their twice thirty years in it; and it somewhat surprises the stranger when passing his comments on any of the public institutions or places of recreation and amusement, to be answered by a gray-haired man, who was born in London, and has never been out of it—"Ay! I have *heard* that so and so is well worth seeing, but I have never been there myself." How many thousands live a long life, and die in this famous city without having been either in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's Church! It *does* rather startle a man, when dwelling with some unction upon the verdure and varied beauty of St. James's or the Regent's Parks, and the delightful contrast they afford to the whirl, dust, smoke and bustle of London, to be coolly answered by some respectable middle-aged gentleman—"So I *suppose*." The middle-aged gentleman himself has contentedly plodded through two-thirds of an existence amid the said whirl, dust, smoke and bustle, without ever dreaming of visiting those cool retreats. Perhaps he may have refreshed himself with the sight of grass, trees and water somewhere; but the parks, probably, lay out of the line of road between his house and his country-house; and that, with a genuine Londoner, is good and sufficient reason for never having gone near them.

But there are stronger cases than this. It is necessary to take a pilot at Greenwich, about five miles below London, though now nearly joined to it by streets, to bring vessels up to the Tower. The pilot who brought up the ship in which I came passenger, was an active, bustling, little man of about fifty years of age, with a tongue that must have been made of good stuff to have lasted him so long, for he never let it rest for a single minute. One of my fellow-passengers, who was in some doubt about a portion of the town to which he had to go, and seeing the little pilot so very talkative and communicative, asked if he knew Suffolk-street?

"No," was the reply.

"It is very near Pall Mall—of course you know Pall Mall."

"No. I don't."

"Not know Pall Mall!" cried my fellow-passenger, who had been in London thirty years before, and had a perfect recollection of this common thoroughfare—"not know Pall Mall!"

"Why, Lord bless you!" said the little pilot, "*I never was in London in my life*."

We thought the man was joking, but he went on as gravely as possible—"Not that I can exactly say *that* either, 'cause in pulling down I've called a' sometimes at some of the houses on the river side to have a drink of porter or a drop o' gin, *but I never was in any of the streets!*"

Now you must not generalize, and deduce from this that few of the inhabitants of Greenwich ever see London, because the very reverse is beyond question the fact. The pilot's I take to be a strong, though by no means a solitary case. Doubtless amid the thousands and thousands who swarm in London streets, there are many as inquisitive as a Yankee pedler; but, generally speaking, I think the Cockneys an incurious people.

But the stranger in London wishes to see all he can. Probably his time is limited, and he may never be there again, and he loses not an hour. The Londoner verifies the proverb of, "What may be done at any time is never done." He purposes going here and there, but he puts off; and, as most men die sooner than they expect, at last he makes his exit without seeing places within a few streets of him, which others have traversed thousands of miles of land and water to get a glimpse of.

Besides, the stranger has generally the advantage of being better acquainted with the past history of London than the busy denizens who crowd about its marts of commerce, and he makes it his business to hunt out the famous localities. The Tower—"ay, the Tower!"—alone, is to him a stone and mortar romance; and in the hackney-coach and cab-stand on the Tower-hill, he sees the place where Jack Straw beheaded the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord High Treasurer. Instead of porters, draymen and coal-heavers, he peoples Eastcheap with the beings of the past—Prince Hal, Poins, Pete, Pistol, Nym, Mrs. Quickley, and the fat Knight—there is yet no lack of Bardolphs; and in Smithfield, the centre of all that is dirty, disagreeable and commonplace, where gin-shops abound, and drovers, jobbers, and pig-drivers congregate, he recalls the bold and resolute Wat Tyler, the young and gallant Richard, and the courageous Walworth; or dreams that perhaps on the *very* spot where he stands, the flames curled around the heroic martyrs Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer. He seeks for dingy Green Arbour Court where the "Deserted Village" was penned, and takes his pint of porter in the room where volumes of dogmatic wisdom issued from Johnson's mouth. The cemeteries, too, swarm with the names of the illustrious dead, soliciting inspection. In fact, there is no end to the instructive amusement to be derived from looking at London in this way. Even in the dull and stupid pile of buildings known by the name of Ely-place, the stranger recognises the site of the garden of the bishop of Ely, whose strawberries Gloster so much commended; and there are a hundred instances of a similar kind which are a source of equal interest and gratification to a man of reading and observation.

Not so the Londoner. He lives solely in the present. "Have you seen the papers?" is the morning and evening inquiry. "What's the news?" "Who'll be sent for—Peel or Durham?" "Oh, Peel." "Won't do," etc. etc. Within this day or two, of course, the all-engrossing subject of conversation has been the conduct of her majesty:—"What do you think of the little woman sending Peel to the right-about?" "Noble girl!" "Saucy young minx!" "Ha, ha! the poor Tories!" "She'll rue it before long," etc. etc., just as party happens to view her conduct through its coloured optics. To me, who care little about names, it certainly appears that her majesty has acted with not only what may be called "queenly" spirit, but with what is better, a truly "womanly" spirit. It seems that she flatly told Sir Robert, who wished to have the females about her person removed, and their places filled by others, that "with his political arrangements she of course had nothing to do but to give her assent to them, but that she would sooner give up her crown and retire into private life, than be separated from her nearest friends and the companions of her childhood!" There is a charming violation of court etiquette for you! And thus it seems, that for the present, at least, the kindly impulses and true and affectionate feelings of a woman, have baffled the deep-laid and long-concerted schemes of the proudest and most powerful political party in England.

When I heard of the result of the interview between the inexperienced girl and the practised and wily man of the world, I could not help recalling Coleridge's fine lines—

> "To be innocent is nature's wisdom!
> For, surer than suspicion's thousand eyes,
> Is that *fine sense*, which, to the *pure in heart*,
> By mere repugnancy of its own goodness,
> Reveals the approach of evil!"

Not that Sir Robert Peel is by any means to be regarded as an incarnation of evil; though certainly toryism, requesting the sacrifice of the best feelings of our nature for factious purposes, savours rather of the policy of the nether world.

But partizanship spoils the best, and many a worthy gentleman in private life, is pushed and spurred on by party to do and say that of which, as a private gentleman, he would feel rather ashamed.

Of course the tory press is in a fearfully rabid state. The editors of the *Times*, it is said, cannot bear the sight of water. Many in the House of Lords are in the same condition. It is extremely lucky that "the Derby," the greatest horse-race in the world, is run for this week. The betting upon it is immense, and may act as a "counter-irritant" with one half of the tory peerage.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

AMERICAN WRITERS FOR ENGLISH JOURNALS.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

The leading British journals, as it is well known, have correspondents in every part of the world, not to treat their readers to flowery fancies, or graphic descriptions of temples or towers, but to relate living intelligence, principally political. Among them figure several residing in America, from which country for the last year news has been looked for with peculiar avidity. The United States have almost unobservedly grown up to an equal importance with other nations. It was but yesterday she was spoken of in the same tone as that used towards the British possessions adjoining her. Now she exercises a great influence over European countries, and from being, in regard to England, as a child to a parent, has become a companion and a friend. The sneers of the mother country have almost ceased. Even those accustomed to distrust, no longer deride; but even in strictures, unjust as well as unkind, have adopted a language of respect. Our recent difficulties with France has reminded Europe that Hercules is no longer in the cradle, but is ready to go upon whatever enterprise duty assigns him; and we have seen in the Times newspaper, England herself accused of being unable or unwilling to follow our example of lofty honour.

I believe the United States is gaining every year in the consideration of Europe. That whatever may be the embarrassments under which she labours, it is here understood that they are incidental to her age and position, and in no way detract from her claims to respect, and that they do not merit the flippant reproaches bestowed by people who do not understand the questions they decide so superficially. I believe that it is thought in Europe, (and I believe the opinion to be correct,) that could a man in any of the middle classes, or even in the professional and mercantile classes, choose his birth-place, it would be wise in him to choose our country. The experience of an emigrant from the old continent is not always a correct criterion. The native will always enjoy advantages not acquirable by the stranger. Of the former, the experience, the associations, the affections, and the hopes are rooted in his own land, to which, morally and physically speaking, he has been acclimated from his birth; while the latter, however glad he may have been to escape from his own country, carries with him lurking tendencies and opinions not adapted to his new mode of life. He may or he may not consider his change fortunate. But the path is clearer for the individual in America than in Europe, and he has a better chance of procuring the necessaries of life. The great political experiment now going on there is one of the utmost importance to "millions yet unborn;" and one likely to exercise great influence upon the governments of the old world. The experiment is successful until it has failed. No failure has yet taken place, and therefore no such failure can be justly proclaimed. So far from it, whatever local troubles may exist, whatever partial incidents may occur to be regretted or to be ashamed of, whatever laws or customs remain for discussion or for accusation, I say that the great whole is proceeding successfully—that no one has a right to raise an alarm—that there is no real occasion for national denunciations—that no people exist more entirely in the possession of what is necessary for prosperity and self-instruction—more able to bring to their firesides the essentials of life and the materials of contentment, and more able to protect their firesides from internal tumult or foreign aggression. Neither England nor France nor Russia, nor any European government, denies to us the respect which they claim for themselves; and not one of them would presume to offer an insult, or to refuse a just redress for wrongs. We are at peace with all nations. We are in no fear of foreign invasion; and, among the human beings scattered over the surface of the globe, there cannot be selected the same proportionate number in any other climate where so few are in want of all that Cincinnatus or Solon would have asked from heaven.

Under these circumstances it becomes those in the enjoyment of such blessings to show their appreciation of them by at least always acknowledging their existence, and by never, from local causes and momentary impulses, casting disrespect upon a country so favourable to their well-being, and thus, as it were, deriding ungratefully the mother that not only gave them birth, but that cherishes their manhood. That the wanderers from other lands should really misunderstand the broad and promising political system rising around them, or should misrepresent from a desire to be smart, or from a pecuniary motive, is scarcely worth exciting our surprise or our anger. But the *American* should never *send forth an insult against his country*. Even when writing for the public at home, it becomes him to abstain from general condemnations; but when addressing himself to the readers of a foreign land—of England—his venerable parent and progenitor, pride, if not principle, should temper his strictures to a tone of calm narration or respectful regret where it became his duty to speak of the folly, weakness or crimes of individuals or parties. This the writers in question do not always think of, and I am certain it is more the want of reflection than of proper sentiments upon the subject. It is in some degree also a want of a knowledge of the world. They attach an unjust importance to evils in their circle, and fancy them the peculiarities of their neighbours, instead of the features of human nature. Hence the English reader is treated to an indignant burst worthy of Cicero at every chance crime or outbreak, while the same things are going on in London to a much greater extent; and descriptions of them are smuggled into the newspapers in small type, scarcely attracting the least attention.

Do not these writers know that in all European countries every day occur crimes and casualties of a description not to be surpassed? that poor people *starve and freeze to death* continually, in the streets and cellars of London? I myself was present when in that town, the centre of English law, arts, literature, power, taste, and fashion, a poor man murdered his wife and children and then cut his own throat, and the bodies were *all exhibited* for some time to the populace, who crowded to the show, at *one penny a person*. Do these writers know what is going on in *Ireland?* Do they forget *Fieschi* and his co-mates? Here is a paragraph taken from a late journal:

"The report of a speech at the crown and anchor tavern, contains the expression of a devout wish, on the part of the speaker,

that a third attempt at assassinating the present French ruler—two having already failed—might prove successful. *The sentiment thus expressed was, it appears, rapturously received and applauded by the assembled company—the chairman only* (whose name it is unnecessary to mention) having thought it prudent or decorous to interpose by a call to order A ministerial paper, in adverting to the circumstance two evenings afterwards, assuming an equal degree of propriety, professes its *astonishment* and *disgust* at the occurrence, at the same time taking occasion to applaud the pious magnanimity which dictated the reproof, and finding it discreet to forget entirely that *it was the inflammatory and incendiary language employed by the honourable chairman himself, in his opening address to the meeting, which engendered the excitement of the poor operative seconder*, and on whose head, in all justice, this tempest of virtuous indignation ought accordingly to have burst, and would have done so, but that *he commands forty votes*, and sways the doctrines of the British ministry."

There are certain topics which some of these writers mention too much in a party spirit to be either just to the people at home, or acceptable to their enlightened readers in England. A London newspaper has sometimes afforded the singular coincidence of a letter from an American (imbued with some local and transitory excitement) filled with unmistakable disgust at his own country, and, perhaps for the sake of a sonorous period, predicting her downfall; while an article from the editor of the same journal, in a different column, justly bore witness (perhaps the acknowledged tribute of an enemy) to the claims of the nation to respect and admiration, and her now fair chance of effecting a moral revolution, bearing upon the happiness of large classes of human beings, and likely to modify the constitutions of the future governments of the world.

The gentlemen who sit down fifteen minutes before the closing of the mail bag to pronounce a party opinion upon such weighty subjects as national existence—founded on any thing—no matter what -springing from the passions or interests of any individuals, or set of individuals—should be instructed that there is no stigma to be found charged on the United States—no crime in her criminal annals—no incident on her political arena—no convulsion in her mercantile heavens—but what have happened in a greater degree, over and over again in other countries They excite in the old world less attention because men are used to them. No political rancour existing in the United States can equal that to be found in several European countries; and no atrocious crimes can be selected from the fluctuating population of our Atlantic towns, or from the back-woods, or from any portion of the land, but what may be fairly kept in countenance by the same class of incidents much more frequently taking place in the old world, in many parts of which there is *no press at all* to proclaim them I do not say they should therefore be concealed, but they should not be related prominently as specimens of American society. An historian, after describing our revolution and the characters it produced; the constitution and laws under which we live; the millions of inhabitants dwelling in peace and plenty over our fields; our orators and statesmen who compete with those of England; the number of our people who are educated and enlightened; the enterprise of our merchants, and their integrity as nobly proved; our war-ships floating fearlessly on every sea, wronging no one and taking wrong from none; our broadening system of national education; our distinguished religious instructions from the pulpit, the multitudes who have preserved their holy faith as unenervated as when their ancestors first landed on the Plymouth rock; the number of persons who live exempt from taxation, conscription, the bayonet, the press-gang, the terrible inquisition, and oppressive police laws; exempt from war, pestilence, and famine; sheltered from inclement seasons; instructed in their duty to God and man; surrounded by the sustaining influence of the domestic affections, and enjoying sufficient leisure to walk abroad sometimes, to take their holiday amusements; who have meat and tea and sugar for their daily use; and who never suffer from want of wood, clothing or medical care; should an historian, after drawing this beautiful and happy picture, add, that, like all pictures of earth, it was not wholly unshadowed; that there were, unhappily, topics on which men's opinions were divided, and their passions inflamed, that vice was not excluded from our sunny hills, and free-rolling rivers; that those throes and heavings to which human nature ever had been subjected, were here also perceptible; that our government interfering lightly with the daily concerns of life, but conducting unseen and unfelt the course of the great machine, and leaving the multitudes living under its protection, as much as possible to the dictates of their own reason; if an historian should say that such a government sometimes beheld in silence local events not yet guarded against by ripening time, he should do so in no tone of reproach or derision. If this historian had previously traced the course of other nations, he would have already followed many through greater dangers and less curable calamities from the evil passions of its children, but none that have made more rapid advances in the art of so governing as to ensure the greatest amount of good to the greatest number of people

There is one other hint which I cannot forbear adding, for the benefit of American writers for the British journals. It would be more agreeable, I am certain, to the readers on this side the water, to suppose themselves receiving opinions *not tinged* by party feeling. The correspondent should, if possible, be attached to no party. He should aspire to something of the dignity of an historian, and mark the movements of democrat and whig, as dispassionately as he would the wars of the Greek and Persian. But if that cannot be, let us have no onesided sketches of political enemies, no accusations or harsh interpretations of motives and measures. An honourable mind may fall into such an error by thoughtlessness, but a moment's reflection will prevent the recurrence. On no principle of justice can a statesman trust his portraiture to an unfriendly hand, even at home, where such things are understood and disregarded, where malice can be despised, or error corrected. But before a foreign public, any attempt to vilify or ridicule men of political opinions, must lower the writer in his own estimation as well as in that of those who observe him. It is an attempt to forestall opinion, which seems dishonourable even where done accidentally. It is like beating an enemy with his hands bound, or stabbing him in the dark.

And of the portraiture of public men this is to be observed During the operation of their measures they cannot be judged The clamour of denunciation and praise are equally unmeaning. It is when his career is ended, when nothing more is feared from his own ambition, or hoped from his patriotism or wisdom; when his plans have unfolded themselves at large, and people have had an opportunity to examine the motive and purpose, to behold their meaning, and observe their consequences; when the seed planted perhaps amid the storm, has had time to grow up in the sunshine and ripen into a harvest of good, if one is to follow, it is only then that the character of a statesman can be drawn, then, alas, when the patient bearer of abuse and calumny, the waiter for the coming time, is, perhaps, no longer on the arena to hear the acclamations of the fickle multitude. Who knows what truths have grown up in the mind of such a man in advance of the age; truths not yet revealed to the multitude who devote their lives to pleasure, or the cares of gaining a livelihood, and not to the comprehension of a great subject? Who knows what a desire to benefit his kind, to elevate his country, to leave behind him a monument of his sagacity and patriotism; who knows what honest and noble principles have guided him over the heaving waves of popular tumult, and amid the howling storm which may hurl him into the deep?

It is not for the hasty correspondent of a daily paper to impugn with his opinion of an hour; an hour snatched from avocations of a very different nature, and an opinion seized perhaps from the lips of the last passer by, in the columns of a partisan press; it is not for a gentleman under such circumstances to say one man is a "traitor," and another is a "fool," and a third is "toiling only for himself, and is willing to sacrifice his country."

The opinion of an individual may have little influence over the minds of the gentlemen who write these "letters from the United States" to the British journals, but they may be induced by this hint to reflect that they address themselves to a mass of enlightened people; that whatever may be the local crimes and calamities of England, there exists there the brightest standard of *moral right;* that the subject of America is now one of too grave importance to be treated hastily or flippantly; that the way to make *others* respect us, is to respect *ourselves*, and that English people wish fair intelligence, not party animadversions I may add, that the fault I complain of is not perceptible in all, and that letters of this class are generally read and much copied into the continental journals.

ORIGINAL AMERICAN ANECDOTES.

RECORDS AND REMINISCENCES.

BY HENRY STANHOPE LEE

THE PENALTIES OF POPULARITY.

Perhaps one of the greatest annoyances to which persons in conspicuous positions are subject, is in the intrusive visitations of travelling lion-hunters. Being at Ashland not many years since, I was surprised at the frequent and unconscionable trespasses upon the time of Mr. Clay, committed by these well-meaning individuals Hardly a half-hour would pass without some interruption of this sort. Nothing could exceed the perfect good-humour and resignation with which the great statesman submitted to these inflictions. Although in the midst of labours which claimed his assiduous attention, he would quit his task to discharge the little courtesies which a visit of respect or a letter of introduction exacted from him, without the slightest sign of petulance or disappointment.

I shall never forget one incident, which, at the time, I thought sufficient to try the temper of a martyr, but which had quite an opposite effect upon Mr. Clay. It was a day or two before his departure for Washington, to be present at the meeting of Congress, and he was very busy in the arrangement of his papers, when a servant entered and said that some one at the gate wished to see him

"Show him in," said Mr. Clay.

"He is on horseback, and says he can't come in."

"Tell him that I am extremely busy, and that he *must* come in if he wishes to see me."

The servant went out, but soon returned with: "He says he can't possibly get off his *beast*."

"Well, if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, I suppose Mahomet must go to the mountain;" and Mr. Clay went out to see what so peremptory a visiter might want.

The "gentleman on horseback" was a sleek-faced, squinting Yankee, in pepper-and-salt pantaloons, a brimstone waistcoat with glass buttons, and a coat of the latest down-east fashion. After an interchange of civilities, Mr. Clay supposing that the fellow wanted to dispose of his horse, remarked: "That is a fine animal you ride, sir."

"Yes, a pretty fair critter," replied the nondescript, slapping his cow-hide boot with his whip, and staring with all his might and main in the senator's face.

At length, wondering at the silence of the fellow and at his protracted stare, Mr. Clay was forced to remark: "My name, sir, is Clay. Have you any business with me?"

"Business? O, no—none in particular—but I have heard tell of you a good deal in our parts, away off east of sunrise, and I thought, as I was passing your way, I'd just call and see how you looked. I know what you are going to say, but can't stay now—though if I cross these lots as I go back, maybe I'll stop and take a glass of cider with you. Good-by!"

So saying, with a very patronizing air, the fellow rode away and left Mr. Clay laughing heartily at the encounter.

BURGOYNE AND THE BOSTON BLOCKADE.

It is well known that General Burgoyne aspired to the double laurels of the dramatist and the soldier. He was the author of several comedies and farces, some of which yet keep possession of the stage, and have frequently been published; but one piece called the "Boston Blockade" has, I believe, never passed through the hands of the printer During the time of the occupation of the tri-mountainous city, the royalists used to make themselves merry with amateur theatricals. Old Faneuil Hall was converted from a temple of liberty into a temple of Thespis, and Burgoyne being unable to subdue the Yankees by the sword, resorted to the pen and the buskin to overpower them with ridicule. I am indebted to the tenacious memory of an old lady, who remembers being present at the representation of the "Boston Blockade," for the following specimen, which formed the finale to the piece, the stanzas being severally sung by four of the principal characters; a lady, an old gentleman, a negress, and a young royalist, who was the hero of the affair:

The principal lady of the piece.

Ye ladies, who find the time hang on your hands—
Thus kept in a cage by the enemy's bands,
Like me, choose a mate from the numerous crew,
As brave as my soldier, as tender and true

With such a companion, confinement has charms,
Each place is a paradise clasped in his arms,
And only of absence and distance afraid,
You'll bless the small circle of "Boston Blockade."

Old man

Ye tar-barrel law-givers, Yankeefied pigs,
Who are tyrants in custom, in theory whigs,
In return for the favours you've lavished on me,
May I see you all hang upon liberty-tree.

Meantime take example, and cease from attack,
You're weak in your arms, as I am in my back;
In law and in love we alike are betrayed,
And alike are the laughter of "Boston Blockade."

Fan-fan—negress

Your pardon, my massa, one word to intrude,
I'm sure in my heart you will not tink me rude,
Though in public you scoff, I see many a spark
Would tink me a sweet pretty girl in the dark

Thus runs the world merrily on with Fan-fan,
She eat good salt pork and get kissed by white man;
Me do missy business, she pleased, and I paid,
Egad! me no tired of de Boston Blockade

The hero—a young officer.

Huzza, then, ye comrades of honour and truth,
Experienced age and high-spirited youth,
With drum and with fife make our chorus more shrill,
And echo shall waft it to Washington's hill.

All brave British hearts shall beat time as we sing,
Due force to our arms, and long life to our king!
For the honour of both be our banner displayed,
And a glorious end to the "Boston Blockade!"

On the arrival of Sir James L. Yeo in the British provinces, the editors there boasted that he had come to put Commodore Chauncey to school, with a view to instruct him in the rudiments of seamanship. The subsequent adventures of Sir James gave rise to many witticisms, among which was the following:

EPIGRAM.

To instruct how to rule,
He took Isaac to school,
And sure never a lad could learn faster,
In a fortnight or so,
By the lessons of Yeo,
He thought nothing of—flogging his master!

THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTY-SIX

We are fast losing it—the spirit which inspired the men of the revolution, and wrought out the goodly fabric of American constitutional liberty. With this generation will, I fear, pass away that generous pride in the achievements of our ancestors, which distinguished us in times of peril and disaster. We are growing cosmopolitan, universal, denationalized. Foreign influence is exercising a control, which threatens to do away with all vestiges of our great revolutionary struggle. It is nothing now to have been an American born—to have been familiar from childhood with all the old landmarks, crimsoned with the blood of our heroes. It is nothing to be the immediate descendant of those devoted benefactors of their race. The man, in whose ears are yet ringing the echoes of Bow-bells, and who knows no more of Bunker Hill, Mount Vernon and Monticello than he does of the mountains in the moon, may come and push from his stool the gray-haired revolutionary veteran, whose blood was shed like water in the contest with our enemies. The presuming scribbler, who imbibed hatred for this country and its liberties with his mother's milk, may come and traduce everything American, not only with perfect impunity, but with the countenance of those, whose lineage should teach them to spurn with contempt the venal creatures, who, while they sue for their bounty, insult the land of their birth. Alack, and well-a-day! That I should "see what I *have* seen—see what I see!"

THE LIGHT OF THE LIGHTHOUSE.

BY EPES SARGENT.

The closing of a day in June,
Mild, beautiful and bright!
The setting sun, the crescent moon
Mingling their doubtful light!
The west wind brings the odour sweet
Of flowers and new-mown hay,
While murmuring billows at our feet
Breathe of the salt-sea spray.

We stroll along the wide sea-beach,
A ladye faire and I—
And con what Nature's page may teach,
In ocean, earth and sky.
And, as across the waters blue,
With roving glance we gaze,
A light springs suddenly to view—
It is a beacon's blaze!

O, lambently the new-born flame
Disparts the purple air;
In childish wonder we exclaim,
To see a sight so fair.
"How bright," the ladye says, "its ray
Shoots o'er the swelling tide!
Now, listen to the tale, I pray,
With yonder shaft allied.

"Upon that island's narrow ledge,
Of rocks with sea-weed strown,
Fringed by the thinly-scatter'd sedge,
The lighthouse towers alone!
There 'mid the sea's perpetual swell,
The dash of breakers wild,
Two solitary beings dwell—
A father and his child.

"Three years ago, no friendly light
Across the dark reef beamed;
A white flag on the rocky height,
The only signal, streamed.
Poor Francis Lorne had then a wife,
And he had children five,
He led a fisherman's bold life,
And merrily did he thrive.

"It was on Independence Day;
To Mary Lorne he said,
'My sloop is rocking in the bay,
A flag at her mast-head!
Come, gentle wife! your work throw down,
And, children, come with me,
And we will take a trip to town,
This day's great sights to see!

"'On board! on board! fair blows the gale!
My boat is swift and strong:
With streamers gay and loosened sail,
How will she sweep along!
The sky is clear and beautiful,
Bright gleams the breezy morn,
We'll skim the blue waves like a gull!
We will!' said Francis Lorne!

"O, joyful heart, exult not so;
Mistrust that prospect fair;
It is the lure of death and wo,
The ambush of despair!
That night the storm in wild array,
Clove through the billows dark,
And, in a cloud of foam and spray,
Rushed on the fated bark.

"The morning's dim, unconscious smile,
That hushed the raging storm,
Disclosed upon that rock-bound isle
The father's pallid form.
And strain'd to his protecting breast,
His little Ellen lay;
There are but two—where be the rest?
Ye ruthless billows! say!

"Poor Francis! when his struggling soul,
The fearful scene recalled,
No soothings could his tears control,
His reason was appalled!
A grief that blanched his sunburnt face
Thenceforth upon him grew—
A grief, the world could not erase,
And time could not subdue.

"And when, at length, on yonder spot
Was reared the lighthouse spire,
To him was given the lonely lot
To tend the beacon fire:
There from the busy world apart,
Its clamour and its strife,
He lives with but one human heart
To share his desert life.

"But O, Aurora's crimson light,
That makes the watch-fire dim,
Is not a more transporting sight
Than Ellen is to him.
He pineth not for fields and brooks,
Wild flowers and singing birds,
For Summer smileth in her looks,
And singeth in her words.

"A fairy thing, not five years old,
So full of joy and grace,
It is a rapture to behold
The beauty of her face!
And O! to hear her happy voice,
Her laughter ringing free,
Would make the gloomiest heart rejoice,
And turn despair to glee.

"The ocean's blue is in her eyes,
Its coral in her lips,
And in her cheek, the mingled dyes,
No sea-shell could eclipse!
And, as she climbs the weedy rocks,
And with the sunshine plays,
The wind that lifts her golden locks
Seems more to love their rays.

"When the smoothed ocean sleeps unstirred,
And, like a silver band,
The molten waters circling gird
The island's rim of sand,
She runs her tiny feet to lave
And breaks the liquid chain,
Then laughs to feel the shivered wave
Coil down to rest again.

"And when the black squall rends the deep,
The tempest-cradled maid,
To see the white gulls o'er her sweep
Mounts to the balustrade.
Above her head and round about,
They stoop without alarm,
And seem to flout her threatening shout
And her up-stretching arm.

"Once Francis sought the neighbouring town,
And she was left alone,
When such a furious storm came down,
As never had been known.
'My child!' the wretched parent cried,
'Oh! friends! withhold me not!
The bravest man, in such a tide,
Would quail on that bleak spot.'

"He strove till faint and out of breath
His fragile boat to gain,
But all knew it was certain death,
To tempt the hurricane.
And wilder grew the tempest's power,
And doubly black the night,
When, lo! at the appointed hour
Blazed forth that beacon light!

"The sea-fog, like a fallen cloud,
Rolled in and dimmed its fire,
Roared the gale louder and more loud,
And swelled the billows higher!
Above the gale that wailed and rang,
Above the booming swell,
With steady and sonorous clang,
Pealed forth the light-house bell!

"Warned by the sound, ships inward bound,
The offing sought again,
And soon the baffled tempest found
His anger was in vain.
The billows fell, the winds rebuked
Crept to their caverns back,
And placidly the day-star looked,
Out from the cloudy rack.

"Bright through the window-panes it smiled,
Upon the little bed,
Where wrapt in slumber deep and mild,
Ellen reposed her head
Her friends, her father seek the place;
Good saints have watched her charms!
Her blue eyes open on his face
And she is in his arms!"

The voice was mute, the tale was told;
Sacred be my reply!
Along the wide sea-beach we stroll'd,
The ladye faire and I.
Bless'd, ever bl. ss'd and unforgot
Be that sweet summer night,
And blessings on that wave-girt spot,
The Light-house and the Light!

NUMBER ONE.—A large edition of the present number has been struck off, to meet the wishes of new subscribers.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE PANORAMA OF THEBES.

WHO has not read of Thebes? That venerable city of which poets have sung and historians spoken, for three thousand years. We of the new world, unaccustomed to antiquities beyond a century, look towards older countries, and admire and wonder at the crumbling remains of edifices on which art had done her utmost to decorate, and feeble man to preserve to future ages. In England what is more picturesque and solemnly grand, than an ancient abbey, with the winding ivy entwining itself around its clustered columns, as if endeavouring to prevent their fall, and hanging in festoons from its pointed arches? We go farther back and dwell on the remains of the Roman forum. Here the imagination is excited with stirring scenes. Receding into antiquity we rest on the acropolis of Athens. The classic monuments of Greece are here before us, and all feel a desire to be on that sacred spot where Solon and Plato and Socrates dwelt. But the imagination does not rest here. Let it still farther thread the mazes of antiquity and alight on the banks of the Nile. But what find we here, after the Persian, the Greek, the Roman, the Saracen, and the modern European pillage? After a decay of twenty-five centuries? We find magnificence even in ruin.

The picture alluded to above, represents a portion of the remains of Thebes. To give all that remains would be impossible; as they extend several miles on both sides of the Nile, and the view is intercepted by heaps of fallen edifices, and the accumulated mud and rubbish of twenty centuries. The artist, however, has happily chosen for his subject the most extensive and imposing of the temples, with its gateways, propyla, and obelisks, that remain on the plain of Thebes.

The name by which this mass of ruins is known is Karnak. The most prominent is the great propylon, corresponding to a gateway which forms the principal entrance to the temple. This work is four hundred feet long by forty in thickness. Its height, if cleared of the rubbish in which it is partly buried, would be about one hundred and fifty feet.

The magnificent palace or hall is another prominent object in the picture. From the number of columns that constitute this great arch, it has been called by recent travellers "the Hall of Columns." The Giants' Palace would be more appropriate, for we can hardly conceive it possible that human beings, such as we now see, could have erected such a forest of massive columns, with corresponding architraves, cornices, etc These columns are sixty feet in height and thirty-six in circumference, with elaborate, bell-shaped capitals, supposed to be an imitation of the lotus. The shafts are richly sculptured and charged with hieroglyphics. The interiour as well as the exteriour of this vast edifice is covered with sculptures, representing the Egyptian deities, their battles, in which the king is always the most conspicuous personage, their religious ceremonies, and an endless number of hieroglyphic inscriptions. The researches of the learned Champollion, Jones, and others, have enabled us to decipher the inscriptions, and to learn the founder of this stupendous pile.

It was built by Osirei, who, together with his son Ramesis the Second, completed its numerous decorations. They were both celebrated kings, and their conquests constitute a large portion of the historical representations that cover the walls. They flourished about the year 1360, B. C., thus showing an antiquity of more than three thousand two hundred years. A period so remote that the mind can scarcely comprehend it, and realize that at so early a period the arts were so much cultivated.

Several gateways and propylæ are seen in various directions, standing solitary and alone Others rise from a mass of broken columns or fallen walls. Here the tall and richly sculptured Obelisk raises its graceful form to the height of a hundred feet—there lies another prostrate. Broken columns, colossal statues, Sphynxes, and half-buried walls, are seen in every direction. In the distance are the Sybian mountains, containing the tombs of the kings. They are at present the most interesting objects that remain of the ancient Pharoahs. On their walls and ceilings are painted in colours all the arts, the trades, and the sciences of that country, as they existed at the remote period of the construction of the tombs; and, remarkable as it may appear, they retain all the freshness of colour and outline, as if they were the work of yesterday. Such is the state of the atmosphere, that there is no decay, even the wood that forms the sarcophagi of the mummies is perfectly sound.

Many are puzzled to know how the date of these monuments is ascertained with so much precision, when, in modern times we find it so difficult to fix the date of events which transpired only a century ago. The Egyptian monuments are generally covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions, referring to the kings, through whose munificence these monuments were erected. The particular year of their reign is also stated, in which great events occurred. Like all other nations they had a great cycle embracing many hundred years. One of these cycles or periods terminated, or at least was brought down to a period subsequent to the christian era; which, of course, enables the historian to fix with certainty the date of its commencement previous to that era. The date of the Grecian Olympiads, or particular year of Rome, is not more certain than are those of Egyptian history, for they are obtained by the same means. If, then, we find it recorded on an Egyptian temple, that it was erected in a particular year of their cycle, we have but to calculate from the beginning of that cycle, (which being known,) and we have the period agreeable to our chronology. The most ancient date found on the Egyptian monuments go as far back as two thousand two hundred years before Christ.

It is the vast antiquity of this country, and her astonishing monuments, that render Egypt so interesting in our day. Her inscriptions, so long locked up from the knowledge of the world, are now deciphered; and with all the boasting of moderns of their superiour knowledge, it appears that the Egyptians were quite as learned three thousand years ago. A knowledge of steam-engines, printing-presses and gunpowder always excepted.

Mr. Catherwood has made a good selection in the panorama of Thebes. It is beautifully painted. The perspective is equal to anything ever put upon canvass, and one can hardly rid himself of the idea that it is not nature he is viewing. Many hundred figures of Arabs, with their camels and horses, are seen near the ruined temples, the effect of which, among such piles of masonry, is very agreeable. They are besides very necessary appendages, for, unless the spectator has some well-known object to compare with the huge masses around him, he can form no idea of their immense size.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Musical Review. A record of musical science, literature, and intelligence—edited by E. Liese, jr., New-York, 207 Broadway, E. J. Vancleve; Boston, Parker and Dixon, Weeks, Jordan and Co.; Philadelphia, Vliet and Meignon; Baltimore, George Willig, jr.

This is a work well deserving the patronage of all who feel interested in the progress of music. It has maintained, continually, a bold stand on the side of truth—zealously advocated the cause and interest of the musical profession—given charlatanism its just desert—resisted manfully the encroachments made upon the rights of the profession by pettifoggers and quacks, and undeviatingly pursued a course which long proved that *love for the art and the artist* is the principal guide. We have often wondered that a class of men, so respectable as musicians, pursuing a vocation so refined, and one requiring so much talent and study, should suffer themselves or their art to be in the least degraded. They do not unite together, and declare music to be a science—their vocation a profession—themselves a fraternity of professors. And if they will not respect themselves, how can they be respected by the community at large? It is incumbent on the profession and dilletanti at large, to sustain the Review in its laudible efforts to correct the existing evils, and to introduce a better state of things in this delightful department of human learning.

"Memoir of a Mechanic. Being a Sketch of the Life of Timothy Claxton, written by himself. Together with miscellaneous papers." New-York: George W. Light. Pp. 179.

The subject of this memoir is an Englishman by birth, but was for several years a resident of Boston, though now, we believe, he has returned to his native country. He is well-known and respected not only as an ingenious and industrious manufacturer of school and philosophical apparatus, but as a zealous and efficient promoter of the cause of popular improvement, especially among the mechanic classes. His example is one full of encouragement to the young mechanic, and shows how much may be effected, even under adverse and straitened circumstances, by energy and perseverance. The memoir is quite interesting, and not unworthy to be placed by the side of Benjamin Franklin's autobiography in the library of the young. An excellent likeness of Claxton, finely engraved on steel from a painting by S. S. Osgood, embellishes the volume.

"Military Magazine. Philadelphia: Wm. M. Huddy, 84 Noble-st.

This is the title of a quarto publication, issued monthly in Philadelphia, and enriched with pictorial embellishments, handsomely engraved and coloured. It purports to be a magazine of military illustrations, and a record of the institution, organization, and history of the volunteer corps of the United States. This work is well entitled to the support of military men. One picture in the last number we admire especially. It is a full-length likeness of our excellent friend and companion in arms, Colonel Page, of Philadelphia. There he sits in full uniform in his marquee, as natural as life, smiling good-humouredly in the very face of the reader. We shall have this plate framed by Clover, and hang it in our best parlour

"Birds and Flowers, and Other Country Things." By Mary Howitt. Boston: Weeks, Jordan and Co. Pp. 238.

Beautiful as the first spring violet, and musical as the first spring warbler of the trees and fields, this little volume comes to us at a most appropriate season, bringing, by the blest power of imagination, visions of waving foliage and gliding brooks and birds and flowers. Had Mary Howitt lived in mythological times, she would have been the high priestess of Flora, for she is one of nature's best interpreters We commend this volume to young and old, to the denizen of the crowded city and the free inhabitant of the country. It will, as the author desires, "convey to many a heart a relish for the enjoyment of quiet, country pleasures; a love for every living creature, and that strong sympathy which must grow in every pure heart for the great human family"

"The Gentleman of the Old School. A Tale." By G. P. R. James, author of "Richelieu," "Charles Tyrrell," etc. New-York: Harper and Brothers.

Superior to his last work in plot, incident and development of character, is "The Gentleman of the Old School," from the prolific pen of James. So long as this author writes so well he cannot write too much, nor will the public tire of his productions. These volumes form one of the most engaging fictions of the day. Lady Mallory is an admirable portraiture, and indeed all the female characters are portrayed with the skill and fidelity of an accomplished artist. We think this will be the most popular of the brilliant series of romances by James.

"Charles Vincent; or, the Two Clerks. A Tale of Commercial Life." In two volumes. New-York: Harper and Brothers.

The scene of this novel is laid in New-York and its vicinity, and as far as the author attempts to convey a picture of its localities and society, he is quite successful. But he deals far more in incident than in description, and he fixes the reader's attention and carries it on to the close of his narrative with considerable power and animation. The best-drawn portraits are those of Mrs. Jenks and Clara Wilmot. The hero is a very proper young gentleman, and the villain a very inconsistent one. We learn from the preface, that this is the author's first novel. It gives ample promise of future excellence.

"The Jubilee of the Constitution." A discourse delivered at the request of the Historical Society. By John Quincy Adams. New-York: Samuel Colman. Pp. 136.

No less valuable for its historical illustrations, than attractive for the vigour and brilliancy of the style, this address will of course be read by all to whom the history of our constitution is a subject of interest. It is well worthy the study and the admiration of every true American.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

As the cars now stop at Union Place, a correspondent asks why that beautiful promenade is not thrown open to the public. Is it because the trees are yet wagrown?—The verses of "Genevieve" are very harmonious and very beautiful. Her communications have not been neglected.—The Florentine story by "B." has been laid aside for perusal.—We must decline the communications of "Nickleby," "L. Y.," "S.," "W. X.," "Penfeather," "M. P.," "Theta," "O.," and "O. P. Q."—Many pieces, "too tedious to mention," shall be duly considered and noticed.—We must decline taking sides in the controverted matter broached by our Hartford correspondent. His communication is admirably written.—Why does not "Ion" apply directly to Mr. Placide? What need of a mediator?—We must decline the proposals of our London correspondent. "A Picker-up of unconsidered trifles."—The readers of the Mirror will perceive that the contents of the present number are original.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1839

VOLUME THE SEVENTEENTH

No volume of the NEW-YORK MIRROR was ever begun under such favourable auspices as the present. For the last few months our subscription-list has increased with a rapidity altogether unexampled in the history of this periodical Our friends are more numerous, our resources more ample, and our exertions to render the Mirror one of the most interesting and valuable repositories of literature and the fine arts, shall be as *unflagging* as ever.

Our old correspondents will continue to furnish original papers on a great variety of subjects interesting to the general reader; and new writers have been engaged for special purposes. At *home* we have a list of nearly two hundred contributors, embracing most of the talent and genius of America, and we have established a permanent correspondence *abroad*. Mr Cox will write from *London*—Mr. FAY from *Berlin*—and an American gentleman, who holds a high rank in the estimation of his countrymen as a graceful and easy writer, will furnish us with occasional sketches from *Paris*.

In the course of the volume, fifty pieces of popular MUSIC will be published—selected by Messrs. BERKELEY, HORN, RUSSELL, KNIGHT, etc.

SIX SUPERB ENGRAVINGS, (including the two issued with the present number,) will be given, engraved by DANFORTH, PARKER, etc., from original designs and portraits by WEIR, INMAN, CHAPMAN, etc.

A number of CURIOUS ETCHINGS on WOOD will also be published in the present volume, engraved by ADAMS, ANDERSON, JOHNSTON, etc., from original designs

While we shall never forget that the NEW-YORK MIRROR is purely an American work, we shall not, on that account, exclude interesting extracts from English journals of merit—and shall also continue our translations from the French, German and other European languages.

Nothing shall be left undone to render this work, in its literary character, its engravings, its music and its typography, equal, if not superior, to any periodical of the day.

A number of literary novelties, curious historical legends, American reminiscences, and Indian traditions, are already in preparation. Indeed, every subject within the range of literature or the fine arts is embraced in its plan; and it has received the commendation of the press throughout the United States and Great Britain, as a refined and elegant repository of the belles lettres.

In catering for the general taste, we shall never omit to set aside a due proportion of space for the especial amusement and edification of the ladies of America, in the sunshine of whose favour the *Mirror* has so long flourished as a favourite journal.

We presume that the reader will freely admit, that a work embracing an immense variety of choice matter, most of it expressly written for its columns—containing superior engravings on steel, with copious selections of exquisite music, beautifully printed—altogether forming an IMMENSE VOLUME of four hundred and sixteen imperial quarto pages—is, at the trifling subscription of five dollars per annum, afforded at a price unsurpassed in cheapness by any periodical ever published in any country.

In issuing this first number of a new volume, we feel confident that while we continue to merit, we shall continue to receive the liberal support, which we take this occasion to acknowledge; and we commence a new volume with renewed spirit, and a steady determination to render the Mirror all that its most ardent friends could wish.

☞ Agents and subscribers will confer a favour by at once complying with the terms of publication. Those in arrears, and we are happy to say the number is but small, we trust will be kind enough immediately to liquidate our claims against them. From our good old friends and subscribers, who have stood by us so many years, it is almost superfluous to say they would oblige us by extending their usual courtesy in regard to payments in advance. We expect it in all cases.

Our subscription-list.—In turning over the pages of our subscription-list, it is truly gratifying to find the names of many of our fair and gentle countrywomen, who commenced reading the Mirror a "long time ago," when they were in their teens, who have since become wives, mothers, or, alas! widows—but who, through all changes, have continued to read and sustain this periodical. It is a curious fact, that not in a single instance, are they in arrears. Besides these (God bless them!) we observe the names of a large number of subscribers of the opposite sex who have stood by us during a little lifetime, whose heads are silvered over by the hand of time since they first began to "take the Mirror in"—No. I. Vol. I. friends, who have never deserted us—and who, we are bold to say, never will. The remainder of the list is composed of newer but none the less ardent friends, who seem to be pleased with our exertions to *please* them, and who never allow us to "*dun them twice*." In sober earnestness it is a "goodly companie" of many thousands from among the *elites* of the land. It is to these, and such as these, that we confidently look for a continuation of their indulgence, encouragement and support.

The Society of the Sons of St. George and Thomas Sully.—The misunderstanding between Mr Sully, the artist, and the St. George Society, has, it appears, been settled by arbitration; a full exposition of which has been published in the Philadelphia papers. By this arbitration it is adjudged, that Sully shall deliver to the society, after the payment by them of five hundred dollars, his full-length picture of Victoria—that the said society shall be the positive owners of the picture, but not of the design or copyright of the same—that the artist shall have the privilege of disposing of his copy of the painting as he may see fit, and that the society shall have the same privilege in regard to the original picture. This decision appears to us, under the circumstances, the most judicious that could have been made. Unless the artist had been restricted by a positive contract, we do not think he was bound either in equity or in law to surrender his right of exhibiting his copies. The sum paid him by the society was, in the first place, too paltry to admit of the consideration that they originally intended to deprive him of the benefit of an exhibiton. In the next place, their motive being ostensibly loyal and patriotic, precluded the idea of any mercenary views or intentions. Again, by common usage, if an artist executes a likeness or a fancy piece *to order*, which he thinks will benefit him by exhibition, he is at liberty to retain a copy in his studio. These reasons are alone, we think, sufficient to sustain the adjudication of the arbitrators. We have read the reasons of Mr. Wharton for dissenting from this adjudication, but as they proceed from a different view of the contract between the society and Mr. Sully, they do not affect our opinions upon the subject. Unless positively restricted by contract, we think the artist had an undoubted right to exhibit as many copies as he might choose to execute.

Ashland.—This is the name given by Mr. Clay to his beautiful estate in Kentucky We find the following account of it in a letter from Dr. Humphrey published in the Philadelphia North American:—"Happening to meet, and to be introduced to Mr. Clay in the morning, he very politely invited us to call at his seat, a mile and a half out of town, which we did at four o'clock He received us with all the ease and urbanity for which he is so much distinguished, entered freely into conversation upon a variety of topics as they happened to come up. It is delightful to find a great man so perfectly affable and unaffected; and indeed this is one mark of true greatness. Ashland is an enchanting spot. The mansion is simple, spacious, and venerable; standing just on the border of a park of eighty acres, which for the majesty and beauty of its thousand forest-trees, is the finest I ever saw. Mr. Clay has two other woodland pastures, and, in all, something like eight hundred acres in his farm. He has lately turned his attention very much to raising stock, and it is said no man in Kentucky, even, can show you finer oxen and cows than he can. He spent an hour in walking with us over his grounds, and detained us, almost imperceptibly to ourselves, till nearly sundown."

Sconcia's introduction to the art of singing—Messrs. Hewitt and Jaques have lately published one of the most valuable musical compilations of the day, it being "an introduction to the art of singing upon a new and improved method, illustrated by clear and scientific rules, the result of long experience, and an acquaintance with the best Italian and other modern authors; by John A. Sconcia." This work is recommended by the highest musical talent of the country, and we are confident it will be found a most efficient auxiliary to the musical student Mr. Sconcia has manifested a thorough acquaintance with his subject, and the volume before us is creditable alike to his talents and his scientific attainments.

Dr. Channing's style.—There is a captious article in the last Edinburgh Review, said to be written by Lord Brougham, in which Dr. Channing is somewhat rudely handled. We do not think that the reviewer—shrewd and ingenious as he undoubtedly is—makes out a very strong case If the passages quoted in the Review as defective in style or fallacious in thought, are all that can be selected from the writings of Channing to carp at, more truly may it be said of him, than of any other great contemporary writer, that he has penned no line, "which dying he could wish to blot."

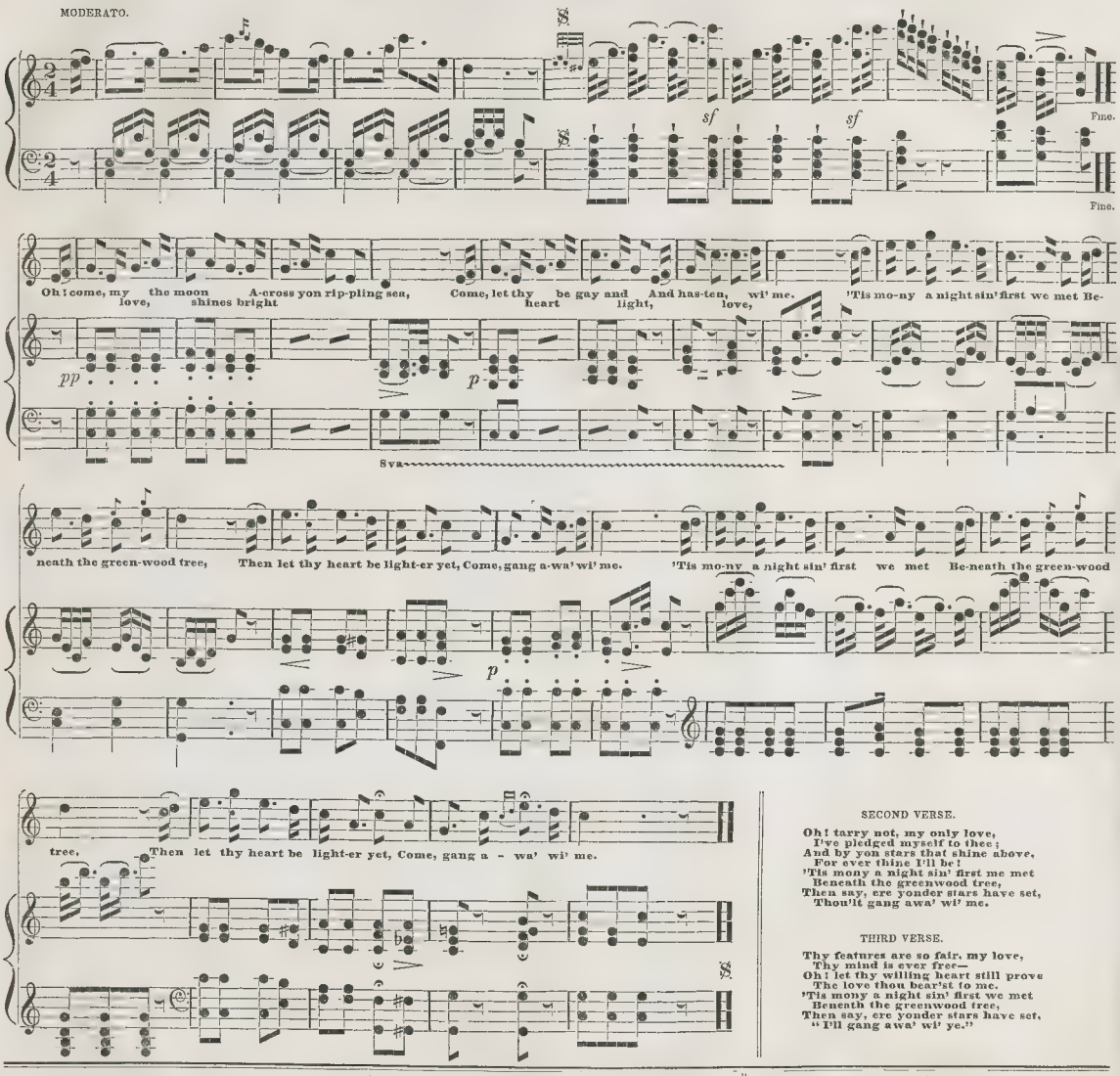
Jennison's latest premium refrigerator.—It may be remembered by some of our readers that we last summer gave a detailed account of the construction of these useful articles. Since then several improvements have been added, among which is the water filterer, by which the water from the ice is purified and drawn by a faucet in front, cool and fit for drinking. The objection of its imparting a bad flavour to articles kept in it, of a dissimilar nature, is entirely obviated These articles may be found at No. 300 Broadway. They are worthy the attention of housekeepers.

Exchange papers.—We have just finished one of the most unpleasant of our annual duties—that of revising our exchange list. Imperious necessity compels us to discontinue the exchange with many new acquaintances—but in our arrangements for the present year, we have not forgotten, and never shall forget, our old friends Will such as receive this number, be kind enough either to copy the prospectus or to give the substance of it in their respective journals, and much oblige us!

COME, GANG AWA' WI' ME.

A BEAUTIFUL BALLAD—WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY EDWIN RANSFORD.

Published by Hewitt and Jaques, 239 Broadway.



SECOND VERSE.

Oh! tarry not, my only love,
I've pledged myself to thee;
And by yon stars that shine above,
For ever thine I'll be!
'Tis mony a night sin' first me met
Beneath the greenwood tree,
Then say, ere yonder stars have set,
Thou'lt gang awa' wi' me.

THIRD VERSE.

Thy features are so fair, my love,
Thy mind is ever free—
Oh! let thy willing heart still prove
The love thou bear'st to me.
'Tis mony a night sin' first we met
Beneath the greenwood tree,
Then say, ere yonder stars have set,
"I'll gang awa' wi' ye."

THE LAST SONG OF THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

The following original verses, from the pen of Thomas Haynes Bayly, were sent us some months previous to his untimely death in April last. They will be read with a melancholy interest at this time.

GO AND FORGET

Go and forget that we have met,
Go to the friends dearest to thee;
Loved as thou art, freely depart,
Others more fair will receive thee;
Smile and deceive, they will believe,
E'en as I used to believe thee.

Though my tears flow bidding thee go,
More should I weep wert thou to stay;
Better at once all hope renounce,
Than see thee change day after day.
Go—I will never accuse thee,
Seek her whose smile will amuse thee;
She in her turn too soon may learn
What I endure thus to lose thee.

The fate of genius.—I have heard men of the present day, distinguished in politics, in literature, in science, complain of envy, of hatred, of calumny. They are wrong. It is law. It is glory. The high-renowned afford examples. Hatred follows them everywhere Nothing escapes it. The theatre openly yielded to it Shakspeare and Moliere; the prison could not take away from it Christopher Columbus; the cloister did not preserve St. Bernard; the throne did not save Napoleon. There is only one asylum for genius in this world; it is in the tomb!

Poetry and music.—As the musician in those complicated performances, those mazes of harmony, which an unpractised ear cannot thread, perceives beauties where another would hear nothing but noise and confusion, so to the poet, in the chaotic wildness of nature sees order and sublimity; so the poet, from the "common scenes which round him lie," from the manifold relations and sufferings of humanity, from his own inward passions and aspirations, evolves, unfolds and combines beauties, and harmonies, and delights, which the uninitiated might toil in vain to discover.

Writing for newspapers.—I think it is John Neal, who somewhere remarks—"Who that cares a fig for to-morrow, will take pains to write for a thing that won't keep? Engraving on a fog-pillar—writing your name on the sands of the sea-shore—on a plastered wall (as in the chamber where Shakspeare was born)—these are about of a piece with cutting flourishes in a newspaper for posterity—better do it on the rind of a ripe water-melon."

Paradise Lost.—If ever a literary composition bore the ineffaceable impress of meditation and inspiration, it is the *Paradise Lost*. A moral thought, touching at once the two natures of man; a terrible lesson, conveyed in sublime verse; one of the most momentous truths of religion and philosophy, developed in one of the most beautiful fictions of poetry; the entire scale of creation run over, from its highest to its lowest degree; an action which commences with Jesus, and terminates with Satan; Eve, gradually drawn by curiosity, compassion and imprudence, to her perdition; the first woman in contact with the first devil: rich is the scene presented by Milton; a vast and simple drama, in which all the machinery is spirit; a magic painting, in which the shadows of darkness steal gradually over all the brighter tints: a poem which at once charms and terrifies.

A silent brotherhood.—The monks of the monastery of La Trappe never speak. We have never heard of a nunnery where a similar rule was observed, and presume that such an institution has never been, and can never be maintained.

Published every Saturday, at No. 1 Barclay-street, next to the corner of Broadway. Terms, five dollars per annum, payable, in all cases, in advance. All letters must be post-paid, and directed to the editor

G. P. Scott, Printer, corner of John and Gold-streets.

NEW-YORK MIRROR,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Embellished with Fine Engravings, and Musick arranged with Accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.] SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, NUMBER ONE BARCLAY-STREET, NEXT TO THE CORNER OF BROADWAY. [PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME SEVENTEEN. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1839. NUMBER TWO.

ORIGINAL TALES FROM THE GERMAN.

THE GRAZIOSO.

BY MRS ELLET.

IN THREE PARTS—PART THE SECOND.

The rehearsal began. Repeated nods of approbation attested the pleasure of the prince, especially at the lively and sly, yet choice humour of the grazioso But when Fiametta's turn came, his delight was at the highest. Breathless he listened to her singing, and followed with glistening eyes her movements in the dance; loudly applauding at the close A precious ring sparkled the next moment, as a token of princely favour, on Fiametta's finger; and a sum was ordered the impressario for distribution among the other actors. So ended the first visit. Signor Ranuzio Spacicamino swam in delight, the rest rejoiced loudly, and none more loudly than the grazioso Fiametta looked silently at him and then again at the sparkling ring; Giovechino seemed not to observe it; he sang, and sang, and laughed, till the tears ran down his cheeks; at length he ran off. To Fiametta his laughter sounded like weeping; with a smile, but sighing deeply at the same moment, she pressed her hand upon her eyes, and presently went away.

When the marshal waited on his master next morning, he found him reclining on the sofa in a reverie and unconscious of his entrance The marshal looked at him some time silently; at last he ventured to make known his presence by a scarce audible hem The prince started up, and nodding graciously—"Can you imagine, marshal," he said, "what I was thinking about just now?"

"If I might venture, my lord."

"Well."

And the courtier, well knowing how far he might presume, answered slily, "Perhaps the fair Fiametta?"

The prince burst into a laugh, exclaiming, "Well guessed! you told me not too much of the maiden!"

"If your highness pleases, I can yet more—"

"No, no. We will ourself study the fair. Prepare her for a visit!"

"I, my lord?"

"You," repeated the prince, while he stood up affectionately leaning on the marshal's shoulder and smiling upon him. "We know you to be an experienced, adroit man of business, hitherto worthy of our confidence."

"My lord is pleased to flatter his most humble servant. The harder it is, my lord, to be compelled to say to your highness, that the fair Fiametta is like no other maiden; that her strange caprice may stand in the way of my gracious lord's will; in a word, that we can here accomplish nothing by ordinary means"

The prince had stepped a few paces back, and while his favourite spoke, was surveying him angrily from head to foot. "Marshal!" he replied in a cold tone of displeasure, "you know well it is not my wont to regard any obstacle in the way of my wishes. *My* will rules this land! I would counsel none to gainsay it—none! Understand that!"

"By your grace! my lord," answered the courtier meekly, "it never entered my thoughts. I pledge you my head, Fiametta shall be yours; but I must repeat to your highness, the girl is not to be won by ordinary means. May it please my lord to lend a gracious hearing to his servant for a moment? I will lay the matter before you, only waiting your approbation of my plan to begin my labours."

"Speak on, then!" cried the prince, and threw himself again on the sofa.

"That it pleased your highness," began the courtier, "to honour the beauteous Fiametta with your notice, your true servant perceived, who strives ever to guess the wishes of his sovereign, oft venturing upon acts ere my gracious lord has given him command so to do; inasmuch as matters oft demand a zeal and knowledge to which the sovereign of a dukedom cannot stoop. In such a case your servant never scruples to sacrifice himself where the honour of his adored master requires it."

"Well said!" interrupted the prince, yawning; "but to the business"

"Scarce guessed I what was passing in your highness's thoughts," continued the marshal, "when my resolution was taken. I went, after the rehearsal, to the house of the manager, to Signora Mariana, the old 'cara mama;' whom my lord perhaps remembers at Naples."

"Yes, yes; to the businesss"

"I dropped a hint or two, that a certain exalted personage, to all appearances was pleased to be interested in the Signora Fiametta. She listened, she trembled for joy; in short, we are of one mind; the old one is devoted to me, body and soul."

"I give you the old one!" cried the prince, laughing, "but how stands it with Fiametta?"

"All in time, my lord; for what the old one told me, surpasses language! Think, your highness, Fiametta *loves!* is *ashamed* of her love, and its *object;* yet, for the sake of this attachment, have not less than a dozen princes, counts, and barons sighed at her feet in vain!"

"Now by the light!" exclaimed the prince, "but this is strange enough; and who is the happy man loved by the prudish lady?"

"No other, my lord, than the droll Giovechino, the grazioso of the company!"

"Impossible!"

"Pure truth, your highness; and he, moreover, loves her to distraction, and is jealous as a Turk! They torment each other, yet cannot part To make the matter still more complicated, the old impressario is passionately fond of the boy—has his stiff notions, too, and must know nothing of our project, else he might prove a serious stumbling-block; and your highness is too good-natured to resort to severe measures in the matter of the old man."

"That is a question, marshal! In good truth, I am gentle, *very* gentle! I do not abuse my power. But I know not what should hinder me, if a man provoke my anger, from putting him out of the way? Why have I armies and forts? Santa Maria! But the old fool may go, if you find other means of satisfying me."

"That will I, your highness! It is important, in the first place, that we make the grazioso ridiculous in Fiametta's eyes; for *that* is the stumbling-block between them. He must seem ridiculous—ridiculous even to *contempt;* but understand, must not himself feel it! Still less must he suspect how high a hand is in the game. The boy is a mad fellow, and might spoil our project; and were that once to happen, our contrivance would only serve to invest him with the glory of a *hero.* A dexterous assistant in the affair, who can bear all the blame, if need be, I have found in the primo amoroso, Signor Antonio Montecavello, himself a rejected suitor of the maiden, who desires nothing more than revenge upon his rival. When she is taught contempt for the grazioso, and in proportion a higher value for herself, my lord, there needs but a light attack to insure you victory; for what female heart can withstand the condescension of your highness!"

The prince replied, smiling, "I see, indeed, but little in all you have told me to discourage me from despatching the affair at once and briefly; yet, as difficulties enhance enjoyment, you have my leave to intrigue to your heart's content! Only take care it last not too long. When you need my help, say so; meanwhile your recompense shall be worthy of a prince's giving!" He held his hand to the marshal, who pressed it reverentially to his lips and retired.

Armed with full powers, the courtier began his play; the prince was present at every rehearsal, continually proposing alterations and improvements to the impressario, yet before the intoxicated Spacicamino could collect himself sufficiently for reply, turning it off with, "Well, well, my dear Signor, settle it all with our marshal, as you both think best." Then he would turn to consult Fiametta, and whatever she advised was instantly ordered to be done. Signor Ranuzio was too stupid to see the meaning of all this; the damsel, on the contrary, could not but perceive what power her lightest word had over the will of the handsome prince, upon whose glance so many thousands hung—who in his own dominions reigned like an eastern despot.

That all this flattered the girl, is not strange; the most prudent prima donna could not have repressed a little triumph at these proofs of the power of her beauty. Condemn not, then, the fair Fiametta, a lively daughter of the south, if she owned some womanly vanity, and was pleased at the prince's gallantry, conscious as she was of the envy of all her female associates. Yet her joy was not unembittered! The more she exulted in the royal admiration, the more deeply she felt how ridiculous a figure the grazioso cut, and how inseparable he seemed in real life from his comic parts. She could not help seeing the prince and his court convulsed with laughter at his jokes, and hearing the prince declare he had never seen such a precious lad for fun—so thoroughly made for a grazioso! At one rehearsal, in which the grazioso performed, the prince flung him a purse, asking him, laughing, "if he would not like to enter his service as court fool?" Fiametta observed, indeed, that Giovechino with difficulty repressed his indignation; nevertheless, the strange face he made at the prince, the odd grimace with which he declined the honour of being court-fool, moved her, spite of herself, to laughter.

The prince marked the youth's paleness and triumphed. So long as the rehearsal lasted, the frolic humour of the grazioso was in requisition; his most unmeaning words were laughed at, applauded, and rewarded with gold.

At the end, the prince himself conducted the prima donna to her litter. In passing, she cast a glance at Giovechino; he was leaning exhausted and trembling against a pillar. "Poor lad!" said the prince, "you have overtasked yourself for our amusement! Go into the kitchen, the butler will give you what will mend your strength; bid them feed you well, my good fellow!"—They passed on; Giovechino gave a leap and sank on a bench, half breathless.—"Good luck to you, Giovechino!" cried Antonio, the amoroso, coming towards him with a malicious smile; "his highness means well with you, and also, I will wager, with the Signora Fiametta! Ha, do you not think she will soon leave our company? By my troth, I cannot bear to think of it! we were never so well off as now, and good luck cannot last for ever! 'Tis said the prince means to establish a grand Italian opera here: Fiametta will be a charming prima donna—and per Bacco! his highness seems to have cast eyes on her! But the offer he made you, ha! ha! ha! it was too mad, eh, Giovechino?"

The youth had risen, and with a cold smile answered his enemy, "My dear Signor Antonio Montecavello, you may keep your good wishes and observations to yourself, nor fancy *me* now, as I was yonder on the boards, a grazioso. I know you hate me; you think *me* to blame that Signora Fiametta despised your suit; but I assure you the fault was not mine. If the lady spurned you with cold contempt, the reason was simply and solely that she knew Signor Antonio Montecavello for a worthless, pitiful fellow, as well as she knew him on the stage a despicable amoroso. That I love Fiametta, you may know; that she will not return my affection, that I never hope to win her, you may also know. But if you dare again, wretch—" and his displeasure amounted to fury—"if you dare again breathe a syllable about it, by all the infernals! here, or at the foot of Vesuvius, it is the same to me!" His voice was choked with rage; he was deadly pale, but glared on the amoroso with the look of a tiger, grasping convulsively the handle of his knife. With a shriek, the affrighted Montecavello sprang back; the grazioso mastered himself, and bursting into a contemptuous laugh, left the circus.

The beautiful Fiametta stood before the mirror in her chamber, contemplating with satisfaction a pair of splendid earrings, the latest gift of the prince, which old Mariana Capuzzi had brought her.

"Do you think, Mariana," asked she, smiling, "that even the prima donna at San Carlo has jewels like mine?"

"No, child," replied the other; "nor I question has the prima donna at Rome, or Milan, or Venice, any to compare with yours! Yet for you, little one, the costliest are not too costly! Sparkle and shine as they may, they cannot rival your eyes! *Corpo della luna!* Had I had your eyes when I was young, and your pretty face and shape, it should have gone hard but I would have had at least a marquis to my husband.

"I want no marquis!" said the damsel, gaily.

"Right, little one!" said Mariana, "it is better you remain free; I mean, that you should not marry. A marquis after all, were he ever so rich, is but a mean prize; but a duke, darling, a duke, such as reigns here? To govern him, were worthy of Fiametta!"

"You are not in your senses, old one!" cried the girl, turning away and blushing deeply.

"I am rational enough to see through you!" returned Marian. "Eh, you think I know not what you wish and dream of! Well, all depends upon you, *cara mia,* all!"

"Silence!" cried Fiametta, glowing with indignation, "you do not see through me! I may yield to vanity for a moment, but I am better than you think me. No, no! never could I sink so low!"

"So low!" repeated Mariana, "to be the beloved, the adored, of the handsomest prince of his time! To float in all the delights youth, beauty, riches and unbounded power can command! The envied of all! is that to be sunk low?"

"One thing you forget, Mariana!"

"Ha, what is that?"

"The contempt of the world."

"The little fool! what care you for the paltry multitude, that never dare open their mouths except to cry *vivat!* unless their sovereign bids them!"

"Oh!" cried the maiden with feeling, "out of the eyes of this unhappy people speaks an accusation more terrible than the wildest outcry of Massaniello's children!"

The old woman replied with a cold and scornful laugh—"I would have never believed the wisdom of the Grazioso so catching!"

"Name not that hated name!" cried Fiametta, bursting into tears "Oh, miserable weakness! that I for the sake of that name repel, reject, insult a man who loves me, beyond all! whom I—poor Giovechino! and you, thankless, have you quite forgotten that it was Giovechino who saved your life and mine?"

"No, darling!" answered the old woman, ironically; "and if you will marry him for that, I have naught to say."

"Who talks of marrying him?" angrily asked the girl.

"Eh! I think, yourself? That the lad loves you, we all know; you but just now said it! that he pines and grieves after you, his pale cheeks bear witness. It was but this morning Signor Ranuzio observed, 'the youth is grown so melancholy, he can serve no longer as grazioso, if this goes on.'"

"Poisonous serpent!" murmured Fiametta, glancing contemptuously at the old woman. Signora Capuzzi was about to renew her suggestions, when the door opened and Giovechino entered.

"Leave the room!" he said sternly. With a malicious look Mariana obeyed, muttering as she went—"The boy carries himself, our lady pardon me, as if he were a reigning prince!"

Fiametta had seated herself at a table, whereon lay scattered some of her jewels, which she was gathering together to put into a casket. Giovechino stood opposite her with folded arms, observing her gloomily. "What have you to say to me?" began at last the maiden, without looking up.

Sighing deeply, he asked—"Not a look does Fiametta longer deign the poor Grazioso?" The maiden raised her eyes timidly; saw the bitter smile, and the trace of deep wo on his pale and sunken cheeks; overpowered with emotion she could only murmur, "Giovechino!"

The youth flung himself at her feet, snatched both her hands, pressed them to his heart, to his lips, passionately exclaiming, Oh, Fiametta! my only, my ever beloved! such was the tone with which you once spoke to me! such was the look you once gave me; that I dreamed myself in heaven, and could have asked the highest angel, which is happier, thou or I? I was happier! In judgment, your heart was turned from me, and now I am wretched, unspeakably wretched!" His tears burst forth; in trembling agony he laid his burning brow on Fiametta's lap, and wept aloud.

"Giovechino!" cried the maiden, deeply moved, "I beseech you, talk not thus! Only compose yourself, I conjure you! I will—ah! only tell me what I shall do?" Her tears mingled with his; she pressed his head to her throbbing bosom, kissed his forehead, and softly repeated, "Tell me, my life! what shall I do!"

"Follow your heart!" cried Giovechino, passionately—"your heart, that speaks for me! Wo to you and me, if you listen not to its voice, if you stifle it with vanity and false shame! Those are the snares of Satan, who would destroy us for the sake of our love. Our love was purity and truth before heaven! it is and will remain so, if you break not the bond! What does it harm our earnest and holy love, that I on the stage move the people to laughter, while our enemy is named by you "*Caro Sposo?*" Both are lies, but what we feel for each other, that is truth! Wo to you and me, if it yield to the might of the bad spirit!"

"Hear me! hear me! dear Giovechino!" implored Fiametta; "I love you truly; my heart understands you, and can never be unfaithful It is because I love you, that I must not, will not deceive you! Call me a fool—a silly, weak girl; but I cannot—I cannot own you before them all, so long as you are the grazioso I cannot bear that my lover should be received and greeted with shouts of laughter only, while admiration and ecstasy wait on me! I know well, that much is only seeming, perhaps all, so long as we are on the stage; yet much follows and clings to us in real life. Oh! how like burning steel went to my heart the prince's question, if you would be his court fool! and you, the grazioso, bearing that indignity, seemed to me in that moment even contemptible!"

"*Maladetto!*" cried the grazioso, springing to his feet, sayest thou—contemptible!"

"I cannot deceive you in this solemn moment!" said Fiametta, weeping violently.

"She has come to that!" murmured the youth bitterly, while his face grew paler than before. It has been possible to despise the beloved!" a moment passed in gloomy silence; then he addressed Fiametta with dignity, though with deep feeling. "When in the passes of the Appennines, Giovechino encountered five bandits alone, and saved the lives of our whole company; he was then the excellent grazioso, and you lay on his bosom, and called him by fond names—'your saviour! your preserver!' What bad spirit has distilled poison into the free soul, that our art and its exercise now seem contemptible! Wo to the people, who can laugh, yet take shame for their mirth, and despise it! a cold capricious, slavish people must they be! So is it not under the fair heaven of our own land! The prince's question moved you to indignation! I, too, scarce repressed mine—not for the silly proposal, that touched not my honour; it was for the evil purpose of the prince, to insult me in your presence. Yes! your blushes tell me you know his purpose; that it is part of his project to lower me in your eyes, for he knows of our love! Now tell me, Fiametta, who most deserves contempt, the poor grazioso, who loves you, and cares for no danger, no ridicule, so he may win your affection, or the mighty prince, who will stoop to the lowest means to gratify his wicked wishes, yet is too much a coward to meet the poor grazioso as an open enemy? Ay! were your highest favour the prize, and I could choose between the condition of the mighty prince and mine, I would remain, by heaven I would! the poor grazioso, and bear the curse of ridicule a thousand and a thousand fold! ——Fiametta! I believe your heart! I trust you—for I warned you. Could you yet deceive me—then, Fiametta—then——"

"No more! my Giovechino!" cried the young girl, trembling with emotion; "never, never, shall Fiametta be false to you—to herself! Beloved, again I swear to be yours for ever! all yours! Ah! leave me only time to collect myself; to banish from my heart all unworthy feelings. Could we to-day leave this city—this land! yes—away from this place! away with all that reminds me of this place!" She snatched up the ear-rings and flung them contemptuously from her. Giovechino caught her in a rapture of fondness to his bosom; she resisted not the embrace—she returned it. At that instant the door softly opened, and Mariana's hateful, grinning visage was seen, while with a hoarse laugh she cried, "Said I not so, eh? *Viva la signora graziosa!*"

(To be concluded in our next.)

Original.

ON THE DEATH OF MY DOG BOZ.

BY JAMES NACK.

SINCE nothing dies but something mourns,
Poor Boz! I well may mourn for thee,
Nor heed the stoick pride that scorns
Affection's tear of sympathy.

And while upon the turf I tread
With which thy mangled relicks blend,
I feel as if it might be said,
Here sleeps my best and truest friend!

For when on all thy love and truth,
Docility and zeal I dwell,
I cannot help but ask in sooth,
What human heart has loved so well?

And can it be! but yesterday
A thing of life in every limb,
Now scudding o'er the fields in play,
Now dashing in the waves to swim;

Or crouching at thy master's feet
With look of grave intelligence,
His every word and glance to meet
With fond, though silent eloquence;

Or rising in thy honest pride,
With gnashing teeth, and eyes of flame,
To battle at thy master's side
If near a doubtful stranger came.

And can it be that thou art dead!
It warns me I must life resign—
Oh, may as fervent tears be shed
Upon my grave, as fall on thine!

Since all are doomed to yield their breath,
The thought is with some comfort crowned,
'Twas thine to meet the sudden death
That mighty Cæsar sought and found.*

For me—let fate come when it will,
I breath the fervent prayer on high,
That fate may find thy master still
As well prepared as thou to die!

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

ROBERT LINCOLN'S SONG.

I WAS not a little alarmed the other day, Mr. Editor, on reading a notice in your paper, regarding my old "hay-day" friend, Robert Lincoln, Esq., commonly called in this democratic "good as you" country, "Bob Link." This notice led me to believe, or rather fear, that among the innovations and changes of the times, he had also changed his song.

Judge my gratification, however, when yesterday I made a special visit to the fields of Jersey, to ascertain what change, if any he had undergone, either in song or costume. I knew his haunts. I was sure, if to be found anywhere, I should meet him where I sought him—and I was not disappointed. I saw him on the bough of an apple-tree that stood on the skirt of a meadow, amusing himself in tuning his pipes, as it were, to catch the right pitch; at times striking "B and E flat," and again a semi-tone, approaching "C sharp," wearing as usual the summer costume of his father and grandfather, and I don't know but that of his great grandfather too; black satin vest and pantaloons, and white roundabout jacket Just then, his old favourite, Mary Lincoln, in a dark-gray russet morning-dress, started from a tuft of high grass on a shopping excursion, when "Robert," alive to the duties of gallantry, instantly offered his services, "wingfully" and "songfully," and the air at once was filled with his delicious melody, "in linked sweetness long drawn out;" the same "time-cherish'd" note, and line, and word, precisely, as I heard in childhood. For the information of some of your readers, who may not have a copy of Robert Lincoln's song, I now transcibe it; and if they want to hear it sung, let them go to the hay-fields of New-Jersey.

THE SONG.

"Mary Lincoln—Mary Lincoln—
Sweetest—sweetest—
Won't you wait for Bobby Lincoln?
Look, look—Mary Lincoln!
Don't you see—don't you see
Bobby Lincoln—satin pantaloons
And summer jacket?
Tackle to—tackle to—Mary Lincoln—
Not so fast—not so fast!
I'll follow thee, round about clover top,
And dock-weed, and apple-tree;
Bobby Lincoln never lets Mary Lincoln
Gad about alone with Harry Hause, muckle weaver;
Nor shall she marry Michael Mangel-wortzel."

We are not connoisseurs in bird language, and cannot say, therefore, whether this be a genuine translation of the bob-link's ecstatic song; but if it be repeated rapidly, and with an ear to the bob-link's music, it produces something like the sound.—*N. Y. American.*

GHOSTS.

Define a vulgar ghost with reference to all that is called ghost-like. It is visibility without tangibility; which is also the definition of a shadow. Therefore, a vulgar ghost and a shadow would be the same; because two different things cannot properly have the same definition. A visible substance without susceptibility of impact I maintain to be an absurdity. Unless there be an external substance the bodily eye cannot see it; therefore, in all such cases, that which is supposed to be seen, is, in fact, not seen, but is an image of the brain. External objects naturally produce sensation; but here, in truth, sensation produces, as it were, the external object.

Of course, if the vulgar ghost be really a shadow, there must be some substance of which it is the shadow. These visible and tangible shadows without substances to cause them are absurd.

Whenever a real ghost appears—by which I mean some man or woman dressed up to frighten another, if the supernatural character of the apparition has been for a moment believed, the effects on the spectator have always been most terrible—convulsion, idiotcy, madness, or even death on the spot. Consider the awful descriptions in the Old Testament of the effects of a spiritual presence on the prophets and seers of the Hebrews; the terrour, the exceeding great dread, the utter loss of all animal power. But in our common ghost stories you always find that the seer, after a most appalling apparition, as you are to believe, is quite well the next day. Perhaps he may have a headache, but that is the outside of the effect produced

Allston, a man of genius, and the best painter yet produced by America, when he was in England, told me an anecdote which confirms what I have been saying. It was, I think, in the university of Cambridge, near Boston, that a certain youth took it into his wise head to endeavour to convert a Tom Paineish companion of his by appearing as a ghost before him. He accordingly dressed himself up in the usual way, having previously extracted the ball from the pistol which always lay near the head of his friend's bed. Upon first awakening, and seeing the apparition, the youth who was to be frightened, A, very coolly looked his companion, the ghost, in the face, and said, "I know you; this is a good joke, but you see I am not frightened. Now you may vanish." The ghost stood still. "Come," said A., "that is enough. I shall get angry, away!" Still the ghost moved not. "By——!" ejaculated A., "if you do not, in three minutes, go away, I'll shoot you." He waited the time, deliberately levelled his pistol, fired, and with a scream at the immovability of the figure, became convulsed, and afterwards died. The very instant he believed it to be a ghost, his human nature fell before it.—*Coleridge.*

THE PORTRAITS OF L. E. L.

It is singular that so few portraits of this accomplished woman should have been painted. For nearly twenty years she occupied a large portion of public attention: and, during the whole of her career, was almost idolized by the young and warm-hearted. Although certainly not beautiful perhaps she can scarcely be described as handsome—her countenance possessed that which an artist prizes above beauty, at least above the beauty that is without it—expression; her features were not regular, but they were pleasing and attractive at all times; and, when animated, had a character approximating to loveliness. Her form, too, though *petite*, was graceful. She had a large acquaintance among artists, to whose society she was always especially partial. Is it not strange, then, that so few have employed the pencil in perpetuating the remembrance of one so dear to fame, and whose works must for ever form a conspicuous part of the literary history of the age? She first sat to Mr. Pickersgill, we should suppose about the year 1822 or 3. This portrait has not been engraved. We always considered it a good likeness, though not an agreeable one; and it was never in favour with her or with her friends. Mr. Wright made a drawing of her for the New Monthly Magazine, and a very poor affair it was, giving one the idea of a port chambermaid rather than the authoress of the "Improvisatrice. She sat to M'Clise three or four times. One of his drawings was published with her poem of "The Golden Violet;" another was engraved, not long since, by Edward Finden; and, if not entirely satisfactory, is, at all events, the only print that affords a just idea of the original. While upon the subject, we may remark, that, of Mrs. Hemans, there is, we believe, only one portrait—that by Mr. West; a fine bust, however, was executed by an Irish sculptor whose name we are ashamed to have forgotten; and that the only recollection of Miss Jewsbury, the friend of both Mrs. Hemans and Miss Landon, and worthy to be associated with them, is to be derived from an unfinished and unsatisfactory drawing by her fellow-townsman, poor Liverseege. This is not as it should be: artists will themselves lament, in common with the world, when persons of genius—women of genius more especially,

"Lead their graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy."

We add to our own remarks some which a fair associate has favoured us. The writer was one of L. E. L.'s (we cannot bear to call her Mrs. Maclean) most intimate and most attached friends—one who, perhaps, knew her better than most. It is not saying too much to affirm, that she deeply felt and highly appreciated this lady's firm friendship and unchanging affection; and she was one of the last to live in her remembrance.

"Of the portraits, that by M'Clise is certainly the most like her who is gone from us for ever; her who, a few months ago, was the light and life of all societies in which she appeared. But Sir Thomas Lawrence was, perhaps, the only painter of modern times who could have caught one particular expression, which, fleeting though it was, rendered her face, at times, one of positive beauty. At such moments I used to look on her with astonishment, and wonder how she could have been called 'plain.' It was strange to watch the many shades of varied feeling which passed across her countenance even in an hour. I can see her now—her dark silken hair braided back over a small, but what phrenologists would call a well developed head; her forehead lofty, and full and open, although the hair grew low upon it; the eye-brows perfect in arch and form; the eyes round, soft, or flashing, as they might be—gray, well-formed and beautifully set—the lashes long and black, the under ones turning down with a delicate curve, and forming a soft relief upon the tint of her cheek, which, when she enjoyed good health, was bright and blushing; her complexion was delicately fair; her skin soft and transparent; her nose small (*retrousse;*) the nostrils well defined, slightly curved, but capable of a scornful expression, which she did not appear to have the power of repressing, even though she gave her thoughts no words, when any mean or despicable action was alluded to; it would be difficult to describe her mouth, it was neither flat nor pouting, neither large nor small; the under jaw projected a little beyond the upper; her smile was deliciously animated; her teeth white, small and even, and her voice and laugh soft, low, and musical; her ears were of peculiar beauty, and all who understand the beauty of the human head, know that the ear is either pleasing to look upon, or much the contrary; her's were very small, and of a delicate hue, and her hands and feet even smaller than her sylphlike figure would have led one to expect. She would have been of perfect symmetry were it not that her shoulders were rather high Her movements, when not excited by animated conversation, were graceful and ladylike; but when excited, they became sudden and almost abrupt. When she was in the fresh blush of her fame, Pick-

* Cæsar being asked what death he thought most desirable, replied, "A sudden death;" and his death was as sudden as he could desire; so, also, was that of Boz, who, however, has not been known to express any such preference.

ersgill made her the subject of one of his most perfect pictures*—as a *picture*, but I never thought it like: it was too womanly, too self-conceited for L. E. L. And one of her greatest charms as a woman was the deference she paid to the opinions of others, and the sweet modesty with which she urged her own. She would defend a position with admirable wit and tact, but always with good temper and a playful sweetness that was quite her own, never suffering her opponent to feel any bitterness or self-reproach if she gained a victory. It was almost impossible to believe the slight, bounding girl—bounding like a fawn to meet those she loved, those of high minds and unspotted reputation, who knew her all her fitful life, and who mourn over her early grave, as though they had lost a sister or a child; it was almost impossible to fancy her the poet of so many gems of poetry, or the author of such bitterness as steals out in her novels; but, after ten minutes conversation, a person of ordinary conversation would be convinced that, like the lily floating on the bosom of our own beautiful Thames, though the blossom was on the surface, the roots were firmly fixed in the depths below. When she was known, the only wonder was that one of such solid and varied information cultivated so many graces, and was so anxious—perhaps too anxious—to please those who sought her society, for fashion's sake, without being able to appreciate her as she deserved. Though often light of heart, she was never light of mind: upon the latter the weight of knowledge, the heaviness that grows with the knowledge of human nature, rested and remained. She was not hopeful either, if she did express a hope she generally checked herself immediately: and her bright smile was usually the herald of a sigh; she had enough of fame, but fame never filled a woman's heart—and wherever she could find domestic affections, she wound her very soul about them.

"Though born in Hans-place, and always residing (with the exception of a few early years) in its neighbourhood, and fond of jesting at the romance of a country life, she was too genuine a poet not to revel in the beauties of nature: and a day on the river, in the fields, or the woods, was enjoyed with almost childish delight. She had no idea of selfish or solitary enjoyment. The only thing I ever knew her selfish in was sorrow: *that* she coveted in the depths of her own bosom; but it was beautiful to see her intelligent face irradiate with happiness when she had anything to communicate that she knew must give pleasure to those she loved. Most lavish was she of praise where she thought it deserved; and her exquisite taste, like the instinct of the bee, led her of herself only to those flowers where honey was to be found. When forced to be critical, she got rid of the task as briefly and hastily as possible; the wonder being, not that she had been severe, but how she could have been so merciful. It has been said by some writers on the peculiar nature of Irish music, that an air played quickly would be joyous enough to excite mirth, and repeated in a plaintive manner would move the heart to sadness; so that, in fact, the air must possess not only the elements but the *power* of both. So it often seemed with her: in society she responded to either the touch of sorrow or joy, though she never intruded her own sadness, or 'talked melancholy,' if she could avoid it. She felt intensely for others; and her friends can recall innumerable little attentions, well and kindly timed, that, like a drop of essence, small in itself, diffuses a sweet perfume around it. Most deeply did she joy in poetry. it was the soul of her existence. It was in her what song is in the nightingale—a gushing, pure, unstudied harmony; born with her, cherished by her, her love, her food, her hope; and, like the nightingale, her last sweet song was sweetest, even when the thorn was festering in her bosom. Prose writing was always a task to her, but she revelled in verse; caught with avidity any idea that was offered to her, and always grateful for the brass or iron which her genius turned to gold. 'Subjects for Pictures' were commenced at Mr. S. C. Hall's request, for the New Monthly Magazine, when he was editor to that work; some of her (subjects) are treated in so masterly a manner, that they hardly need the painter's art, but present themselves to the reader's eye without his assistance. Though quite unskilled in the language of the schools, she had a fine feeling for

'The art that can immortalize.'

"I remember her once speaking of artists in her usual animated and poetical manner, and concluding by saying, 'that they deserved all honour, they idolized humanity.' What a string of pearls I might have gathered, had I noted down the thoughts that fell in sayings from her lips. The Princess, in the Fairy tale, was not more prodigal of jewels than was she—bright from the store of her rich mind; but it seems to me a sort of moral sacrilege to rob the temple of the living body of its best riches; then lay them in my desk to wait for what? I cannot bear to make premeditated notes—for a future I must shrink from contemplating. The task is an unholy one. By day and night, in sickness and in health, in joy and sorrow, in society and under the moonlight shadow of the leafy trees, we have been together. But she is gone! gone for ever! We shall never even look upon her grave—we, who knew and loved her to the last! the magic of her name is with us still, but like her own sweet poetry, that always echoed towards the end of a deep sigh of sadness

"Her mind was too deep-toned to yield much music to the light touch of mirth. I cannot, at this moment, call to mind a cheerful poem from her pen. It was only with the frivolous that she assumed frivolity. She was very averse to be considered author-like, and would, in society, avoid all topics that might lead to such a conclusion. Those who knew her when away from the world—and she was convinced that her feelings would not be misrepresented—must remember how light and evanescent were her smiles, how heavy were her sighs. She took unto herself the troubles of those she loved, and those who do so cannot enjoy much of the world's content."

AN ADVENTURE IN MEXICO.

While residing in the mountain city of Caforce, I had occasion to start suddenly on a journey to Zacatecas; seizing my holsters, I departed alone on horseback. In a few hours I arrived at the rancho del Bosal, when I informed myself more particularly respecting the road. I was told that I had to pass through a palm forest several miles in extent, and that I should find a rancho fifteen miles distant, the only one in thirty miles. Riding through the forest, the thought of robbers naturally occurred, and of taking a look at my pistols. On examination I found I had left one to be repaired, and that the other had no flint. I felt in the bottom of the holsters, but no flint; so for my safety it was necessary to trust solely to the respectable appearance of a pair of bear-skin holsters. Plodding in the heat of the sun, I discovered, at a little distance from the road, a bamboo hut. No one appeared, but appearances indicated that it was inhabited. I carried my saddle into the hut, and gave my horse the length of a *cabresto* to graze. With my saddle and *armas de agua*, I made the traveller's bed, upon which I reclined, placing my holsters by my side. A ferocious looking person soon rode up, asked a few questions, and returned. The enquiries did not fail to excite suspicion; but being overcome with fatigue and the heat of the day, I remained quiet. The man soon returned, bringing a more ferocious looking companion. Seeing my perilous situation, I instantly resolved to demean myself in the same manner as if my pistols had been of the best. The companion, after asking various questions, and praising the holsters, requested me to do him the favour to show him the pistols, to see if they were of a certain class, which he named. "I handle my arms only for defence," was my reply. He protested friendship, and repeated his request. I repeated, that I could not gratify his curiosity in that respect. He became irritated, at length angry, uttering violent and abusive language; the replies were short and harsh. Both were in front of the door, with each a long knife in his hand, in the act of whitling. An hour passed in conversation, and intervals of silence. They walked away

I thought I would wait until dark, and then, when their lasso could not serve them, rush towards them with the presented pistols, and make my escape into the wood. Reclining upon my bed, although not directing my eye immediately towards him, I discovered one of them aslant, looking through an interstice in the side of the hut, to observe my movements. I introduced my hand under the flap of the holsters, as if in the act of examining lock and priming, and withdrew it with an air of content. He soon appeared again in front of the door, and bantered me to exchange horses, requesting me to mount his and try him. I replied that I wished to repose—that in the morning I would probably trade, and give him a fair difference.

They mounted; it being about sunset, and taking my horse, observed they were going to water; they rode about a quarter of a mile, and turning a point of palm-wood, were out of sight. Alone, I took my pistol, withdrew the charge, and walked about the house in search of a stone for a flint. It was all limestone and would not strike fire. It was now time to resolve, and I did resolve that "prudence is the better part of valour." Taking my money and a few light articles, I proceeded to the road-side, noticed the way it ran, and saw the moon in the same direction. I withdrew a little from the road, thinking my friends might pursue me, and travelled with hastened steps, with the moon for my object, and knowing that the half-way rancho could not be far distant. After walking about three miles, occasionally stepping to my left to see if the road was near, I heard the barking of the dogs of the rancho. I approached the house and hailed, and the owner came out to me, to whom I quickly told my tale—to which he attentively listened, and remarked, "You have escaped with your life, for they are robbers." I was hospitably received by the rancho, and regaled with new milk, *tortillas calientes*.—*Texas Morning Star.*

* Wanting, as L. E. L. was supposed to want, the attributes of regular beauty, I have often been amused at the astonishment expressed by some who expected to see a little, plain girl, and were agreeably disappointed. One evening I invited the Ettrick Shepherd to meet her and a few others distinguished in the world of letters. Hogg started when presented to the young poetess, and, taking her hand, looked earnestly in her expressive face, and exclaimed, "Oh, dear! I ha' written and thought many a bitter thing about ye, but I'll do so na mair: *I did na think ye'd been sae bonny.*"

LESSON TO NEWSPAPER BORROWERS.

Time: Saturday morning, eight o'clock. Scene: the breakfast table. A rap is heard at the door, and the newspaper is for a few moments opened before the fire.—"Come, John, it wont do to dry it long, for I see neighbour Snooks is sending his son after it." Another rap at the door. "Father wants to know if you will just lend him the newspaper five minutes; if you aint done with it he will send it right back. He only wants to see if the brig Star has been heard from, what our Tom went in." "Tell your father the brig is not reported." Home he trips, and as speedily returns: "Mother wants to know who was buried yesterday, can't you lend it to her just two minutes?" "Tell your mother that all the deaths this week are Mr. —, and a child of Mr. —." In a few moments another tap—"Sister Susan wants to know if anybody's married this week, and uncle Josh wants to know if there is any auction today, and father wants to know what the news is from Virginia, and aunt Snooks wants to know if there is any more pretty stories about that Jarvis woman; if you can't spare the paper, why can't you just write down what there is, just cause I don't want to keep running back and forward so—" Here my lad, take this paper to your father, and round to all your uncles and aunts, and have it back, whatever is left of it, next Saturday morning at eight o'clock, precisely, when you come to borrow the next." Ten applications on Saturday by borrowers, all sent to neighbour Snooks, with a particular caution to return it there when done with. Monday morning, a rap at the door, and the boy with the paper is ushered in.—"Mother says it is too much plague to keep the paper all the week, people keep coming arter it so."—*Portsmouth Journal.*

ADVANTAGE OF LYING.

When Napoleon took possession of Holland he visited Dordt, and, as was usual with him, made numerous and minute inquiries regarding the imports and general commerce of the place. Among others, he addressed abruptly Mr. Gerrard Mauritz, afterwards British consul at Dordt, asking him, "Well, what number of windmills have we here?" "Five hundred, sire," was as inconsiderately and as abruptly answered. "And what number of cubic feet of timber arrive here annually?" upon which Mr. Mauritz, as incorrectly, but as promptly, named a round number. This smartness, which Napoleon took for intelligence, so much pleased him, that next day the emperour's secretary waited upon Mr. Mauritz with the order of the Legion of Honour, and a most complimentary letter. Mr. Mauritz had previously been informed by a friend who knew Napoleon's temper, that he must not seem to hesitate, or even consider, when addressed, or asked a question by the emperour, but, right or wrong, speak frankly, boldly, and with confidence. Mr. Mauritz took and profited by the hint. In fact, Napoleon had asked the burgomaster a question about the number of criminals annually convicted at Dordt, and while the magistrate was calculating and thinking, in order to answer correctly, Napoleon turned round upon his heel, and, with rather a supercilious curl of the lip, suddenly asked, and was answered the questions abovementioned.

Early rising.—A father chiding his son for not leaving his bed at an earlier hour, told him, as an inducement, that a certain man being up betimes found a purse of gold. "It may be so," replied the son, "but he that *lost it was up before him.*"

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

A LEGENDARY BALLAD—FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER

Among green pleasant meadows,
All in a grove so wild,
Was set a marble image
Of the virgin and her child.

There, oft on summer evenings,
A lovely boy would rove,
To play beside the image
That sanctified the grove.

Oft sat his mother by him,
Among the shadows dim,
And told how the Lord Jesus
Was once a child like him

"And now from highest heaven
He doth look down each day,
And sees whate'er thou dost,
And hears what thou dost say."

Thus spake the tender mother;
And on an evening bright,
When the red round sun descended,
Mid clouds of crimson light;

Again the boy was playing,
And earnestly said he,
"O beautiful Lord Jesus,
Come down and play with me.

"I'll find thee flowers the fairest,
And weave for thee a crown;
I will get thee ripe red strawberries,
If thou wilt but come down.

"O holy, holy mother!
Put him down from off thy knee,
For in these silent meadows
There are none to play with me."

Thus spake the boy so lovely,
The while his mother heard,
And on his prayer she pondered,
But spake to him no word.

That self-same night she dreamed
A lovely dream of joy,
She thought she saw young Jesus
There, playing with the boy.

"And for the fruits and flowers
Which thou hast brought to me,
Rich blessings shall be given
A thousand fold to thee.

"For in the fields of heaven
Thou shalt roam with me at will,
And of bright fruits celestial,
Thou shalt have, dear child, thy fill"

Thus tenderly and kindly
The fair child Jesus spoke,
And, full of careful musings,
The anxious mother woke.

And thus it was accomplished,
In a short month and a day,
That lovely boy, so gentle,
Upon his death-bed lay.

And thus he spoke in dying:
"O mother dear, I see
The beautiful child Jesus
A coming down to me.

"And, in his hand he beareth
Bright flowers as white as snow,
And red and juicy strawberries—
Dear mother, let me go!"

He died, and that fond mother
Her tears could not restrain,
But she knew he was with Jesus,
And she did not weep again.

TOPICS FOR THOUGHT.

Zeno, of all virtues, made his choice of silence; for by it, said he, I learn other men's imperfections, and conceal my own. People who complain of the dullness of their newspaper may be said to be the silent, who keep their pens clear of any attempt at public enlightenment, and thus are at liberty to see others imperfections and cancel their own. There is probably no seat that is so well supplied with broken legs for a tumble as the editor's chair.

William Penn's maxims are little sought after in the present day. He says of method, that it goes far to prevent trouble in business; for it makes the task easy—hinders confusion—saves abundance of time, and instructs those that have business depending what to do and what to hope.

Believe nothing against another but upon good authority, nor report what may hurt another, unless it be a great hurt to others to conceal it.

Happiness consists in a virtuous and honest life, in being content with a competency of outward things, and in using them temperately.

Tillotson says that it is a great mark of the corruption of our natures, and what ought to humble us extremely, and excite the exercise of our reason to a nobler and juster sense, that we cannot see the use and pleasure of our comforts but by the want of them.

Wouldst thou know the lawfulness of the action which thou desirest to undertake? Let thy devotion recommend it to divine blessing: if it be lawful, thou shalt perceive thy heart encouraged by thy prayer: if unlawful, thou shalt find thy prayer discouraged by thy heart. That action is not warrantable, which either blushes to beg a blessing, or having succeeded dares not present a thanksgiving.

If thou desire not to be too poor, desire not to be too rich; he is rich, not that possesses much, but he that covets no more; and he is poor, not that enjoys little, but he that wants too much: the contented mind wants nothing which it hath not: the covetous mind wants not only what it hath not, but likewise what it hath.

We hope there is nothing personal in the following lines. Coming from the quarter they do, we do not feel at liberty to decline them.

THE COLONEL.

A colonel!—such a creature!
I met him at the ball!
Perfect in form and feature,
And so divinely tall!
He praised my dimpled cheeks and curls,
While whirling through the dance,
And matched me with the dark-eyed girls
Of Italy and France!

He said, in accents thrilling,
"Love's boundless as the sea!
And I, dear maid, am willing
To give up all for thee!"
I heard him—blushed—"would ask mamma"—
And then my eyes grew dim:
He looked—I said, "mamma—dada—
I'd give up all for him!"

That my papa was rich and old
Full well the colonel knew:
"Love's wings," he said, "when fringed with gold,
Are beautiful to view!"
I thought his 'haviour quite the *ton*
Until I saw him stare,
When merely told that brother John,
Papa would make his heir!

Next day and the day after
I dressed for him in vain—
Was moved to tears and laughter—
He never came again!
But I have heard for widow Dash,
He bought the bridal ring,
And that he'll wed her for her cash,
The ugly, hateful thing!

PORTIA.

SPIRIT OF THE PARISIAN JOURNALS.

NOVELTIES FROM THE FRENCH.

Translated for the New-York Mirror.

ARAB MANNERS.

MOHAMMED-BEN-MOUSSA, a resident in the village of Kara-Mustapha, in Algiers, lately gave his young wife, Halima, a blow with his yataghan. He was arrested by the French troops, and delivered over to the native authorities Their mode of proceeding was as follows.—Early in the morning the Cadi El-Arbe and the Cadi of Krachena rode up to the village, accompanied by Captain Dallonville, superintendent of Arabian affairs, and followed by a host of Arabs on horseback. The criminal was led behind by native soldiers. The cadi's first visit was to the wounded wife Having examined her wound, he said gravely, "It is nothing, the woman is safe." The criminal then entered the tent, and sat down on the ground opposite the fair Halima, whose pretty head, yet wrapped in bandages, rested on her hand. Mohammed, without uttering a word, fixed his eye long and steadily on his young wife; the expression of his face it is impossible to describe; anger and remorse for his conduct seemed to be equally balanced. The silent play of his features had a wild, savage grandeur in it, while Halima abandoned her attitude of melancholy and suffering, and opened wide her brilliant black eyes, which fairly shot sparkles of anger and contempt at her unworthy husband. She forgot even that the tent was full of strangers, and that the stern laws of Arab propriety required her to be closely veiled. The cadi interrupted the profound silence in which this expressive and striking pantomime was acted, and said, in a calm and dignified tone, "Mohammed-Ben-Moussa, thou hast committed a crime, in leaving on the head of thy wife the burning trace of thy dagger" With this, he stretched out his hand towards Halima's head The cadi's words aroused Halima from her silence, she turned her head aside, with an air of the supremest contempt, and cried, eyeing her husband askance: "Man! depart hence—thou shalt never look on me again!" Her whole frame trembled with anger for a moment, and she then resumed the pensive attitude in which she was found when we entered. Captain Dallonville then invited us to meet in front of the tribe, to be present at the giving of judgment A *burnous* was stretched on the ground, on which the cadis placed themselves The minutes of the preliminary examination were then read in Arabic and French; after which the cadi asked the prisoner if he acknowledged the truth of what was there stated He answered, "O representative of the prophet! I am falsely accused; the words of the slanderer have entered piercingly into my heart, like the sharp point of a dagger. I am innocent, as Allah is my witness! do with me as you shall see fit." Here he sat down on the ground, and stretched out his hands towards his judges, looking up meanwhile to heaven. The witnesses were next heard; but the testimony of Halima's mother was rejected on the suggestion of the culprit, on account of her relationship to the accuser. The cadi then rested his head on his hands awhile, in reflection, and pronounced the following sentence: "We repaired to the tribe of Kara-Mustapha, to try the case of Mohammed-Ben-Moussa, and his wife, Halima-Brut-Omar, whom he has wounded. We examined the wound, and find that it was caused by a yataghan. The law El Mourkallefi saith, 'In every case where there is the mark or scar of a blow, divorce shall be declared.' Wherefore, we have asked of Halima, if she was willing that it should so be, and on her answering that she was willing, we pronounced the divorce in a manner distinct and irrevocable. Moreover, we condemn Mohammed to receive, according to the saying of the law, eighty blows with a stick, to pay a fine of fifty francs, as the price of the wound, and to restore the dower, which is in amount fifty-six francs, twenty-six centimes. Further, he shall undergo an imprisonment of seven days, that he may learn how to behave himself hereafter. Halima is free to go wherever she may wish. Done in the presence of witnesses of sound mind, and capable to testify in law, being dated on the third day of the month Moharrem, in the year 1255." The sentence was immediately written out and read in Arabic and French. The next moment the bastinado was applied on the soles of the criminal's feet. He bore it with the usual stoicism of an Arab, and was then led back to Algiers, to undergo his imprisonment

EXTRAORDINARY PROPHECY.

At a late meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, the following communication was read:—"I have ascertained from the continued and laborious investigation in which I have been engaged for some time past, though not as yet with perfect certainty, that next year, (1840,) the course of the stars will be very extraordinary. Be good enough, gentlemen, to put an end to my doubts as to the existence of the facts I allude to, by a speedy answer. These facts are, that according to my observations, a phenomenon is to happen which has never yet been presented; a thing perfectly unheard of, I mean, *an eclipse of the earth.* The said eclipse will take place as follows: On the sixth of January, at three-quarters past nine o'clock in the morning, a mass of clouds will be seen, which will spread over all Europe, and descend gradually toward the earth's surface. As soon as these clouds arrive at a distance of three feet from the surface, the whole human race will be, as it were, stupified for a quarter of an hour, and lose both sight and hearing. After the fifteen minutes have elapsed, they will find themselves suspended in the air, between the mass of clouds and the sky, at a height of eighteen feet, or thereabouts, during which time the earth will be turned completely upside down, and then return to its former position, and all things go on once more in their regular course. These phenomena will cease at about half-past two in the afternoon. This, if it should really take place, will certainly be a most extraordinary state of things, and I beg of you to let me know your opinion on the subject at your earliest convenience." Fortunately for those of us who have no taste for hanging between heaven and earth, the Academy does not seem to agree in opinion with the philosopher. In fact, with that envy which sometimes exists among men of science, they would not condescend even to notice this discovery.

THE OMNILOQUENT CARDINAL.

On the feast of the Epiphany divine service is performed at Rome, in the church of the Propaganda, in the native tongues of the different pupils, who represent all parts of Europe, Asia and Africa The Cardinal Mezzofanti is perhaps the only man living who is able to converse with each of them in his own language. It is said that his holiness once wished to test the extent of his acquirements. Having had all the pupils of the Propaganda collected in the garden, he made arrangements to have them accost the cardinal successively, and address him, each one in his own mother-tongue. The cardinal, though a little surprised at this polyglottic procession, stood his ground well, and replied to each one in the same language in which he was addressed. But a still more extraordinary fact, if possible, is that all foreigners who converse with the cardinal affirm, that if they had not known the contrary, they should have taken him for a fellow-countryman, so correct and natural are his language and accent.

THE RULING PASSION.

At a ball given lately by M. I——, one of the richest bankers in the capital, the Marquis de T—— trod by accident on the toe of his wealthy host, who was standing, lost in thought, by the chimney. "My dear sir," cried the marquis, "I ask a thousand——" "Apply to my cashier, if you please," was the answer that greeted his astonished ears. M. I—— soon recollected himself, and had a hearty laugh with the marquis over his absence of mind; but I—— said that he was soon obliged to leave the room, as when the anecdote spread among the company, all the needy young men about town who were present, hastened to tread on his toes, in the hope of getting an equally satisfactory answer, till the poor banker's foot was black and blue.

REVERSE OF FORTUNE.

There is now living as servant in a plain private family near Marseilles, a princess of royal blood, whom misfortune has driven from her distant African kingdom to the shores of the Mediterranean. She was born at Bambara, the city of a thousand cabins, and her father reigned over a country as extensive as all France. Some six months since, the city was taken and burnt, her father escaped with great difficulty, but all his children were seized and sold as slaves The captain of a French vessel bought this young girl, who has received the name of Ourika, after the well-known romance.

A DERANGED FOWL.

It would seem that lunacy is no longer an exclusive privilege of our poor human nature. For three months past all the symptoms of genuine mental alienation may be seen in a thrush, which has perched in the window of a house in St. Pol, and passes the whole day in eyeing its image reflected in the glass It is impossible to remove him from the window; he clings fast to the sash, and is incessantly pecking at the glass. If the window is opened, he keeps his footing outside, but never enters the room; if an attempt is made to catch him, he flies off, but returns as soon as the danger is over. He has become so well-known that all the passers-by cast their eyes up to the window, to see if the monomaniac is still at his post; and they always find him there.

ROYAL PERFORMERS.

Once, at Marie Antoinette's private theatre, the little comic opera of Rose and Colas was performed by the royal family and court. The queen had a part in it, and just as she finished one of the songs a sharp *hiss* was heard. The spectators looked at each other in surprise, but Marie Antoinette, who felt at once that in all the crowd of grandees and courtiers, there was but *one* person who would venture to take such a liberty, came forward to the front of the stage, and, addressing herself to the king, after saluting the audience, "Sir," says she, "since you are not satisfied with my acting, if you will take the trouble to step out, your money will be returned at the entrance." A thunder of applause greeted this sally, in which the king joined most heartily.

ORIGINAL LETTERS AND NOTES.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE INDIANS.

BY GEORGE CATLIN.

RAIN-MAKING AMONG THE MANDANS ON THE UPPER MISSOURI

READERS, did you ever hear of "Rain-makers?" If not, sit still, and read on, but laugh not—keep cool and sober, or else you may laugh in the beginning, and cry at the end, of my story. Well, I introduce to you a new character, not a doctor, or a high-priest, but a *medicine-man*, and one of the highest and most respectable order, a "*Rain-maker!*" Such dignitaries live in the Mandan nation; ay, and "*Rain-stoppers*," too; and even those, also, among their *conjurati*, who, like Joshua of old, have even essayed to stop the sun in his course; but, from the inefficiency of their medicine or mystery, have long since descended into insignificance

Well, the story begins thus: the Mandans raise a great deal of corn, and sometimes a most disastrous drought will be visited on the land, destructive to their promised harvest. Such was the case when I arrived at the Mandan village, in the steamboat Yellow Stone. Rain had not fallen for many a day, and the dear little girls, and the ugly old squaws, altogether, (all of whom had corn,) were groaning and crying to their lords, and imploring them to intercede for rain, that their little respective patches, which were now turning pale and yellow, might not be withered, and they be deprived of the pleasure of their customary annual festivity, and the joyful occasion of the "roasting ears," and the "green-corn dance."

The chiefs and doctors sympathized with the plaints of the women, and recommended patience. Great deliberation they said was necessary in these cases, and though they resolved on making the attempt to produce rain for the benefit of the corn, yet they very wisely resolved, that to begin too soon might ensure their entire defeat in the endeavour; and that the longer they put it off, the more certain they would feel of ultimate success. So, after a few days of further delay, when the importunities of the women had become clamorous and even mournful, and almost insupportable, the medicine-men assembled in the council or medicine-house, with all their mystery-apparatus about them, with an abundance of wild sage and other aromatic herbs, and a fire prepared to burn them, that their savoury odour might be sent forth to the Great Spirit. The lodge was closed to all in the village except some ten or fifteen young men, who were willing to hazard the dreadful alternative of making it rain, or suffer the everlasting disgrace of having made a fruitless essay

They only were allowed as witnesses to the hocus pocus and conjuration which was devised by the doctors, inside of the medicine lodge, and they were called up by lot, each one in his turn, to spend a day upon the top of the lodge, to test the potency of his medicine; or, in other words, to see how far his voice might be heard and obeyed among the clouds of the heavens, while the doctors were burning incense in the wigwam below, and with their songs and prayers to the Great Spirit for success, were sending forth grateful fumes and odours to him who lives in the sun and commands the thunders of heaven. Wah-kee, (the shield,) was the first who ascended the wigwam, at sunrise; and he sat all day, and looked foolish, as he was counting over and over his string of mystery-beads; the whole village were assembled around him, and praying for his success Not a cloud appeared—the day was calm and hot, and at the setting of the sun he descended from the lodge and went home; "his medicine was not good," nor can he ever be a medicine-man

Om-pah, (the elk,) was the next; he ascended the lodge at sunrise the next morning. His body was entirely naked, being covered with yellow clay; on his left arm he carried a beautiful shield, and a long lance in his right; and on his head the skin of a raven, the bird that soars amid the clouds and above the lightning's glare He flourished his shield, and brandished his lance, and raised his voice, but in vain; for at sunset the ground was dry, and the sky was clear; the squaws were crying, and their corn was withering at its roots.

War-rah-pa, (the beaver,) was the next; he also spent his breath in vain upon the empty air, and came down at night; and Wak-a-da hah-hee, (the White Buffalo's hair,) took the stand the next morning. He is a small but beautifully proportioned young man; he was dressed in a tunic and leggins of the skin of the mountain-

sheep, splendidly garnished with quills of the porcupine, and fringed with locks of hair taken by his own hand from the heads of his enemies. On his arm he carried his shield made of the buffalo's hide; its boss was the head of the war-eagle and its front was ornamented with red chains of lightning. In his left hand he clenched his sinewy bow and one single arrow. The villagers were all gathered about him, when he threw up a feather to decide on the course of the wind, and he commenced thus:—"My friends! people of the pheasants! you see me here a sacrifice. I shall this day relieve you from great distress, and bring joy among you, or I shall descend from this lodge when the sun goes down, and live among the dogs and old women all my days. My friends, you saw which way the feather blew, and I hold my shield this day in the direction where the wind comes. The lightning on my shield will draw a great cloud, and this arrow, which is selected from my quiver, and which is feathered with the quill of the white swan, will make a hole in it. My friends! this hole in the lodge, at my feet, shows me the medicine-men, who are seated in the lodge below me, and crying to the Great Spirit; and through it comes, and passes into my nose, delightful odours, which you see rising in the smoke to the Great Spirit above, who rides in the clouds and commands the winds! Three days they have sat here, my friends, and nothing has been done to relieve your distress. On the first day was Wah-kee, (the Shield.) He could do nothing; he counted his beads and came down; his medicine was not good; his name was bad, and it kept off the rain. The next was Om-pah, (the Elk,) on his head the raven was seen, who flies above the storm, and he failed. Warrah-pah, (the Beaver,) was the next; my friends, the beaver lives under the water, and he never wants it to rain. My friends! I see you are in great distress, and nothing has yet been done. This shield belonged to my father, the White Buffalo, and the lightning you see on it is red; it was taken from a black cloud, and that cloud will come over us to-day. I am the White Buffalo's hair, and I am the son of my father!"

In this manner flourished and manœuvered Wak-a-dah-ha-hee, (the White Buffalo's hair,) alternately addressing the audience and the heavens, and holding converse with the winds and the je-bi that are floating about in them; stamping his foot over the heads of the magi who were involved in mysteries beneath him, and invoking the spirits of darkness and light to send rain to gladden the hearts of the Mandans

It happened on this memorable day, about noon, that the steamboat Yellow Stone, on her first trip up the Missouri river, approached and landed at the Mandan village, as I have described in a former epistle. I was lucky enough to be a passenger in this boat, and helped to fire a salute of twenty guns of twelve pounds calibre, when we first came in sight of the village, some three or four miles below. These guns introduced a new sound into this strange country, which the Mandans at first supposed to be thunder; and the young man upon the lodge, who turned it to good account, was gathering fame in rounds of applause, which were repeated and echoed through the whole village. All eyes were centered upon him—chiefs envied him—mother's hearts were beating high while they were decorating and leading up their fair daughters to tender to him on his signal success. The medicine-men had left the lodge and came to bestow upon him the envied title of "*medicine-man*," or "*doctor*," which he had so deservedly won; wreaths were prepared to decorate his brows, and eagles' plumes and calumets were in readiness for him; his friends were all rejoiced—his enemies wore on their faces a silent gloom and hatred; and his old sweethearts, who had formerly cast him off, gazed upon him as they glowed with the burning fever of repentance.

During all this excitement, Wak-a-dah-ha-hee kept his position, assuming the most commanding and threatening attitudes; brandishing his shield in the direction of the thunder, although there was not a cloud to be seen, until he, (poor fellow!) (reader, don't attempt to imagine!) being elevated above the rest of the village, espied, to his inexpressible amazement, the steamboat ploughing her way up the windings of the river below; puffing her steam from her pipes, and sending forth the thunder from a twelve-pounder on her deck!! The White Buffalo's hair stood motionless and turned pale; he looked awhile, and turned to the chief, and to the multitude, and addressed them with a trembling lip—"My friends, we will get no rain! there are, you see, no clouds; but my medicine is great—I have brought a *thunder-boat!* look and see it! the thunder you hear is out of her mouth, and the lightning which you see is on the waters!!"

At this intelligence, the whole village flew to the tops of their wigwams, or to the bank of the river, from whence the steamer was in full view, and ploughing along, to their utter dismay and confusion

In this promiscuous throng of chiefs, doctors, women, children and dogs, was mingled Wak-a-dah-ha-hee, (the White Buffalo's hair,) having descended from his high office and mysteries, to mingle with the frightened throng.

Dismayed at the approach of so strange and unaccountable an object, the Mandans stood their ground but a few moments, when, by an order of the chiefs, all hands were ensconced within the paquets of their village, and all the warriours armed for desperate defence. A few moments brought the boat in front of the village, and all was still and quiet as death; not a Mandan was to be seen upon the banks. The steamer was landed, and three or four of the chiefs soon after walked boldly down the bank and into the boat, with a spear in one hand and the calumet or pipe of peace in the other. The moment that they stepped on board they met (to their great surprise and joy) their old friend Major Sanford, their agent, which put an instant end to all their fears and trembling The villagers were soon apprised of the fact, and the whole race of the beautiful and friendly Mandans was paraded on the bank of the river, in front of the steamboat.

The "Rain-Maker," whose apprehensions of a public calamity brought upon the nation by his extraordinary medicine, had, for the better security of his person from apprehended vengeance, secreted himself in some secure place, and was the last to come forward, and the last to be convinced that this visitation was a friendly one from the white people; and that his medicine had not in the least been instrumental in bringing it about. This information, though received by him with great caution and suspicion, at length gave him great relief, and quieted his mind as to his danger. Yet still in his breast there was a rankling thorn, though he escaped the dreaded vengeance which he had a few moments before apprehended as at hand; yet he had the mortification and disgrace of having failed in his mysterious operations. He set up, however, (during the day, in his conversations about the strange arrival) his medicine, as the cause of their approach, asserting every where and to everybody, that he knew of their coming, and that he had by his magic brought the occurrence about. This plea, however, did not get him much audience; and, in fact, everything else was pretty much swallowed up in the guttural talk, and bustle, and gossip, about the mysteries of the "thunder-boat;" and so passed the day, until, just at the approach of evening, when the "White Buffalo's hair" (more watchful of such matters, on this occasion, than most others) observed that a black cloud had been jutting up in the horizon, and was almost directly over the village! In an instant his shield was on his arm and his bow in his hand, and he again upon the lodge! Stiffened and braced to the last sinew, he stood, with his face and shield presented to the cloud and his bow drawn. He drew the eyes of the whole village upon him as he vaunted forth his superhuman powers, and, at the same time, commanding the cloud to come nearer, that he could draw down its contents upon the heads and the corn-fields of the Mandans! In this wise he stood, waving his shield over his head, stamping his foot and frowning as he drew his bow and threatened the heavens, commanding it to rain—his bow was bent, and the arrow, drawn to its head, was sent to the cloud, and he exclaimed, "My friends, it is done! Wak-a-dah-ha-hee's arrow has entered that black cloud, and the Mandans will be wet with the water of the skies!" His predictions were true; in a few moments the cloud was over the village, and the rain fell in torrents. He stood for some time wielding his weapons and presenting his shield to the sky, while he boasted of his power and the efficacy of his medicine to those who had been about him, but were now driven to the shelter of their wigwams. He at length finished his vaunts and his threats, and descended from his high place (in which he had been perfectly drenched) prepared to receive the honours and the homage that were due to one so potent in his mysteries; and to receive the style and title of "Medicine Man." This is one of an hundred different modes in which a man in Indian countries acquires the appellation.

This man had made it rain, and, of course, was to receive more than usual honours, as he had done much more than ordinary men could do. All eyes were upon him, and all were ready to admit that he was skilled in the magic art; and must be so nearly allied to the Great or Evil Spirit, that he must needs be a man of great and powerful influence in the nation, and well entitled to the style of Doctor or Medicine Man.

Readers, there are two facts relative to these strange transactions which are infallibly true, and should needs be made known. The first is, that when the Mandans undertake to make it rain, *they never fail to succeed*; for their ceremonies never stop until rain begins to fall. The second is equally true, and is this—that he who has once "*made it rain*," never attempts it again; his medicine is undoubted, and on future occasions of the kind he stands aloof, who has once done it in presence of the whole village, giving an opportunity to other young men who are ambitious to signalize themselves in the same way.

During the memorable night of which I have just spoken, the steamboat remained by the side of the Mandan village, and the rain that had commenced falling, continued to pour down its torrents until midnight; black thunder roared, and livid lightnings flashed until the heavens appeared to be lit up with one unceasing and appalling glare In this frightful moment of consternation, a flash of lightning buried itself in one of the earth-covered lodges of the Mandans, and killed a beautiful girl! Here was food and fuel fresh for their superstitions, and a night of vast tumult and excitement ensued. The dreams of the new-made Medicine Man were troubled, and he had dreadful apprehensions for the coming day, for he knew that he was subject to the irrevocable decree of the chiefs and doctors, who canvass every strange and unaccountable event with close and superstitious scrutiny, and let their vengeance fall without mercy upon its immediate cause.

He looked upon his well-earned fame as likely to be withheld from him, and also, that his life might be, perhaps, demanded as the forfeit for this girl's death, which would certainly be charged upon him. He looked upon himself as culpable, and supposed the accident to have been occasioned by his criminal desertion of his post when the steamboat was approaching the village. Morning came, and he soon learned from some of his friends the opinions of the wise men, and also the nature of the tribunal that was preparing for him: he sent to the prairie for his three horses which were brought in, and he mounted the Medicine Lodge, around which, in a few moments, the villagers were all assembled.

"My friends," said he, "I see you all around me, and I am before you! My medicine, you see, is great! it is *too great!* I am young, and I was too fast I knew not when to stop! The wigwam of Mah-sish is laid low, and many are the eyes that weep for Ko-ka! (the antelope.) Wak-a-dah-ha-hee gives three horses to gladden the hearts of those who weep for Ko-ka. His medicine was great! His arrow pierced the black cloud, and the lightning came and the thunder-boat, also! Who says the medicine of Wak-a-dah-ha-hee is not strong?"

At the end of this sentence an unanimous shout of approbation ran through the crowd, and the "Hair of the White Buffalo" descended among them, where he was greeted by shakes of the hand, and among whom he now lives and thrives, under the familiar and honourable appellation of "the Big, DOUBLE MEDICINE."

ORIGINAL SKETCHES OF REAL LIFE.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS OBSCURE.

BY WILLIAM COX.

CHAPTER V.

How young Craggs developed unequivocal symptoms of being "foredoomed his father's hopes to cross"

BUT there was one individual to whom the preceding scene was as bitter and unpalatable as physic or advice; as revolting as water to a wine-bibber, criticism to an artist, or the practice of toleration to a free-thinker. This was no other than Mr. Hancock Madison Craggs.

From his youth upwards that worthy individual had entertained a wholesome and business-like antipathy to poetry. For many other kinds of books he had a sort of vague and undefined feeling of respect, more especially for those of a grave and solid character containing long words and hard names; nay, he had even gone so far, being now in his fifty-seventh year, as to commence the study of "Rollin's Ancient History," from which he learned, much to his surprise and edification, that there had been another Babylon considerably antecedent to the one on Long Island; and that the Rome to which he annually exported a few dozens of candles, was only a second edition of a city so steeped in barbarism, that, for several centuries, they used nothing but torches and lamps! Of course, whilst he was himself occupied with those grave studies, he could not avoid feeling pained and disquieted by the trivial nature of his offspring's pursuits. Indeed, he was more than pained and disgusted—he was grieved and distressed, for he regarded poetry and gas as the two most pernicious and unprofitable inventions that had ever pestered the earth; and now, to find that the heir of his hopes—the child of his old age, had turned out a genius, and commenced the suicidal practice of tagging rhymes together, was to the good old gentleman a grief beyond expression. He accordingly talked to Josiah, reasoned with him, pointed out to him that he was treading the path which led to starvation, and concluded by admonishing him, as a dutiful son, to pay no sort of attention to what his foolish mother, or his still more foolish aunt might say, but to eschew poetry altogether, and to devote his time and talents entirely to tallow-chandlery. He then tied an apron around the youth's waist, and led him into the factory, in order to initiate him into the mystery of "long" and "short eights"

The result was such as might have been reasonably expected.

Things went on well enough as long as the old man presided and directed, but as soon as his back was turned, the wits of the "gifted one" went a woolgathering, and he gave the "shorts" four more dips than they required, and the "longs," four less, so that when his revered parent came to look upon the very corpulent and very attenuated specimen of his son's exertions, he felt at once that it was a hopeless case—that he had not, and never would have, abilities equal to the tallow-chandlery business, and he therefore apprenticed him forthwith to an apothecary.

CHAPTER VI.

Containing much in little.

Seven years flew swiftly away, during which time Mrs. Craggs died, and Hancock Madison was also gathered to his fathers. Before he went, however, he sunk his property, and made a small but settled annual provision for his son, foreseeing, as he said, that he was altogether too great a genius over to make a provision for himself.

These seven years were, perhaps, the happiest of Cragg's existence During this time his "Moonlight Inspirations," his magnificent "Ode on Thunder," and his exquisitely pathetic lines "To a Broken Tea-pot," were published in the "Magazine of Taste, or Omnifarious Repository," and gained him a limited but enviable reputation. True, there were some trivial drawbacks on his felicity. In the course of business he had the misfortune to poison three children and two old women, by selling arsenic instead calomel, and croton oil instead of castor, or some such trivial mistake; but as the parents of the children had large families, and the two old women left several legacies, the circumstances were never minutely inquired into; though there were some cold-blooded miscreants—narrow-minded wretches, who could not make allowances for the aberrations of genius—who did not scruple to say that Craggs ought to be taken hold of

However, the seven years got over; but certainly it *is* a fact, that, at parting, his old master took the poet into his back-shop, and in the kindest possible manner advised him to invest his talents in some other line of business if he wished to escape being tried for manslaughter, or perhaps the more capital offence!

CHAPTER VII.

Of how Craggs commenced business, and how he failed to prosper therein.

The apothecary's shop, No. 637 Bowery, when first opened, presented a truly splendid and imposing appearance. Many jars, globes, and bottles, of various shapes and sizes, filled with clear liquids of

divers colours, sparkled in the sun by day, and by the help of gas threw long streams of red, blue, green and yellow radiance across the street at night. There was also the usual quantity of preserved lizards, serpents, and so on; and at one window, in gilt letters on a black ground, were the words "Fresh Leeches," at the other, "Physicians Prescriptions carefully prepared." Behind the counter, in a black coat and white apron, (he loathed the apron,) stood the author of "Moonlight Inspirations."

But things speedily assumed an altered appearance. A blight came over that ill-fated shop. The customers—never numerous—gradually decreased; the leeches died, and were not renewed; and the windows, and jars, and globes, and bottles, became soiled with smoke and encrusted with dust. The face of Craggs, too, always cadaverous, and with a pensive expression, grew lank and yellow in the extreme, and the pensiveness slowly deepened into habitual gloom. In the words of Ossian—"dark thoughts rolled across his soul," and when he drew out the till at evening-tide to take out the proceeds of the day's sale, no cheerful gleam of silver met his view, but a few insignificant copper coins made a hollow rumbling noise as he indignantly thrust back the capacious wooden repository into its place. A desolation came over him, and his spirit was darkened.

The cause of all this was obvious. Craggs was now a regular genius. He walked about the streets,

"With folded arms and melancholy hat,"

dressed à-la-Byron about the throat, affected misanthropy, wore mustachios and a smile of bitter scorn upon his upper lip, became lost in the contemplation of himself, and talked familiarly of "the common herd of men." The habit of composition, too, interfered with the habits of business. Engaged, perchance, in spreading a "warm" or "strengthening plaster," a bright idea—a flash—a ray divine, would dart into his brain; he would pause, absorbed in thought, to analyze it, and in the meantime the hot iron in his hand would hiss and phiz, unregarded, and finally burn its way to the counter, whereby much wash-leather was damaged, and no profit accrued from the spreading of plasters, warm or strengthening.

To complete the matter, he about this time fell in love, and very often took a glass too much.

In love, in liquor, and a fool! His landlord walked not unfrequently past the shop of his talented tenant, and horrid thoughts touching the safety of his rent flitted across his mind.

CHAPTER VIII.

Of Craggs in love, and the "lady of his love."

Now the goddess of Cragg's idolatry—a Miss Katherine Morton—was altogether a most unlikely personage to countenance his addresses. She was a well-educated, accomplished, pretty, merry girl, who could sigh over a withered flower, and look soft and sentimental enough, to be sure, like the rest of her sex, when it suited her turn, but who was withal a shrewd, sensible, and somewhat satirical little jade. Of course Craggs, with his head in the clouds, his wits a wool-gathering, and his extraordinary ways, which were not like unto the ways of other men, was an immense treat to her, and she appeared to derive very considerable gratification from "fooling" the inspired and unsophisticated youth "to the top of his bent." She allowed him to indite sonnets in praise of her beauty, and descriptive of his own misery, talked of his "style" and that of the other great poets of the day in the same breath, invited him to tea occasionally, when she had a few female friends whom she wished to amuse coming also, blushed when he stumbled into the room, and sighed very audibly when he stalked out of it.

Perhaps this was not very proper or correct, but lively young ladies do such things for all that.

Emboldened by a continuance of those special marks of grace and favour, Craggs sat down one evening, and in a moment of high-wrought enthusiasm, regardless of the state of his finances, indited a poetical proposal of marriage, in which was anticipated all sorts of "bliss" should her answer be "yes," and all sorts of "wo" should her answer be "no!"

This epistle he had some thoughts of despatching by a carrier-pigeon—messenger-dove—or something of that kind, but feeling rather dubious about its safe delivery, he put it into the post-office

CHAPTER IX

Of Cragg's mode of composition, and how he insensibly fell into habits of intoxication.

Craggs, like Goldsmith, and many other great men, did not compose with extreme rapidity. "Fatal facility" was by no means a fault of his. Indeed, his imagination was naturally costive. Some of his efforts were painful to the last degree, and nothing but the ennobling hope of making himself known and admired, and leaving behind hime "name and memory," could have supported him in his arduous undertakings. Many and many a time would he sit for hours gazing upon a sheet of blank paper, and for hours blank it remained. A dense weight appeared to press upon his brain, and, so true is it that extremes meet, occasionally a feeling bearing a striking resemblance to profound stupidity would take entire possession of him. Then would he start from his chair, pace the room with disordered steps and troubled mien, sit down again, strike his forehead with his clenched hand, but all in vain! not anything would come out; or, at last, when

"With more than usual pain,
A thought came slowly cross his brain,"

before he could turn it into available rhyme,

"*Presto!* and quick 'twas gone again!"

This caused him great uneasiness, and, by way of remedy, he bethought himself of stimulants. He had illustrious precedents. Independent of a vague sort of understanding that the Odes of Anacreon had been composed under the influence of the "rosy god," Burns, he had read, threw off some of his happiest efforts when inspired by usquebaugh; Kilmeny, and other portions of the Queen's Wake, he had heard, owed their existence in great part to "mountain dew;" and as for Byron, it was a pretty notorious fact that Don Juan was composed under a course of gin and water. Many poets, too, it was likwise on record, had much delighted in beer. He, likewise, without the slightest hesitation, swallowed large quantities of distilled and fermented liquors, anticipating the happiest consequences therefrom. When his subject was light and gay, he drank brisk bottled ale; when solemn and impressive, draught porter; when of a vehement or impassioned character, rum, whiskey, brandy, or hollands, indiscriminately: and in some of his more elaborate compositions, wherein he gives the reins to his fancy, indulges in all varieties of rhythm, and ranges at will "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," he drank all these liquors in pretty rapid succession, so that it occasionally happened to stimulate his brain to such a degree that he could scarcely put off his clothes; and when he awoke in the morning with throbbing temples and aching head, right bitterly did he complain to his aunt and fellow-lodgers of the wear and tear attendant upon intellectual exertion.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

It is not from the acquisition of ideas, but from the application of them, that conversation derives the greatest charm. Thus an exceedingly well-informed talker may be indescribably tedious; while one who is comparatively ignorant, as regards mere facts, having brought to bear, upon every subject contemplated, a lively imagination combined with a sound judgment, and a memory stored not only with dates and historical events, but with strong and clear impressions of familiar things, may rivet the attention of his hearers, and startle them, for a time, into a distinctness of impression which imparts a degree of delightful complacency to his hearers, and to the entertainer himself

It is generally believed that men of genius write a very obscure, infirm, and eccentric character, such as Byron, Chalmers, Jeffrey and Bonaparte. Washington wrote a fair, manly, straightforward line, every letter legible and distinct; Jefferson's handwriting was bold and masculine; Bonaparte wrote a most unreasonable scrawl; Burke's was uneven and hurried; Hamilton wrote a running-hand sparing of ink; Canning's penmanship has a chaste and classical appearance; Brougham writes a hasty hand, but with a good pen, and full of ink; Peel writes with a stiff pen, but with a considerable taste and firmness; Dr. Chalmers writes as if he used the feather end dipped in the ink—a real scrawl; Washington Irving writes a perfect lawyer's hand, as though he wished no one to read it but himself.

"Don't you call this all-fired hot weather?" said a fresh caught Yankee yesterday to an old residenter. "Hot? Oh no; this is nothing. We use the short thermometer, now. Wait till June, when we get the long ones up, if you want to see real hot weather." "Thank you, I rather guess you'll see me takin' rather long strides for the northard-and-eastard afore the season gets so hot that them common thermometers can't give the idea. Mine's one hundred and twenty degrees long; when the mercury biles over in that, I'm o-p-h."—*N. O. Picayune.*

"The poets," says the Buffalo Journal, "are not all dead," and it gives this example:—"The Niles (Michigan) Intelligencer publishes a call for a meeting of the citizens to repair a "corduroy" road near that place, and compels the muses to second the call in the following stanza:

'For now it's not passable—
Not even jackassable,
And those who would travel it,
Should turn out and gravel it.'"

"Tell your contemptible general," said an old woman in a village through which passed the army of Napoleon, to one of his corporals, "tell him that I have a very despicable opinion of him." "I will," said the corporal, "if you insist upon it, madame—but you can't think how it will distress him!"

An Oxford student joined without invitation a party dining at an inn; after dinner he boasted so much of his abilities that one of the party said, "You have told us enough of what you can do, tell us something that you cannot do." "Faith," said he, "I cannot pay my share of the reckoning"

The whole use of a hat is probably not generally known—it is of more use than covering the head. If, when a person fell overboard, he had the presence of mind to instantly take off his hat, and hold the brim of it to his chin, so that the hollow would be upwards, it would keep him above the water as long as ever he could hold it. This has been tried, and actually proved correct.

The lighthouse at Barcelona, in Chautauque county, is lighted by natural gas which escapes from fissures in the rocks near the shore. The supply is a never-failing one, and no light equals it in power. A rude reservoir has been erected over one of the fissures in the rock, by which the gas is conveyed in pipes to the light house.

An honest Irishman, fresh from Hibernia, caught a humble-bee in his hand, supposing it to be a humming-bird. "Och," he exclaimed, "how hot his little fut is!"

A son of Erin, while hunting for rabbits, came across a jackass in the woods, and shot him. "By my soul and St. Patrick," he exclaimed, "I've killed the father of all rabbits."

When Dionysius, the tyrant, sent to Lysander some rich Sicilian garments, for his daughters, he refused them, saying, "He was afraid those *fine clothes* would make them look more *homely.*"

The London Chronicle says—"Subscriptions are in progress for the erection of a magnificent Roman Catholic Cathedral in the west end of London. It is to be built in the Gothic style, and is to cost one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

Though the word "honey-moon" is in common use, its derivation is little known, as nothing respecting it is found in the dictionaries or encyclopedias. Its origin is from a custom of the Teutones, an ancient people of Germany, who drank mead or metheglen, a beverage made with honey, for thirty days after every wedding.

The best thing for stopping a leak in a cask, is whiting beaten up with common yellow soap; if this mixture be well rubbed into the leak, it will be found to stop it when everything else has failed.

There are those who are rich in their poverty, because they are content, and use generously what they have: there are others, who in the midst of their riches, are really poor, from their unstiable covetousness or shameful profusion

Lycurgus, it is reported, used to say that *long hair* made "the handsome more beautiful, and the ugly more terrible." Reader, look upon the young *bucks* around you, and judge for yourself.

Thursting is the name of a tavernkeeper at the west. It would be enough to make a traveller *dry* to read his sign.

The authorities of Buffalo have imprisoned the little German minstrels, wandering the west and singing their songs.

EXTRACTS FROM "NIX'S MATE."

A novel by Rufus Dawes, in Colman's press.

CHILDREN.—How little do they who have grown up to man's estate trouble themselves about the feelings of children! It would really seem as if they fancied that children were destitute of all those fine and delicate springs of emotion, which are recognised in maturer life, and are the sources of all our joys and sorrows. It is time that the grown-up world went to school to some one who has not forgotten the tender susceptibilities of childhood; that it may learn to sympathise with the little sufferers. The germinating bud has within its folded recesses all the beauty and the fragrance of the flower; the gentle distillations of heaven sink as sweetly in its secluded shrine, and the sunbeams fall there as soothingly, as on the prouder petals that would claim all to themselves. How many a sweet spirit withers beneath the blighting frown of an unsympathising guardian; how many a one retires to weep in solitude, because it is not loved as it would be, and is not comprehended in its affection! We little imagine what arcana we read, when the words "of such is the kingdom of heaven," pass our unheeded utterance.

LOVE.—There is an involuntary as well as voluntary sympathy in our natures, and though the beautiful and adored object of his love was dreaming all the while of Seymour, the energetic mind of Fitzvassal broke in upon her pure Arcadia, and she murmured in sleep from the momentary influence of his passion. . . . . .

Who shall go down into the depths of the human heart, and unriddle all its mysteries; who shall bring up its joys and its woes, and analyze them in his mystic crucible. Oh, love! human, passionate affection! There is more in your least emotion, than poet ever revealed or philosopher thought of; but there is a love of *self*, so like to its heavenly radiance that the angels are themselves deceived, while they rain down upon the heart the gladness of their happy paradise

THE DRAMA.

THE most distinguished actress now upon the English boards, Miss Ellen Tree, takes her departure for England on the eighth in the Shakspeare. The following address was delivered by her at the Park theatre on the night of her farewell benefit, in the part of Beatrice on the fourteenth of June. One of the most crowded and brilliant audiences ever assembled in New-York was present on the occasion.

MISS TREE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

The curtain falls. Closed is the drama's page:
Why lingers Beatrice upon the stage?
Away, illusion! all is real here:
The sigh is faithful, and the grief sincere.
No mimic passion, no pretended wo,
Into my lips their borrowed ardour throw—
Should utterance tremble, should the tear-drop start,
Oh! do not doubt, its fount is in the heart

Friends! I have proved you. Three swift years have passed,
Since on your shores a pilgrim I was cast,
And if some anxious fears were mine at first,
How on my soul your liberal welcome burst!
Ye cheered my steps—ye took me by the hand—
I was no more a stranger in the land!
A stranger, why? On every side I heard
My native accents in each spoken word;
And all the greetings which my toil beguiled,
Were from the "well of English undefiled"
The mighty poet, whose creation bright,
With reverence, I've personified to-night—
Did I not find his memory and his strains
Here as familiar as on Stratford's plains?
Your sires and his co-patriots were the same,
And do ye not with us partake his fame?
Ah! as the loiterer by some pleasant way,
Though Duty cry "begone!" would fain delay,
Review the prospect beautiful—retrace
Each glimpse of sunshine, each peculiar grace,
So would I linger, so would I forget,
It is, alas! to part, that we have met.

Yet ere I go, desponding Memory asks,
Is this the last of my too happy tasks?
Shall I no more a scene like this behold,
Nor tread these boards, in your approval bold?
Those plaudits, which yet echo in mine ear,
Are they the last from you that I may hear?
Too strong the chance that it must e'en be so—
Fate answers "ay!" but, ah! Hope whispers "no!"
And yet, though mute the voice, though past the scene,
Though tempests roar, and oceans roll between,
Whatever hues may mark my future lot,
Still let me dream I am not all forgot!
That Shakspeare's fair abstractions may restore,
A thought of her who once their honours bore,
That Talfourd's pages, Knowles's tragic art,
Some memory of the actress may impart,
A look, a tone, a not ungrateful smile,
Let me believe, though vain it be the while!

But the night hastens, and the time draws near;
Why do I still, superfluous, linger here?
Ah! never yet so difficult a part
Tasked all my powers and filled my beating heart.
I cannot speak the thoughts my soul that swell—
I can but say, Friends! Kindred! Fare you well!

LITERARY NOTICES.

"The Adventures of Harry Franco, a Tale of the Great Panic." In two volumes. New-York: F. Saunders.

The class of fictions to which this work belongs is that under which Captain Marryat's "Peter Simple" and "Snarleyow," and Dr. Bird's "Robin Day" may be ranked, where the interest depends more upon the immediate and unconnected adventures of the hero, than upon the intricacies or ingenuity of the plot. We are no admirers of this facile and rambling style of novel-writing, more especially where it is unredeemed by touches of genuine humour, or striking delineations of character. There are, however, many good hits in "Harry Franco;" and the sketches of life in our hotels, and on board our steamboats, are often quite graphic and amusing. The author is likewise successful in many of his dialogues. The slang phrases, which he puts into the mouths of some of his characters, are but too faithful transcripts of the *Americanisms*, in which many of our young men rejoice. We cannot commend "Harry Franco" very warmly to the favourable regards of our fair readers, but as a picture of certain phases of life and manners in this country, it may be pronounced a work of decided talent.

"Precaution." A novel by the author of the "Spy," "Pioneer," etc. A new edition revised by the author. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

In his preface to this work, Mr. Cooper intimates, that it was not commenced with any view to publication, and when it was finally put into a publisher's hands "with all its imperfections on its head," the last thought of the writer was any expectation that it would be followed by a series of similar tales from the same pen. "More than this the public will feel no interest in knowing, and less than this the author could not consent to say on presenting to the world a reprint of a book with so few claims to notice." Why, then, revive the recollection of such a juvenile indiscretion, Mr. Cooper? Why obtrude upon the public a work, which, as you very justly remark, has so "few claims to notice?" We have sought in vain through the pages of "Precaution" for a scintillation of that genius, which shone forth in the author's subsequent productions. It is throughout stale, flat, and unprofitable.

"A Treatise on the Culture of the Dahlia and Cactus." By E. Sayers, author of "The Flower Garden Companion." Boston: Weeks, Jordan and Co.

Only inferior to the rage for the *morus multicaulis* is the passion, at present, among florists, for the acquisition of choice and beautiful dahlias. The little treatise before us conveys much new and curious information in relation to the culture of this favourite plant. It is only within ten or twelve years that the dahlia was introduced into the United States. It is a native of the high sandy plains of Mexico, where it was first discovered by Humboldt, five thousand feet above the level of the sea. There are three distinct species of the flower, but so much attention has been paid of late to its cultivation, that the varieties and peculiarities of its shape and costume are almost incalculable.

The following beautiful lines are copied, with the permission of the publishers, from the new novel of Sydney Clifton, to be issued from the press of the Messrs. Harper in the course of a few days.

THE PAST.

The past, the past, th' insatiate past,
Within its broad domain
Crushed hopes and bleeding joys lie cast,
Like war's unburied slain!
We saw their plumes in triumph wave,
A bright and fair array;
The morning mists are curling o'er
The hill: but where are they!

The past, the past, th' embalming past—
Behold its march sublime.
Garnering the harvest, prostrate cast
By the bald reaper Time!
Wit's diamond shaft, and learning's tome,
Devotions lore divine,—
Fame's glittering wreath and poesy's crown—
In added lustre shine.

The past, the past, the joyous past,
How bright its visions seem,
When age and youth the hours contrast,
Like some enchanted dream:
Love's honey'd kiss, and manhood's pride,
And pleasure's syren strain;—
The civic wreath, the sparkling cup—
All—all are ours again.

The past, the past, the shadowy past,
How dim the scene appears,
When eyes that on us look'd their last
Relume in after years.
The dazzling cheat in mockery throws
Its light o'er hopeless gloom,
Like a faint taper's flickering ray
Above the silent tomb

The past, the past, the mighty past;
How boundless is its sway.—
Hark! to its trumpet's summoning blast,
While listening worlds obey!
The conquering chief his helmet doffs—
The brandish'd sceptre falls:
And silence reigns where wassail shouts
Rang through the festal halls.

The past, the past, the storied past—
Here genius sits enshrined,—
On *this* bright fane your offerings cast,
The Mecca of the mind!
Beneath these arches' vaulted roofs
Immortal spirits throng;
Here Shakspeare's radiant fancy beams—
Here Homer weaves his song!

The past, the past, the new-fledged past,
Even now, with raven wing
Its lengthening shadows grown more vast
Around my footsteps cling.
My fingers vainly sweep the lyre,
No answering tones arise;
Pale memory flees to happier breasts,
And hope to brighter skies!

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The lines to M. M. shall appear in our next. The previous contribution referred to by our fair correspondent has never fallen under our observation.—Thespis is mistaken in *supposing that we are informed as to the movements of Mr. Forrest. We know nothing of the truth of the report that Charles Mathews has become the lessee of Covent Garden theatre—and have no good reason to believe that James Wallack will desert our own National for Drury Lane.*—The *stanzas of* "Alcæus" *to* Mr. Van Buren, *are a little too hyperbolical.*—*To our correspondent* "T. Z.," *who is so inquisitive as to the Allston exhibition, we can only say, that if the proprietors of the paintings will consent to their being sent on here, there is every prospect that the artist will receive from the exhibition a liberal remuneration. We really hope that the friends of Mr. Allston will take this matter into consideration. Another such opportunity may not soon occur again.*—*We know nothing as to the authorship of Charles Vincent.*—*The communications of* "C." "X.," "Clio," "S. Y.," "Juan," *and* "O. P. Q." *are respectfully declined.*—*We are indebted to a friend at the South for several pieces of original music. They shall soon appear. A correspondent justly says:*—"*We were not a little surprised at perusing a quotation from the London Literary Gazette which appeared in the Mirror of June twenty-second, preceding the most touching heart-stirring lines we remember of having read. The quotation referring to the lines alluded to has the following sentence annexed:*—'An effusion which will wring many a tear from the hearts of parents who have suffered a similar affliction.' *We suspect the heart would yield no other* tears *than those of a* sanguineous *nature. The quotation will not stand the test of* physiological *criticism.*"—*We welcome Mr.* Catlin *to our columns. His admirable paper respecting the* "*Rain-makers of the Mandans,*" *which will be found in the Mirror of to-day, although now published for the first time, was written some years ago, and forms part of a volume now in the press and soon to be published.*

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1839.

New-York thirty-six years ago.—We are reminded by the reminiscences of an antiquarian in the Express of the rapid advances of New-York in wealth and population during the last twenty or thirty years. From this source we learn that a successful effort was first made in 1802 to extend Broadway through to intercept the Bowery. The ground above Spring-street was nearly all fields and gardens The road out of the city was through the Bowery The Sand Hill Road, which is now Sixth and Art-streets, commenced at the Bowery, and ran across that part of the city now known as Waverley Place, on the north side of Washington-Square, then Potter's Field, the great cemetery of the poor. This improvement was considered an outrage on private rights; the owners of the property resisted it with great zeal, but the corporation ordered the opening. It is needless to say that this is now the most fashionable part of the city. Lots could then be bought for twenty pounds or fifty dollars, which at this day are worth from ten to fifteen thousand dollars. This was a year of considerable improvements. Beekman-street was ordered to be opened through from Pearl to Water-street, which was a great affair. Buildings were torn down to effect the alteration. Spring-street, then called Bammon-street, extended but a very short distance out of Greenwich-street, then the boundary of North River. Here Bammon kept a celebrated garden, near the corner of Greenwich and Spring-streets; it was the great resort of the citizens in the summer. There was then no street above Sugar Loaf, now Franklin-street, running across from Broadway to the North River, all above being meadows and fields. Nearly all the Eighth Ward was then under water, being known as Lispenard's Meadows. Spring-street was ordered to be opened to Broadway, and was opened. Since then Canal-street, and all the streets between Franklin and Spring, and Greenwich-street and Broadway, have been opened and the ground filled in. This section of the city, which was then mostly under water, now contains one of the most dense portions of our population, and has within its limits at least fifty thousand inhabitants

Hoboken.—We wonder that this delightful spot is not more frequented by our citizens. Except upon holidays, it appears to be quite deserted. Its woods—its refreshing beach—its grotto, and its gardens are within a ten minutes' journey of the Astor House, and yet one may find himself as solitary in this "boundless contiguity of shade" at Hoboken, as in the middle of Lake Superior. Better would it be for our populace, if they would occasionally retreat from the dust and turmoil of the city to breathe the fresh air of the woods and fields, especially when it may be obtained within a gunshot of Broadway.

Our Plate Number.—We should be ungrateful did we not express our acknowledgments for the handsome and spontaneous notices, which the press generally has bestowed upon this journal, at the commencement of a new volume. It shall be no slight incentive to renewed exertions, to find that our efforts to render the Mirror an ornament to the periodical literature of the country, are generously appreciated by the most influential public journals of the United States

Cleanliness of the city.—Never was a city so advantageously situated as our own for the preservation of perfect cleanliness throughout all its alleys and streets, and yet we doubt if there are any civilized cities where so little attention is paid to this important subject. Situated upon a narrow neck of land, with a noble river on each side, there is every facility for draining off all impurities immediately from our streets. Instead of this, we have open gutters, which, in hot weather, send up an intolerable effluvium—streets filled with rubbish—bye-ways heaped with filth. Let every good citizen join in a general demand for a "reform."

Washington in summer.—Nearly all the foreign ambassadors are at present absent from Washington. Except the sound of the chisel and the trowel at the public buildings that are going up, the metropolis is as composed and tranquil at present as the most retired of our inland towns.

America Vespucci.—The city authorities of Louisville appear to have taken quite an interest in the Signorina Vespucci, who made an unsuccessful application to Congress last winter for a grant of land. With exemplary, gallantry our fellow-citizens of Kentucky wish to make up for the refusal of the National Legislature by extending the hospitalities of the state to the fair Italian stranger. A St. Louis paper ridicules the pretensions of the Signorina in the following *jeu d'esprit*:—"A lively sensation *should* be created in this city, by the presence of a young gentleman of interesting appearance and polished manners who has recently arrived here from Jerusalem. He bears with him testimonials of good character; and authentic evidence of being a lineal descendant from Adam. He is unobtrusive in his deportment, and exceedingly intelligent. He does not claim anything of us, his relatives, but would feel gratified if he could procure an eligible site and a small tract of land on which to plant some of the fruit-trees which the great parent of the human family cultivated in Eden. It is understood that he has some knowledge of the slips which were cut from the tree of knowledge, and a few of the seeds of the identical apple which Eve plucked and ate in her transgression. Mr. Jehu Adam will apply to the next Congress for aid in the enterprise which he is about to undertake for the benefit of this country. It is believed that Congress will not neglect so fit an occasion for evincing their accustomed liberality and admiration of ancient families. There are some interesting passages in the history of this young *nobleman's* ancestry. On the day when Noah entered the ark with his family and creeping things, Mr. Jehu Adam's ancestor concealed himself among the coils of snake, and was not discovered until the ark was out of sight of land. Noah was very wroth when he found the intruder, and was resolved to throw him overboard, but his youngest daughter interposed and saved his life. In token of gratitude, the young gentleman espoused the damsel. Jehu Adam will produce, before the proper committee of claims, the marriage certificate, engraved, in Hebrew, on a piece of cedar wood. It is understood that Mr. Jehu Adam will be invited to attend the theatre, on one of the nights which will be devoted to charitable purposes, towards the close of the season."

Lynch Law.—In describing a recent instance of the exercise of Lynch law, a western paper significantly remarks, that "there are villanies committed for which the law makes no provision." Flimsy and fallacious palliation! In a civilized community nothing can extenuate the deep and thorough atrocity of this odious practice of *Lynching*. A goaded bull is not more reckless and indiscriminate in the choice of his victims, than is an excited mob. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred it is misdirected, confounded and undeserved. How long shall we be sickened by occurrences so disheartening to every true friend of our republican institutions? By the way, while upon this subject, we may remark that we have reason to believe this now popular code was derived, with the rest of our jurisprudence, from England. There is an old English ballad, several pages in length, which begins,

"I oft have heard of Lydford's law,
How in the morn they hang and draw,
And sit in judgment after."

Virgil's authority is also given, by an ingenious commentator, for the practice in a place even more suitable for it than Mississippi or Arkansas:

"Gnossius hic Radamanthus habet durissima regna,
Castigat, auditque dolos."

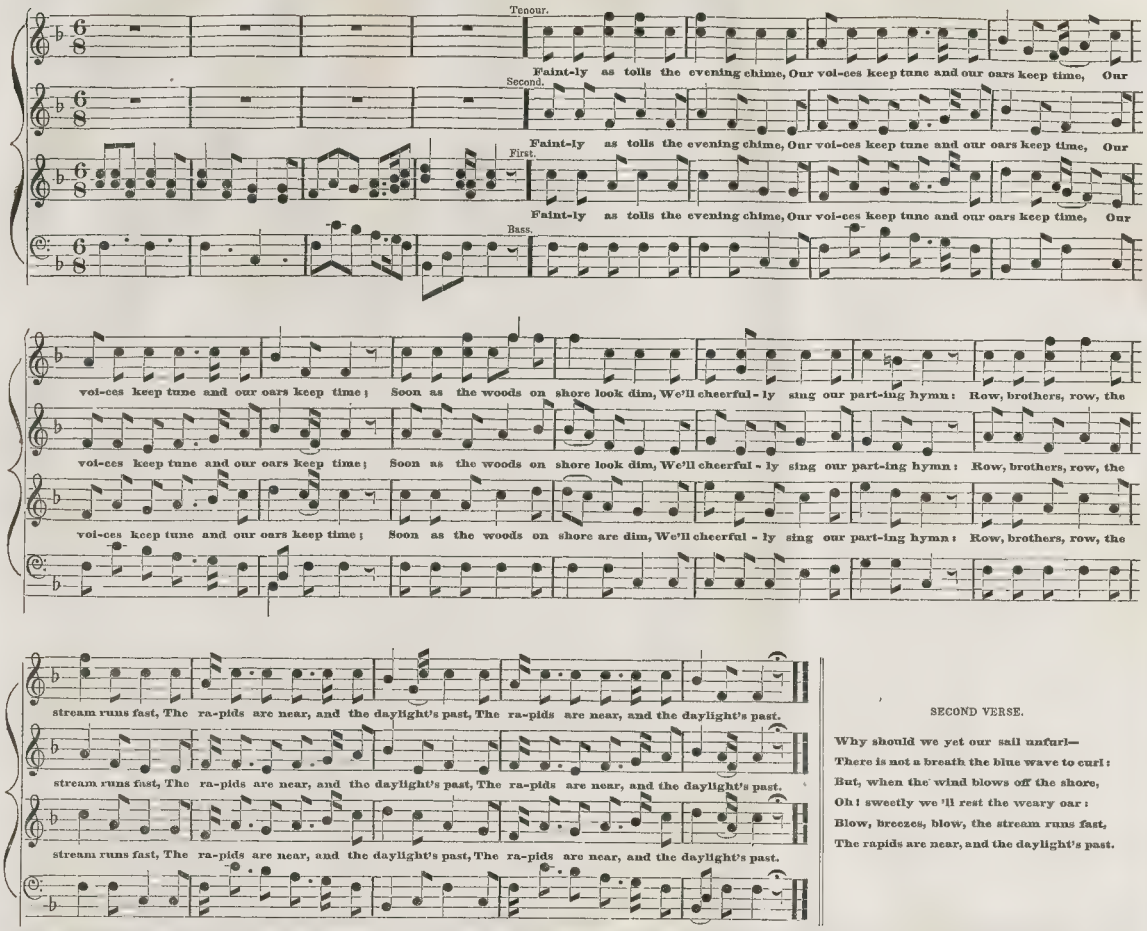
Niblo's Saloon and Garden.—The new saloon fitted up by Mr. Niblo, is now nightly thronged by large and crowded audiences. There could not be a more unexceptionable and attractive public resort. The grounds are laid out with excellent taste, and the botanist will here find many rare and beautiful exotics, which will alone amply repay the trouble of a visit. The little theatre is fitted up with much elegance, and the performances are of a superior and unobjectionable character. Burton has lately been playing "John Jones," "Wormwood," and other popular and mirth-inspiring parts to delighted houses. One meets with none but gentlemen and ladies at Niblo's. The price of admission being uniform, there is no distinction of persons, and the consequence is, that all are respectable, and that many, who object to attending our theatres on account of the tolerated infamy of a portion of the audience, may be seen at Niblo's with their families, without the apprehension of disagreeable contact. This consideration alone should be enough to commend the efforts of Niblo to the public patronage and approval.

New Magazines.—True to its announcement, *Colman's Monthly Miscellany* made its first bow to the public on the first of the present month. It is truly a comely production, so far as externals are concerned, and we do not doubt that its literary claims are equally imposing Messrs. Grenville Mellen and William Cutter are the editors Two etchings on steel, after the style of Cruikshank, illustrate the work, which contains contributions from Herbert, John Neal, and other well-known writers. Still another new magazine is announced—"The Monthly Chronicle of Original Literature," to be published by F Saunders.

Rockaway Pavilion.—Mr. Thomas Howlett has taken this establishment and it is now open for the reception of visiters. The pavilion is a delightful summer resort, and the present occupant will do all in the power of a host to render it an agreeable and comfortable house.

The Sun.—We like the tone, taste, tact and talent with which this excellent journal is conducted, and we do not wonder that it has a daily circulation of thirty-two thousand copies! Besides its value as an agreeable companion over your toast and coffee, it is one of the best advertising sheets extant

THE CANADIAN BOAT SONG; ARRANGED FOR FOUR VOICES.



SECOND VERSE.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl—
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl:
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we 'll rest the weary oar:
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

REMEMBERED MUSIC.

BY HENRY STANHOPE LEE.

It is the song she used to sing,
When I was by her side,
Ere hope had checked its upward wing,
Or faithful love been tried.

It is the voice that used to thrill
My heart with its soft tone;
I hear its witching music still,
Its magic spell I own.

Those up-raised eyes! they are the same,
Which on me used to shine:
O! shall I speak her gentle name—
Hark! does she whisper mine!

Her song is hushed; her fingers rest
Upon the silent chords;
Her dark curls fall around her breast,
And—listen to her words!

"Why comes he not?" Behold, I come!
Nay, do not start with fear!
Is not the wanderer welcome home!
Sweet Mary, I am here!

MISCELLANY.

Fashion.—The last absurdity in the way of fashion that we have seen noticed, is one at present in vogue in France, in the article of head-dresses. The hair is drawn entirely back and formed into roleaux and braids, with a large bunch of ostrich feathers hanging down on the neck, and a wreath of full-blown roses covering the ears and fastened over the cheek on one side. A belle, fashionably painted, and set out to advantage in this style, would unquestionably create quite a sensation among the savage tribes of the West. The taste seems to be decidedly aboriginal, and its effect can be matched only by the equipment of some of our Indian warriors. It is very amusing to learn that the beau monde of Paris are imitating the taste of our copper-coloured savages.

Latest information relative to the queen.—Although the clouds yesterday wore a threatening aspect, her majesty signified her intention of taking a short walk in the gardens of the royal palace. Accordingly, at twenty minutes past two, her majesty, accompanied by four maids of honour, left the palace, and we deeply regret to state, that her majesty had walked only nine minutes and a half, when her worst fears were realized, for the rain began to fall in few, but unusually large drops. No sooner was this fact made apparent to her majesty, than, with that presence of mind which, on the most trying occasions, never deserts her, her majesty immediately opened and raised her umbrella. It cannot but be gratifying to her majesty's loving subjects, to hear that her majesty returned to the palace as little agitated, and apparently with as little concern at the untoward event, as did either of the maids of honour who accompanied her majesty.—*London paper*

Gentleman.—The word "gentleman" is evidently no mark of wealth or station. "You are no gentleman," said a waiter in a tavern to a person who gave him threepence. Threepence more would have constituted the gentleman in the eyes of the waiter, and this threepence may have been withheld through poverty "What sort of a person," said an individual to his landlady, "is that who occupies your back parlour?" "He is a tailor by trade," said she; "but very much the gentleman." This meant that he paid his five shillings a week regularly. Thus it seems that the word is not confined by any regard to the station or trade of the individual. There is no doubt that we have all a vague conception of something when we hear of a man being a gentleman. If a man eat too heartily, he is not a gentleman; and if another have nothing to eat, he also is not a gentleman

Fragrant odour for sick rooms.—A few drops of oil of sandal wood, which, though not in general use, may be easily obtained in town, when dropped on a hot shovel, will diffuse a most agreeable balsamic perfume throughout the atmosphere of sick rooms, or other confined apartments.

Rain-making.—Mr. Espy recently announced in Philadelphia, whilst it was a clear day there, that a storm was then raging at Charleston, S. C, and so it was. Remarking on this fact, the Louisville Journal asks —"Will the storms tamely submit to such a system of *espyonage?*"

Literary remuneration —Mr. Macauley, Dr. Southey, Sir John Barrow, and other eminent men, have received at times one hundred guineas for a single article in the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews.*

RULES FOR LADIES.

1. Marry not a profane man; because the depravity of his heart will corrupt your children and embitter your existence.
2. Marry not a gambler, a tipler or a haunter of taverns, because he who has no regard for himself will never have any for his wife.
3. Marry not a man who makes promises which he never performs; because you can never trust him.
4. Marry not a man whose actions do not correspond with his sentiments—because the passions have dethroned reason, and he is prepared to commit every crime to which an evil nature unrestrained, can instigate him. The state of that man who regards not his own ideas of right and wrong, is deplorable, and the less you have to do with him the better.
5. Marry not a man who is in the habit of running after all the girls in the country: because the affections are continually averring—and therefore can never be permanent
6 Marry not a man who neglects his business; if he does so when single, he will be worse when married.

Turkish gallantry.—A Mexican, when you praise his horse, immediately replies that the horse is at your service; which means no more than when in England you write to a man, that you are his "obedient, humble servant." A late Turkish ambassadour in England actually did what the Mexican phrase professes to do. When any lady happened to praise one of the handsome shawls that decorated his person, he immediately presented it to her. This led to a very general expression of admiration for his excellency's shawls, and in consequence to a great diminution of the ambassadorial wardrobe. At last, when his excellency's stock was reduced to the one he wore, upon a lady's loudly expressing her admiration of its beauty, instead of his former reply, "Madame, it is at your service," he said, with Turkish composure, but with more than Turkish gallantry, "Madame, I am glad you like it; I shall wear it for your sake"

Consolation.—"Father," said a sporting youth to his reverend parent, "they say trout will bite now." "Well, well," was the consoling reply, "mind your work, then, and you'll be sure they wont bite you."

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NEW-YORK MIRROR,

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Embellished with Engravings, and Music arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

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VOLUME SEVENTEEN. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1839. NUMBER THREE.

ORIGINAL TALES FROM THE GERMAN.

THE GRAZIOSO.

BY MRS ELLET.

IN THREE PARTS—PART THE THIRD.

THE scheme designed to separate the lovers became the occasion of binding them still closer to each other. Fiametta, if she did not own her engagement publicly, treated the grazioso with a degree of respect and kind attention that made it evident what were her sentiments, and how much she despised the arts made use of to lower him in her esteem. But in Giovechino's demeanour was the change most complete. Without renouncing his bizarre originality, he mingled with it so much of dignity as to baffle all the art of his enemies. He knew well that the sudden assumption of gravity would sit ill on him, and give occasion for fresh scoffing.

The prince, as he perceived the new aspect of affairs, blamed the marshal exclusively, and vented his rage upon him. He had resolved on undertaking the affair at first as a commonplace adventure of gallantry, but as his acquaintance ripened with Fiametta, his inclination grew into a real passion, which was the stronger as it was the first he had ever experienced.

"Find means," exclaimed he wrathfully to the marshal, "find means to win the girl! You projected the fool's scheme, whose issue has mocked me thus; make all right, or, by the saints! it shall be worse for you!"

Terrified by this threat, the courtier withdrew to ask counsel of his friend the primo amoroso.

"In truth we have laboured in vain;" was Antonio's remark. "Fiametta is not to be led astray; now less than ever. There is but one way; let her be driven to submission to *save* her beloved"

"You mean, we should accuse the grazioso?"

"Accuse! without grounds! No, no; he must be really guilty. The knave is a madcap, easy to entice and lay hold of. May it please your excellency to say what crime he must commit to bring his neck into jeopardy!"

The marshal seemed a little startled at this proposition, but after a pause he replied, "I must first speak with his highness. The lad must not be led too far, for our laws are severe, visiting often the smallest offences with terrible punishment."

"Ah! tanto meglio!" returned Montecavello, we will consider of it!"

But accident anticipated the wishes of Giovechino's enemies. At this instant came an officer in, announcing the arrest of the grazioso of the Italian company, for having cudgelled the valet of his highness in a gallery of the castle. The valet had ventured on some insolent jest with the fiery youth. On hearing this, the marshal whispered the amoroso, "we are in luck; the punishment for this offence is, if not the loss of his head, the loss of his right hand; at least, severe imprisonment for an unlimited time. I hasten to the prince. See what can be done, in the meanwhile, with the haughty lady!" Swelling with demoniac triumph, Antonio undertook the commission.

Piteous was the anguish of the poor damsel at the news. When the amoroso consoled her with the suggestion that help was not impossible—"Help! how?" asked she eagerly.

The villain smiled and with pretended friendship said, "His fate depends on you, beautiful Fiametta. You know as well as I, that the prince adores you, though you have chosen not to see it, for the grazioso's sake. You must now, for his sake, show the prince a little more kindness. A good word is a good deed, and speak you only the right one—I will venture upon it—the grazioso is free the same hour! That were great luck for him, otherwise must he lose his right hand, or languish in prison, perhaps the rest of his life!"

Fiametta listened to the amoroso with the deepest contempt. When he was silent, she still kept her eyes fixed on him, so that he dropped his on the ground.

"Poor wretch!" she said, "and is it thus! Would your evil arts drive me so far? Go, and say to those who sent you, that Fiametta loves the grazioso; ay, and will be true to him till death!"

"And if now," insinuated Antonio, "if now Giovechino himself should have sent me, praying you to save him?"

Fiametta coloured deeply at this cruel intimation, but a moment's reflection convinced her. "Miserable liar, it is false! Could it be so, Fiametta had never loved him, had despised him even more deeply than she despises you! Go, I say, and take this answer to those who sent you—Fiametta loves the grazioso! let them shut him in their deepest dungeons, let them mutilate—let them kill him! Fiametta knows how to suffer—to die with her beloved, yet never to break the faith she plighted!"

"I shall obey, Signora Fiametta!" was the scornful answer of the amoroso as he left her.

When he was gone the unhappy maiden sank weeping on her couch. "Poor Giovechino!" sobbed she, "what will become of us? Ah! my pride is brought low, there is no hope for me! yet feel I more than ever how inseparably I love thee, since our love is worth to me more than even thy life!"

Meanwhile the marshal had communicated with the prince, and informed him of the new project. A moment was his highness undecided; but passion and selfishness triumphed, and, forgetful of honour, dignity, duty, he consented to the plan, only with the condition that matters should be urged to a speedy conclusion. So passed many days. Fiametta remained firm, but her condition was frightful. The old impressario, while this took place, was not in the city; he had gone a day's journey off, to a castle belonging to his highness, where many of his nobles were to hold a festival, and where the impressario's presence was required. His business ended, he returned, without knowledge of what had passed, or the danger of his favourite, which he first learned from the despairing Fiametta. Spite of the tragic of the affair, the embarrassment mingled with the grief of the old man added not a little of comic, especially as this obtained more and more the upper hand. He demeaned himself most oddly, wringing his hands, rolling his eyes, sighing, and whimpering, ever and anon ejaculating "maladetto!" or some more harmless oath. At last he started up, confusedly bade the weeping girl be of comfort, clapped his hat on his head with the hinder side before, and rushed from the room, muttering as he went, "Yes, I must, I must—Santa Maria! I must to the gracious prince!"

The prince was sitting in his cabinet in gloomy mood, discontented, perhaps, with himself; certainly not satisfied with all around him, when the page announced the impressario of the Italian company. At the words, "Let him come in!" the page threw open the door, and, trembling like an aspen-leaf, bowing to the ground, and stammering a thousand excuses and compliments, Signor Ranuzio entered.

"Your business!" said the prince impatiently; "what is your wish? what private communication have you to make?"

"Your highness!" groaned the old man, "I have presumed so far, to supplicate your mercy for poor Giovechino, my grazioso."

"No more of him!" said the prince, frowning.

"But this once, your highness, I must not be silent! I must petition your grace for the poor Giovechino!"

"Silence! I command you!"

"Punish me!" cried the old man, trembling violently, and with voice choaked by tears, "but let the sun of your grace, my lord, shine on the poor boy, who without fault has lost it."

"Without fault!" repeated his highness scornfully. "To beat our first valet in the gallery of our castle, is that no fault! No, old man, the grazioso has violated the laws, and must lose the right hand he ventured to lift against our servant. We will consider of his further punishment."

The form of the impressario, while the prince spoke, had become more and more contracted; he stood a few moments in an attitude of the deepest humility. Then drawing himself up, though still faltering and trembling, "Your highness's pardon," he said, "but you shall not cut off the grazioso's hand!"

"How!" cried the prince, darting a furious look at his petitioner.

Ranuzio went on with the boldness of despair, "Your highness's pardon, but I must say it, Giovechino is the BROTHER of your highness!"

"Are you mad, old man?" exclaimed the prince, turning pale.

"Giovechino," repeated the impressario, "the grazioso, is the brother of your highness; the natural son of the late prince your father."

"Proofs!" demanded the prince, while a sudden flush of shame chased away the paleness of his cheek. Ranuzio, in the deepest embarrassment, yet with courage to utter the truth, began the strange tale.

"It is known to your highness that the late prince, whose soul rests in heaven! when your highness was yet an infant, made a journey into Italy. A young maiden whom he saw one day in Naples, at her window, pleased him well; it was not long ere he found opportunity to form acquaintance with the fair Laura. Laura was young, inexperienced, and passionate; your highness's father noble and beautiful, as yourself, my lord! What marvel that Laura loved him? Giovechino is their son. I myself had loved the fair Laura; when the prince returned to his own country, I loved her still, and, forgetful of the past, offered her my hand. But she had death in her heart; she bequeathed to me her boy, and these papers, which may witness that Ranuzio Spacicamino speaks truth! She died, my lord, and I have loved no soul since, but the little Giovechino, the son of poor Laura and the rich prince. Your highness, here are the letters, in the prince's own hand. The boy knows not the secret; no man knows it save your highness and your servant Ranuzio. You would never have known it, my lord, I would have carried it with me to the grave, had not your highness threatened to mutilate the poor Giovechino."

The prince took the papers mechanically, glanced through them, and sank trembling on his seat. "What will your highness do!" asked Ranuzio, after a long pause. The prince rose, walked quickly up to the old man, and said with emotion, "You swear to me, that the boy knows not, nor any other, what you have discovered to me! To avoid suspicion, he must remain another day in close imprisonment; then must he leave this city and this land, never to return. I know he loves the fair Fiametta; he may marry and be happy with her; I will make them rich; and you too, old man, shall not be forgotten. But the secret ——"

"I will bear it to my grave, my noble prince!"

"Go, then, and comfort Fiametta; she suffers on his account! But Giovechino must never know the secret!"

The old man again promised eternal silence and withdrew. The prince drew a deep breath when he found himself alone. "Over what an abyss I stood!" murmured he—"and who led me thither! Let him suffer—and I will be henceforth, as now, master of my passions!"——"The marshal," announced the page;——"May leave the city—the sooner the better!" was the stern reply. In consternation the page delivered the message; the prince was very well pleased with himself. Yet we have no reason to believe that he kept his good resolutions; sudden transitions from evil to good generally prove the weakness of the character that undergoes such changes.

With rage and despair the amoroso learned from old Mariana the good fortune of Giovechino, and the sudden cooling of the prince's passion for Fiametta. The marshal's disgrace convinced him of the total failure of his scheme of revenge; he burned with chagrin at the thought of witnessing the fortune of his enemy. Too cowardly to venture on a daring deed, long he brooded over a plot that promised to satisfy the demon spirit raging in his breast. Scarce could he repress his wild exultation at the fiendlike conception. His mandoline on his arm, he stood the next evening leaning against a pillar of the circus, playing and singing. Around him in picturesque groups, were the other members of the company lounging about, as was their wont after the rehearsals. The children came forth, laughing and merrily chasing each other. As the sun set, his last rays streamed brightly upon the scene, tinting all with purple and gold; while the amoroso began a new song, whose refrain, as usual, was repeated by the other singers. It ran thus:

"Come, slender Hebe! bear to me
The cup with roses crowned!
Within this cool green myrtle bower
Let the swift hours go round!
I lean—oh, more than mortal blest!
Fair goddess, on thy gentle breast;
Let life a sea of struggles be;
The minute—yes—the minute's mine!
Let destiny her storms prepare—
I still am blest with love and wine!

CHORUS.

Come, slender Hebe! bear the cup
Within the myrtle bower!
Goddess of youth, each reveller
Adores—and owns thy power!

Lo! follows one in Fortune's steps,
And woos in vain the flying fair!
With eager swoop disaster comes—
Then what remains but dark despair!
The fool's reward, methinks, is just!
No hope is worth a mortal's trust!
Seize, seize your joys—they fleet with breath!
Hold fast—embrace them long—
The end of rosy song
For ever lasts—'tis death!

CHORUS.

Oh! grasp the fleeting joys of life,
Drink, sing and love; and fly the shade!
The moment only is our own;
The fairest garland soon must fade!"

The mocking close of the song troubled not the cheerful singers; Fiametta only looked with secret horrour on the amoroso, who had from time to time given her a glance such as the rattlesnake casts upon his destined victim. As twilight came on, the singers one by one left the circus, the amoroso last of all.

In his dungeon sat the grazioso, deep in thought. The jailer had removed his chains and asked if he wished anything; but inasmuch as what the old man had told him of the severity of the courtlaws had not contributed to inspire him with hope, the removal of his fetters and the unwonted courtesy shown him, he looked upon only as the effect of compassion for a poor sinner, whose sentence was passed, and for whom there remained nothing save his journey to the place of execution.

The prisoner sate gazing on vacancy, a cold and bitter smile on his lips. He feared not death; he despaired not of the future; but a storm of grief was in his breast.

"Poor Fiametta!" at length he murmured, "it had been well for her had she never known me! I have reproached her! What would I now give could she laugh at me! But none will laugh when the grazioso's bloody head rolls in the dust, not even Antonio."

The prison door opened, and the jailer entered, followed by a capuchin.

"This reverend father," said the jailer, "is sent, Giovechino, to speak with you of your soul's welfare. I leave you an hour alone—but an hour, for then all the prison doors must be shut." So saying, he quitted the cell.

"You are welcome, holy father!" said the youth; "and I thank you much. I have little, in truth, to say; but you can render me a great service, if you will undertake a commission to a beloved maiden——"

While speaking, Giovechino had stepped to the table and trimmed the lamp; turning, he looked the capuchin in the face, and started back with an involuntary exclamation; for the holy father having thrown back his hood, stood before him none other than Antonio Montecavallo, the primo amoroso.

Antonio enjoyed the youth's astonishment for a few moments, then addressed him in a hypocritical tone, which, however, ill concealed his malicious joy.

"You seem surprised, Giovechino, to see me here; thinking, perhaps, I come to rejoice in your misfortunes Far be it from me! I am sorry for you; it grieves me to see you so cast down; I will do my utmost to help you."

Giovechino listened quietly; his eyes fixed on his visiter, and answered as quietly—"I have often told you, Antonio, my opinion of you; misfortune has in no wise so humbled me that it is changed in the least. I need not your pity; I believe it not—I will none of it! I know you bring me no good—that no pleasant news come to me from your mouth. But the worst you can bring will not subdue me. I despise you, and will give you no triumph over me!"

"Proud—*come il diavolo!*" cried Antonio; "no triumph! Eh, grazioso—to the trial! Yes, I own it, I hate you, bitterly hate you! I rejoice over your folly and your punishment! I was glad to hear the grazioso must die or lose his right hand—who, though only a grazioso, was preferred to me! But I wanted no more—Giovechino! I am a man—no devil!"

"That fiendish smile gives your words the lie!" said the youth, turning his back with cold contempt.

"Proud fool! I will not hide my joy from you! Your pride, that now swells so high, at the breath of my mouth shall vanish into the nothing that originated it. You expect death—ha! you are prepared to see Fiametta broken-hearted, despairing, when her beloved ascends the scaffold! Ha! ha! ha! Take courage, grazioso! you shall not die! But a few days, and your prison doors will be thrown open; free, unpunished for your crime, you will go forth, enriched too, and leave this city. And Fiametta becomes your wife by the prince's express command!"

"What prate you of, fool?" said the grazioso, turning hastily round.

"I speak truth!" coldly returned the amoroso. "Well, Giovechino, does not the good news please you!"

"You lie!" shrieked the grazioso "No, devil! poisonous reptile!"

"I speak truth, Giovechino! This evening, this hour, while we speak together, Fiametta receives your pardon from the prince's own hand; ay, and wealth to secure your future fortune. Old Mariana told me of it; and she said Fiametta, splendidly attired, was in the red room, awaiting the prince. You know it well; it is the apartment where you had your last tender scene with your beloved!"

"Villain—it is false!"

"Nay, Giovechino—you believe me! What harm is there? Fiametta does it out of love to you, to save you!"

"I believe you not!" cried the youth, his whole frame shivering. "It is not possible! Is my miserable life—is her own—worth more to her than our love——I will not believe you, unless you swear by heaven, by all the saints! by your life's last hour—by your soul's salvation! Ha! you dare not—you cannot!"

"I can!"

"Can you!" asked the prisoner, growing deadly pale

"I can!" repeated Antonio; and raising his hand solemnly, the villain pronounced the false oath with an unfaltering voice. Giovechino stood still. "Was it possible!" he groaned. "O what now is impossible!" and with a scornful laugh, in reply to his own question—"True, true love!"

"Compose yourself!" whispered Antonio; the youth answered slowly "Yes, you are right, I must! How was it? this hour, you said—in the red room—s'death! they are there——"

"It is so."

With heavy steps walked the miserable prisoner up and down the floor of his dungeon; his enemy followed him with triumphant looks, in which the joy of a fiend was painted! "I pity you, Giovechino, I pity you," said he at length; "I grudged you Fiametta's love, but not her infamy!——Farewell!" He turned to leave the cell; but the maddened prisoner sprang like lightning to the door and prevented him. "Hold! not from this place! lend me your clothes I must away!"

"Are you mad!" stammered the terrified Antonia.

"I tell you, give me your clothes!"

"And I?"

"You must stay here till I return, I will return, I pledge my oath! The hood and cloak, quick!"

"Hear me, Giovechino!"

"The clothes, man, and no noise, or I strangle you!" He grasped his throat.

"Madman!" shrieked Antonio, and with a violent effort, thrusting him away, he rushed to the door. A moment, and he had escaped; but just then Giovechino plucked a stone from the prison floor, and with maniac force drove it into the skull of his enemy Antonio fell dead with scarce a struggle. A moment the youth stood over the body; "murderer!" he groaned inwardly; then hastily pulled off the hood and monk's mantle, which he threw over his own person. He looked back once again before quitting the cell. The expiring lamp flung a red glare on the bleeding corpse, and showed a dagger gleaming in his girdle.

"Perhaps polished for my heart! Antonio!" cried the grazioso with a wild laugh; "I was beforehand with you! but I may need it!" He snatched the weapon from the dead man, hid it in his bosom and hastened out, closing the door

"How does your prisoner, reverend father?" asked the jailer, who stood in the dim light of the passage.

"I have quieted him," answered Giovechino; "he sleeps!"

"The saints be praised!" said the old man: "it is the first quiet night the poor boy has had!"

Without suspicion the jailer lighted the grazioso to the outer door; he, with the despair of the damned in his heart, rushed on through the gloomy streets, nor stopped till he reached the well-known house.

Unobserved he opened the door, and ascended the stairs in breathless silence, that led to Fiametta's apartment. The door was closed, but a light rustling, as of silken drapery, was heard within. The door opened suddenly; a stream of light rushed from the chamber, and Fiametta, splendidly dressed, came towards him

At the first glance she started back alarmed; then recognizing him with a cry of joy—"Giovechino!" she threw herself into his arms

"Traiteress!" yelled the maddened youth; the dagger glittered in his right hand, and the next instant was buried deep in Fiametta's breast.

"Giovechino! beloved!" sighed the maiden, as she sank expiring at the feet of the grazioso

SPIRIT OF THE PARISIAN JOURNALS.

NOVELTIES FROM THE FRENCH.

Translated for the New-York Mirror.

MUSICAL ANECDOTES.

Madame Malibran and the king of naples.—It is a rule at Naples, that every new actress, before she appears on the stage, must be presented to the king, and ask of him the favour of being present at her *début*. The day before that fixed for her first appearance, Malibran paid the required visit to his majesty, who received her very graciously. "Sire," said she, "I am come to beg of your majesty the favour, if it does not put your majesty to any inconvenience, of not coming to the theatre to-morrow!" The king, greatly surprised, answered, "Why so? I thought you came on purpose to ask me to attend!" "Yes; but, sire, the fact is, I have been told that in Naples, when your majesty is in the house, it is not thought proper to applaud unless the example is set by your majesty, and I am afraid you will forget it." The king laughed and reassured her, but finding that Madame Malibran still hesitated, he urged her to state frankly the reason of her embarrassment. "Sire, since your majesty is good enough to allow me, I will mention one thing more; I am so much in the habit of being applauded by the public the moment I come on the stage, that if I do not hear loud applause before I am to begin, I cannot do any thing decently." "Very well," said the monarch, "I will begin the moment you come on the stage." Madame Malibran left the palace highly flattered by her reception. The next evening, while she was waiting by the side-scenes for the signal for her appearance in front, she cast her eyes up to the royal box, which was in front of her, and perceived that she had caught the monarch's eye. Immediately she held out her hands towards him, and went through the action of applauding, to remind him of his promise. She succeeded admirably, for the king, charmed with her originality and grace, gave the signal at once, to which the whole house responded by unanimous acclamation.

Perseverance.—Some thirty years ago, when Stibalt, the pianist, was the delight of all Paris, an amateur arrived there from Germany, who executed with audacious carelessness some of the most extraordinary and difficult variations on the piano that ever were listened to. Stibalt was anxious to see this unheard-of prodigy, and the two adversaries were brought together. The German phenomenon executed a *morceau* in a style that was enough to make his rival expire with delight, or envy, which ever you will. Stibalt requested him to repeat it a second, and then a third time, which he obligingly did Fairly frightened at his tremendous execution, Stibalt begged our phenomenon to play a *fantasia*, which was the rage just then, adding that if he played it as well as the first piece he would yield the palm. "I cannot agree to play any other piece," said the stranger "And why, pray?" "Because that is the only one I know." "And how long have you been studying the piece you played just now?" "Twenty-seven years." A good hint to modern amateurs.

SINGULAR FORESIGHT.

Six hundred years ago, a monk of the order of St. Francis foretold most of the great discoveries which have adorned later ages This monk was Roger Bacon. His whole life was devoted to study, and he narrowly escaped being punished as a magician, through the envy and jealousy of his brethren. He has left us a work which earned for him the surname of "the Wonderful Doctor." In this book, the title of which is *de Secretis Operibus Naturæ et Artis*," there are many things that will astonish the scientific. "A substance may be prepared," says he, "which, even in very small quantities, will produce a violent report in the air, kindle like a tram of fire, and destroy whole castles and armies" A century afterwards, a German taught the Venetians the use of powder, which was first employed in their wars with Genoa. "Moreover," says he, "we may cut glasses, or a kind of mirrors, some of which will be able to enlarge objects, or bring them nearer, and others to diminish, or remove them farther: some to make them appear upside down, others to right them again." Is not this the exact idea of spectacles, telescopes and microscopes, which made their appearance some ages afterwards? "It is possible," says he, "to discover a mode of moving in the air, of descending and walking about on the bottom of rivers and the ocean." Diving-bells and balloons have since been made known, to prove the correctness of Bacon's assertions. "It is moreover possible to build ships that might be managed by one man, and surpass in swiftness all ordinary vessels, even if full of rowers. Lastly, a kind of carriage may be constructed, which, without being drawn by horses, could go over an incredible space." Not to speak of our modern inventions, the attempts which have been made for five hundred years to resolve these two problems of Bacon's, are innumerable. Boats with wheels, propelled by a more or less ingenious mechanism, have been almost perpetually attempted since the days of our learned monk. In 1740, the canals of Belgium and Holland were covered with them, and in France and elsewhere new experiments have been made, and are still making, in this branch. As to the carriages without horses, it is well-known that in the middle of the sixteenth century, Simon Stevinus invented a car with masts and sails, which moved at the rate of about two leagues an hour. Maurice of Nassau, Prince of Orange, had a similar one, which he took great delight in, and so had William the third of England, who was fond of showing it off, to the great astonishment of the court and citizens. Many other carriages have been set in motion by a system of wheels and springs, like those of a watch. These inventions are doubtless far inferiour to our steam, which moves not only boats and wagons, but ships and trains of cars; but it is an act of simple justice, to call to mind at times the farsighted philosopher who, *six hundred years ago*, affirmed that such hidden powers existed.

AN ERROUR OF THE PRESS.

Malherbe, in his elegy on the death of Rosette Duperrier, wrote at first only:

"Et Rosette a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin."

Luckily, the poet had forgotten to cross the *t's* in the word Rosette, and the compositor put *Roselle* in the proof. This was enough for Malherbe; his eye and fancy took fire at once, and he sent back the proof with only one *e* added, so that it read,

"Et, rose, elle a vécu," etc.

one of the most beautiful images in any language After this let authors grumble, if they dare, at printers' blunders Whatever sins compositors may commit, the balance will still be in their favour; they can never injure as much as they embellished here

BIRTHPLACE OF COLUMBUS.

Hitherto the world has been in doubt as to the place that can claim the honour of having given birth to the discoverer of America All his biographers agree that he was a Genoese, but the town in which he first saw the light has never before been ascertained According to some he was beyond doubt a native of the village of Cogareo, to others, of Nervi; some claimed him for the city of Genoa, others for the little hamlet of Cagureti or Cuccaro, in Montserrat. This uncertainty, we are happy to say, exists no longer. M. Isnard, a Piedmontese antiquarian, has discovered that Columbus was born at Colognetto, in the republic of Genoa The proofs of this fact he found in the archives of the city. In a letter from the government of the republic to Doria, its ambassador in Madrid, dated seventh November, 1586, we find the following passage:—"Christopher Columbus, *of Colognetto*, an illustrious personage, as, from being in Spain, you must yourself be aware of, has, as we are informed, ordained by his will that a house should be built at Genoa, to be called by his name, and an annual rent be fixed to keep it in repair," etc. etc.

THE COLISEUM.

A model of this magnificent building, fifty-five feet in diameter, has been forwarded from Rome to Paris. It represents the whole of the immense mass restored, as it appeared when Titus threw it open to the public of Rome. The completion of the model has cost twenty-two years of close application. It was originally ordered by the emperour Napoleon

MARKET VALUE OF AUTOGRAPHS.

Mr. Pickering lately bought an autograph of Shakspeare for about five hundred dollars. The last quotations of the article in Vienna, to speak in terms of trade, were as follows:—A letter of Luther's, three hundred florins; Schiller, sixty; J. J. Rousseau, thirty-two; Erasmus and Mozart, twenty-five each; Napoleon, (signature only,) fifteen; Frederick the second, eleven; Goethe, nine

STATISTICS OF AUTHORSHIP IN GERMANY.

There are said to be more than eighteen thousand authors living in Germany. Of this army, twenty-seven have published a complete collection of their works, six thousand nine hundred and forty have published only one book, while there are one hundred and eighty-three whose productions range from twenty to one hundred volumes each, but not their "complete works." Four thousand five hundred and one of the number confine themselves to scientific, and two thousand seven hundred and four to religious subjects While the number of poets is one thousand five hundred and twenty-six, that of translators is three thousand eight hundred and ten There are, besides, some ten thousand authors who write for periodicals, and have never risen to the dignity of a book.

NOVEL WAGER.

The Marquis of Caponi has written a letter to the celebrated antiquarian, Rosini, in which he maintains that he has discovered the true and only cause of all Tasso's misfortunes, and that it is neither his imprudent passion for the princess Eleonora, nor his cruel confinement in the hospital of St. Anne, as is commonly believed. The noble marquis has challenged his antagonist to the trial, before the academies of Turin, Modena, and Milan, the Literary Jockey Club, who are to decide the question, and has bet a hundred sequins on the result. The stakes are to be given to the poor.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO VERSE-MAKERS.

A French literary journal, in an address to contributers, begs its friends not to despair if their verses do not appear promptly; and, to excuse itself for its delay in inserting their favours, informs them that it has already six thousand four hundred and fifty-four poetical contributions waiting to be inserted in turn.

PROGRESS OF IMPROVEMENT.

There is now circulating in Constantinople the prospectus of a *Journal of Fashions*, got up by a Turk, who has spent many years in France and England. A still greater novelty is, that it is to be embellished with engravings, contrary to the express commands of the koran

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

THE FAIR INCENDIARY.

The following singular story we have taken from a number of the *Monthly Law Magazine*:—Some thirty years ago a young lady, the only daughter of a noble house in the north of Germany, from having been one of the most cheerful girls, became subject to fits of the deepest melancholy. All the entreaties of her parents were insufficient to draw from her the reason of it—to their affection she was quite cold, to their caresses rude; and though society failed to enliven her, she bore her part in it with a power and venom of sarcasm that were as strange to her former character as they were unbecoming her sex and youth. The parents contrived, during her temporary absence from home, to investigate the contents of her writing-desk, but no indications of a concealed or disappointed passion were to be found, and it was equally clear that no papers had been removed. The first news they heard of her was, that the house in which she had been visiting had been burnt to the ground: that she had been saved with difficulty, though her room was not in that part of the building where the fire had commenced; that her escape had, at first, been taken for granted, and that, when her door was burst open, she was found still dressed and seated in her usual melancholy attitude, with her eyes fixed on the ground. She returned home neither altered in manner nor changed in demeanour, and as painfully brilliant in conversation when forced into it. Within two months of her return the house was burnt to the ground, and her mother perished in the flames. She was again found in the same state as on the former occasion, suffered herself to be led away without eagerness or resistance, did not alter her deportment upon hearing of the fate of her mother, made no attempt to console her father, and replied to the condolence of her friends with a bitterness and scorn almost demoniacal. The father and daughter removed to a spa for change of scene. On the night of her arrival the hotel was in flames; but this time the fire began in her apartment, for, from her window were the sparks first seen to issue; and again was she found dressed, seated, and in a reverie. The hotel was the property of the sovereign of the little state in which the spa was situated. An investigation took place; she was arrested, and at once confessed that on each of the three occasions she was the culprit; that she could not tell wherefore, except that she had an irresistible longing to set houses on fire. Each time she had striven against it as long as she could, but was unable to withstand the temptation; that this longing first supervened a few weeks after she had been seized with a sudden depression of spirits; that she felt a hatred to all the world, but had strength to refrain from oaths and curses against it. She is at this moment in a madhouse, where she was at first allowed some liberty, but after an exhibition of homicidal monomania towards a child, of a ferocity most appalling, it was found necessary to apply the severest restraint She still possesses her memory, her reasoning powers, and her petulant wit.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

We occupy a great deal of time in eating and drinking, and sit hours at table, while the French rise directly after nature is satisfied and proceed to their employment. The two sexes separate with us, but the French men and women at all times, and on all subjects alike, discourse together. No women have shown so much character, been so little given to fritter away their time, as the French. They instituted the order of the Sœurs de la Charitte; Madame Roland de la Tour founded an order of Recluses, who shut themselves up all their lives in a cave, to lament some irreparable affliction. The Maid of Orleans, Charlotte Corday, Madame Roland of the Revolution, are instances of enthusiasm — Madame Dacier, Marquise Chatelet, Madame de Stael, show a depth of scientific learning, almost confined to the industry of men. If you read some of the writings of the authoresses of the present day, like Madame Dunevant, you will never believe they were the productions of a female, so masculine is their character. The females exercise all the occupations, and gain the emoluments of men—they keep the accounts; they are at the bourse; and even at the gambling table; they are behind the counter; they act as clerks and negocianists; and often in manufacturing towns, get their one thousand francs. But our ladies must talk scandal, our farmers' daughters leave the dairy, read the last new novel, and play the piano.

"But," say we, "the French are a trifling nation, because they think seriously about trifles, which make up the sum of life. Says an author, "They have advanced everything to the rank of a science or an art—whether cutting your hair, tying your cravat, or cooking your dinner; they have manuals and instructions for everything, and everything worth doing at all they would do well—or, to use their own term, they would have *perfectionne*." The French, of all nations, are an occupied and busy people—they must be doing something; but we show a disposition to trifle away our lives—to risk them in trifles—cock fights, boxing matches, and steeple chases. We praise ourselves as being very charitable people. What did we subscribe for the family of Sir Walter Scott? Less than ten thousand pounds; the French more than forty thousand pounds for Foy, and the most splendid monument in Pere la Chaise. The English are scattered all over the continent, unable to fix their thoughts or their travel, running over everything, considering nothing, and instanced for their levity; but the French can stay in their own country, and find amusement among themselves, unbitten by our mania of locomotion. Their journies are generally undertaken for business, private and public, or for education, or to make researches. They are pensioned by government, or they are exiles; or they are on a tour of propagandism, risking their lives in aid of their own parties and opinions, and in the contentions of foreigners. The French show respect to people of genius and learning in society, while we treat them with comparative indifference, so that a great astronomer of our country said that he never knew he was anybody till he went abroad; and the way we treat the lions of one season, and forget them the next, certainly proves levity and perule trifling in our character. We must, however, except the anniversaries of the Scientific Association, when all the lions are paraded about the country like other shows, and so well fed that, like the animals in the menageries, the best time for seeing them is their feeding time.—*English paper.*

SYMPTOMS OF HYDROPHOBIA.

That such faithful creatures as dogs should be subject to the most frightful and fatal of diseases—a disease which they too frequently communicate in their madness to their beloved master or mistress, is one of those inscrutable dispensations that sets all our philosophy at naught.

But we may point out, especially as there is a good deal of misunderstanding on the subject, the usual symptoms that denote the rabid dog; for it frequently happens that a dog is destroyed as mad, when he has no disease of the kind about him; whilst, on the other hand, the rabid animal is often suffered to live and deal destruction around. It is an error to suppose that a mad dog always shows aversion to water, as the name of the disease implies; he will, on the contrary, sometimes lap it—nay, swim across a river without manifesting any of the horrour that marks the disease in man. The most sure symptom is a complete alteration of temper from the mild and the familiar to the sullen and the snarling; he snaps at all objects animate and inanimate, and gnaws them. Even in this state his behaviour often continues unaltered to his master or mistress; and hence the cases which have arisen from having been licked by the tongue of such a dog, on some part of the face or hands where the skin has been broken. Though he goes wildly about, apparently without an object, foaming at the mouth generally, and snapping as he proceeds, he rarely gallops, but mostly keeps to a sullen trot with his tail down.

What produces the cruel disease in the dog, is a mystery; it can hardly be hardship or ill-treatment, for see what Sonnini says of the dogs at Rosetta, where, though "repelled by man, to whose personal use nature seems to have destined them, they are nevertheless incapable of deserting him." In modern Egypt the dog is considered an unclean beast, not to be touched without subsequent purification, and, therefore, carefully shunned by the Mahomedans. "There are few cities in the world," writes Sonnini, "which contain so many dogs as those of Egypt; or, at least, there is no one which has the appearance of containing more, because they are there constantly assembled in the streets, their only habitation There they have no other supplies of food but what they can pick up at the doors of houses, or scramble for by raking into filth and garbage. The females keep their young at the corner of some retired and unfrequented street; for a disciple of Mahomet would not permit them to approach his habitation. Continually exposed to the cruel treatment of the populace; massacred sometimes without mercy by an armed mob; subjected to all the inclemency of the elements; hardly finding the means of supporting a wretched existence; meagre; irritated to madness; frequently eaten up by a mange which degenerates into a species of leprosy; hideous even from the forlornness of their condition; these miserable animals inspire as much compassion, as they excite contempt and indignation against the barbarians among whom they live. It is undoubtedly astonishing that amidst a life of misery and suffering, many of those dogs should not be subject to attacks of the hydrophobia. But this malady, rare in the northern parts of Turkey, is still more so in the southern provinces of that empire, and is totally unknown under the burning sky of Egypt. I never saw a single instance of it; and the natives whom I consulted on the subject, had not so much as an idea of the disease."

We willingly drop this distressing part of our subject; but we must not conceal that though hydrophobia generally makes its appearance in man between the thirtieth and fortieth days after the communication of the virus, fatal cases that have occurred after a lapse of eighteen months are on record; and there is not wanting high authority for the assertion that a person cannot be considered perfectly safe till two years at least have passed, reckoning from the time when the injury was received

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"I'll bet a sheep," said an old Meredith to his other half, "that our boy Otho is going crazy—for he is grinning at the plough, and he is grinning at the barn, and he is grinning at the table, and is grinning to himself wherever he goes." "Poh," replied the old woman, "don't you know he got a love-letter this morning"

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

LANGSYNE

Langsyne!—how doth the word come back
With magic meaning to the heart,
As Memory roams the sunny track,
From which Hope's dreams were loath to part!
No joy like by-past joy appears;
For what is gone we peak and pine.
Were life spun out a thousand years,
It could not match Langsyne!

Langsyne!—the days of childhood warm,
When, tottering by a mother's knee,
Each sight and sound had power to charm,
And hope was high, and thought was free.
Langsyne!—the merry schoolboy days—
How sweetly then life's sun did shine!
Oh! for the glorious pranks and plays,
The raptures of Langsyne!

Langsyne!—yes, in the sound, I hear
The rustling of the summer grove;
And view those angel features near
Which first awoke the heart to love.
How sweet it is, in pensive mood,
At windless midnight to recline,
And fill the mental solitude
With spectres from langsyne!

Langsyne!—ah where are they who shared
With us its pleasures bright and blithe!
Kindly with some hath fortune fared;
And some have bow'd beneath the scythe
Of death; while others scatter'd far
O'er foreign lands at fate repine,
Oft wandering forth, 'neath twilight's star,
To muse on dear Langsyne!

Langsyne!—the heart can never be
Again so full of guileless truth;
Langsyne! the eyes no more shall see,
Ah no! the rainbow hopes of youth.
Langsyne! with thee resides a spell
To raise the spirit, and refine.
Farewell!—there can be no farewell
To thee, loved, lost langsyne!

SELF.

This insignificant intruder is at all times one of the most impertinent companions in the world: you may try every art and contrivance in your power to get free from his troublesome conversation: the creature will press upon your retirement, and force himself upon you in spite of your teeth: will be meddling in your affairs, setting them in such a light as cannot fail of putting you out of humour, or teasing you with reflections that make you weary of your life No place is safe from him. He will force himself into the closet, hover about the bed, and penetrate through the thickest darkness, into the deepest recess; will travel with you by land or sea, and will not quit you, though you be in banishment. There is a very whimsical circumstance, at the same time, attendant upon this paradoxical character. Most people are reproached with loving him with the greatest partiality and boldness; and are greatly delighted, it is said, to hear him praised, yet very few seek to come to the knowledge of him or cultivate his acquaintance; nay, the greatest part, by all possible means, avoid encountering him. It is surprising to see, say they, the pains that are continually taken, and the contrivances used to get rid of this continued phantom, some flatter him; some bully him; some endeavour to impose upon him, some carry him to the gaming-table, others to the bottle, and the like; but he never fails to detect their frauds, and to resent them with severity; like the reckoning, he appears after the banquet is over, and not unfrequently reproaches one with profusion, and another with satiety. Nay, so galling are his reprehensions, and so troublesome his intrusion, that there have not been wanting instances, even in high life, of some, who not being able to help him otherwise off, have called to their relief the halter, the dagger, or the pistol; and fairly removed themselves into another world, to get rid of him.

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

It is the mild and quiet half of the world, who are generally outraged and borne down by the other half of it; but in this they have the advantage; whatever be the sense of their wrongs, that pride stands not so watchful a sentinel over their forgiveness, as it does in the fierce and froward; we should, all of us, I believe, be more forgiving than we are, would the world but give us leave, but it is apt to interpose its ill offices in remissions, especially of this kind: the truth is, it has its laws, to which the heart is not always a party; and acts so like an unfeeling engine in all cases without distinction, that it requires all the firmness of the most settled humanity to bear up against it

GOOD SENSE

It will preserve us from censoriousness; will lead us to distinguish circumstances; keep us from looking after visionary perfection, and make us see things in their proper light. It will lead us to study dispositions, peculiarities, accommodations; to weigh consequences; to determine what to observe, and what to pass by; when to be immovable, and when to yield. It will produce good manners, keep us from taking freedoms, and handling things roughly, will never agitate claims of superiority, but teach us to submit ourselves one to another. Good sense will lead persons to regard their own duties, rather than to recommend those of others

DISEASE.

It may be said that disease generally brings that equality which death completes. The distinctions which set one man so far above another, are very little preserved in the gloom of a sick chamber, where it will be in vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or instructions from the wise; where all human glory is obliterated, the wit clouded, the reason perplexed, and the hero subdued; where the highest and brighest of mortals find nothing left but consciousness and innocence.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES OF REAL LIFE.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS OBSCURE.

BY WILLIAM COX

CHAPTER X

Of Miss Smithers, and what befel her.

Now many of the lodgers laughed at those complaints of Craggs, and winked their eyes knowingly at each other, but Miss Smithers deeply sympathized with him, although she admitted she was somewhat startled and scandalized by the amount of a spirit-merchant's bill which she accidentally discovered in her nephew's pockets.

The tint of this good lady's mind remained as cerulean as ever, but clouds of a darker hue of late years not unfrequently overshadowed her mental horizon. As she declined, unwillingly, "into the vale of years," her aversion to matrimony increased to such a degree, that not only did she profess the greatest horrour of it herself, but she disliked very much to see any of her younger female friends entrapped into it, and edifying dissertations on the faults, foibles and levities of such were sure to form the staple of her conversation for some time afterwards. Reduced to the necessity of wearing spectacles, she, by their aid, saw much more clearly than formerly into the frivolities and vanities of life; and, as she gradually lost her teeth, she became more and more averse to simpering, smiling, giggling, laughing, and all species of light-heartedness. Her nerves, too, like those of most people of fine feelings and fanciful imaginations, were in rather a rickety state, and in order to allay the febrile excitement which occasionally agitated them, she used to swallow vast quantities of certain fashionable pills, at that time all the rage, which a philanthropic individual (miscalled by the prejudiced faculty "a quack") used to manufacture for the special benefit of the public, at an immense sacrifice to himself.

One (fatal) evening Craggs brought her home a fresh box from the shop. She retired very early to bed, and her nephew, after procuring some loaf sugar, a lemon, and a jug of hot water, proceeded to his study, alias bed-room, to compose.

It so happened that the various lodgers and their friends, with the exception of Miss Smithers and the poet, had that evening clubbed together to form a snug social party. At about twenty minutes past the witching hour of night, when they had pretty well brought their hilarious proceedings to a conclusion, they arose to depart to their respective beds, and were making their adieus with the fervour and sincerity generally consequent upon the sipping of cordials and punch, when the room door suddenly opened and a figure (such a figure!) glided into the room! It was attired in a chintz wrapping-gown, its hair was in papers on one side of the face and hung down in elf-locks on the other, and its head was enveloped in an immense mob cap, that appeared to have kept its distance from soap and water for some time past

Upon closer examination the apparition was thought to be something like Miss Smithers, but whether it was that lady in her own proper person, or it was her spiritual essence clothed in her ordinary habiliments, the company could not exactly tell.

All doubt, however, was soon dissipated. The lady smiled, curtsied, begged them to be seated, and sank herself in a languishing and picturesque manner, into a corner of the sofa. The boarders, as well they might, were mute with astonishment. It was just as well they were mute; for had they been ever so much inclined for remark and conversation, there was but scant opportunity for indulging therein, Miss Smithers proceeding to exercise her tongue with a rapidity and continuity of which no one but a married man could possibly have formed the slightest conception. Far different, however, were her themes from those to which the married man usually listens. She discoursed of loves and doves, rosy Cupids, hearts, darts, refined and ethereal feelings, soft susceptibilities, romantic attachments, and so on; in most juvenile and boarding-school fashion. She said she was by nature tender and inflammatory, but avowed, with apparent inconsistency, that she had been a most unfeeling woman in her time, having rejected seventeen excellent proposals of marriage, the consequences of which rejections were self-exile, bankruptcy, misery, or death, to seventeen reputable tradesmen, well to do in the world, all of whom were driven to, and destroyed by, the immoderate use of intoxicating liquors, in consequence of her relentless determination to preserve the name of Smithers!

The company began to be seriously alarmed, and seemed not a little puzzled how to proceed. At last one of the party—a young medical student who studied theatricals—advanced, took gently hold of her arm, and applied his fingers to her pulse. Upon which she looked tenderly and compassionately towards the young man, said she pitied him from the bottom of her soul, conjured him to triumph over his feelings and forget her, but, if he found that to be impossible, begged him, at all events, to treat her with that respect and decorum which virgin bashfulness, the presence of the company, and her unquestioned and unquestionable purity imperatively demanded!

The embryo doctor said her pulse was one hundred and twenty per minute, and that her senses were wandering.

The latter part of his assertion she soon verified to the entire satisfaction of the company, for she began to talk of woodbine cottages, retirement from the world, halcyon days, shady walks, honeysuckle and jasmine, and anticipated the time when she should be the happy mother of a large and smiling family!

After this she went into violent hysterics, collapsed, and was carried to bed by a portion of the company, the rest following in a high state of fermentation.

CHAPTER XI.

The Discovery.

Almost as soon as the doctor entered the unfortunate lady's room, his eye fixed, instinctively as it were, on a pill-box which lay on the dressing-table. He advanced, examined the contents, started most dramatically, and exclaimed—

"Gracious powers!"

No sooner had he uttered this exclamation, than the good people who were officiating in carrying Miss Smithers, deposited her on the bed with all convenient speed, and thronged around the doctor to know what he meant by "gracious powers!"

The doctor looked round upon them mysteriously and impressively, laid his finger on his lip, and then slowly enunciated that the pills were of opium—that one was a dose—two delirium—three death! and that he rather surmised the ill-fated Miss Smithers had swallowed three! Then, as if a hurried idea seemed to break in upon him, he hastily demanded who had furnished the deceased (he already spoke of her in the past tense on the strength of his supposition, although she breathed very audibly) with the destructive—the fatal drug?

After a death-like pause, the maid recollected that it was "young Mr. Craggs!"

The different portions of the company looked inquiringly at each other: dark suspicions filled every bosom; whispers—murmurs flew around; the excitement became tremendous.

"Young woman," said the doctor, in a low and tremulous voice, and with the fore-finger of his right hand patting the palm of his left in most Kean-like fashion, "are you *sure* of that?"

"Quite sure," said the young woman.

"Enough!" said he, "more than enough! Fly, girl, and summon the officers of justice!"

The girl, not being angelic in her nature, did not fly, but she ran as fast as her legs would carry her.

CHAPTER XII.

The reveries of genius interrupted.

There was a loud knocking at the door of Craggs's bed-room, but no answer being forthcoming, it was broken open with a tremendous crash.

A scene of considerable confusion presented itself. On a table, before the poet, stood an empty bottle, an empty jug, and an empty glass. Various sheets of paper, some pure and unstained, some dignified with the impress of his thoughts, and some discoloured by the accidental upsetting of the inkstand, lay scattered around. The fender and fire-irons had been upset, a chair had been tumbled over, a half-smoked and unextinguished cigar lay smoking itself, and the candle having burnt an inch or two below the level of the socket, ever and anon flared up in an ominous and ghastly manner.

Apparently Craggs himself had been indulging either in a wildering reverie or a profound slumber, but, awakened from his trance by the forcible entrance of about twenty people, he started from his seat and gazed wildly around. His appearance was certainly more striking than prepossessing. His manner was confused and embarrassed—his face flushed, yet haggard—his eyes wild, bloodshot, and vacant—and his hair towered perpendicularly and in strange disorder above his flat and retreating forehead. In the eyes of the spectators he had not at all the appearance of conscious innocence; and great genius and great crimes being ordinarily connected together in the common mind, they came at once to the conclusion that he was the poisoner of his aunt.

Before the rest of the company, stepped forward the doctor. He slowly raised his arm, pointed his finger most dramatically towards the poet, and exclaimed in a tone that thrilled the hearts of the bystanders—

"Behold! Seize the murderer!"

And two police officers advanced and seized Craggs.

CHAPTER XIII

Illustrating the truth of the old adage that misfortunes come in clusters.

Before breakfast-time the next morning, Miss Smithers came to herself again. It appeared she had only swallowed two pills. Her unfortunate nephew was therefore set at liberty. But alas! how poor a reparation was this Had he not been branded as the possible perpetrator of the most horrid of crimes! Was he not even now looked upon with dark suspicion—ay! more than suspicion? Men and women shuddered as he approached; and unsophisticated children, untaught to conceal their innocent thoughts, artlessly expressed their opinion that he "ought to be hanged!" His aunt, too, when informed by her friends what an exceeding fool she had made of herself the preceding evening, was wroth exceedingly. Her nephew did the best he could to appease her, and wipe off the horrid stain which clung to him, by protesting that he had made a mistake in the boxes in consequence of his thoughts being distracted by an acrostic which he was engaged in composing; but, as it was generally known that Miss Smithers had made her will, leaving the whole of her little property to him on her decease, his protestations and exclamations of course received not the slightest credence. He was generally looked upon as a monster—a fiend in human shape; and his landlady, after seizing his wearing apparel for arrears of board and lodging, civilly requested him to take his departure, and expressed her anxious hope that her honest doors might never again be darkened by such a black-hearted villain!

As he was walking along the passage to comply with his landlady's request, the street-bell rang, and when the door opened, the postman presented himself with a letter "for Mr. Craggs."

CHAPTER XIV.

The letter.

Eagerly did Craggs seize that letter, and with trembling fingers and a palpitating heart did he break the seal, for in the superscription he recognized the handwriting of his beloved Catherine.

His landlady and the maid stood ready to close the door after him as soon as he had relieved the house of his hated presence, but not a step would he budge until he had read the epistle, on which all his future hopes of happiness depended.

It was, in truth, an answer to the poetical proposal of marriage; but, oh ye gods! who can describe the chaotic state of her mind, or the laceration of her feelings, when, instead of a bashful assent to his overture, the lady civilly, but most decidedly, declined the honour of becoming Mrs. C.

But this was not all, and scarcely even the worst, for that worst of impertinence, good advice, followed.

She regretted exceedingly, (she said,) and took shame to herself for having, in the slightest degree, encouraged the poetical propensities of a young man for whom she entertained sentiments of the greatest friendship and esteem (ahem!) She had always thought that those small rhyming effervescencies (the jade!) in which Mr. C. appeared to take pleasure, would evaporate as he advanced in years and entered into the serious business of life; that sorry was she to perceive this was not the case, and that Mr. Craggs was throwing away his chance of becoming a respectable tradesman and useful member of society in futile attempts at versification which could not, under any circumstances, be either profitable to himself or acceptable to the public She trusted that what she was saying in a candid and friendly spirit would not be misconstrued, and hoped that the sound, wholesome, though perhaps unpalatable recommendation to a young poet contained in a few lines which she had accidentally met with in the course of her reading, and which she begged to subjoin, would have its due weight with Mr. C. when he called his natural good sense to his aid (ahem?) and came to look at the matter in a calm and impartial manner. The lines to which she alluded were from the pen of perhaps the most skilful and deep-searching moral anatomist who had written in the English language; and who, she added, with even *his* great, and almost unequalled abilities, had not found the steeps of Parnassus strewed either with cash or flowers. They were as follows:

> "Of all the good that mortal men pursue,
> The Muse has least to give, and gives to few.
> Curb, then, O youth! tuy raptures as they rise,
> Keep down the evil spirit, and be wise.
> Follow your calling, think the Muses foes,
> Nor lean upon the pestle and compose!"

"The pestle and compose!" Death and furies! And this from a chit of a girl to confirmed genius!

Craggs, as soon as he had finished, struck his hand violently against his forehead, and rushed, he knew not whither!

"Ah!" said the landlady, who had been watching his proceedings, to the maid as she closed the door, "see the effect of an evil conscience!"

CHAPTER XV.

Containing more misfortunes.

When the excited youth came again to the full possession of his faculties, he found himself seated in a tavern with a pot of beer before him, and the daily newspaper in his hand. How he came thither was never distinctly known, not even to himself, but it is conjectured it must have been either through the power of instinct or the force of habit.

After reading the news and drinking the beer, he stalked mechanically to his shop.

It was the first of May, and when Craggs arrived at the shop, there stood the landlord awaiting the payment of his rent! Craggs protested that he had not given the thing even a thought—that he was utterly unprovided with cash, but said that he had a large assortment of manuscripts by him which he felt quite assured would bring more than double the sum required, and which he offered to make over to the landlord on payment of the supposed balance!

This overture drove the landlord to profane swearing. He bestowed many maledictions upon Craggs—called him everything but a genius or a gentleman—said that he wanted none of his trash (trash!)—that he was not to be "done" in that fashion—that he came for his rent, and his rent he would have, or he would forthwith seize his stock in trade.

The rent, of course, was out of the question, and the landlord being a man of his word, the stock was consequently seized; so that in one brief day Craggs found himself bereft of shop, lodgings, lady-love, and all ulterior pecuniary prospects as far as Miss Smithers was concerned.

Ah! provident was the care, and deep the foresight of the worthy tallow-chandler. Full well did he perceive the ultimate consequences of the success of the "Monody on the Tortoise-shell Cat."

CHAPTER XVI.

Of Craggs's present condition, with some notice of his works.

The annuity secured to Craggs was quite sufficient to keep him from starving, but it was equally insufficient to supply him with the drink, snuff, and cigars which his matured and confirmed habits absolutely required; and to which innocent indulgences he had lately superadded, now that he had no business to attend to, a growing taste for the intellectual game of bagatelle.

The world is averse to credit. To meet these expenses something was to be done. The bad taste of publishers has long been proverbial, and the unfortunate's happiest strokes and most splendid efforts were severally and successively rejected. As a last resource

he took to the composing of poetical puff advertisements, and sang (and yet sings) the brightness of blacking and the excellence of hats, in glowing couplets, for which, however, his remuneration is trivial.

But is this a fitting employment for one of his mark and likelihood? Is this to be the end of the glorious promises shadowed forth by the monody and confirmed by the ode? Alas! the cold, harsh, unfeeling world has blighted his genius in the bud, and it may never blossom or bring forth fruit again!

We disclaim any undue partiality towards Craggs. We avoid comparing him with the living poets of his own land lest we might be supposed to be influenced by personal feeling or biased by prejudice; and we equally scorn to elevate him at the expense of either Byron, Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Moore, Campbell, Crabbe, or any other of his illustrious contemporaries. Let him stand or fall by his own merits alone. All we have mentioned were great men—all were eminently gifted with the "power and faculty divine"—all were unequalled in their several departments; and, while we cordially bear testimony to the gloomy grandeur, the intense passion, the wit, humour and knowledge of the world displayed by Byron; while we are invigorated as by a breeze that has swept over lake and heather by the free, fresh, spirit-stirring minstrelsy of Scott; while we deeply feel and reverentially acknowledge the thoughtful beauty and calm, majestic power of Wordsworth; while we are borne away by the wonderful imagination of Coleridge, and lulled, as by the murmuring of waters, by the inimitable beauty of his versification; while we revel in the exquisite melody of Moore, or feel as if the softness of youth had come back upon our heart in reading "O'Connor's Child," or "Gertrude of Wyoming;" or pause, and think, and read, and pause again, over the nervous and soul-searching pages of Crabbe; still, for all that, we are prepared fearlessly to assert, and without dread of contradiction, that in charade, enigma, or acrostic, Craggs was not equalled by any of those great masters, and that in this peculiar line he yet remains unequalled—unapproached and unapproachable! It was here, alone, perhaps, that he put forth the full force of his powers; but yet no one who has perused his noble "Ode on Thunder" but must have been struck with the sonorous strength and majestic march of some of the couplets, contrasted with the easy and almost careless flow of others Take, for example, the opening verse—

> "Hark! what hollow, rumbling sound,
> Rolls and reverberates around!
> Shaking the mountains old and forests hoar—
> Matching old Ocean in his wild uproar—
> While from the spongy clouds,
> Dark as funereal shrouds,
> The liquid rain,
> Descends amain,
> O'er all the verdant green and flower-besprinkled plain!"

We cannot descend to point out minute beauties, but yet we would advert to the felicitous application of the dissyllable "liquid" in the above verse. Yet it is by no means a rare merit. The works of Craggs abound with equally well-chosen epithets. Neither is this great writer found wanting when he condescends to lower his eagle flight. What playful tenderness and sportive delicacy is there in his verses addressed to "Catherine," commencing—

> "When we roamed around the Battery,
> In the spring of the young year,
> You said I dealt in flattery—
> That my vows were insincere," etc.

whilst his lines on "Moonshine," are allowed to be most happily in unison with the subject.

But whither would our zeal in the cause of illustrious obscurity hurry us? Enough has been said: and who that has read the above simple history but feels his blood boil with indignation at the cold, calculating, mercenary spirit of the age which permits such a man to waste his precious time over a bagatelle board? Who that has perused the above brief extracts but feels the most poignant regret that such an one as the author of the "Ode on Thunder" should be obliged to sing the praises of blacking, however excellent that blacking may be?

But so it is. Amid the universal neglect, however, the author of this little memoir has at least the proud consciousness of having done *his* duty; and, with the fate of Craggs before his eyes, has only to say at the end as he said at the beginning—

> "The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

COMMUNICATIONS FROM ENGLAND.

A STATE BANQUET, AND SO ON.

London, June 10.

My dear ——. Since my last letter to the western side of the Atlantic, most of the anticipations therein contained have been realized. Among them, the arrival of His Imperial Highness the Hereditary Grand Duke Alexander of Russia has taken place—rather a hard title for you unostentatious republicans I must give a brief account of this lion. He is anything but aristocratic in his appearance, an every-day-to-be-met-with personage. His dress consists of a black suit, and generally a white neck-cloth, with a broad-brimmed hat. I need scarcely say that he was banqueted, balled, supped, and danced to repletion. The royal carriages were at his service, and the queen herself appeared to think that too much attention could not be paid to his Imperial Highness I write in the past tense, he having departed in the government steamer "Firebrand," on his return for the Hague. The following account of an entertainment may amuse.

"On Sunday evening a state banquet was given to his imperial highness the hereditary grand duke of Russia by the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, at their splendid mansion in Park-lane. On this occasion the whole suite of state-rooms, together with the private apartments of the noble marchioness, were thrown open for the reception of the distinguished guests; and it is not too much to say, that, for elegance, and a display of consummate taste, they are not to be surpassed in London. The staircase, which is a *chef d'œuvre* of P. Wyatt's, decorated with a variety of flowering exotics, was brilliantly illuminated; while a number of mirrors, by an ingenious arrangement, presented to the eye of the spectator a large and dazzling star, which cast its reflected light on a beautifully-executed bust of Pitt, and supported by four figures of Victory in Rosso Antico, the present of Pope Pius to the noble marquis on the conclusion of the treaty of Paris. The drawing-rooms and *salons de reception* were literally filled with costly presents from the late and present Emperour of Russia, the King of Sweden, the King of Prussia, Louis the eighteenth of France, and the various continental sovereigns The draperies, coverings of the ottomans, sofas, etc., were of white damask, embroidered with gold; and rare articles of *vertu* and *bijouterie* were displayed in endless but elegant profusion. In the throne-room adjoining the gallery was a splendid picture of his late majesty George the fourth. The banquet itself took place in the statue gallery, which, among others of high merit, boasts of the most exquisite productions of Canova's chisel The Hercules and the Paris excited especial admiration. It is also adorned by several fine full-length portraits, those of the late marquis, and of the present marquis and marchioness occupying one side; and of the Emperour Nicholas, King George the fourth when prince-regent, and the duke of Wellington the other. The two latter are from the pencil of Sir Thomas Lawrence. The portrait of the illustrious duke, taken immediately after the conclusion of the war, is considered the most perfect and best-executed likeness extant, and is so highly prized by its noble owner that he has refused every application for permission to copy it. At the upper end of the gallery was a magnificent vase, the present of Louis the eighteenth on his restoration, and the dinner-table was also ornamented with various vases, also presents from the allied powers. Covers were laid for fifty-two. The dinner, which was of the most *recherché* description, was served on massive plate, and the dessert in sevres china. A beaufet of sumptuous gold-plate was also set out for the occasion. About eight o'clock the company began to arrive, and were received by the noble host and hostess with all the honours due to their rank. The great lion of the evening was of course his imperial highness the hereditary Grand Duke of Russia All the guests were in full dress. The grand duke sat in the centre of the table, immediately opposite the portrait of the emperour, to which, allowing for the difference of age, he bears a most striking resemblance. The Marchioness of Londonderry sat between the Grand Duke and the Duke of Cambridge; and immediately opposite to the noble host, Prince William Henry, and the Duke of Wellington, to whom and to their noble entertainers the guests paid the most marked attention. After dinner the health of the queen was duly honoured, and the Marquis of Londonderry rose and briefly expressed his high gratification at the honour which had been conferred upon him in entertaining the illustrious prince who sat before him; and honoured, as he had been, with the confidence and kind consideration of his august father on many occasions, it was with feelings of peculiar gratification that he proposed the health of the Emperour of all the Russias, the House of Russia, and the Czarovitch The grand duke returned thanks, and the company shortly after retired to the drawing-rooms, where a brilliant evening party was assembled to do honour to their royal highnesses."

The queen dowager's return to England was warmly greeted. Her majesty is a kind, benevolent woman, and much regarded.

Victoria, our most gracious and worshipped little queen, honoured Ascot heath races with her presence. On the first day twelve carriages and four proceeded from Windsor castle to the course. In the first were her majesty, her royal highness the Duchess of Kent, the grand duke of Russia, and prince William Henry of the Netherlands. The *cortege* could not be more brilliant. A vast concourse of people were present, and never were these races more interesting.

Mr. Price has been engaged in obtaining a strong vocal corps for the ensuing season at New-York. Mrs. Martin (late Miss Inverarity) and her husband will be among those to charm your ears and fascinate your senses.

Charles Matthews has Covent Garden theatre for the ensuing season. All the Olympic company will be there.

Mr. Van Amburgh is at Dublin with his lions. A few nights since the lioness and tiger had a terrific fight on the stage of the theatre. It was feared that the "beast tamer" would have furnished a mouthful for the infuriated creatures, in his endeavours to separate them. Van Amburgh succeeded at length in calming their wild spirits, and they crouched at his feet like whipped spaniels.

Charles Kean has been starring at the Haymarket. He was well received. You must not make too much of him when he arrives in New-York—he has a tolerably large opinion of himself However, he is an excellent actor, and bears an irreproachable character.

The family of Thomas Haynes Bayly will have a benefit, under the patronage of her grace the Duchess of Beaufort. Poor Bayly, he was under great pecuniary difficulties. His family were left almost without a shilling.

I heard the sister of the lamented Malibran sing last week at the distinguished *soirees musicale* in E——. She is exceedingly opposite to Malibran in appearance, being, to speak the truth, very plain—you must not call me ungallant—her voice is very beautiful, and her execution good.

We are still singing "sich a gettin' up stairs." Adieu. *Au revoir.*

Fathers and mothers, be kind and affectionate, but firm and resolute; and above all, always reasonable; so shall you command the respect and obedience that your station at the head of a family so imperiously requires.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Knowing that the numerous admirers of this eminent dramatist and warm-hearted man take a lively interest in everything relating to him, and in reply to many inquiries respecting his whereabouts and future prospects, we take the liberty of an old comrade in copying some passages from the last private letter that has reached us from his hand. Mr. Knowles, while in the United States, secured many ardent and enduring friends, and, when he left us, carried with him the best wishes of all who knew him, as well as a substantial token of regard from the citizens of New-York, to which he never fails to allude in his letters, and has done so again in that which we subjoin:

My dear ——, I almost rejoice in the fault that has so thoroughly proved the steadfastness of your friendship. God bless you, as noble Curtis said to me when he sent the account of the complimentary benefit. Dear ——, a heart oppressed with cares—endless—is the cause of my defalcation in writing—not an abatement of respect, or gratitude, or love. I often think of you and yours, to whom commend me—and always ask after you when I meet any one from New-York. Four years have now elapsed since I was among you—all but a few days—and fresh is the feeling of regret with which I parted from you and your free-hearted, free-handed brethren! Ah, ——, were my own country as enthusiastic about me as yours was, I should now be an independent man; but, out of a hundred benefits which I have taken since my return to England, there has not been one which has produced the sixth part of the amount that my complimentary benefit in New-York yielded me—upwards of six hundred pounds. I often mention it.

I have not any news to send you except that our little queen has lately presented her subjects with a heart-trait brighter than all the jewels in her crown.* By the goddesses, she is the trump of sovereigns. But you will have heard of this long ago.

I hope I shall not die without treading your shore once more. Indeed I cherish the hope that I shall see America again. Time has not abated my enthusiastic admiration for your people. Let me know if Commodore Stewart is well. To Curtis—to Noah—remember me. Tell me how Dr. Holland is, and how theatricals are going on. I shall write you a better letter next time. It is only to-day that I received yours, as I have been four months and upwards out of town acting in the provinces. Once more farewell; notwithstanding the lack of promotion on the part of your drum-major expectant, your sincere friend, JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES

Garrick Club, King-street, Covent Garden, 21st May, 1839.

* Mr. Knowles alludes, as the reader will perceive, to the refusal of the queen to discard the ladies of her household, at the demand of Sir Robert Peel.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE BEGGAR OF FLORENCE.

BY D. L. I. HILLHOUSE.

Belmonte had been born a beggar, and the recollection of his early life only carried him back to the time when he wandered through the streets of Florence, clad in tattered garments, and led by his mother, whose habilments were akin to his own, and well corresponded with their condition. They slept in the open air; sometimes beneath the portico of the Pitti palace, and sometimes within the corridor of the Strozzi, and not unfrequently in the fishermen's sheds that lay scattered along the banks of the Arno below the storehouses of the Medici. One day while he was asleep on the steps of the cathedral his mother left him, and he never saw her more; whether some accident befell her or not he could never learn, and being tolerably well bred to the trade of beggary, it gave him very little uneasiness; henceforth he pursued the profession on his own responsibility, and met with that success which was commensurate with his merits. He had no relations, and consequently had no cares but such as were necessarily connected with his own personal comforts. Indeed, he sometimes doubted whether she were his mother who early initiated him into the mysteries of his calling; still he felt a sense of gratitude towards her for her kind protection, and would fain indulge the thought that she did not wilfully abandon him. But the idea of adding a portion to the wealth of society, or of enlarging the blessings of this life by personal industry or individual exertion, never entered his head; he supposed that all the riches of this world had been absorbed by one portion of society merely to deal out a part gratuitously to another. Yet he sometimes wondered why those who had the bounties of Providence in their special charge did not deal it out equally to all at once, and thus put an end to all importunity.

Although Belmonte felt tolerably well satisfied with his condition, as long as he could silence the cravings of hunger, still he was not quite philosopher enough to look upon the splendid domes of the affluent without envy; and although he had never seen the interjour of any of those costly piles of commercial grandeur, yet he often suffered his fancy to rove among their classic beauties, and pictured to himself the gorgeous scenes within, necessary to correspond with the courtly magnificence without On some occasions he contrasted his own dirty robe with the gay frocks and showy finery of the Florentine youth, and felt a disposition almost to repine; but then the ease with which his time-worn trappings clung to his person, from old habits and long acquaintance, soon reconciled him to his lot.

Belmonte had now arrived at the age of twenty years, when early one morning, as he was wending his way along the streets towards the great quay where lay the ships of the Medici, he was accosted by a brother mendicant, who belonged to the Lazzaroni,

saying—"Ah, Belmonte, have you heard the news? Glorious times now! Signior Lorenzo di Medici has taken charge of all the good people of Florence—he feeds all the poor, and they say he intends to give up his palace to them, as he is tired of living there."

"So, so," replied Belmonte, thoughtfully, and then cast his eyes down his sides as if to take a close survey of his personal appearance; then, with an air of doubt and hesitation, added—"Will he leave his wardrobe and all his provisions there?—he'll find no independent Florentine to live there without."

"Ay, to be sure he will," rejoined Francisco; "but then what is one to do for villains, as them proud nobles call poor folks what work, as nobody will have to work now, nor beg, nor steal—I'll not live there; 'twouldn't suit me."

"If one could marry a Pisani, now," said Belmonte, still musing on the extraordinary prospect before him, "it would be pleasant; but where will Signior Lorenzo live?"

"O, we must vote for him to be chief of the republic, and then he'll live amongst us, I suppose; sometimes with you, Belmonte, if you take the palace."

"Well, that's fair. Signior Lorenzo is a great man, and we must kill all the nobles what don't vote for him—but what's that noise?"

"It's the people; that is, the free citizens, as they call us now; gomg to the great church; Lorenzo has ordered bread and wine to be placed under the portico—ah, Belmonte, we shall see no more such days if we don't make him chief of the republic—come, come, let's follow on."

The crowd soon came up, and Francisco and Belmonte joined the throng, and mingled their shouts with the tumult in loud praises of the Medici. In every quarter of the city groups of men, women and children were seen gathered around the storehouses of the Medici, clamorous with excess of joy. Belmonte and his companion wandered from place to place, their appetites growing by what they fed on; at length, as evening began to close in, a large concourse of these citizens passed the Strozzi palace followed by Belmonte and Francisco, locked together by the arms, and reeling beneath the bounty of the Medici, which they had taken from the wine-cup. As they made a pause to gaze on the splendour of this noble pile, Belmonte caught a glimpse of a beautiful female in one of the windows of an upper chamber, the sight of whom seemed to overcome all his faculties. "Let's rest beneath the corridor," said he, and he broke from his companion and fell on the steps at the side of a marble lion, one of which adorned each side of the entrance.

Francisco looked on him for a moment, and as he began to snore right lustily, exclaimed—"Well, the beast may take care of you tonight," and left him to his fate. Soon soft music came floating on the breeze, like the voice of some lone bird in the wilderness; anon the symphony began to swell, and grew louder and louder, until a wild, harmonious strain burst forth on Belmonte's enraptured soul, and made him start from his flinty couch with wonder and amazement It seemed as if he had been transported to the gates of paradise, and that they were thrown open to his bewildered eyes. At the door of the palace, a few feet from the entrance, stood the lovely being that first arrested his attention from the window; she was clad in white, with a full-flowing robe that trailed behind her some two or three feet, the thin texture of which, added to its graceful disposition, seemed like the rich shading of the most exquisite form. Her veil was partly thrown aside, and discovered a cheek of the softest bloom, and a countenance expressive of the most endearing gentleness. She beckoned Belmonte to advance, who instantly obeyed, and as he gained the entrance, at the summit of the steps, she flew to meet him, and seizing one of his hands and clasping it with her delicate palms, she exclaimed—"Dear Belmonte, how rejoiced I am to see you; this is indeed a condescension I could not have hoped for, but for the known benevolence of your disposition; come, let me show the Pitti, the Medici, and the Caponi how much I am indebted to you for this kindness."

So saying, she led him through a long hall, the pavement of which was adorned with the richest mosaic, formed of various coloured marbles, inlaid with the most exquisite taste and workmanship. The walls exhibited some of the most splendid scenes, painted in fresco by the most eminent Italian masters; here and there the most finished statuary of a Leonardo and an Angelo graced the brilliant spectacle, and stood out in bold relief with such perfect harmony of form and feature, as if the daring hand that guided the chisel had contended with the creator for the palm, whilst the more softened beauties of the pencil seemed like the calm and bright creations of a sinless world.

This scene, so new to Belmonte, filled him with the most ravishing delight; alternately he stopped to gaze upon the miniature world around him, then with wild amazement on his fair conductress, and could hardly believe such a transcendant vision real; at length he paused before a Venus of Leonardo, veiled in light pink drapery, so transparent that it served only to throw a glowing lustre over the features of the goddess rich as the hues of life. Behind lay stretched far away the groves of Elyseum, from the pencil of Raphael, in which the most lovely nymphs lay reclining in the shade, veiled only with the soft blush of innocence, while others sported on the banks of a silver lake and seemed to glisten from a submersion in the cooling waters as the crystal drops stood like beads on their rosy forms, or like pearly gems rolled from their fair bodies to the earth. Belmonte began to suspect that it was all enchantment, and in the midst of his amazement and ecstasy once he essayed to speak; he turned to look upon the fair being who held his hand in her delicate grasp and led him through these ravishing scenes, when the witching smile of her countenance, blended with the soft and lustrous expression of her large, dark eyes, seemed to stifle every effort, and without breathing a whisper, he passively followed on. Soon they passed through a long train of attendants and came to a spacious archway, closed with folding-doors. They had no sooner arrived at this spot, than the doors flew open and discovered such a blaze of light as caused Belmonte to start back with affright, which circumstance produced a loud laugh from his companion, accompanied with a more tightened grasp of the hand.

When the first shock of surprise had subsided he again permitted himself to be led forward, and as he passed the splendid portals he saw himself and his companion reflected in a large mirror on the opposite side of the apartment, and was astounded to find himself clad in the richest robes of the Florentine nobility. How this change had been effected he knew not, but ere he had time to recover from this new surprise, he was led forward and introduced to the females of the Medici, the Pitti, the Caponi, and the Pazzi, as the most distinguished guest of the Strozzi, to all of whom he addressed himself with becoming courtesy, and even wondered at his own self-possession and ease in a scene so entirely new. He found himself the lion of the palace; all the ladies were eager to receive his attentions, and hung with rapture on his discourse, whilst all the gentlemen seemed anxious to obtain his opinion on matters of state.

Finally, Lorenzo de Medici led him through a long train of nobility, up to the farther end of the chamber and seated him on a temporary throne, saying—"Signior Belmonte, be chief of this great Republic; govern with wisdom and with justice; you have been chosen by the nobility to represent the state, and all the people have ratified the choice; in order to strengthen your administration, it is necessary that a bond be formed between the nobility and the citizens, and to effect this, I would suggest a matrimonial alliance with the Strozzi, as the most agreeable; she who conducted you before this august assembly is alone worthy of your hand. We wait your answer ere we conduct you before the great counsel of the state; the Signorina has already met to receive you with all those honours due to the chief magistrate of the Florentine republic."

When this salutation had ended, Belmonte's surprise had increased to the last degree of wonder and astonishment. He cast a hasty glance over that brilliant assembly, gathered together in the most splendid apartment of the Strozzi palace to do him honour, and felt that Fortune, though tardy in administering justice, had at length paid him back her long arrears with more than interest. Still he distrusted his powers to serve the state as effectually as he could wish, and rose from his seat with that modesty so peculiar to conscious virtue and integrity when suddenly drawn from retirement and thrust before an admiring world, to express his gratitude for this distinguished mark of approbation. But before he had uttered a sentence, he discovered the crowd simultaneously to part in front of his seat, and an open space to extend in a direct line down to the brazen doors, which were thrown open; a man then hastily advanced up this avenue and was within ten feet of the chair of state when Belmonte recognized the intruder as Francisco. The sight of his old associate, so unlooked for, called up for a moment a thousand recollections of his former life, and produced a confusion in his manners and appearance which it was impossible to conceal. He turned first on one side, then on the other in his seat, and seemed utterly at a loss how to proceed. At length he resolved to appeal to the nobility and command them to respect his elevation, which he owed to their generosity, so far as to rid him of the presence of the impertinent intruder.

"It is our sovereign will and pleasure," said Belmonte, "that the commencement of our administration be distinguished by a strict regard to the welfare of the state; that we swerve not from the most rigid examples of justice, therefore we banish all paupers and idlers from the Tuscan territory." Scarcely had he uttered these words when he felt a strange and chilling sensation creeping over his whole frame, accompanied with something like an electric shock in the right foot. The lights seemed gradually to fade before his eyes—the assembly became mute; he attempted to go on, but only vented his anguish in a hollow groan, and awoke on the cold steps beneath the marble lion to find that the day had already dawned, and that Francisco was dragging him by the heel.

"Wake up, wake up, Belmonte," said he, "Medici's wine has made you sleep like a beast all night under the lion."

A lady requests the publication of the following lines. They are beautiful in the extreme, and reflect credit upon the good taste that made the selection.

Kathleen, mavourneen! the gray dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill,
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,
Kathleen, mavourneen! what, slumbering still!

Oh! hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh! hast thou forgotten this day we must part;
It may be for years—or it may be for ever!
Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart!

Kathleen, mavourneen! awake from thy slumbers,
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers!
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night!

Mavourneen, mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part;
Mavourneen, mavourneen, thy lover is calling,
Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart!

Mistakes of printers.—Compositors sometimes make mistakes of a ludicrous character. A newspaper makes its correspondent say in the opening of his communication—"Mr. Editor, I felt myself much *flattened* at the manner in which my former remarks were received," etc.

Duty and love.—The cares of life are quite sufficient without being obliged to make a *duty* of love

THE PARTING WORD.

BY O. W. HOLMES

I must leave thee, lady sweet!
Months shall waste before we meet;
Winds are fair, and sails are spread,
Anchors leave their ocean bed;
Ere this shining day grow dark,
Skies shall gird my shoreless bark;
Through thy tears, oh lady mine,
Read thy lover's parting line.
When the first sad sun shall set,
Thou shalt tear thy locks of jet;
When the morning star shall rise,
Thou shalt wake with weeping eyes:
When the second sun goes down,
Thou more tranquil shalt be grown,
Taught too well that wild despair,
Dims thine eyes, and spoils thine hair.
All the first unquiet week
Thou shalt wear a smileless cheek;
In the first month's second half
Thou shalt once attempt to laugh;
Then in Pickwick thou shalt dip,
Slightly puckering round the lip,
Till at last in sorrow's spite,
Samuel makes thee laugh outright.
While the first seven mornings last,
Bolted in thy chamber fast,
Many a youth shall fume and pout,
"Hang the girl, she's always out;"
While the second week goes round,
Vainly shall they ring and pound;
When the third week shall begin,
"Martha, let the creature in."

Now once more the flattering throng
Round thee flock with smile and song,
But thy lips unweaned as yet,
Lisp, "Oh, how can I forget!
Men and devils, both contrive
Traps for catching girls alive;
Eve was duped, and Helen kissed,
How, oh, how can I resist?"

First be careful of your fan,
Trust it not to youth or man;
Love has filled a pirate's sail
Often with its perfumed gale.
Mind your 'kerchief most of all,
Fingers touch when 'kerchiefs fall;
Shorter ells than mercers clip,
Is the space from hand to lip.

Trust not such as talk in tropes,
Full of pistols, daggers, ropes,
All the hemp that Russia bears
Scarce would answer lover's prayers
Would you prove them quite sincere,
Tie the rope beneath their ear,
Ask each Romeo if he'll fall—
Half a pound would hang them all.

Fiercely some shall storm and swear,
Beating breasts in black despair;
Others murmur with a sigh,
Thou must melt or they will die,
Painted words on empty lies,
Grubs with wings like butterflies;
Let them die, and welcome, too;
Pray what better could they do?

Fare thee well, if you efface
From thy heart love's burning trace,
Keep, oh keep, that hallowed seat
From the tread of vulgar feet;
If the blue lips of the sea,
Wait with icy kiss for me,
Let not thine forget the vow,
Sealed how often Love, as now!

NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

We find in a London paper the following account of a newly invented musical instrument.—The nobility and amateurs of the musical world are now enjoying a high treat by the performance of one of the most extraordinary and magnificent instruments ever brought to perfection by the perseverance and skill of man. This instrument, called the Grand Euterpeon, is the production of a well-known German artist, M. Blessing, who devoted upwards of twenty years, and expended more than five thousand pounds, to the designing, forming, and perfecting it; it is, in point of fact, a most complete specimen of mechanism, and stands unrivalled in every respect It is wholly self-acting, not requiring the aid of any one while playing, and produces the effect of a full first-rate band. The overtures to *Guillaume Tell*, *Mansaniello*, *Oberon*, Mozart's 'G Symphony,' Haydn's *Creation*, are executed in the most masterly style, and the performance does ample justice to their eminent composers. It can also be used as a piano and organ, having two rows of keys for the fingers, and stops, and a row of pedals for the feet, which may be played *ad libitum*; indeed, it is only by hearing it that its wonderful powers can be properly appreciated. The instrument, we are informed, contains nearly sixteen hundred trumpets, clarionets, oboes, ect., etc., with a drum of large size, a triangle, and everything constituting a military band; and from its extraordinarily grand appearance and highly finished mechanism, we should say that it is truly deserving of a conspicuous place in a palace, mansion, or public institution. It may be necessary to state that it stands twelve feet high, is seven feet six inches wide, and four feet deep, and weighs nearly four tons; it contains twelve bellows and sixteen stops, and, when closed, has the appearance of a costly piece of cabinet furniture.

A pleasant, cheerful wife is a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed by storms and tempests—and darkened indeed must be the spirit from which the radiance of affection and tenderness does not dispel the gloom.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"The United States Magazine and Record of all the Volunteers, together with the Army and Navy." Philadelphia: Huddy and Duval, 1839.

THE third number of this handsome quarto, adorned with three coloured lithographic engravings, has been laid upon our table. The first plate is inscribed to the "National Greys" of Philadelphia, and represents an officer in full uniform, and a private resting on his musket. The chief, "on yonder rock reclining," we presume is intended to represent that gallant soldier and "prince of good fellows," Colonel Fritz; but the likeness is not striking. The second plate is dedicated to the "Tompkins Blues" of this city, and is far more spirited than the first. The third engraving is a view of the encampment of the "Montgomery Greens" of Philadelphia, and is better executed than either of the others. Besides the embellishments, the work contains eight pages of letter-press, exceedingly interesting to the uniform militia of the country, who ought to afford it every encouragement

"The Monthly Chronicle of Original Literature." July, 1839. New-York: F. Saunders, 357 Broadway.

Another new magazine has been started. It professes to be eminently an *American* magazine, and to have for its object the fostering and encouraging of the genius of our own country. The present number promises well The poetry is of a very superiour character. There is much spirit and energy in the stanzas by Mr. Warren, and the little poems by C. D. McLeod are quite above the current poetry of the day. In its critiques upon the drama, literature and the fine arts, the Chronicle will aim to be impartial. We do not doubt the undertaking will be successful if persevered in with industry and good taste.

Lewer's Republications of Foreign Periodicals.

The republications of the London and Edinburgh Reviews and Magazines are issued still with their accustomed promptitude. The late numbers have been unusually rich. The Foreign Quarterly Review for June contains an article in relation to Mr. Redfield's theory of storms, which will be read with considerable interest at this time. The same review contains an eloquent article upon German literature, in which we find the following translation of Goethe's inscription to Faust, a *transfusion* of which, from the pen of Mr. Halleck, was published in the Mirror of week before last. We think the version of the American poet is at once more beautiful and more true to the original:

DEDICATION.

"Again ye swarm around me, shadowy train!
Once wont in youth this sorrowing gaze to meet;
And will ye now, for my behest, remain?
Still shall my heart's forgotten pulses beat?
Ye throng me round—well, rule me once again,
Since thus through mist and gloom my soul ye greet:
While drinks my breast again, with youthful bound,
The magic breath your presence breaths around.

"Ye bring with ye the forms of other days
Where many a cherished image glads my eyes:
And still, like faded, half-remember'd lays
Past memories of love and friendships rise
Each pang renewed, each plaint recalled, betrays
What labyrinths wandering life supplies,
And mourns the loved of brighter hours, o'ercast
And shorn of bliss, who leave me, here, the last.

"They hear no more these closing notes of song,
The hearts for whom I waked its earlier lay;
For ever cold that sympathizing throng,
And ah! th' applauding echoes died away.
My sorrows mourn a stranger-crowd among,
Whose very praises sadden and o'erweigh;
And all to which my strains had gladness borne,
If yet surviving, far asunder torn.

"And now my soul unwonted yearning owns
For that still calm, the spirit's phantom-reign:
And float and fall in undetermined tones
My feeble numbers, like th' Æolian strain
A cloud comes o'er me; tear on tear bemoans,
And yielding manhood's pride of soul is vain.
All that is left me, distant seems to be,
And all I've lost,—my sole reality."

"The Pocket Lacon; comprising nearly one thousand extracts from the best authors, selected by John Taylor." In two volumes. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

We can best convey an idea of the character and merit of these selections by quoting from the titlepage the following motto:—"A work that, dip where the reader may, he will find a fund of knowledge; and which he may continue to peruse, lay down, and take up at pleasure, without breaking the thread, or interrupting the chain of reasoning."

"The Knickerbocker and New-York Monthly Magazine."

This periodical will not suffer in comparison with the best British magazines Since it has been enriched with Washington Irving's invaluable contributions, we think it quite equal, in interest and literary pretension, to any periodical issued from the Edinburgh and London press. The number for July is uncommonly spirited. Mr. John Inman has contributed an admirable essay, entitled "The American Merchant;" and Geoffrey Crayon, in the "Adalantado of the Seven Cities," has given a "sketch" in his choicest vein. The sylvan verses, by Mr. Street, are remarkably beautiful and true in their descriptions. It would be discreditable to the patriotism and good taste of the country, if the "Knickerbocker" were not liberally sustained

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Ways of Providence," excellent; if not too long for our columns, shall appear.—A "Tale of the Revolution" shall be read, and an answer given in our next.—The communication of "Y. R.," "Senex," "An Artist," "Theops.s," and "C. G. D.," are declined.—We replied to "X." in our last. He must be aware that we are overburdened with communications upon the subject on which he dilates.—"Albion" is too long for our pages.

The pure good-will expressed towards us by innumerable kind-hearted readers and correspondents, whose encomiums it is worth a struggle to deserve, encourages us to proceed on our literary journey with new spirits and vigour. The path of an editor is seldom strewn with flowers; but we feel confident, if the wishes of many long-tried and sincere friends could be realized, that ours would be a pleasant one to travel. Our thanks are due and respectfully tendered to all well-wishers, and they seem to us to be about as numerous as the leaves of the forest. We take occasion to state, once for all, that the Mirror will not, in a single instance, be sent to new subscribers, unless the year be paid for in advance. We take no letters from the office unless they come to us free of postage.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1839.

Fourth of July accidents.—It is truly distressing to read the long catalogue of accidents and disasters which happened on the "glorious Fourth." In our own immediate vicinity, the frightful explosion on the railroad, and the fatal casualty on board the steamboat from Staten Island, were alone enough to characterize the day as a day of catastrophes. But, in addition to these, the papers from all parts of the country teem with accounts of maimings and deaths, from fireworks, explosions, the pressure of crowds and similar causes It would seem as if we celebrated the anniversary of our independence, as the Hindoos commemorate the festival of Juggernaut, by crushing victims under the wheels of the idol's ponderous car. Indeed, so much is it now regarded as a matter of course by editors, that they will be called upon to record a chapter of "horrid accidents" after one of these anniversaries, that a portion of our newspapers is now reserved for these chronicles as regularly as for the returns of votes after an election Why is it that these fatalities are so frequent upon the great holiday of our national calendar? We can discover a cause only in the circumstance, that our holidays are too "few and far between." As the Fourth comes *but once a year*, our population seem resolved to make up for the rarity of their amusements, by excess upon this great holiday. In Europe, where the annual holidays are five times as numerous, we hear of no such accidents as characterize the celebration of the Fourth in the United States. Neither do we there witness upon festival occasions the scenes of intoxication and debauchery, which sully the anniversary The character of the day is diametrically opposed to all such scenes, and we heartily wish that our people would find some other mode of commemorating their independence than by placing their lives in peril from the myriad accidents, which so regularly signalize the glorious occasion.

The progress of dilapidation in New-York.—The correspondent of the Baltimore Transcript, writing from New-York, says, with considerable truth, that the principal business in our goodly city seems to be to *unmake* what has cost years of labour and heaps of money in the erection. Never was the organ of destructiveness more prominently developed among any people than among the New-Yorkers. No sooner has a splendid pile of buildings been erected, and the occupant become comfortably settled, than a new whim arises, the work of demolition commences and another "castle in the air" is made to take its place, but fated, like the former, to be prostrated by the first whirlwind of speculations, which are always bursting, like the winds from the caves of Æolus, over the devoted city. Perhaps one reason for the frequent renewal of houses in New-York, is the frail character of the brick used here in architecture; it certainly appears in many instances to be nothing more than half-burned clay. In Wall-street, however, the same reason does not exist, though there, also, the hand of destruction, under the semblance of improvement, has laid a large number of buildings in ruins. They had cost immense sums and were built of costly materials, but had stood so long, (perhaps five whole years,) that they had become antiquated and disagreeable to the modern taste of the new race who had come upon the stage within a year or two past. The Custom-house is in full progress, and will be a massive and magnificent structure. The Exchange, also, is going forward as fast as so extensive and solid a building can be expected to advance. It will be one of the most splendid of the kind in the country The avidity with which good stands are seized upon in this city is illustrated by the fact, that some of the apartments on the first floor are already occupied, although the street is filled with bricks and masses of stone, and the building overhead is raised to but half its intended height.

Minature painting—Mr. Southworth.—The art of minature painting has attained a high degree of perfection in this country. Among those distinguished in this branch of painting, to whose merits we have had an opportunity of bearing testimony, we know of none whose productions more plainly carry the impress of genius and evince matured powers of execution than the likenesses by Mr. N. Southworth, a native artist, established at Boston, but who has recently made a brief visit to this city His minatures have been much admired here, and he had more orders than he could execute during his limited stay. His colouring is remarkably beautiful, and in his likenesses he is highly successful. There is quite a demand for Mr Southworth's return to New-York. In the meantime, those of our friends in Boston who desire to obtain good "counterfeit presentments" of themselves or friends, will do well to look in upon the artist in Joy's Buildings.

Theatrical vicissitudes—The London Morning Post has the following article in relation to our two principal theatres. We doubt the entire correctness of the estimate:—"The weekly expenses of the Park theatre (Simpson's) are calculated at one thousand nine hundred and sixty dollars, including everything, excepting "stars" and extras attached to new pieces. The expenses of the National (Wallack's) with the same reservation, are one thousand eight hundred and ninety dollars, being seventy dollars less than the Park During the season from the first of September, 1838, the average receipts of the Park amounted to two hundred and fifty dollars per night, making forty-six thousand two hundred and fifty dollars for the season, the expenses being for the same period (thirty weeks) equal to fifty-eight thousand nine hundred dollars; exhibiting—much to be deplored—a loss of twelve thousand five hundred and fifty dollars, exclusive of "stars." On the other hand, and clearly demonstrating that the fluctuating nature of theatrical property extends across the Atlantic, at the National, from the first of September to the first of April, (one hundred and eighty-five nights,) the receipts, averaging at the low rate of six hundred dollars per night, made one hundred and eleven thousand dollars for the season. The expenses of this theatre for thirty weeks, at one thousand eight hundred and ninety dollars per week, would be equal to fifty-six thousand seven hundred dollars, leaving to pay profits and "stars," fifty-four thousand three hundred dollars. The "stars" received at the National—Celeste, eight thousand six hundred and eighty dollars; Forrest, five thousand four hundred dollars; Miss Shirreff, nine thousand dollars; Wilson, eight thousand six hundred dollars; all others, five thousand. total, thirty-six thousand six hundred and eighty dollars. Thus leaving nearly twenty thousand dollars profit on the season"

The pedestrian in New-York—A contemporary enumerates some of the evils which fall under the observation of a stranger, who is not "to the manor born," in treading the streets of our crowded metropolis. We have taken the liberty of swelling the list. First, running at large of hogs, who are the true aristocrats upon our side-walks, and manifest considerable ingenuity in dashing between the legs of inoffensive foot-passengers or spattering them with mud. Second, throwing all rubbish into the street, instead of waiting until the carts come round for it on stated days. Third, the villanous noise made by the milkmen, instead of delivering the milk quietly as in the eastern cities. This nuisance is the more abominable because we have it during divine service, morning and evening, on the sabbath. Fourth, smoking in the street; a blackguard custom. Fifth, allowing wheelbarrows and handcarts on the side-walk. Sixth, dogs running at large. Seventh, awning-posts on narrow side-walks, instead of fastening them up by braces as in Boston, Hartford, and Providence. Eighth, iron gates at the Battery and Park, instead of iron posts, which would be much more convenient. Ninth, firing squibs or crackers in the streets, *contrary to law.* Tenth, street-beggars by the thousand; hand organ and monkey, singing girls, etc But we must stop, for we shall need another sheet if we go on. It would take a week to enumerate all the evils which cry loudly for reform in our city. We trust that the hints we have thrown out may meet with some degree of attention from those "having authority."

National music—When shall we have in America a characteristic national music? The popular airs of every country are not only the product of the national feelings, but express the national feelings, and hence every nation has or ought to have a music of its own, original and distinguished from that of all others This we are, in a great measure, without, as yet; but whoever shall collect and embody the straw airs of America, and furnish them a medium, through which suitably to express themselves, will deserve well of his country.

Music in Constantinople—A plan of founding a theatre in the environs of Constantinople is very likely to be completed The plan is to bring out Italian and French operas The brother of Donizetti, the celebrated composer, is director of music to the Sultan. The Italian company from Odessa performed the opera of "La Straniera" by Bellini, and "L'Italiani in Algieri" before the Sultan, at which he seemed highly delighted.

Dramatized works.—Charles Dickens, "Boz," has entered a protest against the practice adopted in many English theatres of dramatizing his works before they are finished, thus misrepresenting his characters, and, in the necessity of making a denouement to every version, anticipating his own intended conclusions. The practice must naturally be annoying to Mr. Dickens, but we doubt if the sale of his works is not rather increased by it than diminished

A modern Sappho.—A suicide is mentioned in the London papers which may bring contrition to the heart of some one here. A young woman, named Mary Ann Nightingale, who followed her lover to the United States and was here rejected by him, returned to England and poisoned herself at Boonfield, near Peterborough.

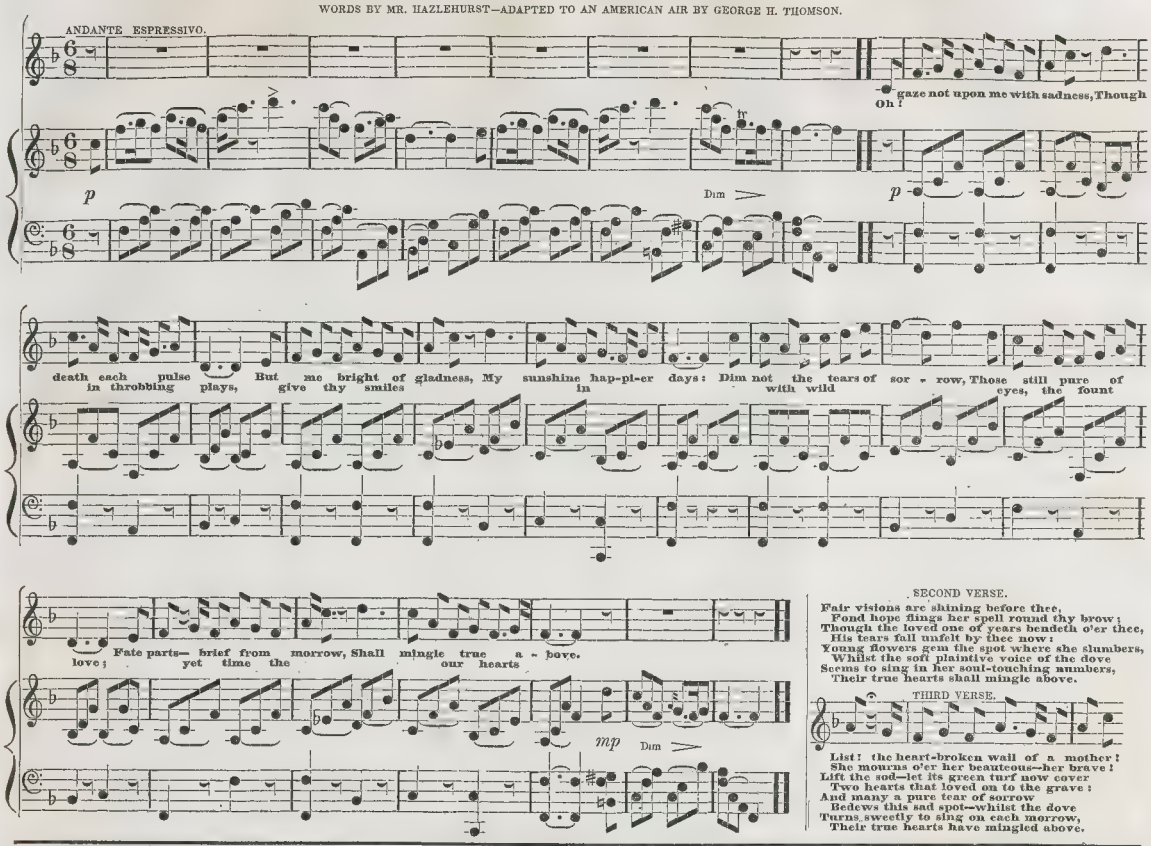
Paganini.—Our readers will be sorry to learn that this renowned violinist has been so reduced by illness, that he is forbidden by his physicians to hear the sound of his favourite instrument.

Poetical union.—The London newspapers inform us that Robert Southey, the poet-laureate, was married to Miss Caroline Bowles in the first week of June. Miss Bowles is the author of some of the most touching lyrical pieces in the language. May the union be propitious.

The British Queen.—This noble steamer, which was advertised to sail from Liverpool on the fourth of the present month, is now hourly expected. What a revolution in the intercourse between the old world and the new has been produced in the short space of one year by the establishment of steam navigation!

OH! GAZE NOT UPON ME WITH SADNESS.

WORDS BY MR. HAZLEHURST—ADAPTED TO AN AMERICAN AIR BY GEORGE H. THOMSON.



SECOND VERSE.

Fair visions are shining before thee,
Fond hope flings her spell round thy brow;
Though the loved one of years bendeth o'er thee,
His tears fall unfelt by thee now:
Young flowers gem the spot where she slumbers,
Whilst the soft plaintive voice of the dove
Seems to sing in her soul-touching numbers,
Their true hearts shall mingle above.

THIRD VERSE.

List! the heart-broken wail of a mother!
She mourns o'er her beauteous—her brave!
Lift the sod—let its green turf now cover
Two hearts that loved on to the grave:
And many a pure tear of sorrow
Bedews this sad spot—whilst the dove
Turns sweetly to sing on each morrow,
Their true hearts have mingled above.

Original.

THE TREE OF LOVE.

Love cannot be the aloe tree
Whose bloom but once is seen;
Go, search the grove, the tree of love
Is sure the evergreen.
For that's the same in leaf and frame,
'Neath cold or sunny skies;
You take the ground its roots have bound,
Or it, transplanted, dies!

That love thus roots and firmly shoots
In woman's heart we see,
Through smiles and tears, in after years
It grows a fadeless tree.
The tree of love, all trees above,
For ever may be seen,
In summer's bloom, or winter's gloom,
A hardy evergreen.

PORTIA.

MISCELLANY.

A BROAD HINT.—Lady Isabella Finch, daughter of the earl of Winchelsea, was lady of the bedchamber to the Princess Amelia; Lord Bath one evening, having no silver, borrowed a half-crown of her; he sent it next day, with a very gallant wish that he could give her a crown. She replied, that "though he could not give her a crown, he could give her a coronet, and she was very ready to accept it."

APPROPRIATE.—It is said there is a mercantile house in Boston, under the firm of *Kneal and Pray*. That is a partnership which ought not to be dissolved. We knew, eight or ten years ago, a firm in Portsmouth, N. H. named "Pray and Neal." They were ship-builders. We have heard of a firm in New-York with the captivating title of "Ketchum and Kissam."

TAKING IT COOLLY.—"Sir, you are a fool!"—"Do you call me a fool, sir?"—"Yes, sir!"—"You do, sir!"—"Yes, sir. I would call any man a fool who behaves as you do."—"Oh! you would call any man a fool. Then I cannot consider it personal. I wish you good morning, sir."

A TOUGH YARN.—The Picayune tells a story of a clergyman who lately read the following announcement:—"I am requested to state, that immediately after service this evening, there will be a race just back of the church, two mile heats, for a purse of three hundred dollars; two nags entered, and some hopes of another. I trust you will all be there."

SIMPLE REMEDY TO PURIFY WATER.—It is not so generally known as it ought to be, that pounded alum possesses the property of purifying water. A large table spoonful of pulverised alum, sprinkled into a hogshead of water (the water stirred round at the time) will, after the lapse of a few hours, by precipitating to the bottom the impure particles, so purify it, that it will be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of the finest spring water. A pailful, containing four gallons, may be purified by a single teaspoonful.

THE WORTH OF A GOOD COMPANION.—A companion that is cheerful, and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse, is worth gold. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning; nor men, that cannot well bear it, to repent the money that they spent when they be warmed with drink. And take this for a rule: You may pick out such times and such companions, that you may make yourselves merrier for a little than a great deal of money—for "'tis the company, and not the charge, that makes the feast."

CUPID'S STAKE.

One bright morning as he lay,
On his mother's lap divine,
Little Love at dice did play;
The stake—this foolish heart of mine.
Wo is me! for to my cost,
I know the little urchin lost.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.—If paper, linen, tow, wool, cotton, mats, straw, wood-shavings, moss, or soot, be embued slightly with linseed or hempseed oil, and placed in the sun and air, especially when wrapped or piled in a heap, they very soon become spontaneously hot, emit smoke, and finally burst into flames. If linseed oil and ground magnese be triturated together, the soft lump so formed will speedily become firm, and, ere long, take fire.

MAN.—Philosophers have puzzled themselves how to define man, so as to distinguish him from other animals. Burke says, "Man is an animal that cooks his victuals." "Then," says Johnson, "the proverb is just, which says, there is reason in roasting an egg." Adam Smith has hit the case. "Man," says he, "is an animal that makes bargains. No other animal does this—no dog exchanges bones with another."

MONEY WELL LAID OUT.—"No money is better spent," says Dr. Johnson "than what is laid out for domestic satisfaction. A man is pleased that his wife is dressed as well as other people, and the wife is pleased that she is well dressed." This must have been said when Mrs. Johnson had just worried the doctor out of a new gown.

TELLING A PUN.—Richmond bridge is now opened free every day except Sunday to foot-passengers. "I wonder," said X., meeting W., in the Strand, "if one can cross Waterloo bridge without paying?" "Go and ask," answered W., "and you'll be *tolled!*"

PASSAGES FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

Women, with their bright imaginations, tender hearts, and pure minds, create for themselves idols, on whom they lavish their worship, making their hearts temples, in which the false god is adored. But alas! the object of their best and fondest feelings generally too soon proves to be of base clay, instead of pure gold; and though pity would fain intervene, to veil its defects, or even to cherish it in despite of them, virtue, reason, and justice combine finally to destroy it; but in the deed they too often injure the fane in which it was enshrined.

The aristocracy are prone to ridicule the elevation of the middle class to high official situations, not reflecting it is easier to transmute men of talents into gentlemen than it is to convert mere gentlemen into men of talent.

A gentleman, who at breakfast the other morning broke an egg, and disturbed the repose of a sentimental-looking biddy, called the waiter, and insinuated that he did not like to have a bill presented "till he had done eating."

Existence is only felt to be valuable while it is necessary to some one dear to us. The moment we become aware that our death would leave no aching void in a human heart, the charm is gone.

Guard, if it be possible, your friends from injuring you, lest they, by so doing, become your bitterest enemies, never forgiving the wrongs they have themselves inflicted

Never eat while you speak, as a man's throat is too narrow a channel for words to pass up, and good meat to pass down at the same time.

Most people seem to imagine that advice, like physic, to do good must be disagreeable.

BUNKER-HILL.

Hail, glorious height! New-England's proudest soil,
Won from the brave in battle's fiercest toil!—
Say, does the blood which fell like April rain,
Demand no tribute to the heroes slain?
Without one name from all that sacred band
Shall yonder shaft in silent mockery stand!
No! let each lip in quivering scorn be curled—
Let every stone from top to base be hurled—
And as the morn when freedom's martyr died,
Let waving grass its deep foundation hide;
Then—then, yon summit felt no withering stain—
Without disgrace let Bunker-Hill remain.

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G. P. Scott, Printer, corner of Gold and John-streets.

NEW-YORK MIRROR,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Embellished with Fine Engravings, and Musick arranged with Accompaniments for the Pianoforte

FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.] SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, NUMBER ONE BARCLAY-STREET, NEXT TO THE CORNER OF BROADWAY. [PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

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TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

WALPURGIS-NIGHT.

BY HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE

WALPURGIS-NIGHT is the eve of the first of May, at which time German superstition fancies the powers of evil to be abroad on the earth with peculiar power. On this night Goethe makes Faust and Mephistopheles take their journey through the regions of the air to the witches' festival on the Blocksberg.

CHAPTER I.

The tempter.

I was far from home, busied with my affairs at Prague. Pleasant as the place was, I could not suppress a longing after my home, where my young wife had for seven weeks been waiting my return. We had never been so long separated since our wedding-day. Fanny sent me letters, to be sure, regularly every week; but these pages, full of love, anxious longing and mournful tenderness, were oil on the fire, and I heartily wished Prague four-and-thirty miles to the north-east behind me.

He who has not a lovely blue-eyed little wife of two-and-twenty, beautiful as Love's goddess, with two blooming cupids playing round her; he who, after five years of wedlock, is not five hundred times as much in love with such a being as he was the day before his marriage, to such a man I tell the story of my home-sickness in vain.

Enough, I thanked heaven with shouts of joy when my business was at last finished. I took leave of my few friends and acquaintances, and demanded my bill of the landlord. I was to set out by post the next day.

On the appointed morning the landlord made his appearance, the most humble servant to command, with a bill of formidable dimensions. I found I had not cash enough to discharge it and pay my expenses on the road besides. I determined, therefore, to cash a bill. I felt for my pocketbook in all my pockets, and in every corner of them. It was gone. I was troubled, for there was more than fourteen hundred dollars worth of good paper in it, and that is no trifle in this world of ours. Fanny's letters, too, were in it.

I hunted round the room, but in vain; my pocketbook had disappeared.

"I thought so!" said I to myself. Whenever a man feels happy for a moment, the devil sits behind the curtain, waiting to trip up his heels. We should take pleasure in nothing in this world, then should we have less trouble and anguish. I have always found it so.

Then, though it is not my besetting sin, I began to curse and swear. If the devil still goes round about as he used to do in the good old times, even though in the guise of a roaring lion, I would strike a bargain with him on the spot. While I was thinking this, a shape occurred to my mind, which I had seen a week before at the billiard-room, clad in a seedy, scarlet coat, and which struck me at the time as belonging to one of the powers of evil in human shape. A cold shudder passed over me. And yet so desperate was I, that I thought—be it so! Even if he is such, I could welcome him now if he only brought me my pocketbook back again.

Meantime some one knocked at my chamber-door. "How now?" thought I, "will the tempter take my joke in earnest?" I ran to the door. The red-coat was in my mind, and I actually expected it would prove to be him.

And lo! to my boundless surprise, when I opened the door, the tempter I had been thinking about walked in, with a slight nod of the head.

CHAPTER II.

Further particulars.

I must state where and when I had became acquainted with this figure, that people may not take me for a wild dreamer.

I went one evening into a coffee-house, where I hoped to find the latest newspapers. Two gentlemen were deep in thought over a game of chess at a side-table. Several young men sat by the window, in animated conversation on the subject of apparitions and the nature of the human soul. A little, oldish man, in a scarlet overcoat, was walking up and down the room with his hands behind his back. I busied myself with a glass of Danziger and the newspapers.

No one attracted my attention so much as the red-coated promenader. I forgot even the newspapers and the war in Spain. In his dress and mien there was something inelegant and repulsive. He was below the middle size, but strong jointed and broad-shouldered, perhaps from fifty to sixty years of age, and walked with his head bent like an infirm old man. Coal-black, shining hair, lay thin and straight round his temples. His countenance, with its yellow complexion, its hawk nose and prominent cheek-bones, had something fearful in it; and while all his features were cold as ice, his large eye gleamed brightly as that of an ardent youth; yet there was no order, no soul in it.

"That fellow," thought I, "was born to be a criminal judge or grand inquisitor, a robber chief or gipsey king. I should not like to travel through a wood with him alone. Surely he never could smile in his life."

I was mistaken. He listened to the young men at the window, and smiled, sometimes, at their conversation. But, heaven help us, what a smile! It brought an icy shudder over me. The malignant regions of hell seemed to grin out of all his features. "If that red-coated rascal is not the devil himself," thought I, "it is his own brother." I looked involuntarily at his feet for the well-known hoof, and sure enough he had one human foot like ourselves, and the other was a clump foot in a laced boot. He was enough to make a Voltaire superstitious.

As the red-coat passed the chess-board, one of the players said in a tone of triumph to his perplexed and gloomy antagonist, "You are gone, without a chance." He in scarlet stood still a moment, cast a keen glance at the game, said to the conqueror, "You are mistaken—in three moves you are infallibly check-mated." The conqueror laughed proudly, his adversary shook his head in doubt, and moved—at the third move the fancied victor was, in fact, check-mated.

While the combatants were arranging the pieces again, one of the young men by the window said hastily to red-coat, "You smile, sir; our dispute seems to interest you. But your smile tells me that you differ from us in opinion as to the nature of the world and of the Deity. Have you read Schelling?"

"I have," answered he.

"And what does your smile mean to convey?"

"Your Schelling is a sharp-witted poet, who mistakes the freaks of his imagination for truth, because no one can answer him. I accept with other dreams. Philosophers act now as they always did. Blind men dispute about theories of colours, and deaf ones over the true principles of musick. Alexander would have liked to have made a bridge of boats to the moon, to conquer it; and philosophers, unsatisfied within the bounds of reason, are willing to become irrational."

So spoke he of the scarlet surtout. A dispute then arose; he, however, did not remain, but took up his hat and glided away.

I had seen him smile, but did not forget that striking figure with the hellish face, and was afraid that it would rise up in my dreams. And now he stood unexpectedly before me in my room.

CHAPTER III.

The temptation.

"Excuse me for disturbing you," said he. "Have I the honour to address Mr. Robert ***** ?"

"I am he," answered I.

"How do you prove that?"

"A strange question," thought I; "doubtless a spy of the police." A letter lay half open on my table. I showed him the address to me on the outside envelope.

"Very well," said he, "but your name is so common a one, that one finds it in every corner of Germany, Hungary and Poland. Give me some further particulars. I have business with you. I have been directed to you."

"Sir," said I, "excuse me; but I cannot think of business at present. I am on the point of leaving, and have still a thousand things to attend to. Perhaps, too, you are mistaken in the person, for I am neither a statesman nor merchant."

He measured me from head to foot with a stare, and said, "Indeed!"

He was silent for awhile, and seemed about to turn away when he began—"You have, however, done business in Prague. Is not your brother on the point of bankruptcy?"

I must have turned red as fire, for that fact I thought no one but my brother and myself knew. The tempter laughed his fearful malignant laugh again.

"Sir, you are still mistaken," answered I. "I have a brother, to be sure, and more than one, but none that thinks of bankruptcy, or need fear anything of the kind."

"Indeed!" said the tempter, and his features became hard like iron again.

"Sir," said I, with some emotion, for I did not like the idea that there was a person in Prague who knew my brother's circumstances, "you have certainly addressed yourself to the wrong person. Excuse me if I request you to be brief. I have not a moment to lose."

"Have patience for a single minute," rejoined he, "it is important for me to have some conversation with you. You seem uneasy and confused. Has anything unpleasant happened to you?"

Thereupon he laughed, or rather grinned, again, as though he wanted to buy up my soul. His actions became more and more suspicious to me. I squinted at his clump foot, and superstitious fear came over me. In no case did I wish to enter into relations with this suspicious being, and said, "I need no money. However, since you are so polite in your offers, may I ask you your name?"

"My name cannot concern you," replied he, "and has nothing to do with the business. I am a *man-devil.** Does the name give me more trustworthiness in your eyes?"

"A man-devil!" said I, and in strange confusion did not know what to say, nor whether the whole thing was jest or earnest.

Meantime some one knocked at the door. The landlord came in, and brought me a letter just received by the post. I took it.

"Read the letter in the first place," said red-coat, "we can talk further afterwards. The letter is, doubtless, from your amiable Fanny."

I was more confounded than ever.

"Do you understand at last," continued the stranger, and again he grinned, "who I am and what I want of you?"

I was on the point of saying, "Sir, I take it you are Satan, and want to make a breakfast on my unfortunate soul," but I restrained myself.

"Further," said he, "you are going towards Eger. My road lies through that town and I set off to-morrow; will you accept a place in my carriage?"

I thanked him and told him I had already engaged post-horses.

He became more uneasy and said, "I cannot say I find you very sociable. But I must make the acquaintance of your Fanny and of little Leopold and Augustus as I pass by. Don't you divine yet who I am and what I want? In the name of the devil, sir, I wish to be of service to you! Speak!"

"Well, then," said I at last, "if you are a wizard, I have lost a pocket-book, tell me how I shall find it."

He looked at me again with fearful friendliness and asked, "Will you take counsel as to this matter? What will you give me if I make good your loss."

He looked strange and sharply at me as he spoke this, as if he wished to suggest my answer.

"I will give my soul," lay on the tip of my tongue. But as I kept silence in my confusion, he put his hand in his pocket and produced my pocket-book.

"There is your treasure," said he. I was beside myself.

"How did you come by it?" cried I, as I turned over the leaves and found that nothing was missing.

"Yesterday afternoon, about four o'clock, I found it on the Moldau-bridge and put it in my pocket."

I had crossed the bridge just about that time, had the book in my hand and put it in my pocket, as I thought.

"I stayed an hour on the bridge," said the red-coat, "waiting for some one to come in search of it. As no one came, I went to my hotel. I read the contents, in order to ascertain the loser by that means. A letter learned me your name and that you resided at this hotel. For that reason I have come to you now; I was here last night but did not find you."

How can physiognomy deceive one! I could have fallen on my man-devil's neck. I said the most endearing things to him. My joy was as extravagant as my dislike had been. He, however, would listen to nothing.

"Greet your lovely Fanny from me," said he; "a pleasant journey to you. We shall meet again once more." And he went his way.

CHAPTER IV.

The return home.

I took extra post-horses and flew towards my beloved home. On the way the strange man-devil still recurred to me. I could not forget the figure with the scarlet-coat, the clump-foot, and the hideous features. I now recollected, too, that a bush of his black hair stood out straight over his forehead. He probably had a little horn under it, and so then was a Beelzebub, perfect, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot.

He had, to be sure, brought the pocket-book back; no one could act more honourably. He had read Fanny's letters, and my brother's instructions to me, and might by that means have become acquainted with my private affairs. But then his face.—No! nature writes no illegible hand. Enough, if I had never believed in the existence of a Mephistopheles, I could not have doubted it at that moment.

I clung to this thought in my day dreams, and will not deny that I gave myself up readily to the workings of my fancy. It diverted my impatience and I dwelt upon it till I believed my honest man-devil might very well be the very devil himself, his honesty only excepted.

* Manteufel is literally man-devil, an ancient and respectable German surname; like Mandeville in English.

I was two days and a night on the way from Prague to our town On the second it grew late. In vain did I hurry and scold the post-boys, in vain ply them with money—it grew still later, still darker, and I still more anxious. Alas! for nearly three months I had not seen my Fanny; nor my children, who sported round their young mother like two rosebuds beside a just opened rose. I trembled in transport as I thought that the loveliest of her sex, my wife, would be that day in my arms.

It is true, I had learned to love before I knew Fanny. I once had a Julia, who was torn from me by her parents' pride and married to a rich Polish nobleman Our love was first love—bordering on mutual adoration and madness. Even in the parting hour we swore eternal love to each other beyond death and the grave, and kisses and tears sealed our vow. But we all know how these things end. She became the Starost's lady and I saw Fanny. My love for her was holier, deeper, tenderer. Julia was once the goddess of my fancy, but Fanny the only adored of my heart.

The town clock struck one as we entered the sleeping streets I alighted at the post-house, left my servant with the trunk behind, as I intended returning in case all were asleep at home, and glided out to the suburbs, at the extremity of which my welcome home, shadowed by tall fruit-trees, glimmered before me in the moonlight

CHAPTER V.

An unwelcome visit.

And everything was asleep. Oh Fanny, Fanny, hadst thou been awake how much wo and terrour had been spared me! They were asleep—my wife, my children, my servants—no light was to be seen. I stalked ten times round the house; everything was closed. I was unwilling to break any one's rest.

I luckily found the summer-house open. I entered. There was my Fanny's work-basket on a table; and I saw by the moonlight my children's hobby-horses, drums, and whips, on the ground and upon the seats They had probably passed the afternoon there. Oh, I rejoiced almost as much in these trifles, as though I stood by the loved ones themselves. I stretched myself on the sofa, and determined to pass the night there. The night was clear and mild, and the odour of the budding fruit-trees and of the garden-flowers entered my apartment. To him who has not slept for forty hours every couch is a soft one. I soon fell asleep in my weariness. But hardly, however, had I closed my eyes, when the creaking of the summer-house door on its hinges woke me again. I raised myself up and saw a man enter, whom I took at first for a thief. But, imagine my astonishment! it was my friend in the red coat.

"Where have you come from!" asked I.

"From Prague. I set off again in half an hour, to be as good as my word. I wished, though, to see you and your Fanny on the way. I heard from your servant that you had just arrived, and expected to find all awake at your house You do not mean to spend the night here in the damp cool air, and bring on a fit of sickness!"

I walked out into the garden with him, and trembled in every limb, so much his sudden appearance alarmed me. I laughed, to be sure, to myself at my superstitious fear, but still could not shake it off. This is human nature. The hard features of my friend from Prague, were, in the deceptive moonlight, far more horrible, and the lightning of his eyes far more brilliant than ever

"You really frightened me," said I; "I tremble all over. How did you come to look for me in the summer-house? you seem to be omniscient."

He grinned with malignant joy, as before, and said, "Do you now know who I am, and what I want of you?"

"Really, I know you now no better than I did in Prague. But, for the joke's sake, I will tell you what you then seemed to me to be. Do not take it ill, but I thought that unless you were a sorcerer, you might very well be the devil himself"

He grinned again and answered, "Supposing, for the joke's sake, I were the latter, will you make common cause with me?"

"You must offer high before I close with you; for, to tell you the truth, Mr. Devil, (allow me to call you so in jest,) my happiness is perfect."

"Oho! I shall offer you nothing, give you nothing. That was, to be sure, the custom in the old times, when folks believed in a devil and therefore took more care to avoid him; then we had to make terms But now-a-days, when no one believes in a devil, and all trust to reason for everything, the children of then are to be had dog-cheap"

"I hope my soul is not to be had so easily, although I do take the devil to be an old woman's story. An ounce of reason gives us more strength than a hundred weight of superstition."

"There it is—your proud security, ye mortals, (allow me to speak in the character you have been pleased to ascribe to me,) your proud security raises more recruits for hell than all the recruiting-officers that wear Satan's livery. Ever since you began to deem eternity a problem and hell an eastern fiction, ever since you look on honesty and stupidity as virtues of the same calibre, sensual pleasure as an amiable weakness, selfishness as greatness of soul, public spirit as folly, and roguish cunning as worldly wisdom, we of the lower regions give ourselves no trouble about catching you; you come of yourselves. You have reason on your lips and an army of a hundred passions in your heart. The most holy of your effeminate race is he who has the fewest opportunities for sinning."

"Spoken like a true devil," said I.

"Undoubtedly," answered the gentleman in red, and grinned again. "But I speak the truth, and have done so ever since you ceased to believe it While men held truth holy, Satan was the father of lies; it is now the reverse. We poor devils are always the antipodes of humanity."

"In this point at least you are not opposed to me, for I think as you do, most philosophical fiend."

"Good; then you are mine already. When one gives me a hair, his whole head is mine. It is cool here, my carriage is already harnessed, and I must be off. Therefore, farewell."

He went away. I accompanied him back to the post-house, where the horses were just harnessing to his carriage.

"I thought you would perhaps walk in with me and drink a glass of punch at parting, which I bespoke before I went to see you."

I accepted the invitation. It revived me to step into a warm room

CHAPTER VI.

The temptation.

The punch was already on the table when we entered the room A strange traveller was walking up and down, dark and silent; a tall, lean, old man. Trunks and bundles lay on the chairs around; I also noticed a lady's shawl, straw-hat and gloves

While we were drinking, the stranger said to the waiter who came to fetch the baggage, "Tell my wife when she comes that I have gone to bed. We leave at the first dawn"

I also did not like to go back to the chilly summer-house, and bespoke a bed for the night. The stranger left us; we drained the punch-bowl, talking on all sorts of subjects The fire of the rum refreshed and glowed within me. The red-coat hurried to his carriage, and, as I assisted him in, said, "We shall see each other once more." The carriage rolled away.

When I went back into the room, a lady had come for the hat, shawl, and gloves. As she turned towards me, I came near losing my senses entirely. It was Julia; my first love, on the point, as I afterwards learned, of making a tour of pleasure in Italy. She was not less terrified than I was.

"For heaven's sake, Robert! is it thy spirit?"

"Julia!" stammered I, and all the rapture of first love awoke again within me. I approached her respectfully. Her eyes were full of tears, and her arms were open. I lay and wept on her bosom.

When we recovered ourselves she observed for the first time that she was half undressed. "This is not my apartment," said she, and threw her shawl around her. "Come, Robert, we have much to say to each other."

She left the room. I followed her to her apartment. "Here we can tell our stories freely," said she, and we sat down together on the sofa.

I felt once more the feverish glow of an old flame, which I had supposed was long since extinguished Julia, unhappy with the Starost, clung to me with her former devotedness. Forgive me, Fanny, thought I, 'tis the first and last minute in my life. 'Tis but a dream of a few hours. The flame of passion was wafted from soul to soul in kisses.

A magic which I cannot possibly describe lay in Julia's words and actions. The whole past was again distinct before us—our first acquaintance at the ball on her sister's wedding-day, and the emotions which agitated us then; our second meeting in the garden of the ducal palace; then our excursion by water with our parents; and how we, in the paradise of Warhtz, confessed love, and swore faithfulness Then—but enough—for us the past alone existed, not the future we forgot that we did not belong to each other. Alas, how frail is man!

All at once the door flew open. The tall man entered, with the question, "Who is that with you at this hour, Julia?"

We sprang up in terrour The Starost stood awhile speechless, pale as a corpse; then, with three steps, he sprang to Julia, twisted her long chestnut hair in his hand, hurled her, sobbing, to the ground, and dragged her round on the floor, while he exclaimed, "Wretch! traiteress!"

I tried to help her. He thrust me back with such force that I fell backwards on the floor. As I rose, he left the wretched Julia, and cried out, "Now it is thy turn!"

In my despair I snatched a knife from the table and threatened to plunge it in his body, unless he desisted But my furious enemy flung himself upon me, and grasped my throat tight. I gasped for breath. In my desperation, I thrust with the knife in every direction. I struck at him repeatedly: on a sudden the unhappy man fell backwards. The knife was in his heart

Julia lay sobbing on the ground beside her murdered husband I stood like a statue. O, thought I, would that it were a dream, and that I lay awakened on the sofa in my summer-house Cursed be the red-coat! accursed the pocket-book! O, my poor children! O, my beloved, wretched, saintly Fanny! From the threshold of my domestic paradise, I am hurled back into a hell I never dreamed of. I am a murderer!

The noise in the room had aroused the people of the house. I heard questions, outcries, and footsteps. Nothing was left but to fly, before I was discovered. I snatched up a lamp to light myself home.

(To be concluded in our next)

AMERICA VESPUCCI.—The following is a copy of Miss Vespucci's letter to the editor of the Louisville Journal:—"*Louisville, June* 26, 1839. Dear Sir:—I most humbly refuse the private subscription just opened for me at your office; and I beg of you the kindness to let me express my warmest thanks and gratitude to every one of my friends in Louisville. A national boon will ever honour the memory and the descendant of America Vespucci—but America, even as an exile in the United States, cannot accept an individual favour, however delicate may be the manner in which it is proffered I am eager, dear sir, publicly to acknowledge the kind support you have lent to my cause. I respectfully and very gratefully remain, your friend, AMERICA VESPUCCI."

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

I'LL BE A CHILD NO MORE.

I saw one in the morn of life,
A glad and gleesome thing,
Who little knew of worldly strife,
And thus I heard him sing:—
"I'll throw this useless toy aside,
I'll turn a fresh leaf o'er;
I'll gaily stem life's lucid tide,
And be a child no more."

I saw one in the noon of life,
Joy lit his large, dark eye,
With lofty hopes his soul was rife,
And thus I heard him cry —
"I've won a high and noble name,
And glittering, golden store,
I've early trod the path of fame,
And am a child no more."

I saw one in life's cheerless eve,
With furrows on his brow,
And thus I heard that old man grieve
(Methinks I hear him now):—
"My childhood's hours were bright and fair,
My manhood sorrow wore;
Could I blot out my age of care,
I'd be a child once more."

DOINGS IN PARIS.

THE annual meeting of the Académie Française took place in June. It reminded me of what is told of the representation of Aristophanes' *Lysistrata*—it was invaded by the fair sex, and the four-fifths of the seats occupied by them. The reason! you will ask. A sufficent one, you will allow, when I inform you that a lady has taken off the prize of poetry from thirty-five male competitors. The lady's name is Madame Louise Colet. The subject was *Le Musée de Versailles*. The laws of the academy do not permit a lady to read even her own verses, so that a proxy was to be found. M. Villemain performed the part; but his hoarse voice did not improve the lady's verses. She suffered grievously from the infliction. The ladies were most enthusiastic in their applause; and it must be allowed that the composition, as a whole, is worthy of praise

Menjaud, the representative of lovers at the Théatre Français, took his benefit last week Madlle. Rachel played in *Bajazet*, and Madlle Mars in *Les Fausses Confidences*. The *bénéficiaire* played in the latter, as well as in the *Originaux*, taken from a piece of J Fagan. The receipts amounted to twelve thousand francs. At the conclusion two bouquets were thrown on the stage Madlle. Rachel took up one and presented it to Madame Menjaud, and kept the other to herself. Much controversy has arisen amongst her admirers as to the modesty of this act. I remember reading an anecdote of Madame de Staël, which seems something *apropos* Talleyrand was seated between that lady and the beautiful Madame Recamier, when he exclaimed, "I am now between beauty and wit!" "Yes," said Madame de Staël, who was remarkably plain, "so you are, ye Madame Recamier is, in my opinion, pretty enough." She had adjudged to herself the attribute of beauty, well knowing that wit could not be denied her. Various opinions arose at that period, it is said, on this saying of Madame de Staël. Some said she intended to award wit to the other lady, and thus pay her a compliment, whilst others maintained that nothing was farther from her intention. Madlle. Rachel is now in the same predicament. Who can decide what her intentions were! Men and was about to retire from the stage, but now he consents to remain three years longer. Babtiste, jun., the most grave, and at the same time the most amusing actor of his day, has just departed from the earthly stage. He scarcely ever laughed, but his power over his audience was wonderful. He had a large, long face, and the very appearance of it was quite sufficient to put an audience in good-humour I always thought that he laughed with his eyes only. He had arrived at his eighteth year, another proof that the theatrical profession is not an unhealthy one. *Le Neufrage de la Méduse* has been brought out at another theatre, the Renaissance, with extraordinary effect as an opera, the music being by Pilata and Flotton. The raft scene is wonderfully fine, and cost forty thousand francs! The actors are grouped after the famous picture of Hencault, at the Louvre. Many of the theatres have brought out little pieces ridiculing the exhibition of the products of French industry. They are generally but poorly written. Madlle. Nathan has been playing still more successfully than at first. She possesses a high soprano, and great execution. I was surprised at the *sang froid* with which she played Rachel in *La Juive*, particularly as her predecessor was famous in the part. She will decidedly be an acquisition to the theatre

At the ball given at the English embassy in honour of Queen Victoria's birthday, all the ladies came, according to her ladyship's ordinance, in white and pink costumes. This exhibition of the two tenderest colours presented not a few strange and amusing features. There are in Paris many very young and very lovely daughters of Albion, but our perfidious neighbour sends us some also who would pass for women of forty-five to seventy, if a woman would ever attain such an age. Now, one may easily conceive what an effect must have been produced by the ladies of this class wearing white tunics and crowned with real roses, for everything artificial was banished from the British *fete*, and the flowers which bloomed in the morning were alone admitted at the embassy. Lord Granville had ingeniously thought that the birthday of a queen in the spring of her days could be celebrated but with vernal colours and flowers. As for the sumptuousness of the *fête*, it left nothing to be desired. As in all English assemblies of the same description, the ices, sorbets, cakes, and refreshments of all sorts were lavished with profusion; the supper was splendid, and the champagne overflowed

As far as the season has yet gone, Paris must be pronounced dull The concourse of strangers has been great during the last few days, but the brightness and gaiety which distinguish this capital are wanting. Perhaps we may have a change when the summer has fairly set in

CREDULITY.—To distrust all, and believe all, is equally bad and erroneous; of the two, the safest is to distrust. For fear, if it be not immoderate, puts a guard about us that does watch and defend us; but credulity keeps us naked, and lays us open to all the sly assaults of ill-intending men; it was a virtue when man was in his innocence; but since his fall, it abuses those that own it.—*Feltham.*

EXECUTION OF AN OPIUM-EATER.

The last accounts from China contain the following particulars of an execution:—"Desirous of witnessing this scene, says an eye-witness, I approached the mob, and in a quarter of an hour the Tsotang of Macoa arrived, and with him from fifty to sixty police runners. A few minutes afterward, the Yew-foo military officer from Casa Branca, the Heang-Shan-Heen-Min-foo of Casa Branca, came in rotation, followed by the unfortunate culprit, in a bamboo cage, borne by the two executioners, and guarded by about one hundred of the imperial infantry. There were two matted bamboo sheds built up for this occasion, the distance between them being from thirty five to forty yards. One of these sheds was furnished with chairs and tables, where the mandarins seated themselves, after having exchanged the customary civilities with one another; the other was the place for the execution, and was consequently fitted up in a less expensive style, containing merely a slight wooden cross about six feet in height, with a hole in the upper part immediately above the horizontal cross-piece. Three guns were fired as a signal to prepare for the execution of the culprit. With his arms and legs heavily loaded with shackles of iron, he was literally shaken out of the cage, a most pitiable-looking object, covered with filth, and so emaciated from an existence of four months in a Chinese prison, as to seem more dead than alive. He was dragged to the place of execution, and placed standing on a piece of brick, touching the cross with his back,—the executioners lashing a rope round his legs, under the arms, and then through the hole in the upper part of the cross, after which it was passed several times round his neck, and again through the hole. They then made use of a stick, resembling a long arrow, about five feet in length, which was passed through the loops of the cord, and twisted round several times for the purpose of tightening the rope, in order to effect strangulation. No apparent signal, other than the removal of a piece of brick from under the feet, was given for the fatal turning of the stick. The expression of the man's countenance did not change, nor was he observed to make any struggle. When he had been dead about ten minutes, the mandarins departed under a salute of three guns, and shortly afterwards the executioners followed, but not until they had fully assured themselves, by examination of his eyes and mouth, that he was dead. The body was to continue hanging on the cross for three days, as a spectacle and a warning to all dealers in opium, and others, after which period his friends would have permission to remove the body, on paying for the same. The name of this unfortunate man was Kowk Pung. He kept a small shop for twenty years at Shale-tow, a village on the inner harbour, in the neighbourhood of the place of execution. He bore an excellent character among all those who had any dealings with him; and he was seized for having sold only a few balls or cakes of opium on account of another party. In the exaggerated report made by the viceroy to the emperour, these balls or cakes of opium were multiplied into as many scores of chests, and he was represented as being one of the largest dealers in the drug, and as residing, for the sake of security, in the secluded village abovenamed. Kowk Pung was forty-five years of age, and has left three wives and several children.

CONTRIVANCES OF ANTS.

A gentleman in the Island of St. Croix instituted several experiments with reference to ascertaining the truth of what he had often been told, of the ingenuity, and apparent reasonings of the ant of that beautiful island. Having slain a centipede, which had been sent him by a friend, he laid it on the window-stool within his apartment, where, though not a single individual of that mischievous race of vermin had been seen, to his great gratification, in the course of a few hours, one solitary ant suddenly made its appearance through a crevice in the casing, attracted, probably by the odour of the dead body. Shortly after, having surveyed the premises, it disappeared, but speedily returned, with a host of companions, to whom the discovery of a prize had unquestionably been communicated; a more careful survey of the magnitude of the object was evidently instituted, the whole company then disappeared simultaneously through the crack; but an army was put in requisition, for the third appearance was a multitude. Having mounted the carcass, examined minutely its exact position, and satisfied themselves that it was actually bereft of life, and that no danger would be incurred from their premeditated operations, a new and unlooked for series of labours were commenced, bearing such a striking analogy to human reason, as manifested in what is commonly called contrivance, that if there is no intelligence in it,—why, the metaphysicians have in reservation an unexplored field of observation. Not being able to move the mass entire, they divided themselves into platoons, and cut the body into portions of about half an inch in length, which was effectually and skilfully done, between a late hour in the afternoon and the following night, and each piece transported to their citadel, through some contiguous aperture, of sufficient diameter to allow the loads to pass. When the observer arose at daylight, every part had been carried away but the head, which was really moving off towards the hole, surrounded by an immense concourse of admiring spectators, probably on the *qui vive*, happy in the delightful anticipation of future feasts and revellings. On further scrutiny, he found that the decapitated head was mounted on the backs of about a dozen bearers, who, like a Roman phalanx with a testudo upon their shoulders, were marching off in an orderly manner, towards the same orifice through which all the rest had disappeared.

ON THE ART OF WALKING.

A dancing-master's walk is, as compared to the march of the warriour, what a linen-draper's small-talk is to the sustained and burning eloquence of a distinguished senator, or what a little boy's whistle is to the breathing roar of a cathedral organ, or what a fashionable modern lyric is to the epic strength of a Dante, a Homer, or a Milton. The dancing-master, in fact, cannot be said to have any kind of walk at all. His progressive consists of a series of pickings of the earth with two long instruments something like men's legs—picking like those of a fowl with its beak when it is dining off the seeds which he scattered about a farm-yard. Could not the reader swear to a dancing-master by his walk, in nine cases out of ten at all events? *We* are presumptuous enough to flatter ourselves that we could. And again: did the reader ever encounter a sort of an "I'm Sir Oracle" personage in the neighbourhood of the West End, about five feet ten or eleven in height, broad-chested, and of enormous proportions, having the aspect of a sort of perambulating human edifice, paddled along by the steam-engine power of his two arms, which work up and down with all the nervous strength of a couple of Herculean pump-handles. The most immense idea that ever existed is the idea that that gentleman has of himself. Homer never had an idea half so big, nor Milton, nor Wordsworth, nor even Shakspeare. The Egyptian Pyramid is nothing to it in point of size; he lives in it, it forms his atmosphere as well as his tenement, he *subsists* on it; he is the vainest and most pompous of men, and all this is to be ascertained without the very least difficulty, and by the commonest discrimination, from the style in which he walks. His stiffening of his back, the sweeping carelessness of other people's convenience and comfort with which he swings his ostentatious arms, his vanity, elevated and pointed chin, the slight sidelings of his backward-flung shoulders, the energetic straightness with which each leg tramps the pavement, the conviction he feels (as we learn from the satisfied curl of the lip, and the patronizing raising of the eyebrows) that all whom he passes are honouring themselves by beholding and admiring him: all these details of his outward aspect go to prove beyond a doubt that he is the vainest and the most pompous of living men, at all events that his vanity and pomposity cannot possibly be surpassed. Next comes the walk of a dandy—of your *mere* fop, your fellow invented merely as a showman for West End tailors, the creature of the ninth part of a man, and with an intellect not so comprehensive as a button-hole and an idiosyncrasy about as socially important as that of a house-fly—whose side-locks are his darling hopes, whose whiskers his consolation in the hour of trouble, whose *moustache* the object of his tenderest and most pleasurable caresses, who passes over his pantaloons and boots many hours of happy reflection, within the folds of whose coat lie all his happiest feelings, and who regards his walking-stick as the walking-stick of the universe. By all that is weak in man, what a walk hath this little human insect! With what a screwed expression of hurried disgust at the existence of such enormities in the world which he inhabits, does he pettishly pick his legs over that concentration of everything that is objectionable in aquatics! How anxiously, directly afterwards, does he investigate his boots and pantaloons, to see if one spot from that "dimm'd puddle" has tarnished the black brilliancy of either of the former, or irreparably destroyed the perfect kerseymere of the latter! From the sturgid depths of that tremendous puddle hath sprung in him a mystery of two or three hours' duration. That puddle hath positively slaughtered, *pro tempore*, the happiness of his existence: but put him among *many* puddles, and the "little, fluttering, foolish thing," is about as perfectly helpless as a fly in a basin of mock turtle. And now, reader, do you not really think that as much dependence is to be placed on Walkinology as in Astrology, or that more modern imposition on the public—Meteorology?

FACTS RESPECTING CLOUDS.

Mr. Monk Mason, who, it will be recollected, made an aerial excursion to Germany, dwells, in his *Aeronautica*, on the discovery, that clouds often appear in layers, with clear intervening horizontal spaces between them, and states, as a general rule, that wherever a fall of rain is present, and the sky is entirely overcast with clouds, "there will be invariably found to exist another stratum of the same bodies at a certain elevation above the former;" and, on the contrary, "whenever, with the same apparent condition of the sky, rain is altogether or generally absent, the aeronaut, upon traversing the canopy immediately above him, may infallibly calculate upon entering into an upper hemisphere, either perfectly cloudless, or so far destitute of such bodies as not much to interfere with the general character here bestowed upon it." This observation, which, independent of its value in other respects, is an addition to the stock of the meteorologist which he could never have obtained without the co-operation of the aeronaut, may be relied upon; it has been confirmed by the experience of Mr. Green, throughout a course of nearly two hundred and fifty ascents; and corroborated by that of various other aeronauts, both at home and abroad. * * * Varied as are the positions of the clouds, and the forms under which they present themselves, the station which they occupy in the realms of space is confined enough, and, comparatively speaking, but little removed above the immediate surface of the earth itself. As a general rule, the natural region of the clouds may be stated to be a stratum of the atmosphere lying between the level of the first thousand feet, and that of one removed about ten thousand above it. Not but that, occasionally, clouds may be found that trespass very considerably on both sides of the bounds here assigned to them; sometimes penetrating in wreaths of mist to the depths of the lowest valleys, while, on the other hand, long after the aeronaut has passed the other level of these fancied limits, some faint indications of their existence may still be seen, partially obscuring the dark blue vault above him; such excesses, however, are by no means frequent, and may, in fact, rather be considered in the light of exceptions to a rule than as evidences tending to impugn its general correctness. * * * Should the condition of the sky prove to be of the nature of that alluded to (where, for instance, a dense layer of clouds completely intercept all view of the earth,) the aeronaut will probably have an opportunity of observing another phenomenon connected with the disposition of the vapoury strata, the beautiful manner in which even when under the influence of rapid motion, they seem to accommodate themselves to all the variation of form in the surface of the adjacent soil, rising with its prominences and sinking with its depressions; displaying, in short, a "counterfeit presentment" of the country over which they lie, and enabling the spectator to form, as it were, a sort of phrenological estimate of the character and disposition of the material world within. Indeed, I have heard Mr. Greene declare that, with the bird's-eye knowledge of the country his long experience has conferred upon him, he has frequently been able to determine beforehand the district into which he was about to descend, at times when, from the general concealment of the landscape, such information must have been otherwise altogether unattainable.

INTERVALS BETWEEN MEALS.—As a general rule, an interval of from five to six hours should elapse between the meals; but this must, of course, vary according to circumstances, and depend upon the appetite. Persons engaged in business frequently do themselves much mischief, by disregarding its monitions, amidst the bustle and excitement of trade: after a time, it is true, the appetite subsides, but the necessity for food is not thereby removed. It is no unusual thing for a merchant to breakfast at eight o'clock in the morning, ride several miles to town, and return to dine in the evening between six and seven o'clock, without having, during all that time, eaten anything. This long fasting is injurious, and the subsequent full meals still more so. In such cases a luncheon ought certainly to be taken.—*London Medical Journal.*

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE SEVENTH PLAGUE OF EGYPT.

BY REV. GEORGE CROLY.

'Twas morn—the rising splendour roll'd
On marble towers and roofs of gold;
Hall, court, and gallery below,
Were crowded with a living flow;
Egyptian, Arab, Nubian there,
The bearers of the bow and spear;
The hoary priest, the Chaldee sage,
The slave, the gemm'd and glittering page—
Helm, turban, and tiara, shone
A dazzling ring round Pharaoh's throne.

There came a man—the human tide
Shrank backward from his stately stride;
His cheek with storm and time was tann'd;
A shepherd's staff was in his hand;
A shudder of instinctive fear
Told the dark king what step was near.
On through the host the stranger came,
It parted round his form like flame.

He stoop'd not at the footstool stone,
He clasp'd not sandal, kiss'd not throne;
Erect he stood amid the ring,
His only words—"Be just, O king!"
On Pharaoh's cheek the blood flush'd high,
A fire was in his sullen eye;
Yet on the Chief of Israel
No arrow of his thousands fell:
All mute and moveless as the grave
Stood chill'd the satrap and the slave.

"Thou'rt come," at length the monarch spoke;
Haughty and high the words outbroke:
"Is Israel weary of its lair,
The forehead peel'd, the shoulder bare?
Take back the answer to your band:
Go, reap the wind; go, plough the sand;
Go, vilest of the living vile,
To build the never-ending pile,
Till, darkest of the nameless dead,
The vulture on their flesh is fed.
What better asks the howling slave
Than the base life our bounty gave?"

Shouted in pride the turban'd peers;
Upclash'd to heaven the golden spears.
"King! thou and thine are doom'd!—Behold!"
The prophet spoke.—The thunder roll'd;
Along the pathway of the sun
Sail'd vapoury mountains, wild and dun.
"Yet there is time," the prophet said—
He raised his staff—the storm was stay'd.
"King! be the word of freedom given:
What art thou, man, to war with heaven?"

There came no word.—The thunder broke!
Like a huge city's final smoke,
Thick, lurid, stifling, mix'd with flame,
Through court and hall the vapour's came.
Loose as the stubble in the field,
Wide flew the men of spear and shield;
Scatter'd like foam along the wave,
Flew the proud pageant, prince and slave:
Or, in the chains of terrour bound,
Lay, corpse-like, on the smouldering ground
"Speak, king!—the wrath is but begun—
Still dumb?—Then, heaven, thy will be done!"

Echoed from earth a hollow roar,
Like Ocean on the midnight shore:
A sheet of lightning o'er them wheel'd,
The solid ground beneath them reel'd,
In dust sank roof and battlement;
Like webs the giant walls were rent;
Red, broad, before his startled gaze,
The monarch saw his Egypt blaze.
Still swell'd the plague—the flame grew pale;
Burst from the clouds the charge of hail;
With arrowy keenness, iron weight,
Down pour'd the ministers of fate;
Till man and cattle, crush'd, congeal'd,
Cover'd with death the boundless field

Still swell'd the plague—uprose the blast,
The avenger, fit to be the last;
On ocean, river, forest, vale,
Thunder'd at once the mighty gale.
Before the whirlwind roar'd the sea;
A thousand ships were on the wave—
Where are they?—Ask that foaming grave!
Down go the hope, the pride of years,
Down go the myriad mariners;
The riches of Earth's richest zone,
Gone! like a flash of lightning, gone!

And, lo! that first fierce triumph o'er,
Swells Ocean on the shrinking shore;
Still onward, onward, dark and wide,
Engulfs the land the furious tide.
Then bow'd thy spirit, stubborn king,
Thou serpent, reft of fang and sting;
Humbled, before the prophet's knee,
He groan'd, "Be injured Israel free."

To heaven the sage upraised the wand;
Back roll'd the deluge from the land;
Back to its caverns sank the gale;
Fled from the noon the vapours pale;
Broad burn'd again the joyous sun:
The hour of wrath and death was done.

RUNAWAY BALLADS.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

NO I.

After the manner of the olden time.

Wake from thy slumbers, Isabel, the stars are in the sky,
And night has hung her silver lamp, to light our altar by;
The flowers have closed their fading leaves, and droop upon the plain,
O wake thee, and their dying hues shall blush to life again.

In such a sacred hour as this, how beams the eye of love,
When all is mellowed shade below, and all is light above!
And oh, how soft a maiden's sigh melts on the midnight air,
When scarce a wanton zephyr breathes, to wave her silken hair!

The rattle of the soldier's steel has left the silent hall,
The mastiff slumbers at the gate, the sentry on the wall;
And there, by many a stately barge, that rocks upon the tide,
A bark is floating on the wave, and dancing at their side.

And when before the flowing wind she spreads her eagle wings,
And like a halcyon from her breast the shivered billow flings,
Though many a proudier pendant flies before the ocean breeze,
No keel can track her foaming path, that sweeps the sparkling seas.

Then come to me, my lovely one, and haste we far away,
And we will reach the distant isle before the break of day;
Let not thy gentle eye grow dim, thy rosy cheek grow pale,
For thou shalt find a beating heart beneath a warrior's mail.

NO II.

After the manner of the modern time.

Get up! get up! Miss Polly Jones, the tandem's at the door;
Get up, and shake your lovely bones, it's twelve o'clock and more;
The chaises they have rattled by, and nothing stirs around,
And all the world, save you and I, are snoring safe and sound.

I broke a drunken watchman's nap, and he began to mutter,
I gave him just a gentle tap that helped him to the gutter;
The cur-dog growled an ugly growl and grinned a bitter grin,
I tipped the beast a ratsbane pill, to keep his music in.

When Squaretoes stumps about the house, and doesn't find you there,
And all the folks are in a touse, my eyes! how dad will stare!
He locked and double locked the door, and saw you safe abed,
And never dreamed a jailer's paw would scratch a booby's head.

Come, hurry! hurry! Polly Jones, it is no time to snooze,
Don't stop for t'other petticoat, nor fidget for your shoes:
I have a quilted wrapper here, your tender limbs to fold,
It's growing mighty chilly, dear, and I shall catch a cold!

I've got my gouty uncle's bay, and trotting Peggy too,
I've lined their tripes with oats and hay, and now for love and you;
The lash is curling in the air, and I am at your side,
To-morrow you are Mrs Snaggs, my bold and blooming bride.

ORIGINAL TALES.

QUITE A PRETTY PROPERTY.

BY HENRY STANHOPE LEE.

CHAPTER I

Maiden curiosity and maternal prudence.

"Why, mother, what can you find so agreeable in Harry Singleton"

Mary Million was half afraid to ask the question, but as she sat crumpling a most voluptuous rose, and scattering its leaves about the ottoman, in momentary expectation of my friend's approach, she was disposed to extract from the reflective good sense of her mother a sufficient apology for falling desperately in love.

"Why, my dear, how can you ask the question? Didn't you observe the very marked attention that was paid him at Madame La Mode's last evening. Young gentlemen don't receive such attentions in that quarter, let me tell you, unless there is good reason for it. Everybody is delighted with him."

"But, mother, you would really oblige me by giving me your own opinion Just analyze his good qualities for me, as I am sure I should never have patience to do it for myself As papa says, you must file a bill of particulars, if you wish to bring his case before the court of Hymen."

"He is very handsome, to begin with; and the best dressed gentleman in our society."

"True enough, and he shares these merits with Mr. Spencer; and yet the man never indulged a reflection, deeper than the surface of his looking-glass."

"Then he is very well educated—he graduated at Harvard, with the highest honours, and was considered the most promising young man of his day."

"Yes, and so was Tom Morris; and I'll venture to say that the big wig of the Med Facs never covered another such blockhead. I am tired of these college prodigies; they are always dunces"

"Then he rides well, dances well, and plays a most delightful game of chess"

"He can't dance like Papanti, nor ride like the man at the circus, nor play chess like the automaton."

"Then, in addition to all this, my dear, though this is a very secondary consideration, Mr. Singleton is a young man of quite a pretty property."

Mary looked inquisitively, and unconsciously repeated, "quite-a-pretty-property!"

"Yes, my child, a *very* pretty property; not enough, certainly, to make him an object, but enough to make him very comfortable with a family."

Mary acquiesced in silence. She was much too indolent and too dutiful to argue the point with her mother; but she could now divine the charm by which Mr. Singleton was such an universal favourite with so many gay mammas, rejoicing in marriageable daughters.

CHAPTER II.

A promising colleger.

Harry Singleton was left an orphan at an early age, and passed through college with the reputation of possessing a "very pretty property." This, of course, brought him up at the end of his term, with a liberal circulation of floating bills for liquors had and received; an uncertain amount of stable scores of long standing; and a few quires of tailors' accounts, commencing with a pretty picture and flourish, and winding up with "Received payment," indicative of hope on the part of Snip, rather than fruition. Now, if Harry had not been heir to a pretty property, he would have passed soberly enough, perhaps, through his college course, and have been able to snap his fingers at tailors, stablers, and taverners.

Harry, however, was a man of business; and summing up all his courage with his bills, he wrote a very amiable billet-doux to his guardian of the following tenour:

Cambridge, August 10th, 18—.

My dear guardy and uncle Enclosed are a few curiosities, of which I desire your acceptance. They are the autographs of some of the most distinguished men of the craft in our three cities. You will find here the handwritings of the Watson, who has done more for the fame of Philadelphia than her Girards and Biddles; of Wheeler, whose science has astonished the old world, and proved that American coats will find their way where American books have not yet penetrated; of Cutter, too—"the lost, the lamented"—whom Boston yet mourns, and of whom it may with truth be said that the present age knows not his equal, antiquity cannot point to his superiour. All these interesting specimens of chirography, with some clerical correspondence annexed, are very much at your service, and you will oblige me by defraying at your earliest convenience the expenses that have accrued in their collection. Many of them must assume an additional interest, in your eyes, from the fact that they have been so long in my possession Very truly, my dear uncle, your affectionate nephew, HARRY SINGLETON.

In reply to this affectionate epistle, Harry received a day or two afterwards the following note, which closed for the time the correspondence

Boston, August 11, 18—.

My dear ward—I have received your note and the accompanying manuscripts, and find that the expense of collection has been little short of six thousand dollars. I do not think that you can afford to indulge your passion for autographs at such a sacrifice. It has anticipated the probable income of your property some two years. I regret exceedingly the indiscretions that will compel me to part with a portion of your stocks to redeem your credit. Your property is really a pretty one, and a part of it very capable of improvement; and if you will only husband it, you may be quite easy in your circumstances. But your own good sense must teach you the end of such thoughtless follies as you seem inclined to indulge. Your affectionate uncle, T S

"Hang this pretty property," said Harry. "Husband it—or wive it—there are two ways, thank heaven, if I am not ruined in advance. Why the deuse couldn't I have been born to a pair of hands, or to something worth having?"

CHAPTER III

Training for the bar.

Of course, there is only one path for an educated and ambitious young man in this country, with a pretty property; and Harry entered his name in the office of the celebrated Mr. W. as a student at law By the end of his third year he had read Blackstone entire, with the exception of some twenty chapters, which are popularly esteemed among students as unnecessary to professional accomplishment With the assistance of a clerk he had filled half a dozen writs; and had actually hunted up the title to a piece of his own property in the Registry-office.

To complete his education, he defended in the police court a dove-eyed, interesting young lady, accused of stealing a roll of blue riband, to "tie up her bonny brown hair." Harry's speech was a model of police eloquence, and it would have melted Recorder Riker to tears. Judge S**** was made of sterner stuff; and though the young advocate was ready to pledge his "life, his fortune, and his sacred honour" for the innocence of his client, the result was a mittimus for three months to the House of Correction

His summers he killed, of course, at Nahant, Newport, and Niagara; for what young man of pretty property could be expected to study his profession anywhere else during the hot weather? One of his three winters, he dawdled away in New-Orleans and Charleston, and another he shivered and waltzed away among the lions and lionesses of Washington. Northern winters kill students, and his health required the sacrifice. All this was merely incidental to the main business of his life, the mastery of the law

While at home, he dined daily at Gallagher's—for mine host of the old Stackpole mansion was still alive, and there was the wherewithal in his cellar and larder to tickle a subtler palate than that of Harry Singleton. The early hours of his evenings he loitered away at the theatre, and the close at some ball or party, where he was in the highest feather with mothers of interesting misses, for his agreeable chit-chat and pretty property.

Thus Harry passed very creditably through the preparatory period of his profession. His display at the police-court had been pronounced, unanimously, by the constables in attendance, the most brilliant *début* ever witnessed before that tribunal. For the inconsiderable sum of three dollars and fifty cents, paid to the clerk of the court, and on the due administration of the oath, he became a member of the bar; filled a few shelves with such oracles of the profession as Shakspeare and Sir Walter Scott, raised a tin-plate, issued a card; and with foils, boxing-gloves, a looking-glass, well-stuffed rocking-chairs for friends, and a straight-backed, hard-bottomed settee for clients, opened an office for the practice of law! It was thus that he expected to pay the debt which, sages tell us, every man owes to his profession.

Such was Harry's "position" at the epoch of his introduction to our readers

CHAPTER IV

Springes to catch woodcocks.

Mary Million was, by reputation, a pulseless coquette—without soul-soil enough for the growth of an affection. She was esteemed cold, artful, and selfish; but was beautiful as a rose, and lily-like in much else besides neither toiling nor spinning. Among half a dozen sisters, pretty creatures all, and with no "inconsiderable expectations," Mary was by far the loveliest. Her mother was a woman of the world, and the daughter and mother were regarded as well worthy of each other The good lady had fixed her eye upon Harry Singleton, and had resolved that he should be the husband of Mary, or Rose, or Susan, or Nanette, or Lavinia, or Desdemona—she did not much care which. So stood matters at the raising of our curtain, and we will now shift the scene back again to the parlour of Mrs Million

Mary had by this time completely demolished the rose, and was reclining in a semi-doze upon the sofa, when Harry Singleton entered. It was about the proper time for a morning call. Mrs. Million was gloved and bonneted, and ready with her card-case, as if in the act of sallying out to go the rounds.

"Mr. Singleton," says the good lady of the house, "you are just in season to be my gallant. I shall claim the right of your arm for the next hour, and shall reward you by an introduction to the sweetest girl in the city, a black-eyed Georgian, with a whole county for a plantation, and slaves enough for an army."

"My pleasures seem to conflict," replied Harry, casting a glance towards the sofa. "Is not Miss Million to be of the party?"

"Mary, my love, ring for your bonnet—but, no matter—there is not time I shall return in half an hour, and if Mary will amuse you while I am gone, Clara Wells shall return with me. She is a dear little creature—a niece of mine—and I am resolved you shall have that plantation"

"With an eye to the plantation, then," said Harry, laughing, "I will remain. Since you leave me in such agreeable custody, Mrs. Million, and with so brilliant a prospect, you will not think it necessary to exact bonds for my appearance on your return."

"You have really made a prisoner of Mr. Singleton, mother, he is hardly left a free agent Clara spends the evening with us to-morrow, and we shall be very happy to see Mr. Singleton, if he will favour us with his company."

"Mr. Singleton, you shall see this niece of mine before you sleep She is not pretty; but she is a charming, sweet, sensible girl, and rich as a princess. I have known you too long to make a stranger of you, and though not given to match-making, I am more than half tempted to make a trial for both your sakes."

"I am most happy to be the object acted upon," replied Harry; and Mrs. Million left the apartment She was satisfied of two things. Harry had permission to wait her return; this would afford an excuse and opportunity for a tete-a-tete, which she could prolong to as late an hour as she might deem judicious. Again, she had turned his thoughts to Clara Wells and matrimony, and could manoeuvre on this pretence to bring Harry and her daughter together. And the plain but wealthy Clara Wells would make a capital foil for the beautiful Mary Million. She knew that a spark had been kindled in Harry's heart, and she now only desired occasion to blow it into a flame

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM ENGLAND.

LONDON AND ITS VICINITY.

London—A new feature—Spring—Panorama of New-York—Reminiscences

My dear —. After an absence of some time, I am again in London, and will write to you, when I find leisure to look around me, about such matters, literary, theatrical, political, and miscellaneous, as may occur, likely to prove interesting to you.

Every one who enters London, even if it be for the twentieth time, thinks it necessary to say something of the innumerable streets, the endless, interminable, and bewildering rows of gas-lamps, and the unceasing fermentation which is continually going on amid the immense and restless population of the modern Babylon, and to express his wonder thereat. I will spare you all this, taking it for granted that you have had a sufficiency of foreign correspondents to enlighten you amply about those matters.—New-York itself, I suppose, by this time, will afford a pretty fair sample of bustle, streets, and gas-light.

But this time I approached London by sea from the northward, and certainly I was somewhat struck, in sailing along the coast, to perceive the endless succession of vessels, with sooty rather than

snowy wings, coming from and speeding to, the mammoth city. At one point of our journey there was not less than between two and three hundred sail in sight at one time. It was a fine clear evening, and, as far as the eye could discern, the sea was overspread with ships, some laden like pack-horses, and tacking and contending with an adverse wind to reach the great mart with their burdens—coals; others light, and flying before the wind back to the inexhaustable mines of the north for a fresh supply. And when I reflected that this went on unceasingly—day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year—and that this immense investment of capital, and employment of labour—this constant exertion of human ingenuity, skill, industry, and enterprise was all directed to one simple end—the supplying of one single city with one single article—the aforesaid coals, it certainly struck me as a new feature; a something I had not taken into account before, in my previous estimations of London's extent and vastness.

The spring this year is really and truly spring; not a mockery and a delusion, a compound of the worst parts of autumn and winter as it has been for some seasons past, but the mild, genial, Edenish weather we read of in the British Classics. Women and fruit-trees look beautiful, and rhymsters are mending their pens and looking out of the windows for inspiration. To avail one's self of the phraseology of the almanac—"There will be much poetry about this time." But so variable is the climate that even when I am writing, perhaps an easterly wind, laden with fog from the marshes and mud-banks of Holland, is on its way to blight the trees and give the women the rheumatism But let us not chact Croaker.

Went to see a panorama of New-York. Was pleased, yet disappointed. The views did not come up to my expectations and reminiscences. Besides, the artist had committed a capital fault in not giving the finest view that pencil could have been employed upon—the peculiarly striking and picturesque approach from the Narrows to the "Queen of the West"—if I may be allowed to apply a monarchial compliment without hurt or detriment to your republican feelings. The views of the interiour of the city were faithful enough, as far as they went. True, the painting, as Fanny Kemble says, "was naught," but then, the associations! There was Wall-street, where I used to invest my money! and Park-row where I used to spend it! There was the City-hall, with the terrour of evil-doers, grim Bridewell, in the distance—and tender thoughts of Jacob Hays stole pensively into my mind. There was that noble triumph of architecture, the Park theatre! But shall I speak slightingly of thee, old friend, because thy face is plain, thy exteriour homely? Forbid it, gratitude—forbid it, pleasant remembrances—forbid it, distance! For what says the song—

"Absence makes the heart grow tender—
Shade of Richings, fare thee well!"

By the way, whenever I meet a copy of the Mirror, it is sadly scant of theatrical criticism. "Say, why is this, wherefor, how should this be?" There is no record or mention of old favourites; Hilson, I know, is dead; does Barnes no longer take pleasant liberties and sing "Barney leave the girls alone, "on new-year's eves! Have Placide and Mrs. Wheatley become shadows—dreams! Is Peter Richings, the histrionic Hercules, "Peter the Great," no longer? Has his innocent pride in a cap and plume for ever passed away? Is stately Mrs. Sharpe, and gentle Mrs. Hilson, stately and gentle no more? Are the blood-thirsty propensities of Woodhull at length quelled; and hushed for aye the melody of Simpson's tones? Forgive these queries, but everything about New-York interests me strongly. I went to Covent-Garden two or three seasons ago, to see Macready and Goillett! Collett, the man famous on a time at the Park for enacting murderers, dancing hornpipes, and, above all, for making bows. He played on this occasion, as was indeed his modest wont, a subordinate part, and bowed as he retired from the presence of his stage superiours. That bow! Byron rhymes something about things trivial in themselves (I quote from memory)—

"A word, a sound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are strongly bound."

That bow annihilated time and space, confounded the present with the past, and transported me over four thousand miles of weltering water! I was again in Park-row.

But to return to the Panorama. The view changed, the band playing "yankee doodle" the while—they never think of those things here—and I was looking down Broadway. There was St. Paul's, and old Trinity, the City-Hotel, and the Franklin; and oh! unwonted sight, a flock of sheep driving into Maiden-Lane, imparting quite a pastoral character to that celebrated mart for dry-goods But there was no view of the Battery! or, at best, it was so "dim and distant" as to be scarcely recognizable or distinguishable from any other place, even with the help of fancy and the aid of recollection, and with that disappointment I came away.

Indifferent as the sight was, however, believe me, I would not have missed it for a trifle

Excuse the too frequent use of the personal pronoun, and, indeed, the altogether gossiping and egotistical tone of this epistle, and, with the kindest remembrance to all who yet remember your "London correspondent," for the present, adieu. C.

THE ENGLISH CABS.

The following extract of a letter from London contains some valuable hints to such persons as wish "to turn an honest penny:"

"The cabriolets, or, as they are briefly called, "cabs," are of the greatest convenience in this vast metropolis. They are now of various shapes and colours, but nearly all well adapted for rapid and cheap conveyance. The charge is little more than half that of the hackney-coaches, which are fast disappearing from the successful opposition to their snail-like pace and extravagant charge 'Hansom's patent cabs' are most patronized, on account of their easy motion and safety. They are very singular in appearance, and rather awkward looking; but admirably suited for comfort to the rider I cannot imagine the reason that these conveyances are not introduced in New-York. Paris, here, and most large European cities have them—then why not New-York? The impertinence and extortion practised by the drivers of hackney-carriages there would be checked, if not stopped, by adopting the Parisian regulation of having a list of the fares, from a particular part of the city to others, placed in the vehicle. This should be enforced, for the conduct of these men is so disgraceful to strangers, that it becomes an imperative duty to put an end to the outrage. If some one would undertake the scheme of starting cabriolets in New-York, with strict and good rules, he would merit the thanks of his fellow-citizens, and, I am certain, reap a splendid harvest. Give my opinion to that spirited, speculative genius, Niblo."

SPIRIT OF THE PARISIAN JOURNALS.

NOVELTIES FROM THE FRENCH.

Translated for the New-York Mirror.

RAILROADS.

Under the interesting title of "Railroads considered with reference to Gastronomy," a Parisian author discourses most learnedly on the influence of railroads on gastronomy, a subject of the first importance, and one that has been strangely neglected. Thus saith our philosopher—"If railroads are called to exercise an immense influence on politics, if they are destined to hasten the march of civilization, they must likewise act most efficaciously on gastronomy. This view of the matter will cause a smile on the faces of those men who have not been gifted by nature with an organization sufficiently delicate to enable them to appreciate an exquisite dish, of those ignorant philosophers, who, with all their acquirements, have not yet learned to consider the science of eating in its relations to that of political economy, and the immense services it renders to agriculture and commerce. It is gastronomy that, as Brillat Savarin expresses it, respects men and things, in order to import from one country to another all that deserves to be known; it is the common bond that unites town and country, nation and nation, which makes of Paris an abridgment of the globe, where every thing agreeable that it contains is brought together. A fact not sufficien ly noticed by historians and economists is, that gastronomy has really brought about the most important commercial revolution of modern times; it was she that established permanent relations between the two worlds, and transports from one pole to the other sugars, coffee, spices, wines, sausages, yea, even eggs and peas. Without gastronomy, sugar would still have remained a medicine, and the discovery of America have led to no results! Gastronomy is destined to do as much for railroads as it has done for commerce Commerce transports only such articles as can be preserved, while railroads bring in those which must be devoured in the spring-time of their freshness Commerce furnishes only those colonial products which serve for the seasoning and edulcoration of our repast, but form no repast in themselves, while railroads will bring to our doors those substantial materials which afford nourishment to the frame as well as pleasure to the palate; fresh game, fresh fish, fresh fruit and vegetables We must be satisfied now with fish some days old, with milk manufactured in town, and with fruits that ripen in our cold north All this is to be changed But let us leave these generalities, delightful as they are, and confine ourselves to positive facts

It will be logical to commence our gastronomic observations with oysters, a necessary preface to every satisfactory dinner. We now get these precious morsels by carts, which make sixteen hundred trips each way a year. But, alas! whatever be the speed of the horses, their freight always suffers more or less from its fatiguing journey. But, by means of railroads, we can obtain oysters in all their verdure, as soon as their education is completed. To let you appreciate the importance of this mollux, it may be well to state that the consumption of oysters has increased one-third in Paris in ten years. Paris now swallows *six million* dozen of oysters annually, or about seven dozens for each individual. Oysters, for which we pay ten or twelve sous the dozen, are sold wholesale for five, so that the prices double before they reach the consumer. The reflections we have taken the liberty of presenting on the subject of oysters, will apply equally well to most of the departments of fish Sea fish are not transmitted in any appreciable quantity to a greater distance from the shore than twenty-five or thirty leagues The only exception to this law is in favour of Paris. The article of fish has now a regularly organized system of conveyance Who has not seen those huge wagons covered with straw, that pass through our streets on a trot, and exhale an odour which may often raise legitimate doubts as to the quality of their contents? Two-thirds of the fish consumed in Paris come from Boulogne and Dunkirk, the other third from the coast of Normandy Our salmon are forwarded from Rotterdam, via Antwerp. Thus it will be seen that the great lines of railroad, most loudly called for by the commercial community, are likewise those which will most largely promote the interests of the piscivorous amateur It is our interest to cultivate the friendship of England and Belgium, if we want to have our fish fresh and cheap. The middling and lower classes consume a larger proportion of fish than is generally supposed. Paris consumes annually six million kilogrammes, (the kilogramme is about two pounds,) of fish, at an average of eight sous per pound at wholesale. The retail price will average twelve sous, about the same as meat of middling quality Thus, though the alimentive qualities of a pound of fish are far less than those of a pound of meat, people in moderate circumstances may indulge in it from time to time to vary their diet The annual consumption of fish is about fifteen pounds per head, and two-thirds of the quantity sold is made up of herring, mackerel, and other cheap and common kinds. Supposing the fish disposed of, let us proceed to poultry. Game is unfortunately as costly as delightful, and the poor are deprived almost wholly of its enjoyment. The annual consumption of birds of all kinds in Paris is supposed to amount to about eight millions of francs The greater part of these are chickens, turkeys and pigeons. There are sold in a year only one hundred and thirty-one thousand partridges, seventy-seven thousand rabbits and twenty nine thousand hares. It will be seen that game still continues a luxury of the aristocrat; it is for railroads to popularize it. Of eggs, the metropolis consumes seventy-five million per annum; of milk, thirty-six million litres, (the litre is nearly a quart); twenty-three million pounds of butter. But might we not have a purer and more creamy milk than we are now forced to swallow? And to turn to fruits. Why should we not see the fig of Marseilles, and the apricot of Auvergne alongside of the peaches of Montreuil and the grapes of Fontainebleau? Thus are railroads destined to enlarge the domain of gastronomy. The Parisian epicure will extend his conquests far and wide; his digestative powers will reach their acme, and he will luxuriate in enjoyments from which he seemed to be cut off for ever. It is true, as Brillat Savarin asserts, that the fate of a nation depends on the way in which it is fed, what may not be the destiny of Paris, placed in the centre of a net of railroads, that bring within reach of its epicures the riches of England, Germany and the Mediterranean? But not Paris alone, but the whole of France, will be enlarged in the sphere of its enjoyment; fertilized and enriched. It opens to us project of universal happiness of a gastronomic utopia.

SINGULAR RENCONTRE.

"You are about to become one of our neighbours. I see, sir!" "Yes, sir." "I am very happy to hear it. I like to meet gentlemen so amiable as you seem to be." "Sir, you are too kind. I am a stranger to you, and——" "No matter, I am a physiognomist, and am seldom mistaken." "I thank you for the good opinion you have been pleased to form of me; but excuse me, my furniture is coming in, and I must see to arranging it." "Do not incommode yourself! if you will allow me, I will assist you, as I have nothing whatever to do" The person who spoke thus was a little man of fifty, with a lively and open countenance; the person he addressed, M. N——, who was about taking possession of apartments he had hired in the Rue St. Honore. The officious neighbour accompanied his new acquaintance to his rooms, where they found the furniture heaped up in most admired disorder Near the window was a stand, on which a number of little articles had been placed; among them a pile of old cards of address, on which M. N's name was written in a very large hand The neighbour took one of them up mechanically, and seemed all at once to be very much troubled. "What is the matter," said M. N——; "that is my name on those cards" "Ah, ve— very well," rejoined the other, flinging the card away, as though it burnt his fingers "Why, do you know me?" asked M. N ——. "Not at all," said his neighbour. "Oh heavens, I shall faint!" And, in fact, he grew very pale, and his knees bent under him. M. N—— hastened to his aid, placed him in a chair, and went for a glass of water. When he returned, what was his surprise when his guest threw himself on his knees, and said in a contrite tone—"Sir, I am a villain, and must make you immediate retribution." "How so," said the other, "this is the first time I have ever seen you; at any rate, choose a more seemly posture, and let us talk the matter over calmly." "You treat me with too much kindness; but pray preserve that feeling for me till you have heard all, for I shall need it. Did you not go to Marseilles in 1823?" "I did." "Did anything happen to you on your journey" "I lost in a hotel at Lyons a portfolio with fourteen thousand francs in bank bills. All the inquiries I made were fruitless, but I have always thought that the people of the house took it." "You are mistaken, I stole it." "What!" "Yes, I; but let me tell you how it happened. I was in business at that time, but bankrupt, and in desperate circumstances. At Lyons, I lodged in a room alongside the one you occupied and which you had just left. Just as I was leaving, I found that I had forgotten some papers, and went up stairs for them. Our rooms joined each other, were of the same size, and furnished alike, so that I mistook yours for my own I did not see my papers, but found your portfolio, which you had left in a closet What shall I say? Instead of returning you the property, which I could easily have done, for your address was written on it, I made use of it to relieve myself from my troubles My ill gotten gains prospered so well in my hands, that I have paid my debts and made some money I have been a thousand times on the point of restoring you your money, but false shame prevented me But now that chance has brought us together, I have only to say, that your money is at your service with legal interest, and I can but humble myself before you, and beg of you to pardon my villany" While saying this, he made another effort to throw himself at M N——'s feet, but the latter hastened to give him his hand in sign of forgiveness He would not even take any interest, but merely the original sum stolen.

NEW TITLES FOR JOURNALS.

A literary paper has appeared at Munich, under the name of (*Theeblatter,*) *tea-leaves;* and another at Brussels, called the *Blue Stocking*

THE TWO ROTHSCHILDS.

A German paper informs us that "a Jew of the name of Joseph Rothschild was engaged in business at Pesth, (Hungary.) His little shop brought him in nothing, his wife was on the point of presenting him with an infant, and want stared him in the face. Finding that he could do nothing at home to relieve his family, he determined to go to Vienna, and endeavour to obtain goods on credit from his brethren. Two days after his departure, a fine boy saw the light, but its poor mother was almost starving. In her extremity she wrote to her husband, begging him to return at once, and not knowing where to direct her letter, addressed it simply to Joseph Rothschild, Vienna. Chance, which often does so much harm, did great good this time. The letter was taken to Rothschild the banker, who had no sooner read it, than he sent the poor woman a bill for a hundred florins, and then ordered the other Dromio Joseph Rothschild of Pesth, to be searched for. He was soon found, and made his appearance in the great banker's palace, not without fear and trembling. The financier received him kindly, and congratulated him on having become a father. The poor fellow was mute with surprise, till his namesake handed him his wife's letter, and added—"You must have a godfather; choose me, and do not be uneasy as to the future fortunes of the young gentleman, I will provide for him." A liberal gratuity completed the good work. Many more such incidents might be told of Mr. Rothschild

CANDIDATES FOR OFFICE.

The French Department of Justice is besieged by candidates soliciting the rather odious post of chief executioner, which is now vacant. The usage is to grant this disgusting office only to members of a family already in the *profession*. The salary is ten thousand francs, besides which, the Paris official receives an additional ten thousand for the expenses of scaffolds, etc. Of the unprofessional applicants for the office, it is observed that the great majority are from professions that familiarize men with blood, butchers, medical students, and old soldiers. The patent of nomination of an Executioner-General never receives the signature of the minister, but only of a clerk.

GREAT CROP OF LITERATURE.

This year's crop of books, says a French journal, promises to be the most abundant, if not the most excellent ever known. In the first quarter of 1839, no less than one thousand new works were published, of which four hundred were in French, two hundred and twenty in Italian, one hundred and seventy-two English, one hundred and eighteen German, forty-eight in Spanish, forty in Latin, and one hundred and ten in other languages.

A KING'S PRIVY PURSE.

We learn from Rome, that Don Miguel, while hunting near Nebluno, was attacked and robbed by six persons in disguise, his suite, his valet and coachman were seized with such terrour at their approach as to offer no resistance, but the prince defended himself bravely till he fell, overpowered by numbers and severely wounded in the neck. The brigands were much astonished at finding in a *king's* purse only a few crowns and a silver watch, while his servants had plenty of gold, and gold watches.

CARRIAGES IN PARIS.

Great complaints are making in Paris of the crowds of vehicles that block up the streets. This is not surprising, for while in 1815 there were only fifteen thousand in Paris, the number is now quadrupled, being no less than sixty-one thousand in 1838, viz.; cabriolets, hackney-coaches, diligences, and omnibuses, twenty thousand; carts, etc. thirty-eight thousand; private and livery carriages, six thousand.

HINDOO LITERATURE.

The *Iliad* has lately been translated into Sanscrit. Besides, a Sanscrit translation of Euclid's Elements has recently been discovered, which is supposed to be at least six hundred years old.

THEATRICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM THE SHAM MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

COLLEY CIBBER, jr. Park Theatre, June, 1839.

DEAR SIR—We never had the pleasure of an acquaintance, either proximate, or remote, with your august sire, but, from our ripening love and affection for you, we assure you that he would have held no minor place in the catalogue of our affections. Were it not for "one peculiar position," the particulars of which you will glean from the context, we would insist upon offering you the honour of a serenade. We are not, it is presumed, considered as any "great shakes" in the list of Mr. Manager Simpsom's wealth, nor are we very noisy on the nights of performance, except by implication, yet I assure you, as relatives, though several degrees removed, we claim to be as inharmonious and irritable as any other members of the great musical family. As we are seldom allowed to make a noise, we desire on this occasion to be heard. We generally perform musical parts in a most unaccountably silent manner, and, like great men in the world, we perform our labour by proxy, being evidently destined for the same great and noble aim, as the mustached fellow who will occupy the —— hand stage-box, that is, to make an empty show. We are not unlike the razors of a celebrated hero of an epic poem, one Peter Pindar, which were made to sell; the difference is, we were made to go.

Our numerical force is sufficiently large and our variety sufficiently great, to stock a respectable orchestra, were it not that we are like the watchful sentinels of an eastern harem, mute. We may hear and see, but to shame the nightingale or enrage the goldfinch by our tuneful lays, is not within our power Roughly shaped by the hands of Mr. ——, carpenter to the theatre, we are expected to do as much as instruments of the finest workmanship and finest finish. Were our misfortunes our own, without a murmur would we bear them, but think of the unfortunate wight who brings us on the stage! Behold Mr. Jones (a most excellent man, by the way, permit us to blow just this one puff) as the Prince in Cinderella, he puts an apparent horn to his lips, and goes through with all the motions and contortions of a Norton or Gambatti, puffs out his cheeks, gets crimson in the face, and persuades his body to perform any quantity of musical gyrations; and yet the horn is unblowable, and the gentleman from the orchestra has been too-toot-ing beside Mr. Durie, the while.

A gallant cavalier comes to the bower of his fair to serenade his dulcinea; he throws the blue riband gracefully over his shoulder, and, looking unutterable things, touches, what ought to be, strings of his guitar, but no music follows; the player in the orchestra has not tuned his instrument, and the lover and the lady look vastly ridiculous

Why should we multiply examples; every night, almost, is pregnant with some ridiculous matter of the kind, and actors curse the stage-management for thrusting them into parts where they not only render themselves ridiculous, but extend the feeling to your humble servants,

THE SHAM MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

With the next communication we have taken some liberties; mostly with the orthography and the punctuation, which were both rather various in their styles. I have, myself, sympathised with the wounded feelings of the unfortunate "supes," and have rather looked upon their occupation as approximating to the last business I should pursue previous to suicide

LETTER FROM THE SUPERNUMERARIES.

Park Theatre.

MR. CIBBER—RESPECTED SIR—Do you not look upon us as a peculiar specimen of good-nature and amiability? We certainly bear "a grievous burden," and yet we would repine not, if there were more of us As if our labour was not sufficient for us, the scaramouches who sit in the gallery call us "supes" every time we appear, as though the audience were not aware of our presence. Our outward man is criticised, too A few evenings since, one of us overheard a dandy say, and, by the way, his father grew rich in the sale of the article, "Where *does* that fellow purchase his blacking? haw, haw!" What right have we, who have walked into other men's shoes, to keep them clean, I should like to know?

But the hardest duty is that performed by the soldiers. Richard III. and Richmond always have the same troops until the last act, when we divide, three privates and three officers to each king; so, you perceive, it renders the contest pretty even, as we know each other's prowess well. After a hard-fought battle, we certainly ought to have the privilege of reclining under the shade of our laurels; or making up for the grief engendered by our defeat; but no, sir, will you believe it, we are turned into chorus-singing fishermen or villagers, or even compelled to don livery, *the* livery, blue coat and red collar, and carry in a letter No bad evening's job for two and sixpence a night

Our wardrobe is sometimes turned into ridicule, not alone by the audience, but the players, and we never have a tall super, that Mr. Povey does not say, "There, that fellow has grown out of his clothes again," as though the clothes were made for us and not we made for the clothes. Perhaps you are a military man, (heaven forfend,) if you are, your eye, used to the beauty and uniformity of real troops, must have smiled at our strange appearance. I assure you, the uniform now worn are the remains of all ever possessed in the establishment. I must except the performance of Rienzi, for then we all had two suits a piece, and six additional supes. We dressed quickly, and thereby managed to come in at the head of the procession, and after changing our appearance, coming in again in the rear, thus swelling the army mightily.

Mr. —— acts as though we were real soldiers, and insists upon our learning to march and carry our arms in a proper style, but we got over that trouble by appealing to the manager, who said he never heard of supernumeraries appearing like anything but supernumeraries. I never have thought so before, but that must be the reason why we are placed in an old cavern or around an ale-house board to drink molasses and water out of japan tumblers, and sing all manner of enlivening songs, for no one but supernumeraries ever did such things, I am convinced.

It is really astonishing what envy there is between the actors and us; this would be nothing were it not for the influence they have over the press, who are afraid to notice any of our good points for fear of exciting the ill-will of the actors.

We are getting up a society, which we shall soon have in the full tide of successful experiment. It is to be called the "Anti-making-fun-of-the-supernumeraries-without-cause-society." Hoping you will encourage our feeble efforts, we remain, dear Mr. Cibber, yours truly,

THE SUPERNUMERARIES

A LARGE PIECE OF CHALK.—On the South-eastern and Dover Railway, in England, an enormous mass of chalk, of several thousand tons weight, suddenly fell from the facing of the rock forming the entrance to the tunnel through Shakspeare's Cliff. No less than seventy-eight men would have been crushed by the fall, had they not been warned of their danger in time to make their escape by the previous falling of some particles. This accident has afforded a rare treat to geologists, as it has laid bare the vertebræ of an immense animal, and it is hoped that on the removal of the fallen rubbish, the remainder of the skeleton will be found.

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

RECEIPT FOR COUGHING IN A PLACE OF WORSHIP.—The Rev. Mr. Binney is very impatient of anything like noise in the chapel, while he is preaching. In the winter of 1837, I heard him deliver a sermon, on a Sabbath afternoon, in the Adelphi Chapel, and, it being the season of colds, there was a very general coughing in the place while he was in the midst of his discourse. Unable to bear it any longer, he paused, and begged them to desist, in order that he might not be interrupted. The audience did the best they could to comply with his wishes; still, in some cases, they could not help themselves. When he came to the conclusion of the head of his sermon, on which he was dilating, he paused for some moments, and then said—"Now, my friends, if any of you wish to cough now, I'll wait a little till you have done." The observation was followed by a considerable pause on the part of the preacher, but the invitation to cough was addressed in vain to the audience; I never knew greater stillness to prevail in any place of worship. The truth was, the congregation were surprised beyond measure at the observation; and the more so, because they felt utterly at a loss to know whether the reverend gentleman was serious in making it, or only intended to be ironical.

SINGULAR BEING.—At a place commonly called the World's End, near Keighley, Yorkshire, resides a man named William Sharp, who will attain the age of sixty-two years in January next, who has kept his bed for a period of about thirty years, though neither lame nor sick. The cause of his first taking to bed is said to be from his father having, at two different times, taken from him three guineas, which he had saved (gold being at that time very valuable); and, on the second three guineas being taken from him, he declared he would never work any more, and took to his bed, which he has never since left. He has his meals regularly four times a day, seldom refusing anything that is brought him—never speaks, but generally lies rolled up in bed like a hedgehog, from which he is removed once a month, in order that clean sheets may be laid on the bed, etc. His beard is grisly, his hair silvery white, and most enormous teeth project from his lips. It is said that at his father's death he became entitled to considerable property, but is prevented enjoying it by his determined perseverance in this most singular resolution.

PRINTING.—A curious legend exists relative to the discovery of printing. One evening of the fifteenth century, Faust was travelling towards a town in Germany; just before him rode a traveller on horseback; the shoes of his horse left on the even, soft ground, distinct and regular impressions, repeated with exactness each step. Faust observed this: the next day printing was invented.—There is a similar account given of the discovery of lithography, which took place only forty years ago. One night Aloys Senefelder, chorist of the Munich Theatre, entered his small room, with three things in his hand—a hone for razors, an order to draw his month's pay, and a printer's ball, charged with printing ink—for it was he who made, on the theatre checks, the little mark, changed each time, to prevent fraud Scarcely had he laid the order on the mantel, when it was blown off, and fell into a basin of water.—Aloys snatched up the precious paper, wiped it, and, replacing it on the mantelpiece, put on it, to prevent its being blown away, the new razor hone, which, on the way, had rubbed against the ball. the black marks made by this contact were observed the next day, transferred, with admirable precision, to the damp paper—The chorist, Aloys Senefelder, observed this, and lithography was invented

"MOTHER, IT'S GETTING LATE."—The following anecdote is told by a Paris letter-writer:—"We have had something amusing here at the recent masquerade-balls. Suppose a gentleman and lady were talking together—you know how easily talk is commenced and continued, when the conversationists are masked—the trick is, just when Monsieur was trying to persuade Madame or Mademoiselle to unmask for a moment, that he might see if the reality was like what his "fancy painted her," for a couple of youths to come up, and gravely accost the lady with a "*Maman, il fait tard; allons-nous-en!*" When the male mask heard his charmer accosted as the mother of a couple of young men as old as himself, his anxiety would be to get rid of the ancient lady; she would be too much annoyed, perhaps, to raise the mask, and the intruders would walk away to "spoil sport" between another pair! But the phrase, "Mother, it's getting late, let us go," has grown into a cant, and is lugged in on all occasions, whether applicable or not."

AN INDIAN MOUND.—The St. Louis Bulletin, of a late date, says:—"A gentleman living about four miles from the city, a few months ago, removed a small mound, immediately in front of his house, and found in it the skeletons of two or three hundred Indians. The skeletons were all close together, and, from their broken bones and other attending circumstances, it seems probable that, at some remote period, a battle was fought there, and that these are the relics of those who fell in the fight. As an honour to their memories, the survivers threw over their bodies this immense heap of earth, and it is probable that nearly all of these mounds have originated in the same way. To our own knowledge, bones of Indians have been found in several."

UNPROFITABLE DELIBERATION.—One half of human life is made up of wasted consideration. The highways of the world are strewed with the sand of thoughts cast away. The events over which we have no control affect our destiny a thousand fold more than the few that we can govern; and while we ponder over our decision, fate decides for us, and the game is played.

CANDIDATES FOR OFFICE.—In Mississippi, the candidates for office are not allowed to treat their friends with "strong drink," during the time of their being known as such, but their friends are not prohibited from treating them. There are probably some folks who would like to live in that state, and be known as candidates for office all the days of their life.

ENTHUSIASM A DESIDERATUM.—A mother should give her children a superfluity of enthusiasm, that after they have lost all they will lose on mixing with the world, enough may still remain to prompt and support them through great actions. A cloak should be of three-pile, to keep its gloss in wear

COMPLIMENTARY.—A German writer says:—"The Dutch are a cheaper edition of the Germans, on unsized paper, and without copperplates."

ENVY.—It is the fate of those who are most exalted in their talents and reputation to be assailed with rancour and bitterness; and their enemies, whenever occasion is given them, will strive to render them as odious as themselves.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"The Characters of Schiller." By Mrs. Ellet. Boston: Otis, Broaders and Co. Pp. 296.

THE fine discriminating powers of Mrs Ellet are here exerted upon a subject well worthy of her pen. Schiller is, unquestionably, next to Shakspeare, the greatest of modern dramatic writers, and his works are pure models of dramatic composition. A writer in the North American Review, in the course of a friendly notice of this volume, takes occasion to remark that it is inferior to Mrs. Jameson's well-known work upon the female characters of Shakspeare. We disagree with the critic. Whatever inferiority there may be, proceeds from the subject and not from the commentator. Mrs. Ellet has displayed a thorough knowledge and appreciation of the beauties of the great German poet, and her translations are rendered with a spirit and power not unworthy of Coleridge himself. We may search in vain in the works of Mrs. Jameson for a passage superior in philosophical truth and energy of style, to the opening remarks upon the genius of Schiller. We trust that our readers will be induced, from the following quotation, to purchase and peruse the whole of this most agreeable, instructive, and ingenious work:

"There is much truth in the remark of Madame de Staël, that men are more apt to pride themselves on the possession of taste than of genius. This may be because taste in literature is like *le bon ton* in society regarded as indicative of aristocratic origin or rank, and of the habits belonging to such distinction; while the wreaths of genius are not unfrequently bound on vulgar brows. Besides, the reputation of taste implies a less questionable, if a more conventional superiority. The dominion of the critic is absolute so far as his supremacy is acknowledged; and there are thousands willing to submit to the imposition of such an authority, while they are subject to no new and startling demands. We are less reluctant to suffer ourselves to be guided in the perception of what shall be admired or rejected, than to understand and decide upon new appeals to our judgment.

"The form in literature, rather than the matter, lies peculiarly within the province of taste. The one is liable to mutations which do not affect the other; for the one is drawn from varying life and the material world, while the other has its being in man's spiritual essence. Hence the principles of true criticism are not subject to caprice; they have survived the shocks of ages, that change nature herself. The ideal is far more enduring than the actual

"In Schiller's writings the empire of taste is paramount; the form is indeed so eminent in his regard, that he often loses, in the elaborate chasteness of his conception, the original ease and freshness of unfettered nature. That he was justly distinguished as a critic, as well as a poet, no one who reads his elegant and finished essays upon Æsthetic culture, will presume to doubt. He gave, in fact, an example of the very highest and most exclusive devotion to the art of criticism; for in the plenitude of his powers and the zenith of his success he offered up to it—MYSELF. He brought the accumulated treasures of his scholarship, the freshness of his unrivalled genius, the fire of his imagination, and the vigour of his understanding, and with self-sacrificing zeal delivered them up at the shrine of the goddess of his idolatry; consecrating them for ever and for ever to her service. Many blamed his devotion and proposed an inauspicious result; and such would probably have been the case with a mind of less power. When he forsook the guidance of pure nature, ever simple and open in her means and her ends, and strove, through the mazes of metaphysical subtleties, to reach an ideal beyond nature, or one that should supply her place, he adventured in the midst of dangers of which he was not unaware. An inferior spirit would have sunk under difficulties destructive to the original fire and force of genius; nor were the powers of the poet uncircumscribed and his enthusiasm unchilled, by their influence. But Schiller's was too noble a mind to be long held in check even by the principles he himself recognised. With impetuous, almost incredible efforts he bore himself beyond restraint; and rushed forward into excellence through the path he had chosen. The system did not assist or elevate him; it was he who ennobled the system, by enlarging and bringing it as nearly as possible to perfection.

"This new search after the beautiful—this endeavour to make 'art a second nature,' is perceptible in all the works of our author, giving rise to many of his defects, and to some of his beauties.—His philosophy was undoubtedly erroneous; the true poet is indeed always philosophical, but his knowledge of nature is intuitive, not derived from the study of theoretical rules. The vigour of youthful imagination never owes its energy to the inculcation of opinions, though its growth may be thereby strengthened and its exuberances pruned. Shakspeare's characters are a study for the metaphysician, yet the creative intellect of that greatest poet was never confined within the limits of theories: had it been so, he might have produced mighty monuments of art, but could never have reached the summit of human excellence. If Schiller's genius emerged from the cloud, to shine in the admiration of succeeding ages, his success must be regarded as affording proof of the transcendant powers of the poet, not of the truth or safety of his hypothesis.

"There is no greater happiness bestowed on man than the enjoyment of the ideal. 'The end of art,' Schiller remarks, 'is unquestionably the same with that of nature—to produce delight.' She gives us sportively what we obtain with difficulty from her serious sisters; bestows freely what is elsewhere the fruit of laborious exertion. By diligent industry we gain the pleasures of knowledge; by severe abstinence the joys of sense; by sacrifices we obtain the approbation of reason. Art alone offers enjoyment that need not first be earned; that costs no sacrifice, is followed by no repentance. True; but effort is first necessary to prepare the mind to receive and appreciate this enjoyment; and to make this preparation, to turn the rough soil and dispose it to receive seed that shall spring forth in perennial flowers, is the earliest and most arduous achievement of the labourer in the garden of taste. A hard conflict must be sustained with the indolence and timidity of untutored nature. Not without significance did the Grecian fable represent the Goddess of Wisdom as having sprung *fully armed* from the head of Jove. Schiller has forcibly painted in his essays, the forlorn condition of the human mind in its uncultivated state, before the contemplation of excellence beguiles man to pleasure, and softens his asperities. 'Ever uniform in his aim, ever mutable in his judgment, selfish without knowing his own interest, fetterless without being free, and a slave without obeying a rule!'"

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received during the past week a number of long manuscript communications, which we will peruse the first cool day. With the thermometer at ninety it cannot be expected that the plainest chirography should be very tempting to the eyes.—The amatory stanzas by "Florio" are a little too much in the Laura Matilda vein. They would have answered very well half a century ago.

The only favour that a subscriber can confer upon us, is to comply with the conditions on which this journal is issued. Those residing at a distance, where there is no regular agent, will please remit the amount of their bills by mail.

A lady correspondent says that "those who meddle with the flame of love must expect to burn their fingers."

Notices of the Expositor, the Gazette, the Times, and Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, are unavoidably omitted until our next number.

The stanzas of "EVA" are full of blemishes, but the last four lines are beautiful. We quote them:

> "Like sweet bells o'er the waters
> Her tones fell on my ear
> That fairest of earth's daughters,
> My song-bird paused to hear."

A correspondent suggests that we were in error in declining to commend the new novel of "Harry Franco" to the favour of our "fair readers." Our opinion was formed from incidentally meeting with two or three vulgar and unpalatable expressions in the course of a hurried glance through the volumes. If we have done injustice we shall be anxious to rectify it.—We have not yet met with the new work by the author of "Vivian Grey," to which "K." alludes. The contributions of a "Texian," "L. N. T.," and "E. Y. T." are declined. We have no use for the papers left by a "Traveller," but are much obliged to him for his attention.—"C." is assured that there was no personality intended in Mr. Cox's amusing sketch entitled "The Illustrious Obscure." The coincidences must have been entirely accidental.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1839.

Newport.—Now is the season for Newport. When there, select a fine day, and driving or riding along Easton beach, visit Purgatory. Gaze awhile into its deep, dark chasm, and then cast your eyes over the illimitable blue ocean that opens before you. Continue your drive over the sand—and see there—mark Block Island looming up, in its dim purple shadows, spirit-land-like, far off in the waters! And now you are on your way to Paradise, and having left your horses, you are threading its long line of sycamores, and clambering over the rocks to its summit. The view about you, how magnificent! Sit down in the shadow, and write half a dozen sonnets after the manner of Wordsworth. There are subjects enough scattered in all directions. Bishop Berkely's old house will furnish you fourteen lines. What do you say to the old tower; this is unfortunately no Scandinavian relic, but merely an honest old mill, which has been made to grind more poetry of late years than corn. Then the historic recollections! The bay is full of them. Little more than half a century ago, and what might you have seen here! Tents and banners, regiments of soldiers, an armed fleet, and all the "pomp, pride and circumstance" of war. And now, everything how placid and serene! There is nothing but the battlemented pile, frowning at the entrance of the harbour, to remind you that there are times when nations have need of defence. "Newport illustrated!" What a beautiful volume might be made of it! A dozen fine pictures, taken at the most interesting points, with prose sketches and poems and "short sonnets" by way of letter press. Sea views, land views, with an old building or two, Fort Adams, and such other scenes as the skill of the artist and poet might invest with interest. Such a book must be made.

Bathing.—The weather is now truly delightful, and the pure and healthy exercise of the bath is becoming exceedingly popular. How refreshing and invigorating is a plunge into the sea-water after labour or study in the enervating heat of the day. If resorted to betimes in the morning, before the arrival of business hours, how calm and clear does it make the mind! how active and vigorous the body! how well does it prepare us for physical or mental fatigue! Setting aside all considerations of strength and cleanliness, how admirably does it qualify us, by the acquirement and cultivation of the difficult science of swimming, to meet, to laugh at, and to conquer danger in the event of accident, to which a sea-going population, whether for profit or recreation, are exposed

How to make a puff.—The ingenuity of booksellers in extracting the sweet from the bitter of a review, sweepingly condemnatory of their wares, is sometimes amusing. An instance is mentioned in which a literary notice commenced something in this way: "Aware of the pains taken in the production of this volume, and feeling nothing but sincere friendship for the amiable author, we should be happy to say it is an ornament to American literature. But"——and here followed a long string of damatory criticisms and objections. The publishers selected the phrase, "It is an ornament to American literature," and inserted it in their advertisement, credited to the paper in which the attack appeared.

Characteristics.—Philadelphia is the city of brotherly love—Boston the city of notions—Baltimore the city of monuments—and New-York—"what is New-York the city of, papa?" asked a bright-lipped miss of fifteen, the other day. "The city of newspapers, to be sure," was the reply, as the old gentleman took up the fifth new newspaper, that had been left for his subscription that week

Rapid travelling.—Passengers are carried on the railroads between Albany and Auburn, a distance of one hundred and ninety-two miles, in one day. A person leaving Syracuse in the morning arrives at Saratoga Springs in time for tea in the evening

Revolutionary heroes.—William Pierce, aged ninety-six, one of the last relics of the "Tea Party," was present at the Faneuil Hall celebration on the fourth at Boston. He was helped into his carriage by another revolutionary lad aged eighty-six.

Letter from an idle merchant.—MR MIRROR—I have recently returned from a flying trip to London. My time was so fully occupied while there, that I had no leisure for memorandums of "Incidents of Travel," or "Pencillings by the Way." Now that I am safely home again, I take pleasure in remembering what I heard and saw during my absence—and in recounting it too. But I have related my adventures over and over again to my friends, until they are weary with the recital, and have left me no longer a lion in their estimation, because I can roar no new note. I am a merchant—my account books are all in perfect order, every receipt, letter, and bill filed, and in its appropriate place; few notes to pay this month, no discounts to ask for, a good bank account, and, worst of all, no customers to expect—what shall I do with my leisure hours? How employ them more pleasantly than in giving to the public the thrice-told tale! To be sure, I am not accustomed to writing for the public, except such articles as the printer is sure to send in a bill for inserting; but this shall not deter me from taking this first step to immortality. I shall not trouble you with a tedious description of my voyage, but will commence with a time when—I had seen most of the "great attractions" of the metropolitan city, and was merely gleaning the field from which I had already gathered abundantly, as I one morning espied over a door a small sign with this inscription—"Mental Daguerroscope." Something new under the sun! Just what I came all the way to London to see—and I immediately walked in. The room which I entered exhibited about equally the appearance of a chemical laboratory, and an ordinary engraver's office. Here was an electrical machine, and there an engraver's stone—here a galvanic battery, and there a pile of designs; with a countless number of other things, presenting in itself a sight, no doubt as curious as the workshop of "Jabez Doolittle," but when compared with the wonderful results of the art which I afterwards saw there, it was nearly forgotten. Upon my making some inquiries respecting this art, of which I had never before heard, I was informed that it was a new method of taking impressions of objects, which method had first been suggested to the author by the lunar Daugerroscope. He said they would soon take an impression, in seeing which, I might obtain a better idea of the process than by any description he could give. A sheet of drawing-paper which had received the solution preparatory to taking an impression was first placed in a perpendicular position. In front of this was seated the engraver, for so he was called, in a large arm-chair, covered with a kind of cloth which had rendered it nonconductoral of the electric fluid; his dress was of the same material. He was now thrown into a profound "magnetic slumber," and while in this condition was charged with electric fluid until his eyes flashed open. He immediately fixed them upon me, and that with such an unearthly glowing, that I could think of nothing but his satanic majesty, and began to retreat. Just as I moved, he took his eyes from me and fixed them upon the paper before him, and I saw in an instant my own likeness there, in its full and perfect proportions. As fast as the impressions were taken, the sheet was removed and a new one substituted, until they became so faint as to be scarcely perceptible. This was the "mental Daguerroscope." There is no part of it secret except the preparation of the paper previous to being engraved upon. I was now shown several specimens of landscape engravings by the same method, which rivalled everything in that line, as much as nature has heretofore excelled the most bungling productions of art. The lunar Daguerroscope has reached perfection in this establishment, as you will readily believe when I tell you that, in taking a landscape impression a few days since, a perfect human figure, with long, flowing hair, and a fine pair of wings, appeared, flying through the air at a little distance from the earth. Unseen by mortal eyes, unknown his presence; from whence, or whither bound, all a mystery; yet leaving his shadow to gladden our hearts with the belief that good spirits hover over us. Messrs. Editors, if you, or any of your curious readers, would see these wonders, just make a trip to London—not in a steampacket, or a packetship, but as I did, in a—dream. Yours, A

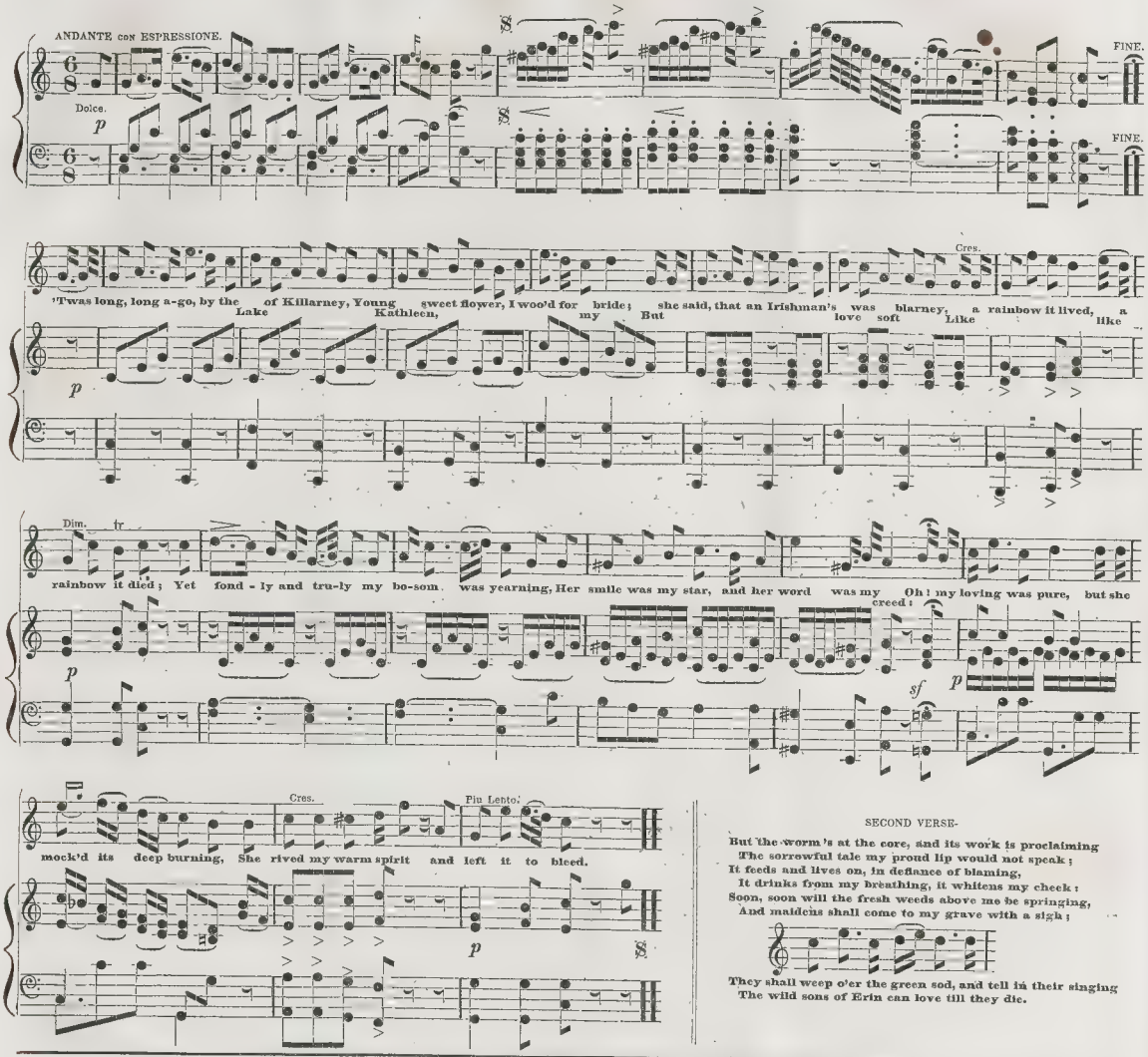
Advantages of a country excursion.—It has been said, on medical authority, and every one's experience will confirm the truth of the observation, that a short trip into the country, even for a single day, is exceedingly beneficial, by diverting the mind from the ordinary objects of contemplation, and removing from it for a time that load of anxious cares, which, if suffered too long to remain, destroys its elasticity. For a few dollars, a person may enjoy the different varieties of lake, river, mountain, forest and sea-side scenery. "He may store his mind with the recollection of the beauties of nature, and of the occurrences that befell him while absent from home; and in the midst of the crowded city, and of pressing occupations, he may often relieve and amuse his harassed mind by the contemplation of these intellectual images."

Our neighbourhood.—Jump into the railroad car at the City-Hall. Get out at Forty-second street. Two minutes walk will find you in a shady grove, on the banks of the East river. You have escaped the heat of the city. You sniff the pure air. You reinvigorate your weary limbs. You refresh your tired spirit. After rambling about an hour or two, you find your way back as you came. And all this for the inconsiderable sum of two shillings, metallic currency

Serenading.—The custom of serenading has been quite prevalent during the hot nights of the past week or two. There could not be a more appropriate season, if the music be good. But, oh ye incipient practisers on the German flute, and oh ye tyros in the mysteries of "fa, sol, la," disturb not our slumbers with your midnight violations of harmony. St. Cecilia preserve us from all such inflictions.

THE FAIR ROSE OF KILLARNEY.

A BALLAD—BY MISS ELIZA COOK—MUSIC BY STEPHEN GLOVER.



SECOND VERSE.

But the worm's at the core, and its work is proclaiming
The sorrowful tale my proud lip would not speak;
It feeds and lives on, in defiance of blaming,
It drinks from my breathing, it whitens my cheek:
Soon, soon will the fresh weeds above me be springing,
And maidens shall come to my grave with a sigh;

They shall weep o'er the green sod, and tell in their singing
The wild sons of Erin can love till they die.

Original

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

'Twas in the flush of summer time,
Some twenty years or more,
Since Earnest lost his way, and crost
The threshold of our door
I'll ne'er forget his locks of jet
His brow of Alpine snow,
His manly grace of form and face,
Some twenty years ago.

The hand he asked I freely gave—
Mine was a happy lot,
In all my pride to be his bride
Within my father's cot.
The vow he spoke he never broke:
His faithful heart I know;
And well I trow I love him now
As twenty years ago.

PORTIA

MISCELLANY.

POLITICAL.—"I say, you Sam Johnsing, does you know anything about dis woman, Polly Ticks, dat white folks talk so much about?" "Well, I doesn't. You are too hard for dis child dis time" "Why, Sam, I tort you knowed eberything." "So I doz. I knows Polly Jones, what sells coffee in the wegetable market, and I knows Polly Tomson wat does gwoin out to day's work up in Canal-street; but when it comes to Polly Ticks, I'm bodered. Guess you 'd better ax white folks, Pete; dey peer to know al. about her."

LAWFUL REVENGE.—Many years since, a gentleman in Newington, a parish of Wethersfield, Connecticut, who was a very religious and conscientious man, married one of the most ill-natured and troublesome women who could be found in the vicinity. This occasioned a universal surprise wherever he was known, and one of his neighbour's ventured to ask him the reasons which had governed his choice. He replied, that having had but little trouble in the world, he was fearful of becoming too much attached to things of time and sense, and thought that by experiencing some afflictions, he should become more weaned from the world, and that he married such a woman as he thought would accomplish this object. The best part of the story is, that the wife, hearing the reasons why he married her, was much offended, and, *out of revenge*, became one of the most pleasant and dutiful wives in the town; declaring that she was not going to be made a pack-horse to carry her husband to heaven.

NOISY DECLAIMERS.—There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal, whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead. However, such instruments are necessary to politicians; and perhaps it may be with states as with clocks, which must have some dead weights hanging at them, to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more useful parts.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT OF POPE.—"*Daily Post, June* 14, 1728. Whereas there has been a scandalous paper cried about the streets, under the title of a "Popp upon Pope," insinuating that I was whipped in Ham Walks on Thursday last; this is to give notice that I did not stir out of my house at Twickenham, and that the same is a malicious and ill-grounded report.—ALEXANDER POPE."

CURIOUS INSCRIPTION.—A fellow who married a termagant who drove him to desperation, and, finally, to death, just before dying, requested a friend to have the following brief yet pungent inscription upon his tomb:—"Slain by a jaw-bone."

ARABIAN SYMPATHY.—"Weary and faint from the fatigue of our journey," says Lieutenant Willstead, in his Travels in Arabia, "in order to enjoy the freshness of the evening breeze, I had spread my carpet beneath a tree. An Arab, passing by, paused to gaze upon me, and, touched by my condition and the melancholy which was depicted in my countenance, he proffered the salutation of peace, pointed to the crystal stream, which, sparkling, held its course at my feet, and said, 'Look, friend, for running water maketh the heart glad.' With his hands folded over his breast—that mute but most graceful of Eastern salutations—he bowed and passed on. I was in a situation to estimate sympathy; and so much of that feeling was exhibited in the manner of this son of the desert, that I have never since recurred to the incident, trifling as it is, without emotion."

GOSSIP.—Gossip is a thing that thrives amazingly upon minced meats, daintily conveyed into its mouth with a pap-spoon; but set substantial fare before it, and let it feed itself with a ladle, and within four-and-twenty hours it lies at your feet, dead of surfeit.

WOMAN.

Who longest lingers at the bed of death,
With kisses winning back the fleeting breath!
Who longest at the chill, lone tomb, shall stay,
Pale sentinel o'er cold and paler clay!
"Last at the cross and earliest at the grave,"
Oh, woman! 'tis thy chosen hour to save,
When manhood's haughty crest is fallen low,
Shattered and broken by the stunning blow.

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G. P. Scott, Printer, corner of John and Gold-streets.

NEW-YORK MIRROR,

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Embellished with Engravings, and Music arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

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TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

WALPURGIS-NIGHT.

BY HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

(Concluded from our last.)

CHAPTER VII.

As I descended the stairs, I determined to hurry home to awaken my wife and children and press them to my heart once more, then to fly abroad into the world like a Cain, to escape the hands of justice. But while I was on the stairs, I saw that my clothes were sprinkled over with the Starost's blood. I trembled to be seen.

The street-door was closed As I was hurrying back to escape through the court-yard, I heard footsteps hurrying down the stairs, and exclamations, and calls, behind me. I fled across the court to the barn. I knew that through it I could come out into gardens and fields without the town. But my pursuers were too quick for me. I had hardly reached the barn when one seized me by the coat. In utter desperation, I tore myself loose, and hurled the blazing light into the high heaps of straw around me. Flames burst forth. I had hoped to rescue myself by this step, and it succeeded. They loosed their holds of me to take steps to extinguish the fire. Thus I reached the open fields.

I plunged blindly on, over fences and ditches. To see my Fanny, my Augustus, my Leopold, again was not to be thought of. The instinct of self-preservation drowned the voice of every other human feeling. When I thought on my return home the day before, and my hopes for the morning which was now drawing nigh, I could not realize that what had passed was possible. But my bloody dress, and the keen morning breeze that pierced through me, proved the contrary only too plainly. If I had had a weapon, if a river had been at hand, I should have ceased to live.

Breathless, dripping with sweat, prostrate in every nerve, with trembling knees, I pursued my flight slowly. I had to stop sometimes to recover myself, and still was often on the point of falling. In this way I reached the next village. While I stood before it, and was still considering whether I should go round or pass boldly through it, for the sun had not yet risen, the town-bell in the tower began to ring. Soon the sound of bells from other distant hamlets rang around me. It was the alarm-bell.

Each stroke crushed me to the earth. I looked. Oh heavens! a broad dark-red glow behind me—a huge pillar of fire flickering up to the clouds, swayed backwards and forwards over my home. The whole town was in flames—I—I was the incendiary. Oh, my Fanny, oh, my children, what a fearful awakening from your morning slumbers has your father prepared for you!

Then it seemed as though I was caught up by the hair and raised on high, and my feet felt light as feathers. I ran round the village into a forest. The flames of my home shone with the brightness of day, and the sound of the alarm-bells echoed threateningly in my ears.

When I had reached the darkness of the wood, and plunged so deep into it that I could not see the ruddy light of the conflagration, I could go no further. I fell on the damp ground and yelled in despair. I beat the ground with my forehead, and tore up the grass around me. I wished to die and knew not how.

Faithless, murderer, incendiary, all this within an hour! The red-coat was right, "there are no righteous men among ye, save those who want opportunities for sin. Offer the devil a hair and your whole head is his" What accursed fate brought that Satan to me in the summer-house? Had I not drank the punch, I could have seen Julia without forgetting Fanny, the Starost would not have been slain, I would not have wrapped my home in flames, nor would I have been lying here, abhorred by myself, accursed by mankind. Meantime the alarm-bells rang out unceasingly, and frightened me up from the ground. I was glad that it was not day yet, for I might hope to get a good distance undiscovered.

But I sunk down again in tears as I recollected that it was the first of May, my Fanny's birthday. How had we happy ones solemnized it heretofore within the family circle. And now—what a day—what a night! Then the idea passed through my mind, it is Walpurgis-night. Strange! ancient superstition always made this a night of terrour, in which the spirits of evil held their festival, and the devil assembled his sorcerers on the summit of the Blocksberg. I could have believed the wildest fancies. The suspicious red-coat with his strange words occurred to me more vividly. Now why should I deny it, I would have given up my soul to have him save me, to make me forget the past, and to restore me to my wife and children in any corner of the world where we might live undiscovered. But the alarm-bells rang louder—I felt the approach of dawn. I sprang from the ground and fled along through the woods till I reached a highway.

CHAPTER VIII.

Cain.

Here I breathed freely. All that had passed was so horrible, so sudden, that I could hardly realize it. But I looked round, and through reflection the red flame of the conflagration glared. I felt myself, and stained my finger in the Starost's blood.

"This will betray me to the first one that meets me," thought I, and I tore my blood-stained garments off, hid them in the bushes, and washed my hands clean in the dew. Then, half-dressed, I ran along the highway.

"What art thou at now?" said I to myself; "whoever sees thee will pursue thee. None but murderers and madmen run naked through the woods If I meet a peasant that I can master, I will make him give me his frock. Then I should be safe for the moment. I can remain hid in the thickets during the day, and continue my flight at night. But where am I to find nourishment—where money?" It now struck me that I had left my pocket-book in the coat I had thrown away, and thus robbed myself of all my money.

I stopped, and was undecided. I thought for a moment that I would turn back and look for my pocket-book. But—the Starost's blood! I would not have seen it again for a million—and—to go back—to have eternally before my eyes the fire-glow playing through the trees—no—the flames of yawning hell sooner! So I wandered on.

I next heard the rolling of a carriage. I plunged hastily into the wood, trembling like an aspen-leaf. A handsome open travelling-carriage, drawn by two horses and loaded with trunks, came slowly by. One person was in it. He drew up near me, alighted, walked round the carriage and examined it on every side, then went across the road into the wood.

"Once in the wagon and you are saved," spoke a voice within me. "Your limbs are broken down, they can drag you no farther. Once there, clothes, gold, rapid flight, all is at your command. Heaven means to protect you. Profit by the moment."

No sooner said than done, for there was not a minute to waste in reflection. We all look out for ourselves as best we may. "Every one for himself in this world," thought I." "Despair, like necessity, knows no law."

One spring and I was out of the woods in the road, and from the road in the carriage I seized the reins and turned the horses round, away from my burning home. The owner hurried out of the wood, and, just as I was making the horses feel the whip, he tried to stop them. He placed himself in front of me. I scourged them more fiercely, for it was too late to hesitate. The horses reared and dashed on. The owner fell and lay under their feet. I drove on over him. He cried for help: A voice went through me—it was a well-known voice—a beloved one. I did not believe my ears. I stopped and leaned out of the carriage to look at the unfortunate man. I saw him—but, I shudder as I say it, I saw my brother, whom I had left in Prague!

I sat there as though struck helpless by lightning. The poor wretch lay writhing and moaning under the wheels. I dragged myself slowly out of the carriage. I sank down by my dear brother's side. The heavy wheel had passed over his breast. I called on his name in low, trembling accents—he heard me not—his troubles were over. I was the wretch who had robbed him of a life which was as dear to me as mine own. Horrible! two murders in one night! both involuntary, indeed, both done in desperation. Still they were done, and were the consequences of that first fault which I might and should have avoided.

My eyes moistened, not with drops of sorrow over my brother, but with tears of furious rage against my lot, and against heaven. I had never in my life sullied myself with a crime. I had been full of sensibility for the beautiful, the good, for virtue and for truth. No pleasure had been sweeter to me than that of making others happy. And now an accursed want of thought—a moment of unholy forgetfulness—and the turn of chance or fate, had made me the most miserable, despicable wretch beneath the sun. Oh, let no one boast himself of his virtue, his strength of mind, his judgment! We have only to lay our better principles aside for a minute—a single minute—and he who was pure as angels, is capable of any deed of shame.

I will hasten to the end of a tale more horrible than any which a poet's imagination ever devised.

CHAPTER IX.

Repentance.

I kissed my brother's pale forehead. Then I heard voices in the wood. Should I let myself be apprehended over the body of the beloved one whom I first tried to rob and then murdered? Before I could even think, I was in the thickest wood and left horses, carriage, and corpse to their fate. The all-powerful instinct of life was alone awake within me, everything else was dead. I moved on torpidly through bush and briar; wherever the copse was darkest, the foliage the thickest, I hurried. "Whosoever finds thee," said the voice within me, "will slay thee, Cain, murderer, fratricide!"

I sat down wearied on a rock in the centre of the wood. The sun had arisen without my remarking it. A new life breathed through nature—the fearful Walpurgis-night was now past, but its results flitted, like fiends from below, around my path. I saw my mourning Fanny with her orphan children—I saw the family of my unhappy brother refusing to be comforted. I saw the tribunal—the procession from the prison to the scaffold—the fatal block.

I rose and walked, I knew not whither. After I had travelled awhile, the wood grew lighter. I chanced upon a narrow forest-path and entered on it at once, careless whither it might lead me.

CHAPTER X.

The tempter.

At a turn in the road, I saw directly before me horses, a carriage overturned and with a wheel broken, and to my terrour and delight at once, the well-known red-coat standing by it.

As he looked upon me he grinned according to his custom, and said, "Welcome here. Did I not say that we would meet again? I have been waiting all night. My postillion has gone to town for help and has not come back."

"Help is more needed there than here, the whole town is in flames," said I.

"I thought so!" rejoined he, "for I noticed the redness of the sky. But what are you doing here in the woods? Why don't you help them to extinguish it?"

"They have other things besides timber to extinguish," sighed I

"I thought so. Did not I tell you so beforehand?" was the answer.

"Rescue me!" exclaimed I. "I am a guilty wretch, faithless husband, murderer, incendiary, highwayrobber, fratricide, all since the moment you left me—all within three hours. And yet, I swear to you, I am not a bad man."

The red-coat stamped in anger with his clump-foot on the ground, but his features remained hard and icy. I told him the unexampled misfortunes of that night. He remained unmoved.

"Do you know me now!" said he at last, "and what I want of you?"

"My soul! my soul!" shrieked I, "for now I begin to believe you are really he for whom I took you in sport."

"And who was that?"

"Satan."

"Fall down before me, then, and worship me," thundered he in a frightful tone.

I fell on my knees before him like a madman, raised my clasped hands and exclaimed, "Save me! save my wife and children from destruction! They at least are innocent—bring us into a desert, where we may have bread and water and a hole to creep into, and we will fancy ourselves in paradise. But wash the memory of last night from my brain, else paradise itself is a hell!"

As I said this he raised his clump-foot and struck me a blow with it in contempt, so that I fell backwards. "See there," said he, "the pious, devout, good-feeling man; see the proud mortal in all the majesty of reason; see the philosopher who denies the existence of the devil, and brings eternity into a learned doubt! He crowns his deeds of guilt by worshipping the father of evil!"

"Thereby, Satan, do I know thee!" cried I in my rage. "That soft pity which dwells in the hearts of the children of men has no place in thy iron breast. I ask no sympathy from thee who art capable of naught but scoffing and cruelty. I only wished to buy thy favour, to buy it with my soul I may yet amend it, may find out the way of repentance, and of grace. I may yet escape thee when thou thinkest thyself most certain of it."

He answered me gloomily, "No, sir, I am not the fiend, as you supposed. I am a man like yourself. You have been a criminal, you are now a madman. But he who has once been found wanting to his better faith, soon makes way with his reason too I despise you, and in truth, if I could, I would not help you. Your soul I do not ask for. It is ripe for hell already. Satan will not bid you a sixpence for it."

CHAPTER XI.

Hope.

I stood for awhile doubtful and confused before him. Shame and anger, penitence and readiness for any crime which could save me for the moment, were struggling within me. I cannot describe what I felt. The history of a fleeting moment would swell into a volume beneath my pen, and yet not be completed.

"Since you are not he I took you for," said I, at last, "I must

wish you were. Save me else am I lost. Save me, for you alone are the cause of my fearful fate."

"So it is with man!" said he, gnashing his teeth, "He will seek always to wash himself clean, even when bathed in his brother's blood!"

"Yes, you are the first cause of all the nameless horrours of this night! Why did you come by night to the summer-house where I was sleeping peacefully and quietly? Had you not awakened me all this had never happened."

"But did I wake you to faithlessness, arson, and murder? You might as well call your breath the cause of your guilt, for you could not commit a sin without it."

"You are in the right—but could I foresee all things Only think on the horrible train of circumstances."

"You should have thought of that. Could you not think of the Starost's coming while you held his wife in your arms? of the conflagration, when you flung the light into the straw? of fratricide when you drove the horses against their owner's breast?"

"It may be so. But do not drive me to deeper despair. You will grant, at least, that the first fault might have happened without these other horrours, had not the most strange and frightful circumstances combined against me."

"Who grants you that? What was there strange and frightful in the Starost's coming to look for his wife? or in there being straw in a barn? or what, in your unfortunate brother's travelling peacefully homewards?"

"O!" exclaimed I, "till this night I was pure and innocent; a good father, a faithful husband, free from crime and without reproach—and now I am without peace, without honour, without comfort!"

"Even in that I must contradict you. You have not become the being in one night you now are—but were the same long before. We do not change from angel to fiend in an hour, unless we have before a lurking wish to become a fiend. You only wanted an opportunity to develop yourself earlier; you only wanted Julia and solitude. A spark falls into a sleeping magazine, and half a city with all its happiness is hurled to heaven in dust and ruins. Let no one praise the devout ones who escort the poor sinner to the gallows in all the pride of innocence. Want of opportunity is the only reason they are not swinging there themselves."

"For heaven's sake," said I, fairly beside myself, "save me, for my time is short. Rescue me, my wife and children. I can repent and reform."

"It may be so. But you are of a feeble temper. Weakness is the minister of the wildest deeds. I will save you if you can save yourself. Do you know me now and what I want of you?"

"You are an angel! my guardian spirit."

"I did not appear to you in the garden, before these horrours were committed, in vain. I warned you. But courage; he who keeps his faith keeps everything.

CHAPTER XII.

Rescue.

While the red-coat spoke thus, it seemed to me that his ruddy garments shone like bright flames, and green fire shot up round him—but it was only the trees. They played and changed colours before my eyes wondrously At last all vanished, and I lay in a swoon

When I opened my eyes the old man swam before me in friendly seriousness, as though upborne on clouds. I saw no longer the hard iron features, but a mild expression in his radiant visage. But the splendour dazzled me, and I closed my eyelids again and dreamed on. I could not move a limb. "What is the matter with me and what will become of me!" thought I, for I fancied I heard the tumult of cities and villages rolling by me, now the rustle of waving woods, now a stream breaking over rocks, and then the tinkle of a sheep bell and the distant song of the shepherds. "Where do I come from!" sighed I slowly, with great effort.

The old man's visage hung over me, and his eye was anxiously bent down towards me. "I will rescue thee," said he, in a tone of unspeakable softness. "Fear no longer, thou hast seen thy life and thy death. Weak one, become a man. I will not rescue thee a second time."

Then a cloud rosé again before my eyes, and I seemed to myself to be in a hollow among rocks into which the daylight streamed through narrow clefts. But the old man still hung over me. Then said he—"Now thou art saved, and I leave thee. I have fulfilled thy desires."

"But," sighed I, "give me my Fanny, my children."

"They are thine already," answered he.

While he spoke thus he disappeared above me like a vapour, and I gazed as the gray mist rose over my head and understood nothing But I felt inexpressibly relieved, and yet all seemed like a fairy tale.

While I was yet gazing at the rocks above me, an invisible being pressed its lips to mine. I felt a sweet warm kiss.

CHAPTER XIII.

The new world.

The kiss made me earthly. I thought I had my eyes open, but I found that they were shut, for I heard light steps rustling around me and yet saw no one in my cave.

Then a breath breathed upon me as two soft lips rested again on mine. The perception of life returned to my external senses. I heard children's voices whispering. Dream and reality swam in confusion together, and separated themselves farther and farther till I came to clear consciousness and distinct feeling.

I fancied I lay hard and uncomfortably. I thought I was on the sofa in my summer-house. I opened my eyes, and my Fanny hung over me She had awakened me with her kisses. Our children clapped their hands for joy as they saw me awake, climbed up on the sofa and over me, and cried out together, "papa, good morning, papa!"

And my wife clasped me fast, and yet, with her eyes full of tears, reproached me for having slept the cold long night in the summer-house; and had not our man, Christopher, come from the post-house a quarter of an hour before, and given the maids in the kitchen the alarm, and informed them of my arrival, no one would have known of it.

But the gloomy Walpurgis dream had disturbed me to such a degree that I lay long, and could not trust either to my eyes or ears. I looked for the desert cavern; to my fancy it was still the summer-house. The drums, hobby-horses and whips still lay on the ground. Fanny's basket still stood on the table, all as I had found it when I chose it for my sleeping-place.

"And has Christopher just come from the post-house," said I; "has he slept there all night?"

"Certainly, you strange creature," said Fanny, and caressed me again. "He insists that you yourself ordered him to do so. Why didst thou not drive us out of our beds? How gladly we would have got ready to receive you!"

I fairly jumped up for joy. "Did you, then, sleep quietly last night?" asked I.

"But too well," said Fanny "Could I have dreamed that you were here, in the summer-house, there would have been no sleeping for me; I would have glided to you like a ghost. Besides, do you know that it was Walpurgis-night, when all the spirits and kobolds are about?"

"I knew it but too well," said I, and rubbed my eyes and smiled for joy, that all my crimes were only a dream; that neither the post-house nor the town was in flames; that neither the red-coat of Prague, nor the long-forgotten Julia, had paid me a visit.

I pressed my lovely Fanny closer to my heart With her and my children on my bosom, I felt more clearly than ever the happiness of a pure heart and a good conscience A new world bloomed around me: more than once it seemed dubious to me—like another dream. I looked often at the friendly roofs of our village, to convince myself that I had not thrown a blazing torch into the straw. I never, in all my life, dreamed a more connected, clear or frightful dream. Only at the close, where it united itself with my awakening, was it more dream-like and fantastical; but, even then, the current of thought was livelier and clearer than it usually is in such cases.

We moved in triumph through the beautiful garden, to my peaceful home, where all my people gave me a heartfelt welcome After dressing, I went, loaded with all sorts of playthings for my children, to Fanny's room, to breakfast. There sat the young mother, by her crowing children Each look at the beloved ones poured new transports through me. I sank on Fanny's breast, in silence; I gave her, with tears of joy in my eyes, the presents bought for her in Prague, and said, "Fanny, this is thy birthday."

"I have never celebrated it more joyfully," said she; "than this time. I have thee again. I have also invited thy friends and my playmates to commemorate the day of thy return, right joyfully. You will not take it ill that I have done so. Now, sit down by us, and tell me how things have gone with you."

But the fatal dream was still too near me. I thought the best way to shake it off would be by recounting it. Fanny listened, and became very serious. "Surely," said she, smiling, "as indeed we must believe in the incantations of Walpurgis-night, you have dreamed a whole sermon Be more pious—be more cautious and serious, hereafter; for certainly thy good angel hath spoken with thee. Write your dream out: such a dream is more remarkable than many a man's life. You know I think a great deal of visions: they mean nothing, but yet they often signify much, namely—ourselves: they are, at times, the clearest mirrors of the soul.

CHAPTER XIV.

The tempter and the temptation.

A not extraordinary, to-be-sure, but still remarkable circumstance, on the same day, increased the interest of my Walpurgis-dream.

My wife had invited our male and female friends, out of the town, to a little family party. We dined, on account of the heat at noon, in the spacious upper-room of the summer-house. The Walpurgis-dream was already half effaced from my memory, by a more agreeable reality My servant announced a stranger, who wished to speak to me, a Baron Manntéufel Von Drosbow. Fanny saw that I started. "Thou wilt not tremble before the tempter, nor the temptation itself, when I am by thy side" I descended: there, on the very sofa where I had slept, sat the red-coat of Prague, in *propria persona*; he stood up, greeted me like an old friend, and said, "You see I keep my word. I must now make myself acquainted with your lovely Fanny, whom I learnt to know through her letters to you, by mere accident. Be not jealous! And," continued he, pointing into the garden, "I bring a couple of guests with me, besides—my brother and his wife. My sister-in-law is already acquainted with you. We met, unexpectedly, in Dresden, and are now travelling in company."

I expressed my pleasure. Meantime, a stout, strong-built gentleman stepped out of the garden into the cabinet where we were talking; with him a lady, in a travelling-dress. Think of my fright: it was Julia, the Starost's wife!

She was less confused than I was, though she too changed colour at first. After the first ceremonials, I led my guests into the upper-room: I presented my Fanny to them: the baron paid her the most flattering compliments. "I became an admirer of yours," said he, "in Prague, where, without your husband's knowledge, I happened to learn all the little secrets which you entrusted to him."

"I know everything," said Fanny, "you paid for the letters with fourteen hundred dollars; still, you are a bad man, for you have caused my husband a restless night."

"That is not the end of it, Fanny," said I, "for here is the dear tempter, and there——I presented her the Starost's wife—Julia, the temptation."

Fanny was confounded for a moment; but women are never confused long. She embraced Julia as a sister, and placed the tempter on her right hand, and the temptation on her left; "as far from you as possible," said she, with a malicious threat

Fanny and Julia, though they had never seen each other before, were soon sworn friends, had a great deal to say to each other, and delighted in making me the subject of their mischief.

"Twas a strange, peculiar treat to me to see both those women; both lovely—but Julia only a beautiful woman—Fanny an angel.

Julia, as I learned from her as we walked in the garden, was very happy. She loved her husband, on account of his noble spirit, from the bottom of her heart; but, for her brother-in-law, the red-coat, she had the tender, unbounded reverence of a child. He had, as she told me, travelled for a long time, and now lived in Poland, on a small estate, near her husband's, a beneficent philosopher, dividing his time between books and agricultural pursuits. She talked of him with a sort of enthusiasm, and maintained that a nobler man did not live on the earth: whereupon, I made to myself the useful remark, that we must not trust to physiognomy too blindly

"Why, then, did you ask me, in Prague?" said I, afterwards, to the estimable red-coat, "the mysterious question, 'Do you know me now, and what I want of you?' These words struck me in Prague, and afterwards were echoed, most loudly, in my dream."

"Good heavens!" said he, "I wanted to tell you, when I brought the pocketbook, what my business was, and to intimate to you that I was the finder, that you might put confidence in me, and give me some token of your loss; but you held back, as though I was the most suspicious of mortals. At the same time, I saw you were uneasy, and yet could not doubt but that I had found the right man"

I now told him my dream. "Long live the Walpurgis spirits!" said he; "the dream deserves to be made a chapter on moral philosophy and psychology. If you do not recount it to the letter, I will write it down, and send it to you in print. There are wondrous golden lessons in it. I am glad, at any rate, that I have the honour to shine as an angel of light at the conclusion; otherwise, I should not wish your Walpurgis-night dream to be further spoken of."

We spent a happy day together; I with the truly wise mandevil—Fanny with Julia.

As we separated at evening, we accompanied our dear guests. Fanny said to me, as we stood at the post-house door, "Here we will take leave, and not accompany the fair temptation further. Thy Walpurgis-dream contains good lessons for me, too."

"Do you not know me now, sir, and what thy Fanny wants of you?"

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

The brilliant and lively race of humming-birds, so remarkable at once for their beautiful colours and diminutive size, are the peculiar natives of the American continent, and adjoining islands; and, with few exceptions, are principally confined to the hotter regions. Their vivacity, swiftness, and singular appearance, unite in rendering them the admiration of mankind; while their colours are so radiant, that it is not by comparing them with the analogous hues of other birds that we are enabled to explain, with propriety, their peculiar splendour, but by the more exalted brilliancy of polished metals and precious stones; the ruby, the garnet, the sapphire, the emerald, the topaz, and polished gold, being considered as the most proper objects of elucidation.

It is not, however, to be imagined that all the species of humming-birds are thus decorated; some being obscure in their colours, and, instead of the prevailing splendour of the major part of the genus, exhibiting only a faint appearance of a golden green tinge, diffused over the brown or purplish colour of the back and wings. The genus is of great extent, and, in order that the species may, with greater readiness, be investigated, it has been found necessary to divide them into two sections, viz.: the curved-billed, and the straight-billed. The exact limits of the two divisions are, however, difficult to determine.

The mode of life in the humming-birds appears to be uniform. They live by absorbing the sweet juices of flowers, which they extract with their tubular tongue; and though small insects are said to have been sometimes observed in their stomachs, yet this seems rather accidental than regular or natural.

A magnificent work has lately appeared on this genus, by Messrs. Vieillot and Audebert, in which a laudable attempt has been made to exhibit the splendour of the natural colours, by means of powder or shell gold, impressed on the plates. It must be confessed that it has not succeeded, in all instances, as completely as might be wished. The work, however, is extremely valuable, not only as containing good figures of the major part of the established species, but also of numerous varieties; and is preceded by an elaborate and ingenious disquisition, relative to the structure of the feathers, and many other particulars.

It may not be unamusing to the reader to place after this the parallel account of Buffon, which, though not in the most full-dressed style of the author, contains one or two passages which remind one of Sterne's wig "immersed in the ocean," when contrasted with the more English style of Dr Shaw. We quote

Buffon from an English translation, not happening to have the original at hand:

"*Of all animated beings*, the fly-bird (*oiseau mouché*, angl. humming-bird) is the most elegant in its form, and the most brilliant in its colours. The precious stones and metals polished by our art, *cannot be compared to this jewel of nature*. Her miniature productions are ever the most wonderful; she has placed it in the order of birds, *at the bottom of the scale of magnitude*; but all the talents which are only shared among the others, nimbleness, rapidity, sprightliness, grace, and rich decoration, she has bestowed profusely upon this little favourite. The emerald, the ruby, the topaz, *sparkle in its plumage*, which is never soiled by the dust of the ground It inhabits the air; it flutters from flower to flower; it breathes their freshness; it feeds on their nectar, and resides in climates where they blow in perpetual succession. It is in the hottest part of the new world that all the species of the fly-birds are found. They are numerous, and seem confined between the two tropics; for those which penetrate, in summer, within the temperate zones, make but a short stay. They follow the course of the sun; with him they advance and retire; *they fly on the wings of the zephyr, to wanton in eternal spring*."

At this, methinks we hear a French critic exclaim, exquisite, beautiful, delightful vein of eloquence! Not so the more phlegmatic English. The bird-otator proceeds:

"The Indians, struck with the dazzle and glow of the colours of these brilliant birds, have named them *the beams or locks of the sun*. The Spaniards call them *tomineus*, on account of their diminutive size, *tomine* signifying a weight of twelve grains. I saw, says Nemeremberg, one of these birds weighed, with its nest, and the whole together did not amount to two *tomines*. The smaller species do not exceed the bulk of the great gad-fly, or the thickness of the drone. Their bill is a fine needle, and their tongue a delicate thread: their little black eyes resemble two brilliant points: the feathers of their wings are so thin as to look transparent: hardly can the feet be perceived, so short are they, and so slender; and these are little used, for they rest only during the night. Their flight is buzzing, continued and rapid. Marcgrave compares the noise of their wings to the *whirr* of a spinning-wheel; so rapid is the quiver of their pinions, that when the bird halts in the air, it seems, at once deprived of motion and life. Thus it rests a few seconds beside a flower, and again shoots to another, *like a gleam*. It visits them all, thrusting its little tongue into their bosom, and *caressing them with its wings*; it never settles, but it never quite abandons them. Its playful inconstancy multiplies its innocent pleasures; for the dalliance of this *little lover of flowers never spoils their beauty*."

Bravo, M. le Comte! A little French gallantry to crown all! Goldsmith, though an excellent poet, is not half so poetical. He says, with more precision, perhaps, than any other describer:

"They who imagine they have a complete idea of the little tribe of manikin birds, (he probably includes the creepers,) from the pictures we have of them, will find themselves deceived, when they compare their drafts with nature. The shining green, the changeable purples, and the glassy reds, are beyond the reach of the pencil; and very far beyond the coloured print, which is but a poor substitute to painting."

Dr. S. has very properly cautioned his readers that they are not to expect an equal degree of brilliancy in all the humming-birds, and that some are even of dusky colours. Nor are they all so very minute in size. The topaz-throated humming-bird, the most splendid of the tribe in plumage, is at least equal to the wren in the size of its body; and if measured from the bill to the extent of the two longest tail-feathers, is not less than eight or ten inches long. Buffon abhorred artificial system, the consequence of which sapient opinion is, that he has made endless confusion. In the part of his work now before us, he has separated the colibris from the fly-bird, though in the original language of Brazil they have but one common name; and are, in fact, not to be distinguished.—*Review of Dr. Shaw's General Zoology*.

LAST MOMENTS.

The manner in which remarkable persons have met the great enemy of mankind, would form a curious history. To contemplate the different moods and tempers with which frivolity and philosophy have met the king of terrours—whether the one has displayed great weakness, or the other sustained itself in the hour of its great change—to ascertain whether the bold recklessness of the profligate, who has through life scoffed at the dangers and perils of death, has accompanied his last moments—or whether the equanimity with which the good man has contemplated the change while health seemed to place it at a distance, has deserted him in the hour of trial—would be a curious speculation, and form a great moral lesson to mankind.

Gallani, when dying, said, "The dead had sent him a card of invitation."

Wood died clasping in his dying hand the papers of the Athenæ Oxonienses Here was the ruling passion strong in death.

A Dane, condemned to death, thus addressed his executioner:—"Be quick in cutting off my head, for we have often debated at Tonsburg whether any sense is retained after the head is off. I will grasp the knife in my hand; if, after my head is off, I strike it towards you, it will show I have not lost all sense. If I let it drop, it will prove the contrary. Make haste, therefore, and end the dispute."

George Keith, a marshal of Scotland, when dying abroad, sent for Mr. Elliot, the British envoy:—"I have sent for you, sir," said he, with his usual gaiety, "because I think it pleasant enough that the minister of King George should receive the last breath of an old jacobite. Besides, you may perhaps have some commissions to give me to Lord Chatham; and, as I lay my account for seeing him to-morrow, or the day after, I will carry your despatches with great pleasure."

James Butler, second Duke of Ormond—famed for his extraordinary politeness, and who died at Madrid in 1745—when he was in the agony of death, fearing that the expression of his countenance in his pain might shock the friends standing by his bedside, said, as his last words, "*Messieurs, J'espere que vous excuserez la grimace*."

Haller died feeling his own pulse, and, when he found it almost gone, said to his physician, "My friend, the artery ceases to beat."

Lord Cobham, (of whom Pope says that his last words were—"Save my country, heaven!") not being able to carry a glass of jelly to his mouth, was in such a passion at feeling his own weakness, that he threw jelly and glass into Lady C.'s face, and expired.

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE UNHAPPY.

The unhappy are indisposed to employment: all occupations are wearisome and disgusting, in prospect, at a time when everything, even life itself, is full of weariness and disgust. Yet, the unhappy must be employed, or they will go mad. Comparatively blessed are they, if they are set in families where claims and duties abound, and cannot be escaped. In the pressure of business there is present safety, and ultimate relief. Harder is the lot of those who have few necessary occupations, enforced by other claims than their own harmlessness and profitableness. Reading often fails: now and then it may beguile; but much oftener the attention is languid, the thoughts wander, and associations with the subject of grief are awakened. Women, who find that reading will not do, will obtain no relief in sewing: sewing is pleasant enough, in moderation, to those whose minds are at ease the while; but, it is an employment which is trying to the nerves, when long continued, at the best; and nothing can be worse for the harassed, and for those who want to escape from themselves. Writing is bad: the pen hangs idly suspended over the paper, or the sad thoughts write themselves down. The safest and best of all occupations, for such sufferers as are fit for it, is, intercourse with young children. An infant might beguile Satan and his peers, the day after they were couched on the lake of fire, if the love of children chanced to linger amid the ruins of their angelic nature. Gardening is excellent, because it unites bodily exertion with a sufficient engagement of the faculties, while sweet compassionate nature is ministering cure in every spouting leaf and scented blossom, and beckoning sleep to draw nigh, and be ready to follow up her benignant work. Walking is good: not stepping from shop to shop, or from neighbour to neighbour, but stretching out far into the country to the farthest fields, the highest ridge, and the quietest lanes. However sullen the imagination may have been among its griefs at home, here it cheers up and smiles. However listless the limbs may have been when sustaining a too heavy heart, here they are braced, and the lagging gait becomes buoyant again. However perverse the memory may have been in presenting all that was agonizing, and insisting only on what cannot be retrieved, here it is first disregarded, and then it sleeps; and the sleep of the memory is the day in Paradise to the unhappy. The mere breathing of the cool wind on the face, in the commonest highway, is rest and comfort, which must be felt at such times to be believed. The fields are better still; for there is the lark to fill up the hours with mirthful music, or, at worst, the robin and the flock of fieldfares, to show that the hardest day has its life and hilarity. But the calmest region is the upland, where the mind roves from the peasant's nest to the spiry town—from the school-house to the church-yard—from the diminished team in the patch of fallow, or the fisherman's boat in the cove, to the viaduct that spans the valley, or the fleet that glides, ghost-like, on the horizon.

I LIKE RAILROADS.

Any one can hate railroads, despise railroads, and rail at railroads—but I like railroads. I like to arrive at a railroad-office a quarter of an hour before starting: I like to be shown into a nice warm room, where a quarter of an hour passes quicker than five minutes in a dirty coach-office, or a coffee-room, where the waiters try to look you into a glass of brandy and water, for the sake of the house, or out of a sixpence for the sake of themselves. I like to go in at one door and out at the other—a thing you can never do in prison. I like to have my luggage and baggage taken from me when it is taken care of, and hate to have it wetted on the top of a coach, or stolen from the coach-office while the book-keeper is looking at some lady at a crossing, who does not wish to wet the flounces of her gown. I like to have to do with porters who charge nothing for being civil, and cannot put their hands in their breeches-pockets, which is a vulgar and idle habit. I hate to wait for anything. Men must wait, and horses must; and pretty women must wait, when agreeable young men, whom they admire, are engaged to charming young women; (precisely my case;) but steamcoaches know no dependence, and are never in love. I like the ample room of a steamcoach, where there is no necessity for your neighbour, should she be old and ugly, to lay her soft head upon your soft shoulder I like to travel fast. I dread vicious horses; I feel for distressed ones. I hate going down-hill—drag-chain breaking, coach upsetting, coachman dying, leaving a wife and twelve children; myself with a broken leg, going to be married next week!

THE AUTHOR OF CATILINE.

Dr. Croly appears to great advantage in private conversation, provided the right means be taken to draw him out. Few men enjoy a joke at the dinner-table with greater zest He is generally the lion of the party. Everything he says is listened to with the greatest attention. He loves occasionally to take advantage of the homage accorded to him in this way, by working up the expectation of something brilliant, to the highest pitch, and then saying some ludicrous thing. Some time ago he was at dinner in the house of a friend; when the conversation of the party, which I should observe consisted exclusively of literary men, turned on the important discoveries which had of late years been made in the arts and sciences. "And now, gentlemen," said Dr. Croly, "what do you consider the greatest discovery of the present day?" Some mentioned discoveries in chemistry, some in mechanics; some named the discovery of the power of steam, and some that of flying through the air in balloons. In a word, there was scarcely a discovery of any importance which has been made in the present day which was not mentioned by some one or other of the gentlemen present, as the greatest discovery. "But, Dr. Croly," said one of the company, after everybody else had expressed their opinions on the subject, "you have not told us what you deem the greatest discovery of the present age." "Oh," said the doctor, with the greatest gravity possible, "if my opinion on the point is thought worth anything, it is quite at the service of the company. It is certainly very different from any opinion I have heard this night expressed" There was a breathless silence to hear what the reverend gentleman's opinion was. "My decided conviction, gentlemen," resumed Dr. Croly, "is, that immeasurably the greatest discovery which the present age has witnessed, is that of roasting potatoes in tin cannisters, in the streets. A potatoe toasted in this way is the greatest luxury I ever tasted, especially if eaten on a cold night as you walk along the streets." A loud and universal burst of laughter greeted the delivery of the odd conception. It was felt to be a new illustration of the old affair of a flourish of trumpets preceding the entrance of Tom Thumb.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

A SABBATH HYMN FOR A SICK CHAMBER.—BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Thousands, O Lord of hosts! this day
Around thine altar meet;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at thy feet.

They see thy power and glory there,
As I have seen them too;
They read, they hear, they join in prayer,
As I was wont to do.

They sing thy deeds, as I have sung,
In sweet and solemn lays.
Were I among them, my glad tongue
Might learn new themes of praise.

For thou art in the midst, to teach,
When on thy name they call;
And thou hast blessings, Lord, for each;
Hast blessings, Lord, for all.

I, of such fellowship bereft,
In spirit turn to thee.
Oh! hast thou not a blessing left?
A blessing, Lord, for me!

The dew lies thick on all the ground,
Shall my poor fleece be dry?
The manna rains from heaven around,
Shall I of hunger die?

Behold thy prisoner; loose my bonds,
If 'tis thy gracious will.
If not, contented in thy hands,
Behold thy prisoner still!

I may not to thy courts repair,
Yet here thou surely art
Lord, consecrate a house of prayer
In my surrendered heart.

To faith reveal the things unseen;
To hope the joys unfold;
Let love without a veil between.
This glory now behold.

Oh! make thy face on me to shine,
That doubt and fear may cease;
Lift up thy countenance benign
On me, and give me peace.

INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF MIND.

Man, at the age of twenty, retains not a particle of matter in which his mind was invested when he was born. Nevertheless, at the age of eighty years, he is conscious of being the same individual he was as far back as his memory can go—that is to say, to the period when he was four or five years old. Whatever it be, therefore, in which this consciousness of fidelity resides, it cannot consist of a material substance, since, had it been material, it must have been repeatedly changed; and the source of identity must have been destroyed. It is, consequently, an ethereal spirit, and as it remains the same, throughout all the alterations that can take place in the body, it is not dependent on the body for its existence; and is thus calculated to survive the ever-changing frame by which it is encircled. The frame becomes stiff, cold, and motionless, when the circulation of the blood ceases; it is consigned to the earth, and is separated by insects into a thousand other forms of matter; but the mind undergoes no such transformation, it is unassailable by the worms. If matter, subject as it is to perpetual changes, do not, and cannot, possibly, perish, how can the mind perish, which knows of no mutation? There is no machinery prepared, by which such an object could be accomplished; nor could machinery be prepared for such a purpose, without an entire subversion of the laws of nature. But as these laws emanated from the wisdom of the Creator, they could not be altered, much less subverted, without involving the inconsistency, into which it is impossible for Divine wisdom to fall.

GRACE BEFORE MEALS.

The most ancient example, perhaps, to be met with of a grace, or short prayer before meat, is at the feast which Ptolemy Philadelphus gave to the seventy-two interpreters; and it is thus mentioned by Josephus:—"When they were thus sat down, he (viz., Nicanor, who had been appointed by Ptolemy) bade Dorotheus attend to all those that were come to him from Judea, after the manner they used to be ministered to in their own country. For which cause he sent away their sacred heralds, and those that slew the sacrifices, and the rest that used to say grace; but called one of those that were come to him, whose name was Eleazar, a priest, and desired him to say grace, who then stood in the midst of them and prayed, 'That all prosperity might attend the king, and those that were his subjects.' Thereupon an acclamation was made by the whole company, and when that was over they began to sup." The next example we have is the practice of the Essenes, both before and after meat related in Josephus's "Jewish War;" and the next is that of our Saviour, Mark viii. 6. And we have also a form of grace or prayer for Christians at the end of the fifth book of the Apostolical Constitutions, which seems to have been intended both for before and after meat.

THE CONNEXION OF INDUSTRY WITH HEALTH.

Persons whose circumstances enable them to dispense with labour, and who, having no activity of mind, pass their days in listless idleness, are, of all men, least to be envied. Not only are they too frequently led into vices injurious to health, but the nervous system, becomes the victim of sloth—ennui, hypochondriasis, indigestion, afflict these unhappy mortals, who not seldom put an end to their miserable existence by suicide. Let the man who depends for subsistence upon the toil of his muscles or of his brain, console himself by pondering on these facts; and let those who are independent of labour recollect that man is a social being, and that the Creator has ordained that useful exertion is essential to individual happiness.

READING

No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting.

STANZAS,

IN RETURN FOR A RING BEARING THE IMPRESS "FORGET ME NOT."

"FORGET me not!"—Ah, words of useless warning
To one whose heart is henceforth memory's shrine!
Sooner the lark might fail to greet the morning,
Than I forget to think of thee and thine.

Sooner the sunflower might forget to waken
At the first radiance from the god of light,
Than I, by treasured thoughts of thee forsaken,
Part with the recollections now so bright.

"Forget *thee* not!"—When strong winds wildly sweeping,
Drive our lost ship along the stormy sea;
When to the clouds the foam-topped waves are leaping,
Amid the tumult, I will think of thee.

Oft, when at night, the lonely deck I'm pacing,
Or gaze on some effulgent, tremulous star;
Perhaps past scenes of happiness retracing—
How can I then forget thee, though afar?

Thy image in my dreariest, brightest hours,
Will burst like sudden sunshine on my mind;
Or like the balmy breath of summer flowers,
Borne from some isle of verdure on the wind.

And, ah! sweet lady, when from home departed,
I count the weary leagues I am from thee,
And feel quite thoughtful and impatient-hearted,
Say, wilt thou sometimes—sometimes think of me?

Sometimes at evening, when the wine-cup passes,
And pleasant friends are met in social glee,
O, midst the flash of wit, the flash of glasses,
Lavish one kind remembrance upon me.

O, I shall not forget thee! and may heaven
See thee, by every joy of life carest,
And unto me, at least may it be given,
To know, whate'er my fate, that thou art blest.

Farewell! my father-land is disappearing,
Faster and faster from my straining sight;
The breeze is freshening, and thick clouds are rearing
Their ebon flags to hasten on the night.

Farewell! the pilot leaves us—onward gliding,
Our brave ship dashes through the angry swell,
Sustained by hope—remembering—still confiding,
I'll not forget—friend of my soul! farewell!

E. S.

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM ENGLAND.

LONDON.

"Nothing new under the sun"—Fashion—Novels—Literary Copyright—Haynes Bayly—Richelieu—Lady Bulwer.

Two sparrows are not more alike than is one London spring to another. Nature's spring varies, but the town spring of eighteen hundred and thirty-nine is pretty much the same as the town spring of eighteen hundred and nineteen. There is the same ceaseless din, bustle and confusion; whether arising from the pursuit of business or pleasure, and about the same number of people are run over in Regent-street. The same quantities of fair forms and fair faces are whirled round the parks in the morning by their horses, and whirled round the rooms at Almack's at night by their partners There is the same display of "beauty and fashion" at the opera; the Court Gazette records about an average quantity of "Marriages in High Life," and the ordinary number of "Extraordinary Elopements" and "Delicate (query) Investigations." True, the actors change—fops flourish and fade, and beauties bud, and bloom, and wither; belles become grandmammas, and babies belles—but events and outward appearances are the same. The "World of Fashion" announces the same round of old novelties—hats a little larger, coat tails a little smaller, or *vice versa;* gown skirts wider and sleeves narrower, or sleeves narrower and skirts wider; the fashionable colours of last year are of course odious this, and the fashionable colours of this year will of course be odious next; and so on until they have rung the changes upon the colours, and what is now odious again becomes fashionable.

Fashion! most capricious yet monotonous goddess! how stale are thy tricks, how old and dull thy inventions! Yet how imperative art thou—how overbearing—how all powerful! A single touch of thy wand, and reason, common-sense, and propriety lie prostrate

Dames of France—arbitresses of civilized society—be judicious in your decrees—merciful in your modes. Mar not nature's workmanship overmuch!

In literature there is not much of novelty this year either. The publishers announce about the average quantity of extraordinarily clever novels, and the usual number of illustrious "little knowns," who, according to the modest paragraphs at the corners of the London newspapers, are ordained to create a prodigious sensation, and make Bulwer and Boz "look to their laurels" They have left off threatening Scott.

——"Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

The tricks of publishers cannot "touch him farther." They touched him nearly and deeply enough in his life-time, in all conscience.

I suppose you will have pirated and performed Bulwer's "Richelieu" by this time It is worth honestly paying for. But then, alas! how can that poor indigent creature, the public, be expected to pay such an affluent, purse-proud set of authors for their labours? It is unreasonable to expect such a thing. And yet some people pretend that the public is selfish, dishonest, and inconsistent in appropriating the fruits of one man's brain, while they respect the labour of another's hand. But may not "sweet charity" suggest a better motive on the part of the much-abused public. It is well-known that race-horses and greyhounds are kept thin and spare by the judicious people who have the charge of them, in order to enable them to fulfil the ends for which they are allowed to live with greater ability. May not this be the feeling of the public towards authors? It may be fearful that if authors were paid in full for their labours, they would over-diet themselves, grow lazy and luxurious; and then what would become of their laurels and the public's amusement? It is, perhaps, then an anxious solicitude for their good which causes the far-seeing public to retain nine-tenths of the short-sighted author's earnings for its own use and benefit. It makes the complaining tribe work harder, and rack their brains more than they would otherwise do. And if they happen to have a wife and family dependent upon their exertions, so much the better; it makes them work harder still, and rack their brains still more. Perhaps ill-health is the consequence, and they pine for a little rest and leisure. Let them not be indulged. Will rest and leisure make their laurels grow, or supply the public with novelties? Certainly not. And as for ill-health, it has been held by many eminent physicians that ill-health quickens the fancy, stimulates the imagination, causes a preternatural development of the energies of the brain, and is productive of a nervous acuteness of feeling such as cannot be expected from a strong, robust person.

But then it may be contended that this may kill the man before his time. Well, suppose it does. What is one individual in comparison with the public good? And do not the newspapers speak well of him after he is gone; and does not the public, who retained the greater portion of his hard-earned earnings in its hand for his own good, provide "places of refuge for the poor and destitute," wherein his weeping widow and fatherless children may hide their heads? And if any improper feeling of pride prevents the widow from seeking one of those sheltering recesses with her family, but causes her rather to subsist in a state of semi starvation by her own exertions, is the public to be blamed for her squeamishness, forsooth! Oh! no.

Generous public! Unreasonable, ungrateful authors!

But one suggestion may be made to that public, which, as it is for its own benefit, it may perhaps attend to In its solicitude to keep authors poor and in proper writing trim, it may overdo the thing, and kill the goose—(for what are many authors but gifted geese—creatures who cannot take care of themselves)—for the sake of the golden eggs. The records of literature are not by any means barren of cases in point; and in our own time, the public nearly—very nearly—lost the "Parish Register," the "Borough," the "Tales of the Hall," and the rest of those vivid and startling pictures of human life from the pen of

"Nature's sternest painter, yet her best,"

by too rigid an application of the starving system. The laurel is a poisonous plant It is very well as an ornament; but when a man has to *live* upon his laurels, he speedily declines housekeeping, and goes to seek a better provision in, it is to be hoped, a better world.

These reflections have led me away from Richelieu, and before I return to it, I may mention, as a pendant to the above, that Haynes Bayly, the popular song writer, died a few days ago at Cheltenham. The newspapers announce his death in too common terms—"Mr Bayly has been for some time in a declining state of health, and in reduced circumstances" That is quite sufficient. A volume of sorrow and suffering is comprised in that brief sentence.*

Bayly, though no world's wonder, was a man of ability. We all recollect when "Oh! no, we never mention her," was sang by all who could sing, played by all who could play, and whistled by those who could do neither the one nor the other; and his "Isle of Beauty," and other songs, were deservedly popular, at least as compared with nine-tenths of our modern ditties. He succeeded to a certain degree, in a very difficult line; for though it is very easy to write a song, it is very difficult to write a good one. If any rhymster doubts the assertion, let him try.

Richelieu is perhaps the best of Bulwer's dramas, and it is a good sign when a man's last is his best. In the development of female character it is far behind the "Lady of Lyons," or even the "Duchess de La Valliere," Julia Montemar being a mere nonentity, and a most unnatural French maid of honour of that period. The character of the cardinal, however, is capital, and if not exactly true to history, is perhaps truer than history. It is true to nature, as perverted by art, courts, and the world, and true to itself. Mr. Bulwer, too, has also not placed over great reliance upon mere poetry, smooth lines, and flowing periods He has condescended to study stage effect, and has studied it to some purpose. His plot is not too intricate, nor yet too meagre, and if his incidents follow each other in rather over-rapid succession, they are at all events skilfully managed His kings are his least successful sketches, for they cannot be called portraits. Of Louis the Thirteenth, in the present play, the mere tool of his principal characters, he could not be expected to make much, but then he is absolutely nothing; and his Louis the Fourteenth, in his first dramatic effort, the most gay and gallant man of his time, is a mere stately puppy; a cold, princely piece of ostentation, unworthy the love of any true woman. However, if Bulwer goes on improving, as he is likely to do, he will soon be as unquestionably successful as a dramatic writer, as he is at present as a novelist.

* This letter, which bears the date of April, was not received till a few days ago.

I see his lady, as if determined not to let her liege lord have the field all to himself, has betaken herself to novel writing also, and has come out with her three volumes of quantity, whatever may be the quality. Of the latter I know nothing, not having read her ladyship's effort, and I dislike opinions gleaned from newspapers and reviews, and plead guilty to the singularity of not feeling competent to criticise a book, the leaves of which I have not cut open. It is entitled "Cheveley, or the Man of Honour." Heaven forefend, however, that it be too clever, or man and wife will be jealous of each other's popularity.

It perhaps would have been as good taste to have been satisfied with a reflected honour, and to have been contented to be known as the wife of the author of Rienzi. But if the baronet's lady be determined upon the wearing of blue stockings, far be it from any one but her husband to insist upon her wearing white ones.

ORIGINAL TALES.

QUITE A PRETTY PROPERTY.

BY HENRY STANHOPE LEE.

CHAPTER V

A dash preliminary and sketches by candlelight. Harry begins to suspect his situation, and conducts accordingly.

HARRY had an eye for beauty, and the interesting companion of his tete-a-tete was radiant. With a figure petite and slender, the most gracefully-curved neck in the world, to say nothing of swimming, hazel eyes, that were enough to turn a steadier brain than Harry Singleton's, she was a sufficiently dangerous companion for a young man of pretty property.

Mrs. Million played her cards dexterously Clara Wells was introduced The assigned motive of Mrs Million was a sufficient veil for all her future operations. From a masked battery, she pointed all her female artillery against our hero. Was there a play to be seen, Harry was, of course, in requisition, as the gallant of the wealthy Georgian; but it was always arranged that his seat in the box should be by the side of Mary. Was there a ball, his hand for the first dance was for the *protegée* of Mrs. Million—but his curtained tete-a-tete for the daughter.

"A dear creature, is she not?" said Mary, as she was playing with the neck of an eagle that had been just cut from the iced effigy at the supper-table. It was at one of Mrs. Peacock's music-parties.

Harry followed the eyes of the speaker, and saw them resting upon Clara. He could not avoid the contrast. Mary intended that it should be drawn. "Very dear, Miss Million, she is *your* cousin."

It was the first time that he had ventured on even so distant a suggestion. Mary was quick at drawing inferences, and looked tenderly confused. She was as entirely collected as the small coin of a congregation on a begging Sunday; she was brought up to be so. She handed the hardly-touched ice to her chevalier, whose heart was dissolving much more rapidly than the cream. In the act she dropped her handkerchief. Harry was on his knee, and remained there for his princess to receive his trophy from him in that attitude of submission.

"You shall be rewarded for your gallantry," says the lady, with a smile, and taking a rose-bud from her bouquet, dropped it at her feet. The gift was accepted more tenderly than it was bestowed. Harry was really in trepidation. He was ready to swear perpetual fidelity on the spot. But his fate was deferred—not evaded. One of those bores who infest society, and take a malicious pleasure in interrupting agreeable interviews, made a most inopportune intrusion. He took the words from Harry's lips.

"Pardon me for disturbing a flirtation, Mrs. Million, but it is quite too selfish in Mr. Singleton to appropriate you exclusively, when there is a room-full below waiting for the song you promised us. I have been formally deputed to escort you to the piano." He extended his arm as he spoke.

Harry was provoked at his impertinence, but was silent. He fondly imagined that the lady would plead hoarseness and fatigue. How men in love will deceive themselves! Mary looked at the parties half a moment in silence, then laughing, took the proffered arm of the intruder. "It might make my cousin *jealous* if I should decline this invitation," said Mary, beckoning to the young mistress of half the plantations of the county. She was woman enough to know that an occasional pique gives a most decided impulse to an affair of the heart. With a reluctance which it required all his politeness to conceal, Harry very courteously offered the expected service, and taking on his arm the opulent lass of the south, followed the captive and her kidnapper to the drawing-room.

His mood, however, was far from amiable. Mary, of course, sang like an angel; it is expected of all young ladies. But if a choir were assembled, of all the angelic singers of my acquaintance, what harmonious discord they would make of it! The more Mary sang like an angel, the more Harry felt like its antipode. I am confident that my last pronoun is strictly accurate. There is some pretence that angels are all of the feminine gender. I am willing to compromise the matter, and adopt the neuter. The idea of a male angel is among the impossibles.

Every word and look that Mary returned for the many kind speeches and glances that were lavished upon her for those touching little songs, was gall and bitterness to Harry. He could not understand what right she had to receive them so graciously. Standing at some distance from the instrument, he watched the play of her fingers, and still more narrowly the play of her countenance. She was evidently pleased with the flatteries and nonsense that the coxcombs about her were pouring into a facile ear. They only meant to be polite. Harry was ready to challenge the whole of them, individually and collectively. "Puppies—puppies!" he muttered be-

tween his teeth It was an insult that they should dare even to admire, but profanation that they should be permitted to address her. Mary was not thinking of them, or of her songs. Her reflections were all wandering to the "young man of very pretty property," who was standing in a corner, looking and feeling as yellow as a dusty caste of the dying gladiator. Mary was as lovely and as cold as the last statue of Greenough. I believe she was the very lady, by the way, who suggested that it would be delicate to drapery the chanting cherubs. So much for education!

Mary knew very well what she was about, and when a clever young officer, who had just distinguished himself in killing Indians, was listened to with a smiling attention much more intense than was at all necessary, under all the circumstances, Harry's patience was quite exhausted. He strode across the room with a flushed face and curling lip, and made his way to the supper-room. I have noticed that this is a favourite retreat of the jealous and unhappy. Does not your experience coincide with mine in this matter?

"Hang the woman!" exclaimed Harry, as he entered the now deserted supper-room. He meant so, religiously, but he ought have kept it to himself It is always hazardous to soliloquize. Trees have ears and brooks tongues, but humanity has a readier auricle, and is a more babbling linguist

"Amen!" responded a friendly voice to the pious ejaculation of the disconsolate. The sofa stood by the door Harry passed without perceiving that it was occupied. Even had he been aware that he was not alone, he could hardly have restrained the sincere and hearty expression of his real sentiment for the time being.

"I'll join in a bumper to that toast of yours, if you will only strike out the definite article and apply it to the sex." Mr. Dangle was another of the disconsolate—for this night only. Piqued lovers are very savage animals. Mr. Dangle was desperate. Harry was absolutely dangerous. There they stood—a couple of them. We must take a sly glance, however, for they will resent anything that appears like impertinent observation.

Harry knew that he was expected to escort the ladies home—Mrs. Milhon had offered him a seat in her carriage with Clara. He would have given up his nightly cigar for the pleasure, and consider it no sacrifice. But he was in a positive rage. He called down general imprecations on everybody and everything within the range of his imagination or memory. The oysters were cold, the ice was warm, the Madeira was corky, the Sherry tasted like brandy and water, and the Champagne wine was very good Newark cider Jealousy deranges the palate, as much as it jaundices the countenance. "Fool, fool that I am," thought Harry; "fool, fool, to be so pestered by a coquette. Why, why should I be so bothered? There are prettier girls in society than Mary Million—richer girls—wittier—more sensible—better matches, as the world say, in all respects, and unrelucant to receive the addresses of less likely lovers than Harry Singleton," and his eye ran through a vista of ice pyramids, fruit-baskets and candelabras, and rested in a momentary satisfaction on the dazzling mirror beyond them.

It would not answer. Mary Million was still the star of the ascendant, though veiled in a most inauspicious cloud. Champagne has no particular tendency to soothe irritation, and, to his astonishment, Harry found that he had made some progress in a second bottle. He made a desperate effort. "It *may* annoy her—and it certainly will surprise her"—thought Harry, and he left the supper-room. Giving his cap a knowing and jaunty slant, and throwing his cloak over his arm, he passed Mary with her cousin on the stairs as they were just seeking the retiring chamber for their shawls. Mary could not help looking half-reproachfully, and Harry passed her with the most humble obeisance and most gracious smile, looking and feeling all the while like a musket charged to the muzzle with ball cartridges, and ready to go off at a moment's warning.

"Drive me to the Tremont." It was past eleven when he reached the portico.

"At what time shall I call, sir?" said John, most respectfully, for he had reason to remember that he had been driving a young man of "very pretty property."

"At eleven to-morrow. But it's of no consequence. Go to my lodgings in the morning, and send Tom to me."

It was a dirty night, a very black-guard sort of night. As it was set down in the calendar for a moon, the gas-saving mayor and aldermen had not seen fit to illuminate its darkness. It was not till the last rattle of the carriage wheels had died away on the pavement, that Harry suddenly bethought himself—"What the deuse did I come here for?" It was no place for any very long self-examination, so he dragged himself lazily up stairs to find a satisfactory response for his interrogatories.

He paced doggedly once or twice across the entry without recognizing any of the gentlemen who crossed his path. He tried the door of the supper-room, and was very glad to find it locked. He walked into the reading-room to find some one to have a chat with; to his great satisfaction it was occupied by entire strangers. He next passed to the smoking-room, but its only remaining inmates were half a dozen land-speculators, who were very busy over a map—talking of water-courses, saw-mills, so many thousand feet per acre, and the whole dog-cheap at ten dollars. Harry turned on his foot, and cursed all Maine from Portland to the disputed territory, and more particularly the city of Bangor. He had just paid, by the advice of his former guardian, ten thousand dollars to get his neck out of an eastern speculation. If he could have found a provocation, he would have been well pleased to have got into a quarrel with them. He next strayed to the bar—"for the use of the house only." John was just turning the screw of the last gas-light; he thought it quite time for all honest people to be in bed. There was no one to drink with him, and Harry called for a light.

"What number, John?"

"Peter! bring a candle, and show Mr. Singleton to number seventy."

Mr. Singleton passed up one flight of stairs. "Peter!" said he, "how far is it up?"

"Up one more flight, sir."

"Well, I'm not going to sleep up two flights of stairs to-night. I've changed my mind. Run down to Niles's and send me a carriage."

Peter took his hat and descended obediently into the porch, while Mr. Singleton paced the entry. After two or three minutes, Peter returned with the information that Niles was closed, and no carriage was to be had for love or money. Not that Peter had been such a fool as to wade through the gutters at that time of the night to ascertain this, but he felt justified under the circumstances in assuming the truth of his assertion.

"Niles is shut up, sir, and no carriage to be had, Mr. Singleton."

"Well, I'll walk."

"Very stormy night, sir; very wet and dirty. Good chamber up stairs, sir"

"Peter, I'll not go up another flight of stairs to-night, to sleep on a bed of down, sustained by pillars of gold and ivory."

Indignation makes a man eloquent even with porters and valets. Harry carried through his resolution. It was dark as Erebus. The rain poured in torrents. The streets were overflowed. Harry was in silks and pumps, and yet in a mood of mind when he derived a sensible satisfaction in making such a pilgrimage, in preference to a comfortable bed under a dry roof. It really seemed to him that all this self-punishment was a revenge upon Mary Million, for her neglect and heartlessness.

(To be continued.)

SPIRIT OF THE PARISIAN JOURNALS.

NOVELTIES FROM THE FRENCH.

Translated for the New York Mirror.

ARAB HORSES.

El Khail is the generic name given by the Arabs to the horse. They are divided into five great races, which are kept distinct with the greatest care, and which are said to be descended from the five favourite mares of the prophet.

While Europeans agree with Buffon in deeming "the conquest of the horse to be the greatest one ever made by man," they are far from regarding their useful servant with the affection felt for him by Eastern nations. The Arabs do not regard the usefulness of the horse alone; they look upon him as nobler and more intelligent than all other animals: they say, "next to man, comes the horse; the noblest of employments is to rear him; the pleasantest of situations, a seat on his back; the most praiseworthy of household duties, to feed him" "A man gains daily," says the prophet, "as many indulgences as there are grains in the ration of barley he gives his horse." Mahomet describes the creation of the animal thus: "When God wished to create the horse, he called for the south wind, and said, I will form, out of thy substance, a new creature; lay aside thy fluidity; and he was obeyed. Then he took a handful of this new substance thus made solid, and breathed upon it, and the horse arose; and the Lord said to him, thou shalt be a fountain of wealth and honour unto man, and he shall be glorified in mounting upon thee."

The Arab horses are generally of delicate constitution, but inured to fatigue, of wonderful speed, with small bellies and ears, and a short and tapering tail. These are the principal marks by which they can be readily distinguished. We may add, that they are almost always free from anything like deformity, and so tame and gentle that they are groomed and led about by women and children, and often sleep under the same tent with them. They are never shod or saddled till they are four years old. They can endure thirst for whole days together, and are generally fed with camel's milk. The qualities that the Arabs prize most highly in a horse are, a long and arching neck, ears delicate and nearly meeting at their extremities, the head small, the eyes large, and full of fire, the jaws lank, the face sharp, the nostrils well opened, the belly slender, the legs muscular, the pasterns short and flexible, the hoof large and hard, the breast broad, the crupper high and rounding. However, if the head, neck and crupper are good, the animal is considered unexceptionable. The colours of their horses are, bright and dark bay, sorrel, white, grey and iron-grey. Black and cream colour are unknown, and are found only in Turkey and Persia. The horses of the Nedjed are considered the noblest, those of Yemen the hardiest, the Syrian the richest in colour, the Egyptian the fastest, and the Mesopotamian the most gentle.

All the Eastern writings are full of the praises of the horse. Libia praises his steed thus:—"He walks with head erect, like the palm-tree, whose lofty branches protect its fruit from the greedy hand that strives to pluck them; he flies swifter than the ostrich; he seems to try to escape from the bit that restrains him, and pursues his course with the speed of a dove that flies, parched with thirst, toward a cooling stream." Says Aurrel Dais, "He burns with a noble impatience, and the murmurings of his ardour are like the bubblings of water in a brazen vessel. While the best of other horses leave the prints of their hoofs in the dust, he leaves it smooth; he has the body of the gazelle, and the legs of the ostrich, the trot of the wolf, and the gallop of the fox. When he stands near my tent, the shining polish of his back is like that of the marble in which perfumes have been mixed for a young bride, on the day of her marriage" But the most pompous of all eulogies on the horse is to be found in the fugitive pieces of Ghefouri, a Persian poet. A short extract will serve as a specimen:—"This courser is so rapid, that you would say his veins ran with quicksilver. At the sight of his graceful proportions the antelope hides her head in confusion, and the warlike leopard envies him his hoof: he is firm as the earth, rapid as the torrent, ardent as fire, and light as air: his forehead is the throne of pride, courage flames in his glance, his nostrils are burning; he has the boldness of the lion, and the docility of a dog." Let us conclude with a stanza or two of an Algerine poet on the same subject: "He moves with the speed of the meteor that shoots across the sky; when he moves in his pride he scorns to touch the earth with his hoof: he outstrips the bird of the desert, and hides the light of day in the whirlwinds he produces."

We will give our readers the form of the certificate of pure blood which is given with Arab horses:

"In the name of God, the clement and merciful! From him alone do we look for all help and favour! The prophet hath said, let my people never assemble together to commit iniquity. This is the object of this authentic paper. We, whose names are subscribed, declare before the Supreme Being, swearing by our Destiny and by our girdles, that the horse or mare (here follows the colour, age, marks, etc.) is descended from noble and illustrious parents, by three direct and successive generations—that he is born of a mare of the race of ——, and a stallion of the race of ——, and that he possesses the good qualities of those precious animals of whom the prophet hath said: their body is a treasure, and their back a seat of honour! Fortified by the testimony of our predecessor, we repeat that the horse in question is of a race as pure as milk affirming, moreover, and taking the same oath as before, that he is renowned for his swiftness, for his power of enduring fatigue, thirst, etc. In faith of which, we have prepared the present certificate, from what we have seen and learned for ourselves, God being, moreover, in all things, the best witness" Then follow the seals.

The Turkish and Persian horses differ from the Arabian in being heavier, with a coarser hair. It is generally said, too, that the Arab horses are remarkable for their dislike to pure water, while they delight in such as is foul. We may add that, as regards horsemanship, there is a proverb which says: The Arab is without grace, he rides mechanically—the Persian active and headlong—the Kurd awkward, but bold—the Turk proud and formidable.

ORIGIN OF RACINE'S COMEDY OF "LES PLAIDEURS."

This comedy was invented and written at a tavern supper, at which were present Chapelle, Racine, Boileau, Lafontaine, Furetiere, Cavois, and M. Brilhac, a counsellor of parliament, the wittiest, and also one of the most learned of that grave body. While they were sitting over their wine, some one proposed to write a satire, each one of the guests to furnish a line, in turn. Chapelle began.

"Un jour, rendant visite à monseigneur Charon,
On dit qui arriva ——"

"Stop, stop!" said Boileau, "only one line, that's the rule. It's M. Brilhac's turn." The poor gentleman thus called upon, was in a state of most comic perplexity. Though a man of wit and accomplishment, he bit his fingers and rubbed his forehead without manufacturing the required line. In vain was he told how naturally *Charon* would rhyme with *Scarron*, he could not produce even a syllable, and sat, in shame and confusion, till irritated by the laughter of the company at his dulness, he cried out, "Ah, if it was a comedy, now, and not a satire, a comedy on law and lawyers, I should get along well enough." And then, without stopping to take breath, he ran on with a sketch of the judges, counsellors and courts, so rich in wit and humour, so full of delicate satire, faithful portraits and grotesque caricatures, that the whole company listened in admiration The proposed satire was quite forgotten. There was a general silence around the table, and Racine, especially, listened with the most fixed attention. When Brilhac paused, his brilliant sketch was greeted by thunders of applause. "What a comedy it would make!" cried Racine. "Where is Molière? how gloriously he could do it!" "What of that, Racine," answered Cavois, "you are here, why not try?" Boileau caught at the idea in a moment. "Come," said he, "we will all of us help you, let's write the comedy." Chapelle ordered in a fresh stock of good wine. Brilhac repeated his sketches; he gave portraits and imitations of the judges, the counsel on both sides, the clients, crier, etc.; in short, all the characters that figure in the comedy While he dictated, Racine, Chapelle, and Boileau, made the verses. Furetiere arranged the plot, Cavois and his friends threw in jokes and wit by handfulls, and Lafontaine, like the wolf in his fable of the Sick Animals, "turned a kind of clerk." The good wine meantime went briskly round the board, and the play was written and afterwards read over among the tinkle of glasses and shouts of laughter.

A NEW DISCOVERY.

We wish some good friend would tell us what to make of the following announcement, which is seriously given in one of the leading French journals. We are tolerably well acquainted with our American comic authors and actors, but it has never been our lôt to hear of Mr. Paul Kaschurter. There is, indeed, Mr. Paul-Ding at Washington, our worthy Secretary of the Navy, to whom the same compliment might be justly paid, but fortunately his epitaph is yet to be written. "The first comic author of Washington and the United States, M. Paul Kaschurter, died lately. The following inscription has been engraved on his tomb:—'Here lies Paul Kaschurter, who made us laugh for thirty years, and never made us weep until when he died.'"

TURKISH DERVISHES.

The poet Sadi gives the following description of a true dervish: "The dervish has the following qualities of a dog: he never eats to satiety, he has no fixed abode, he is content with the lowest place, and gives it up to any one that claims it, he watches the greater part of the night, remains faithful to his master, no matter how badly he is treated, and leaves no heir when he dies." One of the sultans asked a dervish once if he ever thought of him. "Sometimes," was the answer, "when I forget to think of God." The tyrant Hhadjade asked another to give him the benefit of his prayers. "Merciful Allah!" exclaimed the dervish, "take him quickly to thyself!" "Wretch, what sort of a prayer is that?" cried the angry king. "The best that I could imagine, both for thee and the nations whom thou dost oppress," was the bold answer. Once as the sultan Ibrahim Ehdem was sitting at the door of his palace, surrounded by the grandees of his court, a venerable dervish, with staff in hand and a wallet on his back, approached the gate. "Where are you going, old man?" cried the attendants. "Into the caravansary." "You are mistaken, this is the palace of the king of Bokhara." The prince caused the old man to be brought before him, and asked him, "How comes it, father, that you take my palace for a tavern?" "Who was the first owner of this building?" asked the dervish. "My father." "And who inherited it after his death?" "I." "And when you shall be no more, to whom will it pass?" "To my son." "By the beard of the prophet!" exclaimed the old man, "a place into which one comes in as another goes out, is not a palace, but a tavern."

CAMOENS.

A great deal of sympathy has been expended, in prose and verse, on the melancholy end of the great poet of Portugal, who is pretty generally supposed to have died of actual want. Some documents have recently been discovered in Lisbon which show that if he ever did want, it was owing to his own extravagance, not to the want of liberality of the government. These documents are a series of receipts, in Camoens's handwriting, coming down to the year 1577, or two years before his death, by which it appears that he was in the receipt of an annual pension of fifteen hundred reals, or about eighty dollars, a sum which, small as it seems now, was very considerable at that period. So that writers hereafter, when expatiating on the sufferings and neglect which are the lot of men of genius, will be under the necessity of omitting the name of Camoens.

PROGRESS OF MUSIC.

An Italian troupe, on their return to Europe from South America, by the East Indies, lately, remained six months at Macao, where the Chinese listened, for the first time, to an Italian opera. The crowd was very great, and much astonishment was expressed at seeing women on the stage, as in the Celestial Empire the female parts are played by boys. This same troupe performed at the Cape of Good Hope some of Rossini's music. His operas are the first that have been round the world.

A VALUABLE SERVANT.

It is well known that the Italians are passionately fond of all games of chance, and especially of lotteries. The duke of Bonnelli lately had a servant who used to steal everything he could lay his hands on. "Why don't you discharge him?" his friends would ask. "Because he dreams lucky numbers."

INDIAN TALES AND LEGENDS.

THE CELESTIAL SISTERS.

BY HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

Waupee, or the White Hawk, lived in a remote part of the forest, where animals and birds were abundant. Every day he returned home from the chase with the reward of his toil, for he was one of the most skilful and celebrated hunters of his tribe. With a tall, manly form, and the fire of youth beaming from his eye, there was no forest too gloomy for him to penetrate, and no track made by the numerous kinds of birds and beasts which he could not follow.

One day he penetrated beyond any point which he had before visited. He travelled through an open forest, which enabled him to see a great distance. At length he beheld a light breaking through the foliage, which made him sure that he was on the borders of a prairie. It was a wide plain covered with flowers and grass. After walking some time without a path, he suddenly came to a ring worn through the soil, as if it had been made by footsteps following a circle. But what excited his surprise was, that there was no path leading to or from it. Not the least trace of footsteps could be found, even in a crushed leaf or broken twig. He thought he would hide himself, and lie in wait to see what this circle meant. Presently he heard the faint sounds of music in the air. He looked up in the direction they came from, and saw a small object descending from above. At first it looked like a mere speck, but rapidly increased, and, as it came down, the music became plainer and sweeter. It assumed the form of a basket, and was filled with twelve sisters of the most lovely forms and enchanting beauty. As soon as the basket touched the ground, they leaped out, and began to dance round the magic ring, striking, as they did so, a shining ball as we do the drum. Waupee gazed upon their graceful forms and motions from his place of concealment. He admired them all, but was most pleased with the youngest. Unable to restrain his admiration, he rushed out and endeavoured to seize her. But the sisters, with the quickness of birds, the moment they descried the form of a man, leaped back into the basket and were drawn up into the sky.

Regretting his ill luck and indiscretion, he gazed till he saw them disappear, and then said, "They are gone, and I shall see them no more." He returned to his solitary lodge, but found no relief to his mind. Next day he went back to the prairie, and took his station near the ring; but in order to deceive the sisters, he assumed the form of an opossum. He had not waited long, when he saw the wicker-car descend, and heard the same sweet music. They commenced the same sportive dance, and seemed even more beautiful and graceful than before. He crept slowly towards the ring, but the instant the sisters saw him they were startled, and sprang into their car. It rose a short distance, when one of the elder sisters spoke, "Perhaps," said she, "it is come to show us how the game is played by mortals." "Oh, no!" the youngest replied; "quick, let us ascend." And all joining in a chant, they rose out of sight.

The White Hawk returned to his own form again, and walked sorrowfully back to his lodge. But the night seemed a very long one, and he went back betimes the next day. He reflected upon the sort of plan to follow to secure success. He found an old stump near by, in which there were a number of mice. He thought their small forms would not create alarm; and accordingly assumed it. He brought the stump and sat it up near the ring. The sisters came down and resumed their sport. "But see," cried the younger sister, "that stump was not there before." She ran affrighted towards the car. They only smiled, and gathering round the stump, struck it in jest, when out ran the mice, and Waupee among the rest. They killed them all but one, which was pursued by the youngest sister; but just as she had raised her stick to kill it, the form of White Hawk arose, and he clasped his prize in his arms. The other eleven sprang to their basket and were drawn up to the skies.

Waupee exerted all his skill to please his bride and win her affections. He wiped the tears from her eyes. He related his adventures in the chase. He dwelt upon the charms of life on the earth. He was incessant in his attentions, and picked out the way for her to walk as he led her gently towards his lodge. He felt his heart glow with joy as she entered it, and from that moment he was one of the happiest of men. Winter and summer passed rapidly away, and their happiness was increased by the addition of a beautiful boy to their lodge. Waupee's wife was the daughter of one of the stars, and as the scenes of earth began to pall upon her sight, she sighed to revisit her father. But she was obliged to hide these feelings from her husband. She remembered the charm that would carry her up, and took occasion, while the White Hawk was engaged in the chase, to construct a wicker basket, which she kept concealed. In the meantime she collected such rarities from the earth as she thought would please her father, as well as the most dainty kinds of food. When all was in readiness, she went out one day, while Waupee was absent, to the charmed ring, taking her little son with her. As soon as they got into the car, she commenced her song and the basket rose. As the song was wafted by the wind it caught her husband's ear. It was a voice which he well knew, and he instantly ran to the prairie. But he could not reach the ring before he saw his wife and child ascend. He lifted up his voice in loud appeals, but they were unavailing. The basket still went up. He watched it till it became a small speck, and finally it vanished in the sky. He then bent his head down to the ground, and was miserable.

Waupee bewailed his loss through a long winter and a long summer. But he found no relief. He mourned his wife's loss sorely, but his son's still more. In the meantime his wife had reached her home in the stars, and almost forgot, in the blissful employments there, that she had left a husband on the earth. She was reminded of this by the presence of her son, who, as he grew up, became anxious to visit the scene of his birth. His grandfather said to his daughter one day, "Go, my child, and take your son down to his father; and ask him to come up and live with us. But tell him to bring along a specimen of each kind of bird and animal he kills in the chase." She accordingly took the boy and descended. The White Hawk, who was ever near the enchanted spot, heard her voice as she came down the sky. His heart beat with impatience as he saw her form and that of his son, and they were soon clasped in his arms.

He heard the message of the Star, and began to hunt with the greatest activity, that he might collect the present. He spent whole nights, as well as days, in searching for every curious and beautiful bird or animal. He only preserved a tail, wing, or foot of each, to identify the species; and, when all was ready, they went to the circle and were carried up.

Great joy was manifested on their arrival at the starry plains. The Star chief invited all his people to a feast, and, when they had assembled, he proclaimed aloud, that each one might take of the earthly gifts such as he liked best. A very strange confusion immediately arose. Some chose a foot, some a wing, some a tail, and some a claw. Those who selected tails or claws were changed into animals, and ran off; the others assumed the forms of birds, and flew away. Waupee chose a white hawk's feather. His wife and son followed his example, when each one became a white hawk. He spread his wings, and, followed by his wife and son, descended with the other birds to the earth, where his species still remain.

THE BANQUET CONDEMNED.

A morality from the French of the fourteenth century.

Among the quaint little moral dramas of former times, was a piece with the above title. It opens with the following personages, enjoying themselves at table:—*Good Company.—I drink your health.—I pledge you.—Frequent repetition.—Supper.—Pastime.—Gluttony.—Drowsiness.* These gay fellows are watched through a window by others very ill-disposed towards them. *Apoplexy, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Pleurisy, Colic, Squinancy, Hydropsy, Jaundice*, and others of the same nature, not less formidable, grotesquely habited, and armed with bludgeons. After some time *Supper*, who betrays his guests, admits his whole cohort of enemies. A dreadful battle ensues. The table is overthrown, and its contents dashed to pieces. At this instant enters a personage, more traitorous still than *Supper*; this is *Banquet* himself, who affects to protect the jolly company, seats them again at table, and they begin to survive; but are once more surprised by the diseases, who prevail against them *fatally*. *Good Company* is the only one who escapes; and resorts to Dame *Experience* with his complaints. This sage dame causes *Supper* and *Banquet* to be arrested by *Sobriety, Medicine, Phlebotomy* and *Fasting*, by whom they are led away to prison. He afterwards hold council with Hippocrates, Galen, Avicenna and Averhoes. The criminals are condemned. *Remedy* passes sentence on them. *Banquet* is executed. *Supper* is pronounced not guilty, as to himself; but by reason of his having admitted too great a number and variety of dishes on the table, he is sentenced to wear a badge on his arm, of leaden tufts down the whole front of his sleeve; and forbid to approach dinner, modestly and moderately taken, nearer than the distance of six hours, at the least.

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

Breaking a butterfly upon the wheel.—In the republic of Quito, and some other parts of South America, there is a small insect called the *comejen*, whose destructive qualities are so active, that in the space of one night it will penetrate the hardest wood, or any other similar substance. In that short period it has been known to penetrate, through and through, a bale of paper containing sixteen reams. The insect builds its nest under the eaves of the houses, of a glutinous clay, similar to that used by the swallows in the fabrication of their nests; but the comejen continues his for several yards in length. The natives sometimes daub their nests with tar, which is sufficient to dispetse the whole swarm; for, if disturbed, they will divide into different societies, and each will separately search for a convenient place in which to form a settlement. In the archives of Quito there is a curious royal decree of Carlos III. respecting this insect. A number of cases of gun-flints had been sent to Panama from Spain, for the purpose of being forwarded to Lima; but their non-arrival at this place caused the viceroy to repeat his request to the court for the necessary supply. This gave rise to an investigation—the flints were traced to Panama, and the governour was ordered to account for them. In his answer to the minister, he stated that the comejen had destroyed the cases in the royal magazine. The minister, being ignorant of what the comejen was, an order was issued under the royal seal, commanding the governor of Panama to apprehend the comejen, to form a summary process on the crimes which he had committed, then to send the prisoner and documents, with the necessary guard, in custody to Spain, that he might be dealt with according to the extent of his criminality!

Many-coloured stars.—The light of the stars is by no means uniform: the ray of Sirius, for instance, differs not merely in intensity, but in kind, from the ray of Vega; and in countries where the atmosphere is less humid and hazy than ours, the difference is striking to the naked eye—one star shining as an emerald, another as a ruby, and the whole heavens sparkling as with various gems. This attribute of variety of colours also characterizes the double stars; but the most remarkable thing is, that in many instances, when one is of one marked colour, its companion is of the opposite. Instances abound in which a red and green star are associated, or a yellow and blue. When the stars are of different degrees of brilliancy, the contrast may originate in an optical delusion—in that tendency which disposes the eye, when gazing on any bright colour, to endow fainter objects near it with the opposite or complimentary colour by way of relief; but the explanation is not universally borne out, inasmuch as many couples, in precisely similar circumstances, show no such contrast. Sir John Herschell was at first decidedly inclined to attribute this phenomenon to an actual difference of colour; and although he has since—perhaps on good grounds—half relinquished that conclusion, we have the acquiescing testimony of Struve, founded on observations with the Dorpat telescope, whose clearness has never yet been rivalled, so that we may not absolutely part with the early pleasing speculations of the British astronomer. "It may be easier suggested in words," says Sir John, "than conceived in imagination, what variety of illumination two stars—a red and a green, or a yellow and blue one—must afford a planet circulating around either; and what cheering contrasts and grateful vicissitudes, a red and green day, for instance, alternating with a white one and with darkness, might arise from the presence or absence of one or other, or both, from the horizon!"

A contemporary's estimate of shakspeare.—The diary of one John Ward, who lived at Stratford-upon-Avon, during the life-time of Shakspeare, has been lately published in London. The following is, we believe, the only allusion he makes to the great bard, in the course of two tedious volumes. What an immortality might have been won by Mr. Ward, if he had been more liberal in his particulars in regard to his illustrious contemporary! "Shakspeare had but two daughters, one whereof, Mr. Hall, the physician, married, and by her had one daughter married, to wit, the Lady Bernard of Abingdon. I have heard that Mr. Shakspeare was a natural wit, without any art at all; he frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for it had an allowance so large that he spent all the rate of one thousand pound a year, as I have heard. Shakspeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson, had a merie meeting, and it seems drank too hard, for Shakspeare died of a feavour there contracted. Remember to peruse Shakspeare's plays, and bee much versed in them, that I may not be ignorant in that matter. Whether Dr. Heylin does well, in reckoning up the dramatic poets which have been famous in England, to omit Shakspeare. A letter to my brother, to see Mrs. Queeney, to send for Tom Smith for the acknowledgment."

Brazilian vesper bell.—In Brazil, all journeys are suspended at the Ave Maria, that is, the vespers to the virgin, which commence after sunset. Instead of a curfew, a very simple and pleasing circumstance announces this period in the country. A large beetle, (called Peidnoia testacea,) with silver wings, just then issues forth, and, by the winding of its small but solemn and sonorous horn, proclaims the hour of prayer. A coincidence so striking, and so regular and frequent in its occurrence as this, was not likely to escape the honour of a religious superstition to account for it. Accordingly the Brazilians regard it as a sacred institution, supposing that the insect is a herald expressly commissioned by the virgin to announce the time of her evening prayer. Hence it is constantly called Escaravelhod' Ave Maria, that is Ave Maria Beetle. "On the hill of Santa Theresa," says Dr. Walsh, "I have heard it of an evening humming round the convent, and joining its harmonious bass to the sweet chant of the nuns within at their evening service."

Stars and stripes.—We stopped in a store, where were several British officers; after asking for articles which I wanted, I saw a broad roll of riband, which appeared to be of black and white stripes. "Go," said I to the officer that was with us, "and reckon the stripes of that riband; see if they are *thirteen!*" (with an emphasis I spoke the word—and he went too!) "Yes, they are thirteen, upon my word, madam." "Do hand it me." He did so; I took it, and found that it was a narrow black riband, carefully wound round a broad white. I returned it to its place on the shelf. "Madam," said the merchant, "you can buy the black and white, too, and tack them in stripes." "By no means, sir; I would not have them *slightly tacked*, but *firmly united*." The abovementioned officers sat on the counter kicking their heels;—how they gaped at me when I said this! but the merchant laughed heartily.—*Letters of Eliza Wilkinson.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

"Letters of Eliza Wilkinson." Arranged by Caroline Gilman. New-York Samuel Colman.

This is a delightful little volume. It is a collection of letters written by Mrs Eliza Wilkinson, of South Carolina, recording personal incidents of the revolution. If such books could be multiplied they would furnish a world of information. The political and military history of the revolution has been written. It is illustrated by scores of valuable and interesting works. What we now want is the filling up of the picture, by works of a character with that now before us; letters, sketches, and memoirs, not of public men and public events, but of private affairs and incidents. A collection of family letters of the period, such as might unquestionably still be found, would be of peculiar interest and value. In this department of illustration, our printed history is still exceedingly deficient. At the time of writing these letters Mrs. Wilkinson was a young and beautiful widow. They are lively and natural, and give an insight into the affairs of the period of which they treat, that is not elsewhere to be found. We hope Mrs. Gilman will continue to explore this new mine of wealth. Meanwhile we most heartily commend this little volume to the favourable consideration of the reading public To the ladies of the United States it cannot fail to be particularly acceptable. We are sure that we cannot fill a column for our readers more agreeably, than by a selection from this charming work.

AN UNWELCOME VISIT

"I seem to have an inexhaustible fund just now for letter-writing; but it will amuse your leisure hours, and that hope encourages me to proceed. Without further preamble, I will present you with another scene, where my father and mother were spectators, and also sufferers. It was likewise on the third of June that my father, with an old man who lived a few miles from him, and whose head was silvered o'er with age, (one Mr. Bryant,) was sitting in the piazza, when they saw a party of men, some in red, others in green, coming up to the house furiously; the moment they arrived, they jumped from their horses, and ran into the house with swords and pistols, and began to curse father and the other man very much; indeed, took the buckles from his shoes, searched his pockets, and took all they found there; they then went to search Mr. Bryant's pockets; he threw his top jacket aside, and producing his under one, "Here," said he, "I'm a poor old man," (he was so, sure enough.) They searched, but, I believe, found nothing, for, by a lucky thought, the "poor old man" saved several hundred pounds, by carelessly casting aside his top jacket, as if it had no pockets in it. They then went into the rooms up and down stairs, demolished two sets of drawers, and took all they could conveniently carry off One came to search mother's pockets too, (audacious fellow!) but she resolutely threw his hand aside. "If you must see what is in my pocket, I'll show you myself;" and she took out a thread-case, which had thread, needles, pins, tape, etc., etc. The mean wretch took it from her. They even took her two little children's caps, hats, etc.; and when they took mother's thread, etc., she asked them what they did with such things, which must be useless to them! "Why, Nancy would want them." They then began to insult father again in the most abusive manner. "Ay," says one, "I told you yesterday how you'd be used if you did not take a protection! But you would not hear me; you would not do as I told you, now you see what you have got by it." "Why," said mother, in a jeering way, "is going about plundering women and children, taking the state?" "I suppose you think you are doing your king a great piece of service by these actions, which are very noble, to be sure; but you are mistaken—'twill only enrage the people; I think you'd much better go and fight the men, than go about the country robbing the women and children; that would be doing something." "O! you are all, every one of you, rebels! and, old fellow," (to father,) "I have a great mind to blow my pistol through your head." Another made a pass at him, (inhuman monsters! I have no patience to relate it,) with his sword, swearing he had a "great mind," too, to run him through the body. What callous-hearted wretches these must be, thus to treat those who rather demanded their protection and support. Gray hairs have always commanded respect and reverence until now; but these vile creatures choose the aged and helpless for the objects of their insults and barbarity."

GENERAL LINCOLN.

"A detachment of two or three hundred men, commanded by Colonel Malmady, were ordered on father's island; they had a field-piece with them, and there they stayed some time to command the river, which prevented the poor red-coats from taking their accustomed airings. When they had been there a day or two, a company of horsemen rode up to the house we were in, and told us the general was coming along, and would be there presently; they had scarcely spoken, when three or four officers appeared in view. They rode up; (Colonel Roberts was with them—he and father were old acquaintances.) He introduced one of the officers to father. "General Lincoln, sir!" Mother was at the door. She turned to us, "Oh, girls, General Lincoln!"—We flew to the door, joy in our countenances! for we had heard such a character of the general, that we wanted to see him much. When he quitted his horse, and I saw him limp along, I can't describe my feelings. The thought that his limping was occasioned by defending his country from the invasion of a cruel and unjust enemy, created in me the utmost veneration and tender concern for him You never saw General Lincoln, Mary?—I think he has something exceedingly grave, and even solemn, in his aspect; not *forbiddingly* so either, but a something in his countenance that commands respect, and strikes *assurance* dumb. He stayed an hour or two with us, and then proceeded on to camp.

"Bush's Hebrew Grammar."

The last number of the American Biblical Repository speaks very favourably of this work We are glad to find good books in the Hebrew multiply, and the lovers of Hebrew literature increase This new grammar is a valuable accession to those already in use, and is much superior to most of them in many particulars. It meets the wants of both teachers and students. Its general execution is beautiful, and we trust that Professor Bush may be rewarded according to the merits of the work.

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THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1839.

Nahant.—A famous promontory is Nahant; and no less pleasant than famous. It is worth the worst night ever passed in a Sound steamboat, to snuff its sea breeze for a day, and pay your respects to the agreeable company that you will find scattered about in the cottages, or collected at the hotel. You may steam all the way there, in less than four-and-twenty hours. You have steam to Stonington; steam from there to Boston. If you have time to spare, you will naturally stop a day or two at the Tremont, where you will enjoy all the luxury that the courtesies of knowing and willing landlords can provide If in a hurry, you take a coach on your arrival, for the depot of the Eastern railroad. Whir—whiz—and it is steam again to Lynn, whence you find your way by direction across the beaches to Holman's, on the extreme point stretching into the ocean. Here you will be forthwith at ease. After all this steam, you may find a salt-water bath by no means amiss, and you may have it on a moment's notice. Finish your toilet as rapidly as consists with due neatness, and step forth on the balcony. Chat awhile with your friends from New-York and Philadelphia, and then make the acquaintance of that pretty lady from Salem, with the black eye and long lashes. All Boston is not here, but a good deal of it; and the rest you may find liberally represented at the cottages. Perhaps the cottage life at Nahant is the more satisfactory for a whole summer, but for a week or a month, you want the life and variety of the hotel. After having made yourself as agreeable as you know how to be, you are on very good watering-place terms with some pleasant people, if you have no particular and personal acquaintance Here you may remain as long as your welcome lasts; and you can amuse yourself. You may kill time occasionally with a game of billiards, in which you will be beaten by a lady we have now in our eye; unless you are so inconsiderate as to play your *very* best. Then the nine-pin alley—and the fishing party to Egg Rock—and the drive along the beaches—and the trip to Salem "to see the museum"—and then at evening the congregation in the drawing-room, where you may get up an *extempore* flirtation, and listen to some very admirable music. So much for the incidents and whereabouts, which Nahant shares with some other summer residents. But the sea-breeze—and such a sea-breeze! The air of Nahant is different from any other that you ever breathed. If you are fond of climbing rocks, you may have a chance to try your skill at it; or you may find a cool seat in some sheltered recess, and with a companion to sweeten your seclusion, shut out the world, and sit gazing upon the broad ocean, breaking at your very feet, and making sublime music in the dash and roar of its multitudinous billows! We have said more than we intended to say. It was our purpose to commit a paragraph; our pen is running into a chapter.

A suspenny conscience.—It is Sunday, and in a Harlem car; the day sultry, and not one favourable to goodnature or good reasoning. "Tickets, gentlemen," says a smart lad, thrusting his head abruptly into the apartment where I am stowed with half a dozen others.—"I've got no tickets, what's the fare?" said a venerable-looking gentleman, of a demure and somewhat saintly aspect, though with a slight tendency to the pursy, which indicated no disregard of the good things of life—"A shilling, sir."—"For how far?" asks the passenger.—"Any distance," replies John. "No sixpenny rides of a Sunday."—"Then I guess you'll not get another Sunday ride out of me. That's the way people are imposed upon, is it?" handing forth his reluctant shilling. Then turning to his fellow-passengers—"I want to see if these people will be encouraged in imposing upon the public—*and violating the Sabbath!*" To sixpence worth of violating of the Sabbath, the worthy gentleman did not object; but he had no idea of being accessory to the sin at the charge of a shilling

Burton's Gentleman's Magazine.—The last number is the best ever issued. The history of "Old Ironsides" is full of anecdote and spirit. It is from the pen of one of the officers of that favourite vessel.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

ELECTRO-MAGNETISM.—There is now a fair prospect that this extraordinary discovery will become of as *much importance to the public* as any other yet made. An agent hitherto very little understood, it is now brought so far under control, that not a doubt remains of its applicability to almost numberless uses, in the various pursuits of civilized man. From the effects already developed, even should it fail in imparting the necessary power to the most ponderous machinery—and it is believed it can be carried to an unlimited extent—still it is abundantly evident that the numerous purposes to which it can be made subservient, will place it among the greatest and most useful of modern discoveries. It is possessed of such peculiar properties that it must, necessarily, command universal attention. Its economy and simplicity are most extraordinary; but perhaps its safety is one of the highest recommendations. If sufficient power can be obtained to move large and heavy machinery, then will it prove to be not less wonderful than it will be beneficial in countless ways.

Unhappily, we are all apprized of the appalling effects continually resulting from the agency of steam. Such is the terrour connected with it, that many considerate people are actually deterred from exposing themselves to the chance of destruction from so tremendous a power. The fairest assurance is now held forth, that not only the danger consequent on the use of steam may be effectually removed, but the burdensome expense and alarming consumption of fuel to which the operation is subject, will be entirely obviated

The public are already advised that a chartered company have a large wheel, five feet in diameter, weighing between four and five hundred pounds, in daily motion, at No. 58 Gold-street. This motion is remarkable for its uniformity and steadiness; and its revolutions are from thirty to fifty in a minute, varying only according to the strength of the battery. No skill is required in the preparation; and a boy or woman can soon be instructed to manage the matter without delay or trouble. The expense incident to the required movement is so inconsiderable as hardly to deserve consideration.

Here is a discovery which promises to be the most interesting and valuable ever made known to man. There is no illusion or deception connected with it. Its effect and simplicity are at once manifest to the humblest capacity; and yet, with stronger recommendations than any other invention ever placed before an enlightened community, it is almost wholly disregarded by those possessed of most abundant means, a very small portion of which would be adequate to the complete development of this hitherto incomprehensible and mysterious agent. That it will, hereafter, come into general use, and take a very high rank amongst the greatest benefits ever conferred upon the human family, it would seem idle to doubt.

EXAMINER.

New-York Gazette.—We are gratified to know that the circulation and business of this journal are rapidly increasing; and we hope that Mr. Daniels finds all the relief from his arduous and pressing duties, which he anticipated from his union with Mr. McCall—a nervous writer as well as an indefatigable man of business. The Gazette has a strong hold on the citizens of this metropolis, and will retain it as long as liberal talent, sterling integrity, and honourable zeal are estimated as they ought to be.

Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.—It is singular that a journal has not heretofore appeared, especially devoted to the interests of the mercantile class. We have medical, legal, sectarian monthlies in abundance, but before the appearance of this work of Mr Hunt, no commercial monthly. The want, we are assured, will be well supplied by the Merchant's Magazine; which we take pleasure in commending to the public attention.

New-York Times.—Although we eschew committal in politics, we hold ourselves at liberty to speak freely in regard to political journals. We take pleasure, therefore, in saying what we believe, that there is none of its contemporaries, whig or tory, which surpasses in interest and ability the favourite organ of the conservatives, now under the editorial direction of Mr. McLeod, from Baltimore. The miscellaneous paragraphs, the dramatic and literary notices of the Times are always spirited and to the point.

Fortitude under pain.—In the course of an inquest lately taken in England it was remarked by an eminent physician, that it was surprising what fortitude was displayed by women whilst undergoing any surgical operation, as compared with men. The latter he had seen quiver at the slightest touch, whilst women would submit to the most painful operation without a shudder.

The Expositor.—This journal has been united with the Literary Gazette. Under the intelligent management of Mr. Tassistro, it flourishes as might have been anticipated. It is high-toned and gentlemanly, evincing the research of the scholar, and the tact of a man of the world, in its judicious criticisms Success to it

Translations from the German.—The intensely interesting German legend, entitled "Walpurgis-Night," is completed in the present number. The reader will be pleased to learn that other translations may be expected from the inimitable pen that furnished this.

Fashionable small-talk.—"Going *up* to the city," and "going down into the country."

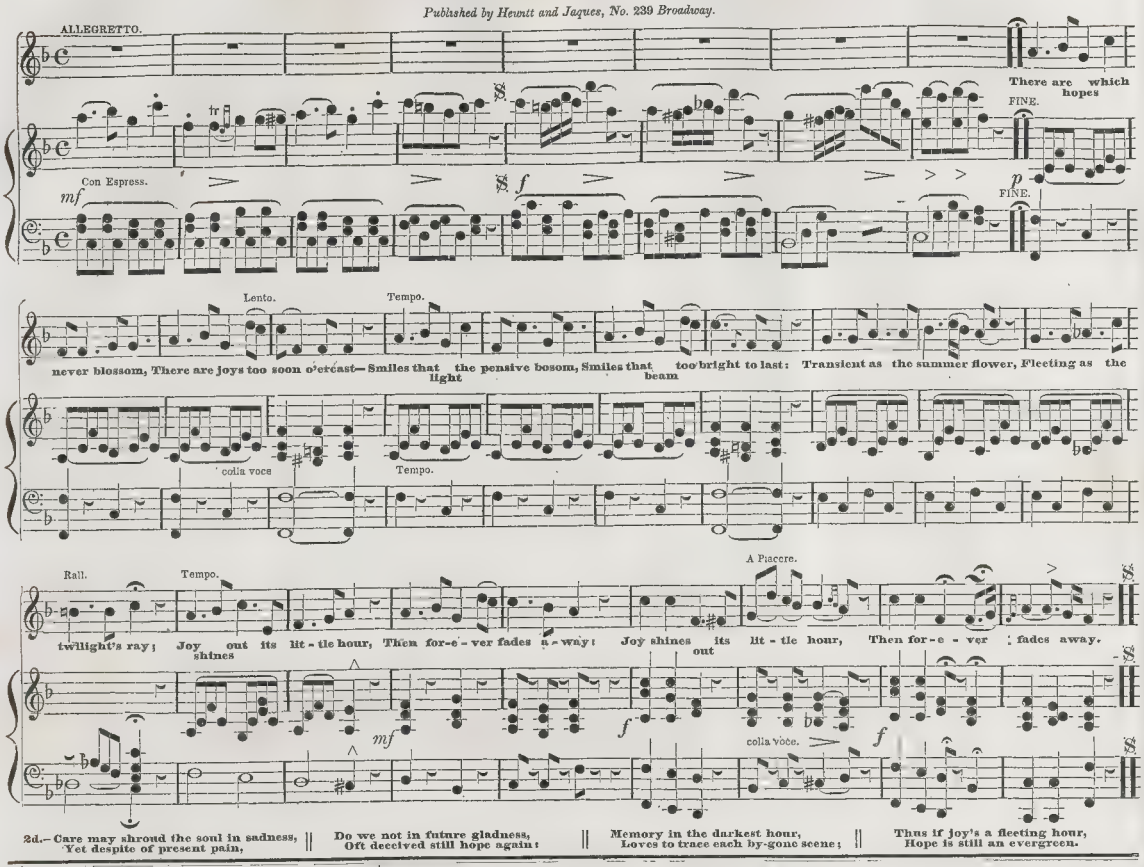
Niblo's gardens.—The irresistible Burton—the Ravels—crowded benches—warm weather—and excellent ice-cream, nightly

The theatres.—At this season of the year they are nightly full of—emptiness! No matter, they will be filled in October

HOPE IS STILL AN EVERGREEN.

A BALLAD—THE WORDS BY CHARLES JEFFERYS—THE MUSIC BY CHARLES HODGSON.

Published by Hewitt and Jaques, No. 239 Broadway.



THE VIOLET—FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

In a solitary place,
A lowly violet grew;
Unfolding silently its leaf
To the sunbeam and the dew.
A lovely maiden tripped
That far-off field along;
And the quiet woodland glen
Was gladdened by her song.

I would I were the fairest
Of all the flowers that blow;
That all my leaves were blushing
With tints of loveliest glow;
That she who idly wanders here
Might see me where I rest,
And pluck me from my solitude,
To slumber on her breast.

Thus thought the modest flower,
The maid passed heedless on;
Its beauty crushed with hasty step—
The bloom of life was gone:
Though trampled thus, the violet
Sang out, in very glee,
"O! it is a passing happiness,
Even to die by thee!"

Collegian.

MISCELLANY.

Description of the sea.—"Thou hast never been on the sea," said the lady to her waiting-maid, "and knowest nothing of that dread loneliness which settles on the spirit, when the last headlands have disappeared, and one wide waste of tumultuous waters are heaving around, bounded only by the dull and evening sky. Thou hast not felt that mighty dread, which overwhelms the timid wayfarer on the ocean, who watches the little ship stagger from wave to wave, or heard the shrill wind singing through her cordage, until the masts bend like a reed in the storm. Thou hast not looked on the pathless waters, where nothing moved but the black hull on which we stood, and the rolling mountains of waves, the smallest of which might close over the bark for ever, and leave not a vestige to tell that ought living ever glided above those depths But more, thou never hadst one whom thou didst love dearer than thine own life, journeying over those perilous paths, and thou far away, dreaming of the death to which he is exposed, or pining to be a partaker of his dangers."

Avarice and extravagance.—Among the many properties of human nature, which almost exceed comprehension, comes the parsimony of the rich, and the extravagance of the poor. Some rich men spare to-day, as if they feared starving to-morrow; and the indigent often consume in an hour, what they may feel the want of for a year. These properties are the more unaccountable, because parsimony is chiefly found to predominate in old people, who may expect death every day; and extravagance chiefly in the young, who may reasonably hope to live long; as if old people hoarded money, because they cannot want it; and young ones threw it away, because it is necessary to their subsistence. This conduct must be ascribed to the inconsiderate passions, or folly of man; for I can see no sense or reason in it.

EPITAPH ON THE LATE MR KEAN.

Pause, thoughtful stranger: pass not heedless by
When Kean awaits the tribute of a sigh
There, sunk in death, those powers the world admired,
By nature given, not by art acquired.
In various *parts* his matchless talents shone,
The one he failed in was, alas! his *own*.

Hints to travellers.—A day passed among the crowds of a great capital—in the streets—in the unvisited purlieus—in the markets—in the bazaars—wherever the moving living multitudes may be seen, is more instructive, ay, and more amusing, than a dozen of days spent among glittering rooms and gingerbread pleasure-gardens; and he who could faithfully describe what he sees in such scenes, would make a more attractive book, and deserve better of his country, than all the marvel-hunters that ever wrote. A single hour spent in the heavy vapours of an hospital, or in the cold cells of a public prison, full of sad and painful thought as that hour may be, will give more real insight into the spirit and character of a nation, than can be drawn from whole months frittered away among the thousand artificial sights which the idle most delight in

The miser and the squanderer.—The hoarding miser punishes himself; and the spendthrift punishes the innocent. The hoarder thinks so much of the time to come as to forget the present; the squanderer has his thoughts so taken up with the present as to neglect the future. The first lives as if he was never to die; and the last as if he had but a day to enjoy. Both are unprofitable members of society; the one occasioning a stoppage in the circulation, and the other a hemorrhage. The hoarding miser is like a fog that infests the air; the prodigal resembles an outrageous storm that overturns all in its way. The hoarder passes restless nights, though he has nothing to fear: the squanderer sleeps soundly, and leaves want of repose to his creditors. The hoarding miser is a ridiculous creature, and the prodigal a noxious animal.

EXCERPTS.

One fault wilfully committed, authorizes the imputation of many more. When the ear is opened to accusations, accusers will not be wanting; and every one will officiously come with stories against a disgraced person, where nothing can be said in their favour.

I never knew a man who deserved to be well thought of himself for his morals, who had a slight opinion of the virtue of the other sex in general.

The darkest and most contemptible ignorance is that of not knowing one's self; and that all we have and all we excel in, is the gift of God.

Persons of accidental or shadowy merit may be proud; but inborn worth must be always as much above conceit as arrogance.

In the general scale of beings, the lowest is as useful, and as much a link of the great chain, as the highest.

There is but one pride pardonable: that of being above doing a base or dishonourable action.

The grace which makes every other grace amiable is humility.

Worth trying.—In an English miscellany is the following:—"The danger of being suffocated by smoke, to which persons are exposed who enter premises on fire, may be effectually obviated by tying a wet silk handkerchief singly over the face. A gentleman, who lately tried the experiment, was enabled to remain in a room which was on fire, in most dense smoke, and work a small engine, until he succeeded in extinguishing the flames."

THE WHEELBARROW

With a big bottle-nose and an acre of chin,
His whole physiognomy frightful as sin,
With a huge frizzled wig, and triangular hat,
And a snuff-besmeared handkerchief tied over that;
Doctor Bos, riding out on his fierce Rosinante,
(In hair very rich, but of flesh very scanty,)
Was a little alarm'd, through a zeal for his bones,
Seeing Hodge cross the road with a barrow of stones.
"Hip! friend," roar'd the doctor, with no little force,
Prithee set down the barrow, 'twill frighten my horse."
Hodge as quickly replied, as an Erskine or Garrow,
"You're a great deal more likely to frighten my barrow."

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NEW-YORK MIRROR,

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Embellished with Engravings, and Music arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

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Original.

THE GREEN MOUNTAINS OF VERMONT.

GIRDLE of freedom's stalwart band!
Ye twine around that patriot land
In infant-like repose;
Piled not like Atlas in its might,
Nor Alps, nor Andes in your height,
Crowned with perpetual snows.

Proud cradle of the Vermontese!—
Where healthful floats the mountain breeze;
O! give me but again
To track that valley, green and fair,
By Amonooski wandering there
In brightness to the main.

O beauteous! first when balmy morn
Lifted the mantle of the dawn
From off your glittering sides,
Ye broke upon my raptured view—
In robes of mist, and pearls of dew,
Bedecked like eastern brides.

Upflowed your veils of gauzy sheen—
There lay your pastures, all in green,
Outspreading 'neath the sun;
Nor toiled your husbandmen in vain—
High o'er ye waved the yellow grain,
Crowning ye, every one.

The kine lowed on each grassy steep,
There, on your summits, browsed the sheep,
And o'er ye winged the bee:
All flashing lay the mountain springs;
The sparkling rills, like living things,
Leaped downward, joyously.

Short time I breathed your mountain air,
Or lingered 'mong your valleys fair,
Or by that winding river;
But oh! your loveliness to me
Is pictured bright in memory,
Aye to endure, for ever.

IONE

ORIGINAL MEMOIR.

DANIEL SCHLESINGER, THE PIANIST.

NUMBER ONE.

EARLY DAYS OF AN ARTIST.

"The sculptor in his chiselled stone,
The painter in his colours blent,
The bard in numbers all his own,
Raises himself his monument:
But he whose every touch could wake
A passion, and a thought control,
He who, to bless the ear, did make
Music of his very soul;
Who sound for us, in golden chains,
The golden links of Harmony,
Naught is left us of his strains,
Naught save their fleeting memory.
Then, while a trace of him remains,
Shall we not cherish it tenderly?"—*Burial of Schlesinger.*

EARLY in June last, death robbed our city of a great artist. In him the musical profession lost a bright ornament and society an estimable member. In honouring the dead, biography benefits the living, by holding up the examples of the virtue and merit she records; and the memory of the good and great, thus embalmed, becomes an incitement to the nobler efforts and sentiments of the head and heart. But the life of a distinguished artist may, moreover, serve to illustrate the peculiarities of his calling—to designate the honour due him, as one of those who have laboured to perfect his art, as well as to trace the current of its influence upon his nature, and the reciprocal action of his individuality upon the source from which he drew inspiration.

Whilst, in this country, biography has familiarly disclosed to us the lives and characters of painters—marked by the incidents which associate them with the memorable personages of their time, and by the legends of the creations the engraver's steel is sending forth, in outline, to the remote portions of the earth—she has but rarely made us acquainted with the musicians, and then in disconnected narratives only, having little or no reference to the growth of art or the flow of musical tradition; so that the marvellous in their works, enlinked with half-remembered superstitions, or viewed through the mists of ignorance, has, at times, assumed a fantastic, at times a fabulous, aspect. Yet, if indestructible links connect artist with artist, from *Johannes Van Eyck* down to *Leopold Robert*—and the interval is, like the arch from one point in the horizon to its opposite, a vault of stars vying with each other in glory—composer is yet more firmly enchained to composer, from *Sebastian Bach* to *Franz Litzt*; and their labours, entwined more closely with the growth of enthusiasm and the progress of human ingenuity in the fabrication of instruments, are as a chain in which master-spirit is rivetted to its successor and predecessor; here a link of jewelled gold, there one of silver—the two, mayhap, united by one of iron—and the whole is a canto in the Epic of Genius, admirable and soul-stirring in the highest degree.

But a Stuart, an Allston, a Malbone, a Weir, a Cole, a Sully, and many a star beside—to which the rays of others, as bright, may be seen ascending, in the luminous dawn—have arisen, and enabled us, by their works, to animate the colourless print, and to appreciate the art which designed it; whilst, from our soil, scarcely an artist, and no composer, has sprung, to interpret the works, or follow the paths, of great masters—to maintain and perpetuate the glory of an art less palpable, but more ethereal than the limner's.

Although sound and rhythm, soothing the spirit and lulling the sense, may be said to penetrate every ear and thrill all nerves, yet painting is infinitely more a gift than melody. Art is the only medium through which many an unspeakable emotion may be audibly expressed; the musical sounds around us, the choral chant, the popular air, the festive dance, came from the depths of Germany, from the snows of Russia, from the perfumed fountains of Stamboul; and may be the echoes of voices which, centuries ago, murmured their death-prayer. The reproduction of natural sounds is not spontaneous, like the imitation of visible beauty. The eye, gazing with unconscious delight upon the thousand hues of colour—associating, with the changing seasons, the graceful features, the majestic and the lovely expressions of nature—inhaling light from the radiant eye, and love from the transparent cheek of beauty—now lurking beneath a glossy curl, now floating upon the heaving bosom—the eye is a readier conductor of sentiment, through sense, to the inner soul, than the ear, which a thousand noises assail. The vibrations of its grosser strings are wont to overpower the trembling of the more delicate chords of the *hearing harp*; and he who listens to the mysterious voices of the air, and to the eternal symphony of all living things, is nearer the spirit-land than his brother of the pencil: he communes with the invisible.

There is, consequently, as romantic a charm in the lives of Pergolesi, Sebastian Bach, Handel, Glück, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, and the inspired band who dwell with them in the paradise of harmony, as in those of Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, Corregio, Murillo, and that army, the trophies of whose genius are the proudest ornaments of palaces inhabited by a thousand historic memories; and, in the former, the initiated recognize a higher spiritual character. It requires a greater self-oblation to condense, as in music, the fleeting suggestions of the busy fancy than to arrest upon canvass Outline and Shade, Form and Colour.

But it is not easy to picture to one's self the composer's life and struggles, without a knowledge of their results, and of the mode in which these have been attained. Could we, for a moment, identify ourselves with Shakspeare pouring out his flood of song, if it were denied us to mingle with the visionary beings who embody his heaven-inspired revelations of the human heart? or, could we realize his creative genius, without comparing some of his characters with the players around us! The picture you contemplate is a visible testimony of the art which produced it: it demonstrates itself; for it impresses you with the conviction that it is beyond you. So also can we not know Mozart or Beethoven until our spirits have been uplifted to the world of which their melodies are the language.

"Music," said Beethoven to Bettine Brentano, "music is the true intermedial between sensitive and spiritual life. Would that I could speak of this with Goethe. *Melody is the corporeal life of poesie.* Does not the spiritual sense of a poem become, through melody, a physical sentiment? In Mignon's song does not the melody render us alive to all its sensuous tension, and this sentiment excite to new productions? . . . Music is the only incorporeal entrance into a superior world of cognition, which comprehends man, but is not within his grasp. . . . Although spirits live by it, as bodies subsist by air, it is difficult of spiritual comprehension."

Entertaining, as we do, a desire, not unsustained by hope, that the arts of Harmony may follow the successful footsteps of those of Design, in our land; and believing that, wherever hearts beat, bosoms will be found in which the echo waits only to be roused by the voice of melody, we trust that the following sketch of an artist, who was likewise a composer—a story of inspiration and culture, guided by patience, and not discouraged by disappointment—whose life, like our own, began in a dream, from which it is man's destiny to awake to death alone—will interest those who respect moral energy, and reverence genius; who feel how impotent are our efforts between the Alpha and Omega of human existence, whose faith in humanity is fortified by the contemplation of the past achievements of our race, and whose self-reliance becomes more firmly nerved by each record of individual effort and prowess.

Besides many an imperishable thought and passion, born of our age and independent of historical tradition, it is to Germany that the world owes the greatest masters in the art we are extolling. Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, all sprang from the land of Faust and Luther, of Goethe and Schiller: it likewise gave birth to *Daniel Schlesinger.*

He was born at Hamburgh on the fifteenth of December, 1799, of a father whose premature death prevented him from seeing developed the early promise of this the child of his predilection, and of a mother who lives to regret the brightest flower in her maternal chaplet. He was the youngest but one of nine brothers and one sister. Of his brothers, one died of a fever at St. Thomas, a second was slain by the French, fighting beneath the walls of his native city, and six survive the three now numbered with the dead.

It was in his fifth year that Daniel exhibited the first tokens of his musical disposition, by picking out on the pianoforte with his tiny finger the notes of a tune his father's masons were singing, while at work in the garden. Struck by this early indication of a musical ear, his parent, who himself was a passionate lover of music, had the boy instantly instructed by one *Meschonie*, the organist of the Petri church of Hamburgh, who was at that time giving lessons to his sister. Under his tuition the child's musical abilities developed themselves rapidly, and he soon became a tasteful amateur upon the *pianoforte.* His performance of a sonata of *Mozart's*, standing before the keyboard, has not been forgotten by the relative who kindly furnished us with these details.

A letter from the north of Europe, dated September, 1809, conveys the thanks of a gentleman to whom Daniel had sent an *andante* of Mozart's, which he was fond of playing. Although his father was no more, she, on whom devolved the care of so large a family, and who displayed such eminent maternal qualifications, continued the musical cultivation of the youthful artist. He took lessons of *Beer* on the violin, and by the year 1811 had attained remarkable proficiency upon this most difficult and charming of instruments. We are not aware how long he subsequently devoted himself to it; he used to speak sometimes of his early skill upon it, and the writer recollects an evening in the winter of 1836, on which, for a wager, he played correctly the violin part in a trio of Beethoven's, remarking, "that he had not touched the instrument for twenty years." His notes were all well-formed, his measure, of course, exact, but the right hand being disused to the bow, the performance, naturally enough, lacked ease, expression, and smoothness. This may be noted, *en passant*, as an instance of his very extraordinary memory.

If he still pursued the violin, it was by no means at the expense of the piano, which he continued to study with unabated ardour under the direction of Herr *Grund*, who was much his earlier teacher's superiour. Subsequently, although we are unable to assign their date, he took lessons of *Andreas Romberg*, the renowned musical interpreter of Schiller's song of the "Bell."

It was in 1811 that he composed and dedicated to his uncle, Ezekiel, in Copenhagen, a waltz, which, though never published, obtained great fame among the Hamburgh musicians. He had, moreover, made notable progress for his age in the sciences of thorough bass and counter point. Indeed, his mind was as keen in the pursuit of principles and combinations, and his spirit as ambitious of subduing their intricacies, as his ear was attuned to harmony and his soul absorbed by its irresistible fascinations.

Before the above waltz had been transmitted to Copenhagen, his uncle writes towards the close of the year, (1811,) "I had the pleasure of hearing two boys, one of eleven and the other of twelve years old, perform on the violin; and my delight was doubled by the reflection that you, my dear Daniel, will also one day delight men. Am I wrong? Write me how the piano and violin come on, and tell me the name of Spohr's new opera. Your dear mother wrote me the other day that she would send me something of your composing. Have you already written an opera?"

On the fifteenth of February, 1812, the same affectionate relative thus mentions the reception of the waltz:—"I had already announced to your mother the arrival of your letter and of the waltz—but have deferred until to-day the expression of my thanks for this present. They will come late, but they flow from the heart, and I experience in offering them a pleasure which I venture to liken to that of the giver and composer himself. Your dedication of this waltz to *me*, afforded me extraordinary delight. Though I cannot repay you in kind, I will present you with something besides acknowledgments, out of gratitude, but not for encouragement's sake. For you must already have felt how precious a thing it is to develop one's self into a useful man, to provide one's self with

internal sources of happiness, and, by this very act, occasion pleasure and satisfaction to those around us."

To us these letters appear to breathe respect as well as affection for the youthful amateur, and we do not think it extravagant to suppose that the boy bore the elements of that earnest, self-respecting character which the lovers of single-heartedness so sincerely admired in the man Indeed an earlier letter from an elder brother, dated Leipsic, August, 1810, furnishes evidence that Daniel was then already addressed as a reasonable being.

"Thy little epistle is moreover written with great clearness And how should it be otherwise? Thou art now ten years old, born in Germany of German parents, and were it not a shame thou couldst not tell me distinctly the various matters thou hast to communicate As regards thy apology, should the style of thy letter prove defective, that it is a long time since thou wrotest such a composition! Must one make compositions to write suitably to a brother? My dear boy, write down thy thoughts and feelings freely, and when the letter is finished it will be time enough then to efface and amend."

It was in 1806, when the French came to Hamburgh, that Daniel lost his father. It had been a primary object with the reputable old merchant to provide for his sons by teaching them to provide for themselves. He had attended to the education of each as a sacred duty, and if the subject of this notice was early suffered to bestow on music unusual attention, the accomplishment was subsequently cultivated in the hours of repose from other studies; from the earnestness with which he pursued it, we may doubt if it became a relaxation; but the boy throve; his hours were filled; his energies strengthened and none of the vices of idleness crept in here and there to rust a virtue.

The paternal estate was small and inconsiderable—the widow's heritage; her other sons were scattered over the old and new world in pursuit of fortune; each, when his time came, had resolutely bid his mother adieu and grasped the *wander-stabe;* and when Daniel numbered fourteen years, it became his turn to choose a calling. To his musical attainments he united the thorough education of all the well-born youth of Germany, whose minds are not tutored and shaped to a certain measure and mould, but in whom tastes and inclinations are unfolded not repressed, and the nature of each is encouraged to develop itself While at school he had also displayed remarkable mathematical talent, and could readily compute very intricate questions; indeed, he was attached to such speculations in all his after life

When the decisive day arrived, Daniel declared it his ardent wish to make music his profession In reflecting upon his position his mind had not been idle, and he felt in his heart that, for the calling of his predilection, he could endure and labour much Besides experiencing all the repugnance of a sensitive spirit for uncongenial pursuits, he was inspired with that fervent hope in art, which none can know save its votaries; they who look upon it as the oracle of another world, and who emulate the lives of the great masters, the inventors of the imperishable. But the times were troublous. With its political equilibrium Europe had lost that stability in commercial affairs which patient Germany had once believed to be immovable. The atmosphere was still clouded, the sky portentous, and young Schlesinger's mother and brothers, apprehensive lest the musician's should prove a precarious existence, dissuaded him from his choice, and besought him to select some less hazardous vocation In the face of these obstacles Daniel's choice was soon made. "If I become a merchant," said he, "and am fortunate, I may secure enough to retire before it is yet too late to give myself up to music the remainder of my days." So he chose the counting-house Vain expectation! Like many an ardent spirit equally hopeful and affectionate, the poor boy, relying upon the sagacity of those who loved but were unequal to direct him, relinquished the load-star towards which his aspirations looked, to follow the dim torch that guided duller spirits through the gloom of life. Like many a child of genius, as much as he trusted in others' wisdom, he lacked confidence in his own; and, like them, alas! discovered the error, late, still in time to show, by what his energy enabled him to accomplish, under painful disadvantages, how much he might have achieved had he been left to his own promptings

In 1814, he accordingly became a clerk in the extensive banking and commission house of Herr Robinow, of Hamburgh, and, as the biographers of remarkable men are wont to express it, "entered with ardour upon the duties of his new vocation." And for the artist, what a vocation! How rough is that first contact with men in business—armed to the teeth with the mail and spikes of their own interests—fiercely and roughly encountering you at every corner—callous to the finer sensibilities, and as unconscious as the iron they are mailed in, of the wounds and bruises they may inflict! If we marvel sometimes at the weight and size of the armour shown us in London and Dresden and Vienna, as the war habiliments of knights of ancient days, still more incredible to them, could they rise from their ashes, would appear the moral arms and armour of the gigantic pigmies of our time. The hearts which beat with nobleness beneath their massive hauberks, and were alive to the kindlier affections, would shrink from the indifference and *sang froid*, the keen avarice and selfish ambition, which are the defence and weapons of the men of this day. As they exercised the bones and muscles of the body, so would we often seem to practise those of the mind, that they may subserve passions and interests as unworthy as the knightly ambition was noble and single-hearted. In the days of chivalry the minstrel's place was the banquet hall, the tapestried chamber. In the nineteenth century the ceaseless battle of interests has been the destined field of many like him we are lamenting.

With that earnest singleness of purpose which he had brought to bear upon whatever he had essayed to do, Daniel Schlesinger devoted himself during four years to the drudgery of the *bureau.* His duties there frequently detained him until midnight, after which, on his return home, he would often sit at the piano for hours, unconscious of the winter's cold or of the summer's heat and exhaustion. In truth, he was sometimes whole weeks without any other opportunity of cultivating the art he loved. Where the enthusiasm of many would have been damped by such obstacles, his ardour acquired fresh intensity with each new act of energy. Like all men of firm purpose, who, in presence of hindrances of every kind, undeviatingly pursue a cherished object—the scholar, his book, the painter his ideal, the *savant* his problem, the philosopher his bubble—our young virtuoso suffered no opportunity to pass of heightening or perfecting his musical taste and skill.

We have already mentioned that his brothers were following in different countries, at home and abroad, the profession Daniel had embarked in. One of them was well established in St. Thomas, and, when the elementary commercial education of the lad was finished, and he sought a more active field for enterprise, it occurred that his brother's prosperous condition might enable him to advance his views. He accordingly embarked for St. Thomas in 1819. In this island he was welcomed by the relative who had attracted him thither, and his hope of a release from business at no remote day brightened as he saw before him that prospect of speedier accumulation which, at a greater risk of life, proportionate increase of profits held out in southern climes It was here that he was doomed to encounter his second disappointment. The climate of the island threatened to try his constitution so severely as to force him, in self-preservation, to return to Europe in the year following. The blind goddess is not propitious to the children of art. Conscious that they are gifted with resources beyond her reach, she seems in justice, and, as it were, instinctively to bestow her favours upon such of the candidates for them as are unsusceptible of any other enjoyment

After reaching his native shores, young Daniel appears to have remained several months without employment In this interval it may be imagined his fingers were not idle, and he returned to music, as to a beloved mistress, with all the ardour engendered by a long separation Before his trip to the West Indies, the British metropolis had presented itself as an advantageous market for the youth, the industry and the ability which, as a skilful accountant, he had to offer, and several letters upon the subject had passed between him and the brother, from whose correspondence we have already made an extract. Anxious to obtain some profitable occupation he turned his steps towards England, and we find him in Manchester at the close of 1820, and in London at the opening of the new year He lived here with a brother, who occupied a responsible post in an important house, and who shared with Daniel his moderate income. While waiting the turning up of employment the latter naturally mingled with his countrymen, who, as fervent lovers of music, were charmed with his talent, and sought to gratify his desire of being brought in contact with the artists and amateurs of the capital

It was about this time that an incident occurred which, as often befalls those setting out on life's journey, changed the whole current of his existence by giving it a new direction. He was invited one night to a friend's house. It was an unceremonious *reunion;* some came there to contribute to the amusement and others to enjoy it. In the course of the evening Mr Schlesinger was invited to play some variations of Ries's, which he sat down to the piano and performed in his usual unpretending manner. Fancy his surprise when the master of the house introduced him to the author; and his pleasure at hearing *Ferdinand Ries*, who had stood behind him, warmly commend his skill and good taste. The latter was, on his side, not a little astonished to learn that so skilful an interpreter of his music was but an amateur, and advocated his immediate adoption of music as a profession with such persuasive eloquence, that before he left the room, the counting-house was for ever banished from the thoughts of the young virtuoso, who resolved to devote himself henceforth to that art which, besides happiness, promised him glory

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

GAMBLING ABROAD.

Benazet, of Frescati notoriety, is the present lessee of the gambling-tables at Baden-Baden; he has laid out a large sum (two hundred and fifty thousand francs,) in enlarging and decorating the assembly-rooms, but up to the present moment the prospect of remuneration is not promising; in fact, the play-tables would be completely deserted were it not for the ex-elector of Hesse and some old stagers from Paris, amongst whom are the agent de change, who lost a large sum in the last days of Frescati, and Monsieur M., from Marseilles, who never stakes less than a roleau, fifty napoleons The full season does not commence until July; up to this time every one complains that Baden is horribly stupid, and the departures are more numerous than the arrivals. Baden will not be as fashionable a watering-place as it has been; but the beauty of the surrounding country, the good living, and moderate charges at the hotels, will always induce a number of strangers to visit it. An Englishman, who rejoices in the rare name of Smith, has taken a house for the season; he gives suppers to young men who are supposed to possess more money than wit. After supper cards are introduced; and a few evenings since a young Spaniard was a loser to the amount of fifty-two thousand francs, of which Mr Smith was a winner of fifteen thousand francs, a Mr. Tobin, an old acquaintance of Sir Vincent Cotton, fifteen thousand francs, and a Frenchman, M. Bomberd, twenty-two thousand francs. The confederates have, however, only pocketed ninety napoleons in cash. The young Spaniard gave bills on his guardian, the Spanish Ambassador at Paris. The ambassador refused to pay the drafts, as the young man is a minor—thus rests the matter.

THE POET'S WIFE.

As by his lonely hearth he sat,
The shadow of a welcome dream
Pass'd o'er his harp—disconsolate
His home did seem—
And the sweet vision, faint and far,
Rose on his fancy like a star.

"Let her be young, yet not a child,
Whose light and inexperienced mirth
Is all too winged and too wild
For sober earth—
Too rainbow like such mirth appears,
And fades away in misty tears

"Let youth's fresh rose still gently bloom
Upon her smooth and downy cheek—
Yet let a shadow, not of gloom,
But soft and meek,
Tell that *some* sorrow she hath known,
Though not a sorrow of her own.

"And let her eyes be of the gray,
The soft gray of the brooding dove,
Full of the sweet and tender ray
Of modest love;
For fonder shows that dreamy hue
Than lustrous black or glorious blue

"Let her be full of quiet grace,
No sparkling wit with sudden glow
Brightening her purely chisell'd face
And placid brow;
Not radiant to the *stranger's* eye—
A creature easily pass'd by;

"But who, once seen, with untold power
For ever haunts the yearning heart,
Raised from the crowd that self-same hour
To dwell apart,
All sainted and enshrined to be
The idol of a memory!

"And oh! let Mary be her name—
It hath a sweet and gentle sound,
At which no glories dear to fame
Come crowding round,
But which the dreaming heart begotes
With holy thoughts and household smiles;

"With peaceful meetings, welcomes kind,
And love, the same in joy and tears,
And gushing intercourse of mind
Through faithful years;
Oh! dream of something half divine
Be real—be mortal, and be mine!"

RAILROAD TRAVELLING.

The poetry of travelling is gone—the romance of road-side adventure is at an end; in vain will the modern novelist attempt to distinguish his heroine in the passing train—forms and faces glide by like the mingled colours on a schoolboy's whipping-top—an amalgamated mass of hues which the rapid motion seems to blend into one Elopements may now be made in safety, if the lovers can only secure the first train; asthmatical old guardians can never give chase—the rapidity with which the vehicles move will prevent the short-winded from breathing; no being overtaken by brothers; duelling and changing horses and separate rooms are at an end—our light literature must now become woven with steam—our incidents must arise from blow-ups, and love be made over broken legs; while here the novelist will have to record the falling in of a tunnel, the only chance left "for a touch at the sublime."

The good old days of chance courtship have vanished: if a lady happened to let her glove fall from the coach, there was an opening for some gallant to leap off and return it with a good grace But now there is no stopping; one might as well call upon the wind as upon the conductor to check the speed of his fiery dragon; 'tis as much as the guard can do to make him hear with his shrill whistle; ere one can say, "my hat's blown off," we have shot a mile ahead, and the conductor mourns the accident at the next station; and there is no lack of sympathy at the distance of thirty miles. The tables within the carriages are like those which held fire feasts of the enchanters: whatever is laid upon them less weighty than a brick, is whisked away by a viewless spirit, and carried you wot not whither. Wo be unto the wight that laveth down his gloves, handkerchief, or umbrella—that unloosoeth his pocket-book to spread out his letters, for they will be given as a prey unto the winds, unless he carrieth his own curtaining, or is rich enough to travel in a first-class carriage. Then there are those gloomy tunnels opening their grim portals to receive us, and darkening around us like the valley and shadow of death You are immersed within the bowels of a black cavern—the groaning monster which has borne you away utters his most hellish moans in the darkness—flakes of fire here and there flutter along the low browed vault—the earth seems rocking beneath, while one dull, prolonged echo throws back the continued clatter. Perchance a solitary lamp is fixed in the roof of your carriage, and the sickly yellow light falls upon the face of some wrinkled old man who has closed his eyes from fear All beside is dark—nothing is visible but that hideous face in the distance At first he appears like a fiend; you cannot separate him from the lakes of red fire, the darkness, and the bellowing of the monster. By degrees he becomes a bandit: you have seen just such a face in the caverns in Salvator Rosa's pictures; then he is dead—his face grows sharp and thin in the yellow light—his eyes move not under the lurid gleam—you are in the tomb with him! By-and-by you feel the wind of heaven upon your cheek—the daylight breaks in upon you, and you are again rolling between upheaved banks, or on the brown backs of massy arches—rubbing the flakes of soot from your face, or writhing under some sharp particle which has chosen your eye for an abiding-place: you seem as if racing against the wind, and that, out of sheer vexation at being beaten, it blows with all its might, as if it would lift the heavy train from the ground.

A good hit at somebody.—The Bunker Hill Aurora says—"We admire to have a man too busy to look at his bill—it shows that he means to pay it as soon as he gets time."

MORALS OF HANGING.

"The annexed startling and terrible extract," says the American, is re-published by the Commercial from the Albany Daily, under the head of 'Morals of hanging,' and with the remark that it 'bears harder against punishment by death than a whole acre of homily.' Not so—the piece, to be just, should have been headed—Morals of *public* Executions; and the testimony it bears is not against punishment by death, which we hold to be indispensable for the crime of wilful shedding of blood, but against making that a spectacle and a show, which should be a solemn admonition, and a fearful but certain penalty. The laws of the state of New-York have prescribed the true course in this matter. He who maliciously takes life, is by them condemned to lose his own—not in the public gaze, nor before spectators, (where he may be buoyed up to play a part,) but within the narrow enclosure of the prison walls, and with none to look on but the stern officers of justice, and the self-denying minister of the cross, who abandons not, till the final moment, the hope and the attempt to induce penitence, however late."

THE JUDGE AND THE HANGMAN.—Did your lordship never attend a *killing time* at the Old Bailey? If not, pray favour me with your company; not on the gallows, but staying in the street, amid a crowd that always assemble when I am at work for you and the sheriff. Perhaps it will add to the zest if you come when I have a young woman to stiffen, supplied by yourself. Will the fluttering of her petticoats, as she swings in the wind, produce a pleasant sound in your ears, my learned master? Fail not to watch the people; the men, women and children—good, bad and indifferent—who have gathered to behold the sacred majesty of the law. You will see such flashing of eyes and grinding of teeth—you will hear sighs and groans, and words of rage, and hatred, with fierce curses on yourself and me; and then laughter, such as is of an unnatural kind, that they will make you start. Jests on the dead, that they will make you sick! You will *feel*—no—may should *you* feel my more than your faithful journeyman? We shall go to our breakfasts with good appetites, and a firm conviction that every hanging but changes many pilferers into savage robbers, fit for murder.

A few years ago I was called out of town to hang a little boy who had been convicted of killing with *malice aforethought*. He guilty, he must have been in the habit of going to executions. Ten thousand came to dabble in the poor creature's blood. That was the youngest fellow creature I ever handled in the way of our business; and a beautiful child he was, too, as you have seen by the papers, with a straight nose, large blue eyes, and golden hair. I have no heart, no feelings; who has in our calling? But those who came to see me strangle that tender youngster, have hearts and feelings as we once had. *Have!*—no—had, for what they saw was fit to make them as hard as your servant, or his master.

They saw that stripling lifted, fainting, on to the gallows; his smooth cheek of the colour of wood ashes—his little limbs trembling, and his bosom heaving sigh after sigh, as if the body and soul were parting without my help.

This was a downright murder, for there was scarce any life to take out of him. When I began to pull the cap over his baby face, he pressed his small hands together, (his arms, you know, were corded fast to his body,) and he gave me a beseeching look, just as a calf will lick a butcher's hand. But cattle do not speak; this creature muttered, "Pray, sir, don't hurt me." "My dear," answered I, "you should have spoken to my master; I'm only a journeyman, and must do as I'm bid." This made him cry, which seemed to relieve him, and I do think I should have cried myself if I had not heard shouts from the crowd—"Poor lamb!—shame!—murder!" "Quick," said the sheriff. "Ready," said I. The reverend gentleman gave me the wink—the drop fell—one kick and he swayed to and fro, dead as the feelings of the Christian people of England.

The crowd dispersed; some swearing, some weeping with passionate exclamations; some swearing as if hell had broke loose; and some laughing while they cracked blackguard jokes on you and me and the parson and the dangling corpse. They had come for the sight: they would have come to see an angel murdered. They had come to get drunk with strong excitement; they went back reeling and filthy with the hot debauch. They had came to not in the passions of fear and pity; they went back, some in a fever of rage, some burning with hate, some hardened in heart, like me or you; all sunk down in their own respect ready to make light of pain and blood, corrupted by the indecent show, and more fit than ever to make work for us—the judge and the hangman.

O wise law-makers! who think to soften the hearts of the people—to make them gentle and good—to give them a feeling of respect for themselves and others, by showing them a sight like this.

THE BEAR AT SCHOOL.

The private journal of a traveller lately returned from North America to Paris, contains the following story. In New-Hampshire, on the northern borders of the United States, a peculiar species of bear is found, black in colour, small in size, and in general of a peaceable disposition. These animals live on wild honey and fruits, and never attack man, or the lesser animals, excepting when pressed by hunger, in the very severe winters. On one occasion, some years ago, a boy found a very young bear-pup near Lake Winnipeg, and carried it home with him. It was fed and brought up about the house of the boy's father, and became as tame as a dog. Every day its youthful captor had to go to a school at some distance, and, by degrees, the bear became his daily companion. At first the other scholars were shy of the creature's acquaintance; but, ere long, it became their regular playfellow, and they delighted in sharing with it the little store of provisions which they brought for their day's sustenance, in small bags. After two years of civilization, however, the bear wandered to the woods, and did not return. Search was made for him, but in vain.

Four succeeding years passed away, and in the interval changes had occurred about the school alluded to. An old dame had succeeded to the ancient master, and a new generation of pupils had taken the place of the former ones. One very cold winter day, while the schoolmistress was busy with her humble lessons, a boy chanced to leave the door half open on his re-entrance, and suddenly a large bear walked in. The consternation of the old lady and her boys and girls was unspeakable. Both schoolmistress and pupils would fain have been "abroad," but the bear was in the path, and all that could be done was to fly as far as possible, and hide behind the tables and benches.

But the bear troubled nobody. He walked quietly up to the fireplace, and warmed himself, exhibiting much satisfaction in his countenance during the process. He remained thus about a quarter of an hour, and then walked up to the wall where the provender bags and baskets of the pupils were suspended. Standing on his hind feet, he then took hold of these successively, put his paws into them, and made free with the bread, fruit, and other eatables there contained. He next tried the schoolmistress's desk, where some little provisions usually were; but finding it firmly shut, he went up again to the fire, and, after a few minute's stay before it, he walked himself finally out by the way he came.

As soon as the schoolmistress and her pupils had courage to move, the alarm was given to the neighbours. Several young men immediately started after the bear, and, as its track was perfectly visible in the snow, they soon came up with it, and killed it. Then it was, that, by certain marks upon its skin, some of its pursuers recognized in the poor bear no enemy, but an old friend of their own recent school-days. Great regret was felt for the death of the creature. It was like killing a human friend rather than a wild animal.

HAZARDOUS SEA ADVENTURES.

The arrival of the tiny iron steamboat at New-York, from London, has called up many reminiscences of former voyages on the great deep, performed by crafts of a similar size.

A friend relates for us a more daring and perilous voyage than any we have yet seen mentioned, and which we are sure must eclipse any yet untold.

An American sailor made his escape during the war from the British prison ship at Bermuda, and traversed the ocean alone, in an open sail-boat, to the Virginia shore, a distance of over two hundred leagues.

Thomas King, of Charleston, South Carolina, who had been captured in the United States brig Vixen by the Southampton frigate, was the hero of this exploit. He engaged a fellow-prisoner to accompany him in the enterprise. A pocket compass was procured; some provision was saved from their scanty allowance; and the prison ship's sail-boat, which was to be used, had kegs of fresh water for ballast. The fourth of July, 1813, the enterprise was determined on. When the evening arrived for putting the plan into execution, the heart of King's *compagnon du voyage*, that was to be, failed him, and he could not be induced to link his fate with that of his more resolute comrade, in the little boat. But King, unappalled, though thus abandoned, determined to make the attempt alone.

He got out at a port-hole, on the evening of the third of July, swam to the boat, which was towing astern, got into it, cut the painter and drifted some distance, then made sail for old Virginia, where he arrived on the third of August, landing on the beach ten miles to the southward of Cape Henry, having been nine days at sea. He went overland to Norfolk, where the boat was sold for his benefit. He was soon after appointed master's-mate in the navy, as a reward for his daring conduct.

Much has been said, and sung, and written about the young English sailor who was found making his escape from a French prison in a tub; and who, being brought before Napoleon, was magnanimously liberated and sent home by that great man, who admired and rewarded the daring bravery of the undertaking. Poetic license has established this event at the expense of fact. The young sailor is represented as attempting to cross the English channel, from Boulogne, in his tub. His endeavour was to drift out with the ebb-tide to the British squadron, then blockading the French coast, and within two or three miles of the shore.

The successful exploit of the American sailor throws this into the shade, as well as the little iron steamboat's trip, and all the other daring adventures in tiny crafts on the ocean, which old reminiscences have brought out since the Robert Stockton's arrival.

CLASSICAL EXAGGERATIONS.

Some of the scenes in the kingdom of Naples, of which Virgil, in his Æneid, makes so much, are thus described, in the language of soberness and daylight, by a late visiter:—The Lucrine Lake is now a paltry pool, scarcely equal to a mill-pond. Lake Avernus has lost its woods, and is despoiled of the deep gloom and breeding vapours which made it a fit outwork of Virgil's hell. As a matter of course, I visited the cavern by which Æneas is supposed to have passed to the nether world. It is a straight tunnel, ten feet high, cut artificially in the tufa, passing through the narrow ridge two or three furlongs in length, and nearly level. About one hundred yards from the farther end, a very narrow gallery leads off to the right; it descends rapidly for two hundred feet, and conducts you to a pool of water. As this ought to be the river Styx, I looked for Charon, and kept my ears open to catch the growl of Cerberus, and the shrieks of unquiet ghosts. The surly boatman, however, seems to have retired *a ses terres*, and left the charge of the ferry to three or four of his sons, a race of sturdy, unshaven, bare-legged savages. The Styx, too, has shared the fate of many other sublunary rivers, having grown so shallow that the Charonides or Fitzcharons have laid aside the bark, and carry disembodied spirits across on their shoulders. They pressed me much to make the journey; but not being guarded by spells like Æneas, and having some doubts whether the Fitzcharons were a race "to ride the waters on," I refused. One of our party, however, passed over, and returned in a quarter of an hour. After being immured for about half an hour, we returned to the upper world, with our torches, and found it much less difficult *revocare gradum* than Virgil would have us believe. They have an *Acheron* here, too, a *Mare Mortuum*, and *Elysian Fields*; but it would require moonlight and a strong faith, to see any mystical or submundane about them. The grotto of Posilippo, a magnificent tunnel, two-thirds of a mile in length, sixty feet high, and broad enough to serve for a highway, is a much more interesting object. It was cut by the early inhabitants, before the commencement of Roman history.—Baiæ is a beautiful spot, but the ground capable of being built upon would not afford room for a dozen of handsome villas.

Among other appropriations of the late English journals, we find the following version of a New-York pun:

A SINGULAR FACT.

If the great Mr. Burford, of famed Leicester-square,
Should lose the fine paintings that please us all there,
An *Orphan* he'd be, and I'll prove it "*comme ça*,"
For 'tis plain, that he'd have not a PA-*nor-a*-MA.

Her majesty has been graciously pleased to confer on Mary Banim, the only living child of John Banim, the author of "Tales of the O'Hara Family," a pension for all the purposes of her education.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE WORLD'S ENAVERIE

Sette forth in homlie verse, by Cornelius May, from "The Seven Stars of Wette," published in 1647.

Ah me, throughoute the worlde
Doth wickednesse abounde!
And well I wot on neither hande
Can honestie be founde.

The wisest man in Athens
About the citie ran,
With a lanthorne in the light of daye
To find an honest man:

And when at night he sate him downe
To reckon on his games,
He only found—alack, poore man!
His labour for his paines.

And see thou now shalt finde
Alle men of alle degree,
Striving as if their only trade
Were that of cheateing thee.

Thy friend will bid thee welcome,
His servants at thy calle—
The dearest friend he has on earthe,
Till he has won thy alle.

He will play with thee at dice
Till thy golde is in his hande,
He will meet thee at the tennis court
Till he winne all thy lande.

The brother of thy youth,
When ye shared booke and bedde,
Would eat himself the sugar-plums,
And leave thee barley-bread.

But growing up to manhoode,
His heart is colder grown;
Aske in thy neede for barley bread,
And he'll give thee a stone.

The wife whom thou dost blesse,
Alack, she is thy curse—
A bachelor's an evil state,
But a married man's is worse.

The lawyer at his deske,
Good lawe will promise thee,
Until thy very last groat
Is given for his fee.

Thy baker and thy brewer
Doe wrong thee righte and morne;
And thy miller he doth grinde thee
In grinding of thy corne.

Thy goldsmith and thy jeweller
Are leagued in knavish sorte,
And the elwande of thy tailor
It is an inche toe shorte.

Thy cooke hath made thy dish
From the offals on the shelfe,
While fish and fowle and savoury herbes
Are served unto himselfe.

The valet thou dost trust,
Smooth-tongued and placid-faced,
Dothe weare thy brilliantes in his cappe,
And thou wear'st his of paste.

Alack! thou canst not finde
Of high or lowe degree,
In cott, or courte, or cabinett,
A man of honestie.

There is not in the worlde,
Northe, southe, east, or weste,
Who would maintain a righteous cause
Against his intereste.

Ah, me! it grieves me sore,
And I sorrow nighte and daye,
To see how man's arch enemie
Doth leade his soule astraye.

PHILOSOPHY

Philosophy can add to our happiness in no other manner but by diminishing our misery: it should not pretend to increase our present stock, but make us economists of what we are possessed of. The great source of calamity lies in regret or anticipation; he, therefore, is most wise, who thinks of the present alone, regardless of the past or the future. This is impossible to a man of pleasure; it is difficult to the man of business; and is, in some degree, attainable by the philosopher. Happy were we all born philosophers, all born with a talent of thus dissipating our own cares by spreading them upon all mankind.

ADVANTAGES OF CONVERSATION.

Conversation calls out into light what has been lodged in all the recesses and secret chambers of the soul. By occasional hints and incidents it brings old useful notions into remembrance: it unfolds and displays the hidden treasure of knowledge, with which reading, observation, and study, had before furnished the mind. By mutual discourse the soul is awakened and allured to bring forth its hoards of knowledge, and it learns how to render them most useful to mankind. A man of vast reading, without conversation, is like a miser who lives only to himself.

PERSONS NOT LIKELY TO SERVE YOU

There are six sorts of persons, at whose hands you need not expect kindness:—The sordid and narrow-minded, think of nobody but their noble selves; the busy have not time to think of you; the overgrown rich man, is above minding any one who needs his assistance; the poor and unhappy, has neither spirit nor ability; the good-natured fool, however willing, is not capable of serving you.

THE following ingenious parody upon Southey's "Falls of Lodore," published in the last number of the Mirror, is from the pen of one of our most esteemed lady correspondents.

SUFFICIENT REASONS FOR

BANISHING THE POULTRY FROM LINLITHGOW.

Why banish the poultry away from the door?
Because they come scratching,
And cackling and snatching,
And strutting and fighting,
In such things delighting,
They hasten along, conflicting and strong;
Now squalling and raging,
As if a war waging,
The borders and hot-beds among
Flying and creeping,
Dodging and peeping,
Swelling and daring,
Closing and parting,
Springing and spurring,
Winging and whirring,
Wounding and bounding,
Pipping and kipping,
And feathering and gathering, all over the ground.
Now swelling and cresting,
And each other breasting,
And shattering and deafening the ear with the sound.
Some quiet, some riot,
Some eager and meagre,
And fattening and battening,
And worming and squirming,
And growing and crowing,
And choking and soaking,
And warming and storming,
And nestling and wrestling,
And robbing and bobbing,
And stooping and grouping,
And tripping and dipping,
And ducking and clucking,
And wandering and gandering,
And nesting and breasting,
And watching and hatching,
And picking and chicking,
And bracing and racing,
And spying and lying,
And wooing and cooing,
And scrambling and rambling,
And jolting and moulting,
And missing and hissing,
And quacking and clacking,
And shivering and quivering,
And mating and hating,
And ruffling and scuffling,
And shaking and raking and quaking,
And hopping and slopping and stopping,
And quailing and ailing and failing,
And addling and straddling and waddling,
And fluttering and sputtering and guttering,
And running and stunning and sunning,
And laming and maiming and gaming,
And laying and playing and staying,
And winking and blinking and drinking,
And spying and eyeing and flying,
And braving and craving and laving,
And carrying and harrowing and tarrying,
And hurrying and skurrying and worrying.
And troubling and gobbling and squabbling,
And wrangling and strangling and mangling and bangling,
And filling and spilling and billing and killing,
And waking and aching and taking and breaking,
And peering and fearing and nearing and rearing,
And warring and sparring and marring and jarring,
And dripping and nipping and stripping and whipping,
And dabbling and rabbling and scrabbling and gabbling,
And gaping and flapping and clapping and napping,
And slipping and sipping and clipping and skipping,
And falling and sprawling and crawling and brawling,
And so never ending,
But riving and rending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er,
With a screaming uproar,
And so they were banished away from the door.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

THEATRES AND THEATRICALS.

Theatres—Ferocious performances—Madam Vestris—Braham—Power—Quadrupeds—Covent Garden—Decline of theatres—Opera.

THERE is nothing so appalling in London at present as a "dead wall." The reason why? It is covered with play-bills!

"Horrour on horrour's head accumulate;"

appears at present to be the motto of the play-wrights. And these horrours are effected by simply sanguinary means—sheer ferocity. No supernatural agency is at present invoked. Devils, demons, and red flame are at a discount, and sylphs, nymphs, and fairies, are looked upon as mere matters of moonshine. The titles of the pieces run after this fashion:—"The Deserted Mill!"—"The Executioner of Madrid!"—"The Birthright Curse!" But this is the mildest type in the present bloodthirsty stage of dramatic literature. What think you of "The Bear-hunters, or the Fatal Ravine!" (The piece always deepens in atrocity when there is an "or"—a second title.) "The Doomed House! or, Parricide's Return!!" and the "Man of Blood! or, the Spirit of Revenge!!!" These be literal copies from the walls. Now here is a precious fund of amusement for the nervous and hypochondriacals; delightful pieces for those who live in lonely places, out of the reach of the police and gaslights

The consequences of such a diabolical state of things is what might naturally have been expected All the pot-boys cry out—"Ah! by heavens!" and many of the actors at the minor theatres, where these horrours are perpetrated, ill-use their wives shamefully.

As a slight set-off against those slaughterous, ruffianly, and red-paint affairs, we have Madam Vestris's pleasant performances at the Olympic, where the company is always good, the management dexterous, and the pieces slight, showy, and superficial.

By the way, it appears you did not relish Madam Vestris. Nor is this much to be wondered at—you expected too much. Madam Vestris, though not without many points of attraction still, is admired here a good deal now, because she has been admired a good deal formerly. Admiration has become, as it were, a sort of habit, and her claims upon the public are as much grounded upon pleasant reminiscences of the past, as upon present exertions. The case was different with you. From year to year you had heard of Madam Vestris, and still from year to year "your wonder grew," and your expectations increased. In the meanwhile time was stealing on. Madam Vestris grew not younger, nor more arch or vivacious. In her wane she paid you a visit. It was a hazardous and ill-advised experiment; but she, the petted favourite of a London audience, would not dream, I suppose, of being coldly received by any other. But then, appearing before the playgoers of New-York was not like appearing before the audience of an English provincial town. For years you have been familiarized with good acting, and used to the best efforts of the best that this country could send in every department, opera and comedy excepted. You never had Braham; and what is more than a dozen Brahams, you never had Liston! But to return to Vestris—you expected to have seen a Hebe, a Psyche, or some other goddess swim on to the stage, and on walked a still good-looking, but middle-aged woman!

"Oh, what a falling off was there!"

And as a reaction of this kind always disposes people to underpraise as much as they were before inclined to overpraise, you, perhaps, did *rather* undervalue Madam. This I take to be the *rationale* of this momentous affair.

Perhaps there is not an actor or actress on the boards that has not a particular aversion to some particular town or other. Some dislike Ireland in the lump, and some abhor Scotland, and *vice versa* The reason of these violent likes and dislikes could easily be rendered sufficiently obvious (were it worth the while) by a slight inquiry as to how "they were received" at such and such places, for this is the master-key to their likings and antipathies. Now doubtless Vestris and her husband will have a thorough "aversion" towards America, for which they will be prepared to render any reason but the true one; but, you are a great nation—meet the blow with fortitude!

Pray do not let poor Madam's spleen disturb the peace of the Union! Let not the wagging of her woman's tongue make manly editors "drunk with choler," so that they must needs write paragraphs in "King Cambyses' vein," Make not a national quarrel of it!

You may also see it occasionally stated in the London papers that Braham is yet in his prime; that, notwithstanding his advanced years, his voice has lost none of its power, and his style none of its vigour. Believe it not. It may truly be said of Braham,

"The veteran lags superfluous on the stage."

Some of his efforts are almost pitiable. This ought not to be—it is discreditable to himself, and hurtful to the feelings of his real friends and former admirers. But alas! how few actors and actresses know when to make their bow or curtsey and retire. This is excusable in many cases, where a stern necessity compels them to remain in spite of their better judgment; but this excuse Braham cannot plead, as he has the reputation of being immensely rich. Perhaps he may even yet think proper to pay you a visit. If so, I prophecy the disappointment will be much more intense than with regard to Madam Vestris.

I suppose Mr. Vestris—if the lady will not take his name, why not he take the lady's, if it is considered the better of the two—is writing a book about you Doubtless you will never be able to hold up your heads after it.

That enemy to the blue devils, Tyrone Power, is enlivening the visiters at the Haymarket with his genuine drollery and irresistible comic Irish sketches. It is quite certain that he is *here* at present, though if we take up a paper a week or two after, we will, probably, read that he is performing to overflowing houses in Cincinnati! This steam is literally annihilating time and space, and making a lake of the Atlantic. We could scarcely keep a decent performer before, now they will all be off, "Over the waters, westward ho!"

But what do we want with decent performers—have we not plenty of animals. The quadrupeds have fairly supplanted the bipeds on the London boards. But even in the four-legged Thespians there has been a regular declension The noble horse and the sagacious elephant had their day; but their performances were too intellectual to suit the taste of the times, and we took a carnivorous turn Lions, tigers, leopards and Van Amburgh reigned paramount, but they, too, have passed away, and now we have an assortment of dancing dogs and monkeys! We will not apostrophize the shades of Shakspeare, Garrick, and so on, because that sort of work is stale, but, really, this is very exquisite! In the St. James's Theatre—one of the most elegant theatres, by the way, in London, and built at the fashionable part of the town, in order, it is supposed, to lure the aristocracy back to the once popular and now despised drama, we have nightly performances of dancing dogs and monkeys!—"Goats and monkeys!" as Othello says. After this, doubtless, the next stage will be the "astonishing pig" and the "wonderful calf!"

These are sad doings, but they are most true. I "nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice." Covent Garden, under Macready's management, is the only oasis in the dramatic desert This house has been truly worthy of the name of a theatre—a place where you might quaff pure draughts of intellectual pleasure without any base alloy. Ribaldry, frivolity, quackery, pretension and other goodly ingredients of the modern stage have found no refuge or encouragement here. Never before was Shakspeare presented to the public in a way worthy of his immortal fame. Not only has every aid of scenery and costume which the most inventive fancy and correct taste could imagine or dictate, and the most unwearied assiduity and liberal expenditure realize, been called in to give effect to the bard's immortal fictions, but his mangled scenes have been restored, and the presumptuous interpolations of his *improvers* rigorously expunged. After a lapse of three centuries, a series of purely Shaksperan dramas have been brought forward, and the result has proved irrefragably that, even as far as stage effect was concerned, Shakspeare was a much better judge than the officious and self-satisfied busy-bodies who mangled his noble works, and introduced base admixtures in order to suit their own narrow and most commonplace notions. The way in which Hamlet, King Lear, Coriolanus, The Tempest, Macbeth, and Othello have been got up, will ever form an era in the history of the British stage.

But, alas! Covent Garden is the only solitary bright star twinkling in the dense gloom of the theatrical horizon, and after the close of the present season Macready retires from its management. The probability is, that next year there will not be a decent place of intellectual recreation in the metropolis, and actors of talent will have to go elsewhere, and leave the boards in possession of two and four-legged performers of about equal ability.

Do you ask the cause of all this. It is to be found in the altered condition of society in nearly all its grades. The time has passed away when a new play would bring together all the beaux and belles and wits, and would-be wits, and fashionables of the town to criticize its merits; and when to have been absent and unable to give an opinion was a mark of extreme vandalism. Now, half the younger branches of the aristocracy have never seen even the standard plays performed, and perhaps scarcely know their names. The curtain now rises before fashionable people sit down to dinner; and Richard has lost his life and crown, and Othello's great agonies are over, ere the dessert is removed The rich merchant has his suburban villa, and is off into the country, leaving smoke and Shakspeare behind as soon as the business of the day is over; and the grave citizen no longer relaxes over the drolleries of the farce, but hastens to his club to settle the affairs of the nation. Added to this, there are immense quantities of musical taverns who have concerts, where the mechanic sits and smokes his pipe, drinks his ale, and has as much contentment at a cheap rate as he cares about. Besides, formerly theatres were almost the only places of recreation, now every species of amusement that the ingenuity of man can invent is held out to attract attention and divide patronage.

These combined causes, aided by incessant political fermentations, have brought the theatres to the state in which they are at present. Still, in such an immense place as London, with all the drawbacks above alluded to, one or two good houses could be supported, if properly managed. The young students of law and medicine, and the strangers visiting the metropolis, would be almost sufficient to do this. Macready, it is understood, has no reason to complain of lack of patronage, but it is supposed the enacting of the principal characters and the duties of management are too much for him

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Pauline Garcia, sister of the lamented Malibran, made her *debut* at the Opera some time since. She was enthusiastically welcomed at first on her sister's account, and a good deal applauded before the close on her own. She was very nervous and embarrassed, and could not, of course, give full scope to her powers, but she promises well. The company at the Opera House is at present tolerably strong, comprising the well-known names of Tamburini, Rubini, Ivanhoff, Tati, Lablache, Giuba Grisi, and Persiani.

This expensive establishment is another formidable opponent of the theatres; because fashionable people, though one half of them may have an ear like Hotspur's, must needs die away in raptures at the Opera. How should they show their taste else! C

ORIGINAL TALES.

QUITE A PRETTY PROPERTY.

BY HENRY STANHOPE LEE.

(Concluded from our last.)

CHAPTER VIII.

Which shows that, though mammas are sometimes unreasonable, misses are not always untrue. Fashion not a petrifier—nor women a weathercock.

SCENES are disagreeable. Love scenes are particularly disagreeable to all but the parties immediately interested. I dropped the curtain on the last tableau, therefore, with all possible despatch. Yet it was a remarkable scene; the more so that it was of actual occurrence. No less so is the scene that follows

Mrs. Million did not interrupt the *tête-à-tête*. It was most judicious, in her opinion, to leave the whole matter to the good sense of her daughter. Harry is gone, therefore, when mamma comes sweeping in, with all the dowager stateliness of flesh and fifty. Mary prepares for an explosion.

"Well, my child, I suppose that you have brought this silly affair

to an end. You know that I never approved your engagement with Mr. Singleton, and his recent imprudence has placed the possibility of his connexion with *our* family quite out of the question."

Now, in ordinary cases, where an interview is commenced by mamma in this very decided and peremptory manner, I would bet two to one on the old lady.

Mary was sitting upon the same ottoman where we introduced her to our readers, and where she had first listened to the maternal eulogy on the young man with a "very pretty property." Her heart throbbed a little, and her cheek flushed, as she thought of the coming conflict with an authority which she had always reverenced; but her purpose never faltered for a moment.

"You must remember, Mary, that I have always objected to Mr. Singleton's attentions, chiefly because he differs from us in religion. He is an Unitarian: you and your family have always been educated in the Episcopalian worship."

If he had been a heathen, thought Mary, mamma would never have very obstinately objected to him on that account; but she said nothing, and hung down her head.

"Besides, Mary, he is, to the last degree, thoughtless and improvident. Can I trust the happiness of my daughter in the hands of a gambler and spendthrift!"

The imputation touched Mary to the quick. "Improvident he may have been, mother, and guilty therefore, if improvidence be a crime. Gambler he is not, unless the daily hazard of the mercantile world be gambling. The dupe of knaves I believe he has been; but even a censorious world has never coupled his name with dishonour. Prove to me that in any—the most trivial instance—he has stained his reputation, and, though it cost me my life, I would cast him from my heart."

"Fine speeches, truly, Miss Minx; and do you think that *I* will ever consent that any of the family of the Millions should unite herself with a beggar!"

Mary started to her feet. Most unfilial was the aspect of that curled lip, and the glance of that flashing eye! An angry girl is certainly a very lovely object. Not a spoiled, pettish girl—not a juvenile termagant, whom years will mature into an indomitable scold—not a noisy, raging, Vesuvian girl, who blazes up with unexpected and unaccountable passion; all these are sufficiently odious. But a gentle and serene woman, self-respectful, sweet-tempered, and not easily roused, in a sudden burst of proud and indignant anger is the most beautiful thing in creation. A sea-fight, or a ship in a tempest, is nothing to it.

"Beggar!" repeated the astonished girl; when, terrified by her own sudden passion, and awed by the spirit of habitual obedience to an arrogant and self-willed mother, she sunk, half-fainting, at her feet.

"No theatricals, here, Miss Minx. All this will do very well in stage-plays, and such nonsense, but it is not to be tolerated among people of sense. I'll soon rid you of such humours. Why, a moment ago, you struck up like a tragedy-queen—a perfect Lady Macbeth; and now you are going into hysterics. Perhaps you could not do better than to make an engagement with Mr. Barry, to play the dumb-girl in Massaniello."

Mary rose, and condescended no reply. She was nerved to her task by an impulse and a purpose not to be shaken by the idle ravings even of a mother. "Yes, Miss Million," resumed the mother, "I ask you again, for the last time, if you have discarded, for ever, that profligate and beggar."

"If to be stripped of fortune, mother, is to be profligate, and to be thrown utterly upon his own talents and acquirements for subsistence is to be a beggar—then is Harry Singleton *both* a beggar and a profligate; but, such as he is, he is my affianced husband and your son."

"No son of mine, Miss Million; and unless you will break your mother's heart, and destroy the peace and prospects of the family, no husband of yours."

"Hear me, mother, and once for all. You received Harry Singleton into your family when he was accounted a young man of fortune, and when ambitious girls and mothers were competing for his hand."

Mamma took the remark as personal, but bit her lips and said nothing.

"You encouraged his addresses to your daughter. You did not frown when those addresses were accepted. You consented to entrust to his keeping that daughter's happiness. Wherein is he less worthy now, than when I accepted his hand?"

"The old story, I suppose; love in a cottage—and all that! Mary Million, Mary Million, I thought you were a woman of more sense. This is all very well in a romance, and you flatter yourself, no doubt, with the idea of figuring like one of your novel ladies, who jump out of a three-story window to throw themselves into the arms of a beggar, and run the risk of breaking their necks to keep from breaking their hearts Stuff, Miss Million, the whole of it. No well-behaved and well-educated young woman ever indulged in such tantrums as these."

"Mother, mother!" muttered Mary.

"Don't interrupt me, if you please. Here is a matter touching the peace of your mother and family, and you would not suffer me to get a word in edgeways. Haven't you seen enough of your acquaintances ruined by marrying beggars? Do you really suppose that young ladies have nothing to do but consult their own fancy in a husband? Do you imagine that civilized people marry for love, Miss Million? Did I marry your dear father for love, you ungrateful girl? And will you pretend to know better how young ladies should marry than your mother? No, Miss Million—but I will not hear a word in reply. I will *never* consent to your forming this beggarly connexion. Reflect, coolly, miss, on the good advice I have given you. Follow it, and you will have no reason to repent; but disobey my commands, and I discard you for ever."

Did you ever see my old favourite, Mrs. Barnes, make an exit in a rage? Mrs. Million's was a *fac simile*.

CHAPTER IX.

A conclusion, not a catastrophe.

What's to be done? In France the lovers would have ordered charcoal, or thrown themselves into the Seine. In England they would have set mamma at defiance, and called a postchaise for Gretna Green. But in this country suicide is ungenteel, and the best writers on the domestic relations agree that an elopement is among the last of the improprieties.

Be that as it may. Three years have elapsed. Shift the scene again. Give another turn to the kaleidoscope. What have we here?

A pretty cottage this; with everything neat and green about it, and other signs of domesticity besides that little draperied cherub, which is as much prettier than either of Greenough's as flesh is prettier than marble. Curly locks and blue eyes—pray does it more resemble papa or mamma? It would be difficult to say. The creature has a trick of either of them. And here, then, they have brought up at last!

"Mary, my dear, do you remember that evening at Mrs. Peacock's?"

"What evening?"

"*That* evening, to be sure, of all others, when I waded through the streets in a second deluge, to revenge myself for your abominable coquetry? Three years since, little did I then expect to be filling writs and planting potatoes at my own Florence, with a little girl of my own that could call papa as plain as the parrot."

"Well, Harry, and what think you of the change?"

"A change, truly! The dollars swept, and a few acres of thousands left! But to tell you the truth, Moll, with this quiet little tenement and the hope of a better—a profession that already yields an humble competence, and promises distinction; with a wife of my own, and a girl, I really begin to believe that for the first time in my life I am entitled to the reputation of a young man with QUITE A PRETTY PROPERTY."

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

INSTINCT IN ANIMALS.

INSTINCT is defined by Johnson to be "the power which determines the will of brutes. A desire or aversion in the mind not determined by reason or deliberation."

"Instinct is the term by which we designate the intelligence of animals. They are supposed to be guided solely by this imperious, *innate* power, a power coeval with their existence. It is, of course, presumed to be independent of education and external influences, leaving no choice of action."

I take leave to differ from this generally-acknowledged opinion, for close observation convinces me that they *have* the power of choice, and, consequently, that they are influenced by external causes. They possess, beyond a doubt, certain attributes of mind, such as discrimination, decision, judgment, reflection, memory, hope, fear, love, hatred, revenge, shame, forbearance, and many other impulses springing from causes entirely beyond the control or influence of what is called instinct.

A dog will measure distances with his eye, he chooses the shortest mode of ascent and descent, if he cannot ford a river at the usual place, on account of the tide, he will take to the bridge, and at low tide return again to the fording-place.

Judge Hopkinson of Philadelphia has two dogs, both of them possessing uncommon intelligence. Oscar carries letters and newspapers from his master's house to a friend who lives several squares distant. He barks when he reaches the house, is admitted, allows the parcel to be untied from his neck, waits patiently for an answer, returns home, gives notice of his arrival by barking, and is ready to go again on similar errands. Spring, the other dog, is a short-legged half-terrier; he possesses memory and the reflective powers in a great degree. A lady about half a mile distant from his master's house, being very fond of animals, always paid great attention to Spring when he was on a visit with his master or mistress. Finding this very agreeable, he took it in his head to pay his visits alone. *Without any tuition*, he raised himself on his hind legs and attempted to ring the bell, but all his efforts could only produce a jarring of the wires. Being an unusual sound, the servant within sight of the bell below, went to the street-door to ascertain the cause, and Spring rushed in. After that, as his visits were generally at the same hour, the rattling of the bell-wire was the signal for the dog's admittance. He paid these visits for several years, and was always received with great kindness About two years ago, on entering the house, he found the family caressing a beautiful little Italian greyhound, and although they paid Spring the same attention as formerly, he showed his displeasure at the intrusion of the new favourite, by growling and keeping at a distance. He would neither take the cake nor sugar that was offered him, but went away sulkily, *and never returned by himself*.

If this is called instinct, then all the actions of human beings are impelled by instinct. What I have said of dogs is applicable to many other animals, for education does as much for a pig, a lion, a canary bird, an elephant, a monkey, as it does for a dog, and as it does for a man whose intellects are of a limited order, which inferiority embraces more than half of the human family. Some intellects are so obtuse that they can scarcely receive any complex impression. There is an Irish girl in our family who has no reflective powers. She looked at the movements of a small group of automatons on a square board of a foot diameter, without any wonder, conceiving that they were all alive. She had always been an out-door labourer in Ireland, and therefore one object was as much a novelty as another; she expected to find everything in America different from what she had been accustomed to see, and was therefore prepared for variety, yet she is not an idiot.

In short, instinct is an innate power, which only determines the *will* of brutes in such matters as relate to *self-preservation*; for, phrenologically considered, they are endowed with the faculty of constructiveness, combativeness, acquisitiveness, and philoprogenitiveness—all of which are subservient to the purposes of being—self-preservation. We have all these in common with brutes; but, relatively considered, they are our superiours in agility, strength, and in powers of endurance. Their organs of sense, are likewise of a much higher order than ours—vision, smell, taste, hearing, and touch, are, beyond comparison, more acute.

Philosophers have long puzzled themselves for an exact definition of the brute creation, and *he* was thought to succeed the best who defined a brute to be "an animal that never made bargains"—which means that they never bartered one thing for the sake of some present or future advantage. No dog, for instance, was known to exchange his bone with another dog.

Now this is as far from being the true definition as any other offered, for they *do* bargain *when they are taught to do so*; and I should like to know which of us would ever have made an exchange of articles in his possession, for those in the hands of others, unless he had been taught. I know a dog who would barter a piece of money for meat at the stalls, and he had the consciousness that he could not get the meat without it, for he would steal the money when it was not given to him. Mr. Dickinson, the miniature painter, could send his dog to the bakers for biscuits; the dog would lay down the money on the counter of the baker's shop, and wait patiently until the biscuits were put in a bag around his neck—similar instances are common. In this respect, therefore, an animal can make bargains for himself and others, equal to a man. Their faculties, to be sure, are limited, but they differ only in *degree*; the *aptness* to learn is the same when the object to be attained is not too complex.

Fear overcomes all their instinctive faculties. A horse will tremble with agony when he encounters sounds and objects which are of an unusual nature. There is scarcely one who can see a locomotive engine pass without shrinking with terrour, and it is a well-known, melancholy fact, that he will perish in the flames of a burning stable without having the power of saving himself, although the passage is clear. Nay, it is with the greatest difficulty that they can be dragged out; so that *fear*, which is considered to belong to the instinctive, or innate faculties, tends to self-destruction rather than to self-preservation. *A horse loses his presence of mind*, as it is called, when uncommon danger is before him.

I was led into this train of thought by the remarks of a friend, yesterday, who took the popular side of the question; referring the actions of animals to mere instinct. He observed, judiciously, that the dormitories of boarding-schools should never be too high, nor above the refectories, for that young children had not, in the event of fire, the common instincts of animals. He referred to the case of twenty-three young children who perished in the flames when the orphan asylum of Philadelphia was burned, many of whom, he thought, might have saved themselves had their reasoning faculties been more fully developed.

Extreme terrour is the great antagonist of instinct; the brute creation, from the elephant to the moth, are frequently martyrs to this overwhelming passion. We know that the horse is completely paralyzed when the flame of fire approaches him, but we attribute the destruction of an insect in the flame of a candle, to a case wholly foreign to the true one.

Animals, generally speaking, seek repose at night, and the whole of the insect tribe shelter themselves under stones and leaves, or in hollows, to avoid the *light* of the sun. Light is not congenial to their nature or necessary to their wants, and they, therefore, take uncommon pains to protect themselves from its influence. When all is darkness around them, and they fly about to seek the society of their kind, the nucleus of light from a candle strikes them with terrour. Unlike the light of the sun, which illuminates all things within the angle of vision, the flame of a candle is merely a bright mass with a limited radiation. The twilight in which an insect moves is not influenced by this ball of light, and therefore it is as much an object of terrour as an unusual shadow is to a timid man.

Men of courage have often been found incapable of moving when a shadow at night assumed the appearance of an apparition, so it is when we go lower in the scale of intellect; the flame of a candle strikes the moth or fly with terrour, and their fears drive them to frenzy. They do not fly around the candle because, as is generally supposed, they are delighted with the blaze, but because they *run a muck*, as it were, until they fall in the flame. House flies, who are accustomed to the glare of candles, remain quiet on the walls and take their repose; but field flies, who have lived all their brief life out of doors, when by accident they are attracted to the house, fall victims, like other insects, to the terrific light of a candle.

The inference of all this, to my mind, is that animals of the brute species not only have instinctive faculties, but reasoning ones likewise, and that they are subject to the same passions and feelings as we are, which passions and feelings are entirely independent of what are called the animal propensities. Has no one ever seen a dog sitting at a door looking out with a curious eye at what was passing? Has no one ever seen the change of eye, the peculiar animation of countenance, when a barrel-organ is playing? Has no one ever seen a dog look at a lady?

Original.

THE SCREECHING LADY.

A MARBLEHEAD LEGEND.

BY CHARLES SHERRY.

MANY years since a youth and his bride
Built them a cot by the water side;
High on a beetling cliff it stood,
Girt by a rocky solitude:
She was a witch, and a wizard he,
And they spent their days right merrily!

Oft they ride on the waters dark,
And shatter the mariner's fragile bark;
Or sail the air when the sky is blue,
In a rapid car of the sky's own hue,
Or dive to the caves of the ocean deep,
And visit the cells where the mermaids sleep,
Or idly lurk in the modest flowers,
Which maidens pluck in the wildwood bowers,
Bearing bliss or scattering wo,
By land or sea, wherever they go

And they lead a gay and happy life,
Considering they are man and wife;—
The gentleman asks a friend to dine,
And smokes his cigar and drinks his wine;
The lady seldom scolds or frets,
And her pinmoney pays her gambling debts.
So years of mutual bliss roll by
In the spirit-cot, 'way up in the sky!

But the brightest flowers are born to fade,
And clouds the sunniest skies will shade
And so it chanced, one brilliant night,
He mounted his gig with a brother sprite,
And stayed from home till the morning light.
He had been off with a merry crew,
Singing and quaffing mountain dew;
And his wife was wroth, as she well might be,
At the thought of her solitary tea!

The lady frowned—when the husband came.
Riding home to his watchful dame;
The lady darkened and bit her lips,
And looked like the moon in a half-eclipse
The lady opened her mouth, and spoke;
And volleys of wrath from her quick tongue broke.
"A pretty kettle of fish!" quoth he,
And cast a glance at the raging sea!

His brow grows black, and his eye grows red,
As he stands on the cliffs of Marblehead,
And he looks on his bride with a vacant stare,
And wreaths his hand in her raven hair;
A terrible scream, as he lifts her high,
And she spins like a top between earth and sky!

That scream for many a league is heard,
By the startled beast, and the scared sea-bird;
The old cliffs shake, as its echoes wake,
And the troubled waves on the broad shore break;
And far over meadow and valley and stream,
The casing air is a general scream!

And since, at times, by day or night,
In the glare of noon, or the soft moon-light;
When storms are abroad, or the skies are fair,
That voice is heard in the troubled air
The maiden sleeps, and her virgin dream
Is often broke by that fearful scream
The old crone sits by her chimney side,
And the mariner floats on the restless tide.
And it chills the blood in their veins to hear
That terrible voice come shrill and clear.
And the curse, they say, will never more
Pass from the cliffs of that fated shore!

INDIAN TALES AND LEGENDS.

THE ENCHANTED MOCCASINS.

BY HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT

THERE once lived a little boy with his sister, entirely alone, in an uninhabited country. He was called the Boy that carries the Ball on his Back, from an idea of his having supernatural powers This boy was constantly in the habit of meditating, and asking within himself whether there were other and similar beings to themselves on the earth. When he grew up to manhood, he asked his sister if she knew of any human beings besides themselves She replied that she did; and that there was, at a great distance, a large village As soon as he heard this, he said to his sister, "I am now a young man, and very much in want of a partner;" and he asked his sister to make him several pairs of moccasins. She complied with his request; and, as soon as he received the moccasins, he took up his war-club and set out in quest of the distant village. He travelled on, till at length he came to a small wigwam, and, on looking into it, discovered a very old woman sitting alone by the fire. As soon as she saw the stranger, she invited him in, and thus addressed him: "My poor grandchild, I suppose you are one of those who seek for the distant village, from which no person has ever yet returned. Unless your guardian is more powerful than the guardian of your predecessors, you too will share a similar fate to theirs. Be careful to provide yourself with the Ozhebahguhunn—the bones they use in the medicine dance, without which you cannot succeed." After she had thus spoken, she gave him the following directions for his journey. "When you come near to the village which you seek, you will see in the centre a large lodge, in which the chief of the village, who has two daughters, resides. Before the door you will see a great tree, which is smooth and destitute of bark. On this tree, about the height of a man from the ground, a small lodge is suspended, in which these two daughters dwell. It is here so many have been destroyed. Be wise, my grandchild, and abide strictly by my directions." The old woman then gave him the Ozhebahguhunn,* which would cause his success. Placing them in his bosom, he continued his journey, till at length he arrived at the sought-for-village; and, as he was gazing around him, he saw both the tree and the lodge which the old woman had mentioned. Immediately he bent his steps for the tree, and, approaching, he endeavoured to reach the suspended lodge. But all his efforts were vain; for as often as he attempted to reach it, the tree began to tremble, and soon shot up, so that the lodge could hardly be perceived. Foiled as he was in all his attempts, he thought of his guardian, and changed himself into a small squirrel, that he might more easily accomplish his design. He then mounted the tree in quest of the lodge. After climbing for some time, he became fatigued, and panted for breath; but, remembering the instructions which the old woman had given him, he took from his bosom one of the bones, and thrust it into the trunk of the tree, on which he sat. In this way he quickly found relief; and, as often as he became fatigued, he repeated this; but whenever he came near the lodge and attempted to touch it, the tree would shoot up as before, and place the lodge beyond his reach. At length, the bones being exhausted, he began to despair, for the earth had long since vanished from his sight Summoning all resolution, he determined to make another effort to reach the object of his wishes. On he went; yet, as soon as he came near the lodge, and attempted to touch it, the tree again shook; but it had reached the arch of heaven, and could go no higher; so now he entered the lodge, and beheld the two sisters sitting opposite each other. He asked their names. The one on his left hand called herself Azhabee,† and the one on the right Negahnabbee.‡ Whenever he addressed the one on his left hand, the tree would tremble as before, and settle down to its former position But when he addressed the one on his right hand, it would again shoot upward as before When he thus discovered that, by addressing the one on his left hand, the tree would descend, he continued to do so until it had resumed its former position; then seizing his war-club, he thus addressed the sisters: "You, who have caused the death of so many of my brothers, I will now put an end to, and thus have revenge for the numbers you have destroyed." As he said this, he raised the club, and laid them dead at his feet. He then descended, and learning that these sisters had a brother living with their father, who would pursue him for the deed he had done, he set off at random, not knowing whither he went. Soon after, the father and mother of the young women visited their residence, and found their remains. They immediately told their son Mudjikewis that his sisters had been slain. He replied, "The person who has done this must be the Boy that carries the Ball on his Back. I will pursue him, and have revenge for the blood of my sisters." "It is well, my son," replied the father. "The spirit of your life grant you success I counsel you to be wary in the pursuit. It is a strong spirit who has done this injury to us, and he will try to deceive you in every way Above all, avoid tasting food till you succeed; for if you break your fast before you see his blood, your power will be destroyed." So saying, they parted.

His son instantly set out in search of the murderer, who, finding he was closely pursued by the brother of the slain, climbed up into one of the tallest trees, and shot forth his magic arrows. Finding that his pursuer was not turned back by his arrows, he renewed his flight; and when he found himself hard pressed, and his enemy close behind him, he transformed himself into the skeleton of a moose that had been killed, whose flesh had come off from his bones. He then remembered the moccasins which his sister had given him, which were enchanted. Taking a pair of them, he placed them near the skeleton. "Go," said he to them, "to the end of the earth."

The moccasins then left him, and their tracks remained. Mudjikewis at length came to the skeleton of the moose, when he perceived that the track he had long been pursuing did not end there, so he continued to follow it up, till he came to the end of the earth, where he found only a pair of moccasins. Mortified that he had been outwitted by following a pair of moccasins instead of the object of his revenge, he bitterly complained, resolving not to give up the pursuit, and to be more wary and wise in scrutinizing signs He then called to mind the skeleton he met with on his way, and concluded that it must be the object of his search. He retraced his steps towards the skeleton, but found, to his surprise, that it had disappeared, and that the tracks of *Onwee Bahmondwug*, or he who carries the Ball, were in another direction. He now became faint with hunger, and resolved to give up the pursuit; but when he remembered the blood of his sisters, he determined again to pursue

The other, finding he was closely pursued, now changed himself into a very old man, with two daughters, who lived in a large lodge in the centre of a beautiful garden, which was filled with everything that could delight the eye, or was pleasant to the taste He made himself appear so very old as to be unable to leave his lodge, and had his daughters to bring him food and wait on him The garden also had the appearance of ancient occupancy, and was highly cultivated

His pursuer continued on till he was nearly starved, and ready to sink He exclaimed, "Oh! I will forget the blood of my sisters, for I am starving." But again he thought of the blood of his sisters, and again he resolved to pursue, and be satisfied with nothing but the attainment of his right to revenge

He went on till he came to the beautiful garden. He approached the lodge. As soon as the daughters of the owner perceived him, they ran and told their father that a stranger approached the lodge. Their father replied, "Invite him in, my children, invite him in." They quickly did so; and, by the command of their father, they boiled some corn, and prepared other savoury food. Mudjikewis had no suspicion of the deception. He was faint and weary with travel, and felt that he could endure fasting no longer. Without hesitancy, he partook heartily of the meal, and in so doing was overcome. All at once he seemed to forget the blood of his sisters, and even the village of his nativity. He ate so heartily as to produce drowsiness, and soon fell into a profound sleep. Onwee Bahmondang watched his opportunity, and, as soon as he found his slumbers sound, resumed his youthful form. He then drew the magic ball from his back, which turned out to be a heavy war-club, with one blow of which he put an end to his pursuer, and thus vindicated his title as the Wearer of the Ball

* The idea attached to the use of these bones in the medicine dance is, that, by their magical influence, the actor can penetrate and go through any substance

† One who sits behind. ‡ One who sits before.

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

THE FOUR WISHES.—The following lines are said to have been found written in pencil on the "fly leaf" of a Sunday School book, called "Early Impressions." They refer to events related in that entertaining narrative, and are supposed to be original

Augusta's wish.

I would shine in diamonds, in coloured gems be dressed,
The rainbow for my mantle, the stars upon my breast;
Feathers, fringes, flowers and lace, all rich and gay attire,
Should make the humble know their place, and all the world admire:
And I would lead the *ton*, by wealth's commanding power,
Thus joy should fill my golden cup, till life's last lingering hour.

Helen's wish.

I would be a beauty, and flash my brilliant eye;
My cheeks should opening roses show, my lips a vermil dye,
My alabaster brow and neck should dazzle all who gazed,
My dimple smile should win all hearts, whene'er my beauty blazed;
Thus would I charm the world by my bewitching power,
And thus fill up my cup of bliss, till life's last lingering hour

Emily's wish

Give me not wealth nor beauty; I ask a spirit keen;
A wit that sparkles while it burns; that cuts as soon as seen.
Like a brilliant comet, I would trace a bright portentous path,
And all should worship at my shrine, or tremble at my wrath
Thus I would sweep the world, by wit's subduing power,
And fill my joyous crystal cup, till life's last lingering hour

Fanny's wish.

These tempting gifts I dare not ask, they blight the soul when given;
Ah! rather grant me a pure heart, that guides us safe to heaven
A gentle spirit from above to lead in wisdom's ways,
To make me humble in my youth, and useful all my days:
That if I always rule my life by virtue's holy power,
My cup of bliss will overflow beyond my latest hour

GRIMALDI AND HIS WIFE—A CASE OF POISONING.—I cannot refrain from telling a story, which I know to be true, of the oldest Grimaldi, the first of the race. Grimaldi and his wife were occasionally in the habit of quarrelling. At length their feuds assumed a very serious aspect; and after communing together upon their most miserable state of "incompatibility of temper," they resolved to destroy themselves, as the only means of relieving themselves from their most miserable condition. In accordance with this most extraordinary resolution, Mr. Grimaldi proceeded to an apothecary's shop in the neighbourhood, and asked for an ounce of arsenic "to poison de rats." The "culler of simples" obsequiously bowed, and delivered to the devoted Grimaldi the dose that he trusted would emancipate him from all worldly ills. Firm to their purpose, the illustrious Punch and Judy swallowed in tumblers of water each a moiety of the deadly "drink," and then embracing, retired, one to their hymeneal bed in the bed-room, and the other to a sofa in the sitting-room—both rooms communicating—the door between them being left open. The pair of suicides lay down, tears filling their eyes; a long and solemn pause ensued—no sound of groans, no sigh of anguish was heard—all was still as night At last, wearied out with expectation, Grimaldi raised his head from the pillow, and in the deepest possible tone of voice cried out, "Mrs Grimaldi, are *you* dead, my love?" Upon which Mrs. Grimaldi, in the highest possible squeak, replied, "No, Mr. Grimaldi." The rejoinder sounded something like "Dom:" what it meant, the imagination of the delicate reader may supply. At the end of another half hour, it became Mrs Grimaldi's turn to be anxious as to the success of the potion, and *she*, hearing nothing in the next room, raised herself in the bed, and said in her squeak, "Mr. Grimaldi, my dear, are *you* dead?" To which the gruff reply was, "No, Mrs. Grimaldi." And for two hours these questions and answers went on periodically, till at last, the lady's turn coming again, she repeated the inquiry in somewhat more excited, and exalted tone, and alone! screamed out, "Mr Grimaldi, my love, are you *not* dead?" "No, my dear," said Grimaldi, "I am not, nor do I think I can die to-night, unless it be of starvation, Mrs Grimaldi: get up out of de bed and see for some supper, for I am very hungry." So ended this fatal performance; the apothecary, who had heard of the perpetual bickerings of Punch and Judy in their *menage*, having prudently given him a small parcel of magnesia, which the unhappy pair had divided between them.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF BOZ.—In person he is a little above the standard height, though not tall His figure is slight, without being meagre, and is well proportioned. The face, that first object of physical interest, is peculiar, though not remarkable. An ample forehead is displayed under a quantity of light hair, worn in a mass on one side rather jauntily, and this is the only semblance of dandyism in his appearance. His brow is marked, and his eye, though not large, bright and expressive. The most regular feature is the nose, which may be called handsome: an epithet not applicable to his lips, which are too large. Taken altogether, the countenance, which is pale without sickness, is, in repose, extremely agreeable and indicative of refinement and intelligence. Mr Dickens's manners and conversation, except perhaps in the perfect *abandon* among his familiars, have no exhibition of particular wit, much less of humour. He is mild in the tones of his voice and quiescent: evincing habitual attention to etiquette and the conventionalisms of polished circles. His society is much sought after, and, possibly to avoid the invitations pressed upon him, he does not reside in London; but, with a lovely wife and two charming children, has a retreat in the vicinity He is about twenty-six years of age, but does not look more than twenty-three or four Mr. Dickens is entirely self made, and rose from an humble station by virtue of his genius, and persevering industry

ENGRAVING ON MARBLE.—Mr. Raynor, of Derby, has made a discovery in art—a new method of engraving on marble. Some of his pictorial efforts have elicited great admiration. Her majesty is in possession of a variety of specimens, and the nobility in England and France have introduced them into their drawing-rooms, to which they may be said to be at present almost confined His *Holyrood chapel by moonlight*, though not considered his best, is a masterly performance.

IMPORTANT TO AUTHORS.—The French chambers have ultimately agreed that the right of publication to authors, shall continue for their families until thirty years after their decease

"ABSQUATALANDO IN NOCTE"—is Latin, out west, for running away in the night

LITERARY NOTICES.

"A Diary in America, with Remarks on its Institutions." By Captain Marryatt, C. B Author of Peter Simple, Jacob Faithful, etc. Philadelphia Carey and Hart, 1839.

THE reading world has not yet been satiated with the journals of travellers in America. Basil Hall, Hamilton, Fiddler and Trollope, have had their day, and have passed away from the stage They amused John Bull, and roused the indignation of Brother Jonathan. In spite of them, the republic still keeps its head above water. It has outlived their taunts and jeers. Miss Martineau followed in their footsteps. Notwithstanding her acknowledged puissance, she has not succeeded in abolishing slavery, or building up any very permanent reputation for her martyrs. The honourable Mr Murray and Captain Marryatt are the latest labourers in this vineyard Murray's work we have not yet seen. We have dipped here and there into Marryatt's, and find it very much as we expected; a superficial, quizzical, amusing farrago, very incorrect in its statements of fact, and very much caricatured in its description of manners. We have no doubt the gallant captain is chuckling in spirit, at this very moment, in the idea of the dust that he has raised by his *jeu d'esprit*. We hope that the public will be sufficiently considerate to keep cool, and if they cannot laugh with him, that they will content themselves with laughing at him. The work is evidently got up, like Pindar's razors—to sell. It is written to supply a demand: it is wares for the market As for the story of swopping bonnets in the stage-coach, it is merely the putting of an extreme case to illustrate what the captain considers a national trait; and one that has been so regarded long enough to have become fixed upon us.

"The Philosophy of Courtship and Marriage." William Crosby and Co.: Boston.

This little duodecimo discourses, certainly, on high themes; matters of universal interest and moment. It will be worth its cost, if it turn but a single bachelor from the grievous errour of his ways Some of the author's observations are a little libellous upon the sex, but they are always well-meant. Now and then we have a witticism, not badly put. For instance, in the recommendation of phrenological observation to the lover, the writer suggests that "Combe and Cupid should ever be fellow-travellers; and, by trusting to *Gall*, you may eschew much *wormwood*." Certainly the pun will not be pronounced otherwise than very clever, even by the anti phrenologist. On the whole, there is so much judicious advice, so much suggestive philosophy, in the volume, that we cannot omit to recommend it to the especial attention of that numerous class of ladies and gentlemen who have not ceased to be candidates for the pleasures and penalties of matrimony.

"The Bride of Fort Edward." Founded on an incident of the Revolution New York: S Colman.

This is a demi-prose, demi-verse dramatic sketch; a sort of literary nondescript The author indicates no inconsiderable talent; but has been very unsuccessful in the composition of his work. It is quite too late to attempt an improvement in the established forms of literature. In this commingling of verse and prose, the poetry is apt to become too prosaic, and the prose too poetical The verse is apt to limp, and the prose to walk on stilts. If the author had developed his story in the common form of a novel, we think that he would have been much more successful

"Sejanus and other Roman Tales." New-York: Jared W. Bell.

This volume is from the pen of young Maturin, son of the celebrated author of "Bertram," and the "Albigenses." It is dedicated, by permission, to Washington Irving. The period of Roman history selected for illustration is that of the empire's decline. The tales indicate a familiar acquaintance with the times and men they delineate. They are spirited and interesting; and we take great pleasure in commending them to the lovers of light literature, as a most agreeable substitute for the "*crambe bis cocta*" of the modern fashionable novel. Mr. Maturin is evidently a man of scholarship and talent, and this, his first work, proves that he will do honour to the name he bears

"Tracts for the Times" New-York: Louis Sherman, 142 Fulton street.

These extraordinary papers, which have made such a movement in England, are now in the course of publication by Louis Sherman, in this city. They are even better adapted to this country than to England; and have already awakened uncommon interest. Two numbers have appeared. They are under the superintendence of Mr Rufus Dawes, a scholar and a man of genius

"Pictures of the French, drawn by themselves." S. Orr and Co.: London.

This is the first part of one of those neat, illustrated octavos, that are becoming so popular in London It contains four pictures, the Parisian Lady, the Grocer, the Grisette, and the Law Student. To these are added lively prose sketches, translated from some of the most popular Parisian novelists. The design is capital

"The Boy's Reading Book, in verse and poetry, for schools." By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. New-York: J. O. Taylor, pp. 307.

The contents of this volume appear to be exclusively from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney. They are designed to instruct, at the same time that they excite attention, of the young. We commend the work to the inspection of parents and teachers, as well worthy of their approval.

"The Pictorial Spelling Book." By Rensselaer Bentley. New-York: Robinson, Ralt and Co. 1839, pp 158.

An extremely well-arranged elementary work, for schools. The wood-cuts are cleverly executed, and the lessons are of a character successfully adapted to the purposes of education.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a number of communications both from foreign and domestic correspondents in relation to the melancholy fate of Lady Flora Hastings. That the calumnies levelled at the lady were groundless and insolent, we do not entertain a doubt—but we must respectfully decline the discussion, in which our correspondents would involve us.—"C. Y," who takes exception at the sketch of the broker in Mr. Lee's amusing tale of "Quite a Pretty Property," may rest easy. Nothing personal was intended. The shot was a random one If it hit, so much the worse for the victim.—Several books on our table shall receive a notice in our next.—The charges against Captain Hosken and the conductors of the Great Western, appear to us quite unworthy of notice.—The new drama to be produced at the Park, is said to be by Mr. Wheatley. From the specimens that we have seen published, we should think it a creditable performance.—We must decline the favours of "Tinto," "R. T." "Volney," "B. A.," "Palisades" and "Mentor."—"Portia" is thanked for the copy of the beautiful Italian song that will be found on the last page of to-day's Mirror.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1839

American sculptors.—It is truly surprising, when we consider how inadequately the fine arts, more especially that of sculpture, are encouraged in this country, that so many young aspirants in this peculiar and difficult department should be pressing forward to renown and success. We will not speak of *Greenough*, whose fame, as one of the finest sculptors of the age, is established, but merely mention some of those who have more recently come forward in the profession. Mr. *Powers*, who is now in Florence, is incontestably an artist of rare genius From a letter from Italy, published in a western paper, we learn that he can obtain a higher price for his busts than any other sculptor in Florence, and that he is rapidly winning an enviable distinction He is now engaged upon his first statue. The subject, if we remember right, is that of Eve contemplating a dead dove, and the artist has selected the moment when the first idea or realization of such an agency as death has dawned upon her mind The very selection of a subject so eminently original and poetical, by Mr. Powers, is an earnest of his success, and we cannot doubt that he will do it full justice. Mr *Dexter*, whose studio is in Boston, is chiefly known for his admirable bust of Miss Ellen Tree, a copy of which may be seen at the Apollo. He is at present engaged upon a marble figure of a sleeping infant, designed to adorn the cemetery at Mount Auburn. The model we have seen, and it is truly a beautiful conception. Mr. Dexter is a self-taught artist, and he has not yet had the advantages of foreign travel; but his devotion to his profession is constant, and we expect to hear great things of him before many years Another artist, who is also at present in Boston, has excited much attention among the virtuosi of the place We allude to Clevenger. Two or three years since we saw him at work in Cincinnati, under a stonecutter's shed, with a brown paper cap on his head, and a leathern apron about his waist. We were then shown a few specimens of his mouldings in clay, and took occasion to predict, in one of the newspapers of the day, his subsequent eminence as a sculptor. Our anticipations have not been disappointed. Young Clevenger has already won both profit and fame by his productions. His spirited busts of Mr. Philip Hone and others in this city bear honourable testimony to his talents. In Boston, his busts of Daniel Webster, Harrison Gray Otis, Judge Davis and Jeremiah Mason, have been very generally admired, and numerous copies demanded. We cannot doubt his continued improvement in the art. Mr. *Stout*, of this city, in his statue of Victoria, now unfortunately destroyed, assumed, without much previous preparation, a proud rank among the artists of his country We sincerely trust that he will not be disheartened by the accident, which has befallen the first production of his chisel, but immediately set about some American subject, that may eclipse his early effort. We have not mentioned all who have displayed extraordinary talents for sculpture in the United States, but from the list we have presented, it will be seen that if the art be neglected among us, it will not be for the want of worthy votaries

A busy day.—The first of the current month was quite a busy day in this city. In the first place, money was, as the brokers say, considerably *tight*—it was a quarterly rent-day—and there was not a little "shinning and shying" in Wall-street The two noble steam-packets, the Great Western and the British Queen, also sailed upon that day. The quays on the East river, and the Battery, were crowded with spectators, and numerous smaller boats accompanied the two great Atlantic steamers nearly to the Hook. The occasion was one of thrilling interest. The spectacle was not inappropriate to the spirit of the age, and the progressive triumph of art and knowledge It was to the nineteenth century what the gladiatorial exhibitions were to ancient Rome, the Olympic games to Greece, and the tournaments to the knights of the middle ages; but a more expanded emotion than could have been experienced by the spectators of the struggles of the dying gladiator, or of the emulous chariot-races of the Grecian youth, or of the pageantry of the lists, was produced in the minds of those who witnessed the magnificent spectacle of the departure of the two finest steamships in the world, going upon no hostile mission, but to quicken the communications of peace and friendly intercourse between nations and hemispheres

Mr Dempster—One of the most popular vocalists in the country, Mr. Dempster, is soon, we learn, to give a concert in this city. As a ballad singer, he has few superiors. We have also met with several specimens of his musical composition, which evince cultivated powers and a fine taste in the art.

The American Lounger.—This popular work, from the pen of Professor Ingraham, is announced as forthcoming from the English press.

Mr. Webster in London.—A letter before us, from an English friend, says:—"Were you to ask me who was the greatest lion now in London, I should say, unhesitatingly, Daniel Webster. He is fêted and dined without intermission. Artists are besetting him to sit for his picture, and phrenologists are crowding to get a sight of his wonderful cerebral developments. Webster is one of those men who carry the stamp of greatness, unequivocally, upon their brows. No one can see him, and doubt his intellectual pre-eminence. I have perceived that in the manner of most of the Americans whom I have encountered in society here, there was an obvious constraint of manner, an assumption of dignity, and a constant apprehension lest, by some solecism, they should do discredit to their country, or betray their ignorance. How different the demeanor of Webster! With what an unconstrained consciousness of equality, and what manly simplicity and ease, does he mingle among the first titled dignitaries of our land! Talk of the aristocracy of birth and the graces of hereditary gentility—how paltry and ungrounded do they seem by the side of such aristocracy as Webster's—the aristocracy of talent and the graces of conscious power! We are all expecting, with interest, to hear a specimen of Mr. Webster's oratory, and an opportunity will soon be presented, in the public dinner to be given him by your countrymen, in London, for his display We have no man in this country who is his superior in conversational powers."

The Maverick House, at East Boston.—We commend those who may be in search of good air, good company, good accommodations, good living, and all the goods that can contribute to one's temporal comfort, to the spacious house at East-Boston. It is but a five minutes walk from State-street to the ferry-boat, which, in a couple of minutes more, lands you within a few rods of the hotel. Should you prefer to ride, you can take the omnibus, which runs two or three times an hour. Mr. Barton, the host of the Maverick House, would make the fortune of any similar establishment in the country. His thorough superintendence of every department of the management, his solicitous attention to the comfort and wishes of his guests, his superior intelligence, and his unaffected amenity of manner and disposition, eminently qualify him for a post, which it requires no ordinary degree of industry and tact to fill satisfactorily. We have encountered many good judges, who maintain that the Maverick House, taking into view its location, its economy, and its internal management, is one of the best kept and most agreeable houses in the country. We advise all, who would gainsay the opinion, to go and judge for themselves

Theatricals.—The next will, no doubt, be a brilliant season. The managers of the *five* theatres, namely, the Park, National, Bowery, Chatham and Franklin, are making preparations for a brilliant campaign. Forrest will open the National, on the nineteenth instant, with poor Stone's drama of Metamora. He will play twelve nights, and then be followed by Wallack, Vandenhoff and daughter, and young Kean, who are now on their way to this country. These performers, with Miss Shireff, Mrs. Bailey, Miss Turpin, Wilson and Seguin, will be the principal stars at the National; for which an excellent company, embracing many old favourites, has been engaged. "We hold it to be a thing impossible," as Povey says, that all these theatrical speculations can succeed. Some must fail, and involve the managers in ruin. Which, time will determine

The Star says:—"Power is to be the great card at the Park and he *is* a great card, for a short engagement. In opera, Templeton and Miss Romer are spoken of, and also Madame Albertazzi, a singer of great merit Miss Inveraity, it is said, will come out in tragedy or comedy, we have heard of nothing positive; and in ballet, the Taglionis and auxiliaries, may fill up. If there be, in reality, any budget to open for the Park, we should be glad to get it in time, as the National has already given the public an outline of the campaign at that house; and it is those two houses which will divide the town—the Bowery proceeding in its safe and peculiarly quiet way, without interfering with either"

Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.—The August number of this valuable periodical, which was promptly published on the first instant, has established a reputation for the work which places its success beyond all question. To the general reader, the Merchant's Magazine must be highly entertaining and instructive; and, to the merchant, invaluable. The number before us contains a variety of remarkably able articles, from the pens of some of the first writers in the country. We are truly happy to hear that this work meets with a support commensurate with its merits

Literary rustication.—It is stated in the newspapers—and who will question their veracity?—that Dr. Bird, the well-known author of the "Gladiator," "Nick of the Woods," "Calavar," and other works deservedly popular, has purchased a farm in Maryland, and retired to the enjoyment of country life As he is one of those Birds that *can* sing, we trust that the woods and fields will not be less congenial than the atmosphere of Philadelphia to the exercise of his talents. There can hardly be named three writers in the country so gifted and so popular.

New stores.—Among the new establishments recently opened in Broadway, we know of none more attractive than that of Davis and Horn, where may be seen some of the most beautiful engravings, new and popular music, etc. They are also the agents for the "New-York Pianoforte Manufacturing Company," whose instruments, for touch and tone, cannot be exceeded perhaps in the world.

Sidney Clifton.—This new novel has been dramatised for the Bowery theatre, and will soon be produced under the direction of Mr. Barry.

Roulston's.—This is now the only ladies riding-school in the city

BUONA NOTTE.

A FAVOURITE ITALIAN SONG—ARRANGED FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

ALLEGRO CON AMORE.

Buona not-te, oh! cara Ni-na, Buona notte, buona notte va ador-mir, Buona not-te, oh! ca-ra Ni-na; Buona not-te, buona notte va a-dormir; Deh! non rammen-ti le mie pe-ne, Che tu non en-ti, I miei sos-pi-ri; Buona not-te, oh! cara Ni-na, Buona notte, buona notte va a-dormir.

SECOND VERSE.

Buona notte, &c.
Sol ti prego a rammentarti,
Del tuo caro e fido a mante,
Che sincero ognor costante,
Sapra viver e morir.

THIRD VERSE.

Buona notte, &c.
Dunque ti lascio, oh! cara Nina,
To sol ve darti un altro addio,
Buona notto, Idolo mio,
Buona notto va a dormir.

MISCELLANY.

LOVE IS A TRIFLER.

Little Love is a trifler, I own,
And mischievous, artful, and sly,
He will ne'er let the ladies alone,
But I'm sure I can't tell you why;
He smiles to delude, and he lures to betray,
Yet so artful he is we can't chase him away.

Little love is an impudent elf,
Into every heart he'll intrude;
I've scolded him often myself,
But still he's presuming and rude;
When I frown he replies with so winning a smile,
That I freely forgive all his mischievous guile!

But Love is now growing in years,
And is truly a family man;—
If he dies we will wail him with tears,
But keep him alive while we can;
Though he is so artful, so false, and so sly,
We all try to lure him—I cannot tell why!

An incident.—We were walking down Wall-street a few evenings since, about nine of the clock. There, stretched upon the stone steps of one of Mammon's temples, lay a little girl, about ten years of age, reading by the light of one of the street-lamps. She was quite busied in the volume, and, though we interrupted the light in passing, she did not raise her eyes. Another illustration, we thought, of the universal diffusion of letters! How many of our three hundred thousand citizens may have been, at that moment, so happily employed as the little bareheaded, barefooted student of Wall-street!

Unsociable tempers.—Unsociable tempers are contracted in solitude, which will, in the end, not fail of corrupting the understanding as well as the manners, and of utterly disqualifying a man for the satisfactions and duties of life. Men must be taken as they are, and we neither make them nor ourselves better, by flying from or quarrelling with them.

Fixing colours on stone.—Ciceri, the celebrated decorative painter, in France, has discovered a means of fixing colours in stone; he can imitate marble, or paint subjects on the natural stone. The colours become so engrafted into the pores of the stone, that it may be ground or polished without injuring them.

What's in a name.—The New-Hampshire Whig says it once heard of a facetous person whose name was "New," who named his first child "Something," as it was "Something New." His second was christened "Nothing," it being "Nothing New."

Definition of a lover.—A lover has been pithily described as a man who, in his anxiety to obtain possession of another, has lost possession of himself.

The dismissed page.—The London Court Journal chronicles the following important affair:—"It happened on a certain day, that one of her majesty's pages, Lord K———k, went off duty, to his heart's delight. Being a very elegant young gentleman, and having received lessons from a celebrated professor of signs, he, like other wise people, was chary of his words, and telegraphed his contentment to his fellows then *on* duty by very significantly putting his finger to his nose, at the same time muttering an exclamation which sounded somewhat like, 'Oh! crikey, crikey!' Now, the pages thus telegraphed were then in the actual performance of their very arduous duties, and the most noble the Marchioness of N——, observing the said signals, shocked at such a breach of decorum, and fearing for the continuance of the risible faculties of the young gentleman in waiting, told her majesty thereof. Her majesty was graciously pleased to communicate the circumstance to Lord Melbourne immediately, who summoned a cabinet council thereupon, and, after many hours serious deliberation, it was resolved that the young Lord K———k should be dismissed from the office of page; and so his young lordship, poor little fellow, has lost his gratuitous commission in the guards.

The plains of Abraham.—How shifting are the lights and shadows in which we view human nature! The plains of Abraham have made two men notorious in different ways, as set forth, if we remember aright, in the following couplet:

"Some toil for fame and some for paltry groats,
Here Wolf reaped glory and Dalhousie oats."

Operations.—When Sheridan was on his death-bed he was told that he must undergo an operation, to which he replied that he had undergone two in the course of his life, and they were enough for any man. Being asked what they were, he answered, sitting for his portrait, and having his hair cut.

IMPROMPTU.

"Come kiss me," said Robin. I gently said, "No;"
"For my mother forbade me to play with men so."
Ashamed by my answer, he glided away,
Though my looks pretty plainly advised him to stay—
Silly swain, not at all recollecting—not he,
That *his* mother ne'er said, that "*he* must not kiss me."

Sufficient reasons.—"Massa wants to know if you can't settle dis small bill to-day, kase he wants de money bad," said a darky yesterday to a gentleman. "No, I can't. This is the third time you have come for that money to-day. Your master isn't afraid I am going to run away, is he?" "Not 'zackly; but look heea," said the darky, slily and mysteriously, "he's a *guwing to run away herself*, and darfore wants to make a big raise."

Lithography.—A theoretical and practical work on lithography, by Engelman, of Mulhausen, is in the press. It is the fruit of more than twenty years' experience, and will appear in five parts, comprising the history and progress of the art.

A fashionable name.—A woman down east has named her son *Morus Multicaulis*.

The turnspit.—Louis XI. of France once took it into his head to visit the kitchen, and see what was going forward. He there found a little fellow about fourteen years of age, busily engaged in turning the spit, with roast meat. The youth was handomely formed and of so engaging an appearance, that the king thought him entitled to some better office than the humble one which he then filled. Accosting him, Louis asked whence he came, who he was, and what he earned by his occupation. The turnspit did not know the king, and replied to his interrogatory without the least embarrassment, "I am from Berny, my name is Stephen, and I earn as much as the king." "What then does the king earn?" rejoined Louis. "His expenses," replied Stephen, "and I mine." By this bold and ingenious answer he won the good graces of the monarch, who afterwards promoted him to the situation of groom of the chamber.

Court dresses.—We copy from the Court Journal the following description of some of the most distinguished dresses worn at a late drawing-room of her majesty, Queen Victoria.

Her Majesty.—A dress of rich white satin, trimmed with a deep blonde flounce, the body and sleeves splendidly ornamented with diamonds and blonde; tram of beautiful white satin, and elegantly trimmed with a wreath of Arbutus. Head-dress, a magnificent diamond diadem, feathers, and lappets.

Mrs. Stevenson, (the American Minister's lady.)—Costume de Cour, composed of a rich pink satin train, lined through with white gros de Naples, elegantly ornamented with crepe lisse, blonde, and flowers; blonde berthe and sabots; French tulle dress, over rich white satin; petticoat trimmed en tablier with blonde and ribband. Head-dress, blonde lappets and feathers; parure of diamonds.

H. R. H. the Duchess of Cambridge.—A blonde net dress, over white satin, trimmed with blonde and flowers; rich white satin train, embroidered with gold; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde, and magnificently ornamented with sapphires and diamonds. Head-dress, plume of feathers, diadem of sapphires and diamonds; necklace and earrings to correspond.

Marchioness of Douro.—Train of rich white satin, trimmed with Brussels point, festooned with roses; Brussels point berthe and ruffles; Brussels lace petticoat, over satin; ornaments, a magnificent coronet of diamonds, with necklace, earrings, and stomacher en suite. Head-dress, feathers and point lace lappets.

Duchess of Montrose.—A superb Brussels lace dress over a pale blue gros de Naples slip, trimmed en tablier with boquets of blue flowers and silver wheat; manteau of pale-blue crape over gros de Naples, trimmed round with Brussels lace. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, Brussels lace lappets, and diamonds.

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CHARMING ROSELLE.

Charming Roselle! lovely Roselle,
Come to the fountain you love so well!
Oh, no! she hath gone
To the shelvy shore,
Where her gay lover rests
On his idle oar:—
There's a blush on her cheek
Which a tale doth tell,—
To-morrow he weds
Our young Roselle!

Charming Roselle, lovely Roselle!
She hath left the fountain she loved so well:
In the giddy world,
Ah! she smiles no more.
For her gay lord is changed,
And his love, it is o'er!
There's a shade on her brow
Which a tale doth tell,—
Deserted she pines,
Our poor Roselle!

Charming Roselle, lovely Roselle!
She sits by the fountain she loves so well:
For the roses that decked
Her raven hair,
Why are rushes and straws
Twisted wildly there?
There's a glare in the eye
Which a tale doth tell:—
Oh! a maniac roves
Our poor Roselle!

ORIGINAL MEMOIR.

DANIEL SCHLESINGER, THE PIANIST.

NUMBER TWO.

THE ORDEAL.

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his desert is small,
Who would not put it to the touch
To win or lose it all." *Scott.*

We left our young artist in the first blush of pleasure and thrill of surprise. The words of Ries sounded in his ear like voices of the past; for the great composer inherited from Beethoven the musical traditions of a by-gone and original age—the heroic age of music. Praise from the lips of the only one whom the great Viennese had deigned, nay, elected, to instruct! was it not a patent of nobility, a blessing on the knight's sword from the very lips of his patron saint. With such a spell Daniel Schlesinger felt empowered to call around him and subdue the spirits of harmony, and he advanced into the land of many voices, with the energy of one in whom the recollection of wasted hours quickened every nerve

A young author was once addressed as follows, by one of those "door and window critics" whose reputation is made up of the errours they detect: "You have too large a portal to your house. Its entrance is disproportionate to the modest dimensions of the edifice." "The space allotted me," replied the former, "was small, too small to contain a palace, be indulgent to my door; for, if you begin by condemning that, how will you praise the hall into which opens but one finished room—a dwelling-chamber; hardly was this completed before the lord of the mansion died. Had he lived, you would have so admired the splendour of the remaining apartments, as not to condemn the portal." Is not the life one reconstructs out of the relicks of an existence, as an edifice reared for builders to take copy by—spacious and perfect according to the nature and length of years of him who planned, constructed, and dwelt in it, grand and beautiful in proportion as his soul was elevated and his spirit lovely?—a palace or a cottage, of many chambers or of few, naked or adorned, here finished, there incomplete, a very projection of his being rescued from ruin, from oblivion, because its proportions are a type of symmetry, or because an inscription records a virtue, or a work of art claims immortality for its author? But while some live to complete the structure of life, and the finished chambers that record their days and deeds are thrown open to kindred hearts, others die in their prime having finished the portal, crossed the threshold and entered the first court where a grave is dug for them by Destiny. These decrees are among the mysterious dispensations, and many a true pilgrim pauses to muse before the gateway, the ruin in after days of a hope, a glorious promise, a palace reflected into some fervent eye by the *mirage* of the future; the future which seems so bright and glowing before us, and when, panting, we have toiled on towards its groves and fountains, its domes and minarets, he who dares look back perceives he has but made further *desert-way* This for such as may have fancied we dwelt too long upon our artist's early days. The portal, the inner court, and the dwelling-chamber, are all he endured to complete of his life-dwelling. But, as the victories of youth passing into manhood are examples for those entering upon the race, and the triumphs of maturity are lessons of encouragement for repentant procrastination, so may the tokens of early talent in children of genius guide the eye which is watching the budding of its offspring—the hopes of its affections.

On the morrow of that memorable evening, Daniel Schlesinger wrote to acquaint his mother and brothers with his decision; and still he awaited their sanction or disapproval. In presence of a painful and pleasant alternative, the hours of uncertainty are among the most trying ones of our existence. The young artist had discernment enough to know how much he hazarded in sacrificing prospects of inevitable commercial preferment and his sound business education, to the chances of a profession so dependent upon public favour for its emoluments. Without means of subsistence, until he could render his vocation profitable, he must trust to his family for aid; and his position become one of galling dependence should they condemn his project. Friends had he, it is true; but by friends we are avoided if we ask for more than kindness. The world is so full of people!

It is at this period of his life that we have most to regret the absence of any of his letters. He wrote seldom and was an indolent correspondent, although when he did prevail upon himself to take up the pen, his style, as we shall hereafter see by one or two letters, copies of which have been preserved, was as lively and expressive as his mind was clear and his heart prone to effusion. I have been forced, therefore, to search for biographical material in the many letters he received from his friends and family during a period of twenty years, and which, while they evince throughout the sincere friendship he excited in all who knew him well, afford at the same time some clue to the events of his life

So soon as they came to learn his serious intention of following the bent of his genius, letters from the various members of his family brought him every encouragement to embrace his new vocation resolutely. Where prudence would still have counselled him a life of business, for fortune's sake, and worldly wisdom might have censured this change as inconsistent with his first purpose, affection identified itself with his hopes and wishes, and friendship heartily applauded his resolution. It is pleasant to find such sympathy simultaneously animating bosoms so widely distant, to cheer a younger brother in his ordeal time. All seemed to concentrate upon him their tenderness and their affectionate interest. Sentiments like these generate their own reward, besides being creditable to him who justified the confidence they exhibit

In paying this well-merited tribute to the family of the artist we are deploring, I cannot pass by their subsequent letters without testifying to the zeal of the affection they continue to manifest, from the beginning to the close of Daniel's career The entire correspondence of twenty-eight years is, in fact, a chain of brotherly love, of manly confidence and honourable bearing, replete with generous and noble lessons The tie seems to have increased in intensity with the distance that divided those who acknowledged its influence, and I have been penetrated with esteem for these cherishers of the branch, whose flowers smiled affectionately upon the parent trunk it adorned.

The first letter in point of date which comments upon his new career, is of the seventh of May, 1821, from a brother at Leeds

"Yours of the third gave me pleasure. It informs me of your intention to view this matter seriously, and I am persuaded you cannot fail of success if you are not wanting in patience and perseverance. But of these qualities seek to provide yourself with an ample store for your new enterprise. . I had intended this letter should bring you some rules of conduct, etc., but second thoughts convinced me that, for an attentive and thinking man, nothing is preferable to practice. How many are there who have got by heart *Knigge's rules of intercourse*,* or some such book, and are incapable of acting upon the slightest emergency. I am glad on his account that *Ries* should have been kind to you. What say you to becoming his pupil? Would the advantages balance the cost of such lessons? If you need aid apply freely to me. Continue to avoid useless outlays, but preserve that genteel appearance which is indispensable in your profession."†

Under the guidance of Ries his rapid progress gave constant proofs of Daniel's remarkable talents. His master was more than satisfied; he was proud of his pupil. Perhaps this induction of a congenial spirit into the inner mysteries of the art recalled to mind his own earlier days, and the impressive intercourse with Beethoven, whose patience in giving him instruction formed so striking a contrast with his cavalier treatment of all the world beside. Only meaner capacities are susceptible of jealousy; genius gravitates towards genius; a noble heart loves the spirit which is drawn towards the soul that fires it; and the true artist reverences that devotion which may lead the acolyte to advance the art he worships.

About this time (1821) one of his brothers, in announcing to our artist the death of *Andreas Romberg*, his old friend and master, in the greatest poverty, regrets that such should too often be the unhappy lot of men of genius in his profession. While this suggests the melancholy reflection that Mr. Schlesinger had not, at his death, succeeded in securing against want those whom he left to deplore him—it is due to his memory to state that, but for his early summons, they would have been, doubtless, provided for. To great prudence he united a methodical care of money, for which his professional brethren are seldom remarkable; and the hopes blighted by his death were of the most promising nature.

From the renewal of their cheering tone, we are led to conclude, by his brother's letters, for the year 1823, that Daniel did not, as yet, meet with the encouragement he both wished for and deserved. But he was persuaded, by their solicitations, to continue in London, notwithstanding Moscheles's advice that he should seek his fortune in Vienna. At this period the young artist's ordeal became doubly trying. He had passed through the preparatory stages of study—had acquired certainty, as well as dexterity of touch—and he now discovered that these triumphs were but the introduction to labours much more difficult of accomplishment. He could afford others pleasure, but remained himself dissatisfied. The abstruser mysteries of musical science rose up to defy him. The restless character of genius began now to manifest itself within him. He perceived that, "to subject one's self to its incomprehensible laws, and by them guide one's own spirit, is the isolating principle of Art," and that, as a child of art, he was bound to obey it. His fancy, disrobed of its illusions, longed to assume a thousand shapes, which attend the bidding of Power only; and the flight of the illusions, its first tenants, had shown him that the imagination was but the consciousness of an ideal world—not the spell that could summon its spirits around him. In a letter to his brother Hermann, the plaint escapes him, "that he had commenced in his twenty-second year the career he should have entered upon in his sixteenth." In reply, the former assures him that "if he will but continue as he has begun, his future attainment will be as sure as his past progress." Although the letters we have examined contain no farther allusion to this subject, it is certain that the recollection of those six years sacrificed to business and lost to art, haunted him throughout his life. In having manfully overcome difficulties which it is generally deemed useless for persons who have crossed their twentieth year to attempt encountering, he adds another to the illustrious catalogue of indefatigable spirits by whom obstacles have been converted into the weapons of success. But, in the period of existence immediately preceding this, our powers of acquisition are still extensive, and the mind's receptivity ample; and, if we have neglected to turn it to account, all subsequent labours to supply the deficiency become disproportionately intense. To the pianist and the composer these years are of especial utility: they are employed by the one in perusing the numerous productions which constitute the *literature of music*, and by the other in scheming and essaying many a musical project. Without such practice, the most finished performer will find himself, where the composition is intricate, an embarrassed "sight-reader," and the richest fancy is lamely seconded by fingers that are unused to musical chirography. We shall hereafter see how, by the force of his will and the breadth of his intellectual powers, Mr. Schlesinger succeeded in remedying an evil which, at first sight, seemed irreparable—how he tutored his memory to retain all that he learned, and compelled his mind to carry its unformed images until, at their mature development, each thought was produced in Horatian perfection.

Among the letters that allude to his prospects in the early part of his career, we find occasional references to the state of music, at a time when new principles were fermenting in the minds of its votaries. Musical sounds flew from place to place on the wings of a more rapid and frequent intercommunication of nations; and the long concealed works of buried composers, now brought to light and diffused, were exerting upon European society an influence akin to revolution. In the days of Frederick the Great, Sebastian Bach had made two ineffectual journeys to Halle, to hear Handel play on the organ; and to the great author of the Messiah, the works and genius of his immortal contemporary remained for ever unknown. Who can doubt that, in the present century, the organist of Weimar would have been tempted and enabled to reveal to the civilized world those divine powers whose trace, in many a prayer and prelude, are the wonder and admiration of the modern

* The German Chesterfield.

† This caution was superfluous. Mr. Schlesinger was an innate gentleman—in appearance as well as in heart and refinement. His many American friends will not easily forget how perfectly *comme il faut* were his costume and presence.

artist; and would have been sought and loved by the composer who shared with him the musical empire of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

A friend writes him from Germany, on the nineteenth of January, 1823:—"We have here, at this moment, several new operas, which obtain great success, especially those of *Maria Weber*. Their fame has, no doubt, already reached you. *Der Freyschutz* stands first upon the list, and contains, I think, music as remarkable for its beauty as for its originality. If you would like a selection from it, allow me the pleasure of making it for you." And the overture of this very opera was destined, sixteen years afterwards, to constitute the brightest ornament of a tribute to the memory and genius of Mr. Schlesinger, alike honourable to his fame and to the generous sentiments of his brother artists, who made his death an occasion for displaying the magnificence of the art he cherished.

We have mentioned the name of Moscheles, who was much attached to Daniel, and also gave him lessons, although we are unable to ascertain at what epoch the latter became his pupil. There early existed between these two distinguished artists a cordial sympathy, which, with one or two interruptions, lasted until Mr. Schlesinger's departure for America. His circle of friends expanded in measure as his merits became known, and *John Cramer* no sooner made his acquaintance than he gave him his friendship and esteem. In such intercourse his activity was constantly renewed, and his taste refined; so that, in 1825, when *Ferdinand Ries* returned to Germany, he was proud, at his farewell concert, to introduce his favourite disciple to the public, by playing with him, upon the *pianoforte*, a concerto *à quatre mains*, composed expressly for the occasion. By the departure of his successful master, Mr. Schlesinger, thus recommended, inherited several of his numerous scholars, and soon rose in public estimation. His first work, the *Allegro di Bravura*, made him known as a composer, shortly after. It was dedicated to *Ries*, whose opinion of its merits shall be cited hereafter, together with those of other competent *connoisseurs*.

About this time he received, from three of his brothers, a letter so replete with interesting and appropriate suggestions that we translate it *verbatim*. It is opened by Hermann, and continued by Arnold and Philip. The first begins with some comments upon a concert given by Moscheles, in aid of the victims of a sudden inundation.

"My attention," says he, "was at times diverted from the performance, by the fond dream that I might, perhaps, one day hear you thus applauded in our native town. What a gratification this would be for all of us. The Hamburghers appear to me more disposed to reward merit already acknowledged elsewhere, than the talent which unfolds itself beneath their eyes. I would, therefore, only counsel you to come here when your renown has preceded you, and when, from London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Munich, and other notable cities, it shall have reached us that Daniel Schlesinger is a great artist. We rejoice to learn that your maiden work is about to appear Do not fail or delay to send it to us."

Continuing this letter, Arnold encourages his brother never to lose sight of his noble vocation.

"Be not deficient in application, and you will, undoubtedly, become perfect. How great a pleasure will it be for yourself, for our mother, and for all of us, if, by your productions and your execution, you succeed in having your name ranked beside those of great artists. While upon this topic I venture to express to you my views respecting composition. Nearly all the new music I hear, and especially what is written for the piano, seems to have been composed with a view to torment the performer, and confuse his hearers. When, after listening to such music, I hear one of Mozart's sonatas, it seems like leaving a well-planned garden, adorned with many beauties, and filled with a moving crowd, to wander in some wild and sequestered solitude. Instantly returning to our senses, we willingly renounce the splendour and elegance of the garden and its visiters, to revel in the contemplation of the truly beautiful. Supposing, as I do, that all, who, like me, judge music by sentiment, and not by rules, prefer Mozart's to the modern music, it appears to me an inexplicable enigma that so many great composers should produce music which affords no pleasure. Had I the genius and science of composition, I fancy I should indulge in two classes of productions, viz. pieces suited to concert-givers, and generally to all persons who would shine by difficulties, and pieces which should delight the auditory. In these latter I would never introduce difficulties, save where they were necessary to the harmony and melody. Do not smile, dear Daniel, that I, who have never learned a note of music, should allow myself to lecture a composer on composition My excuse must be Molière's habit of reading all his pieces to his old housekeeper, an uneducated, uninstructed woman, and of only publishing those which she approved of. Besides this, one may take liberties with a brother which he would refrain from with a stranger."

Philip adds: "In the small space left at my disposal, I must today content myself, dear Daniel, with felicitating you upon the more agreeable prospect that opens before you. It is a new proof to me that success, in every case, depends upon perseverance. I will lay the lesson to heart, and, I trust, profit by it; for, in six weeks, I embark for New-York, whither I go to establish myself."

The *Allegro di Bravura*, published by Cramer towards the close of 1825, and dedicated, as we have already stated, to our artist's old master, at once stamped its author with the seals of science and of originality. It is a remarkable first effort, full of thought and of fine sentiment, and gives evidence that he must have earnestly continued in his manhood, the study of counterpoint already commenced in his earlier years. High and judicious commendations of it simultaneously appeared in the London and continental journals, and a *critique* from the pen of an unknown admirer in the Leipsic Musical Gazette* of the twenty-eighth July, 1826, besides stimulating the young composer to fresh exertions, lent his labours that charm which words of sympathy, sounding like echoes of our hopes mingled with the promise of their fulfilment, can alone bestow. A favourable notice of his first and second productions appeared shortly after in Ackerman's Harmonicon,† and he had already received from Ries, who was enjoying, in the village of Godesberg, the repose earned by a well-filled and active life, a letter of approbation—dated twenty-seventh November, 1825—which, from its minute criticisms, is interesting to the artist chiefly. After thanking his pupil for the *Allegro*, and remarking that the *Rondo* contains much that is agreeable and beautiful, he proceeds to various technical observations, and thus concludes—

"Such are the criticisms I have to offer The entire composition is fine. Continue with more and *still more* ardour. One may allow one's-self anything Thus in lieu of being timid and self-diffident, I would, in your place, become active and courageous. . . I should find it hard to give you advice in thorough-bass, nor do I see why you should not devote yourself to greater undertakings. The waltzes you send me are beautiful, but rather difficult."‡

Here endeth the "ordeal" of Daniel Schlesinger. "His circumstances grew apace," and his reputation as a composer served to temper and strengthen his increasing popularity as an artist. And thus has this narrative, which promised to be brief and scanty, swollen to a memoir, but one half of which is now furnished the reader. If we have tarried long among the touching and simple relics of these years of trial, we shall soon enter upon scenes of greater activity and more varied incident. Meanwhile the working up of these interesting materials has enabled us to realize, with the eloquent biographer of Sebastian Bach, that "the lives of such men are like the rosewood which perfumes with agreeable fragrance the workshop of the turner."

With this also concludes the romantic portion of our artist's existence. From the sunniest and the darkest "dreameries" of the master spirits of his art he now turns to mingle in the crowd where, amidst the turmoil of life, we shall from time to time see his head uplifted above the multitude to sink again among the thousands who press around him. He has henceforth, in sympathy with that throng, a common object—to live and prosper in a worldly guise At this point in men's lives, a law of necessity equalizes the condition of all who labour after fortune. The *savant*, the jurist, the poet, the philosopher, the painter and the artist, leaving the closet, the study, the grove, the porch, the land of visions and the land of 'sound and motion,' descend from the elevation they occupy above mankind, to unite with their fellow mortals in the fulfilment of Adam's destiny.

We need offer no apology for appending the notices referred to above. They are interesting as specimens of German and English musical critics, and as authentic corroborations of the talent and reputation we have claimed for the artist we are lamenting.

* The editor was not a little surprised by this production. He knew a music-seller, but not a composer, of the author's name, and it is improbable they should be one and the same person—especially when the production of the composer is not even numbered,* because, probably, he has none to number, and his first appearance is announced by so excellent a composition. For such it is, beyond a doubt, rich in invention as it, and far from destitute of originality, but rather studied in facility of execution and mechanical address, and full of force, of fire and of nobleness of taste. In this piece which flows through thirteen pages, neither commonplace nor hereditary patch occurs; a just symmetry between the parts, and the happiest employment of the piano as a *bravura* instrument prevail throughout. What more can we desire? With these qualities it may be ranked beside the best bravuras of Mr. Ries which it most nearly resembles. A writer who makes such a debut merits the greatest attention; and it is the critic's duty to excite this as generally as possible We do it under a conviction that he will require no other notice; the work itself will attract sufficient . . . . . We, therefore, felicitate the author upon his first appearance, and shall anxiously await his subsequent efforts; for he who restrains himself until he is able to produce something so beautiful as this, sufficiently esteems both the public and himself, not to put forth anything inferior and thus deceive the expectations he has raised to so high a pitch.

† *Allegro di Bravura for the pianoforte, composed and dedicated to Ferd. Ries*, by his friend and pupil, D. Schlesinger. Op. 1.—(J. B Cramer and Co.) *Introduction and Rondo brilliant for the pianoforte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Boode*, by D. Schlesinger. Op. 2. (Cramer and Co.)

These, then, are first offerings—attempts we must call them—of an *eleve* and countryman of Mr. Ries, who, in leaving us, seems to have left his mantle to be worn by a favourite pupil amongst us. The cast fits; nay, Mr. Schlesinger throws it on, as if it were made for him, with peculiar grace, with a fashion which at once proclaims the artist formed by nature for his calling These works breathe the genuine musical taste and feeling, which—as far at least as regards instrumental compositions—seems so entirely to have their home in Germany, that the musical writers of other countries excel only in proportion to their approach to the models of that country, from which it seems to be as hazardous for them to deviate, as it is presumptuous in the architect to swerve from the forms and proportions of Grecian art. It would afford matter of curious speculation to inquire into the probable cause of this pre-eminence of the Germans in instrumental music; but our idea on the subject, which has before now engaged our attention, would lead far beyond the slender space at present assigned to us. It is these contracted limits, too, which compel us to speak in general terms only of Mr Schlesinger's labour. Both his publications before us will, we are sure, be ranked among the higher order of pianoforte compositions in any country, not Germany excepted; indeed his first *operas* they have excited our astonishment. They not only announce a pure cultivated musical taste, but their select and often profound combinations evince the solidity, depth, and great extent of the author's science. There are things in the Allegro di Bravura which will astonish Mr S himself thirty years hence—(we hope)—and which, then, he will not be able to make better.

Although we prefer the Allegro di Bravura to Op. 2, the latter alone would have been equally calculated to impress us with the highest opinion of Mr. S.'s talent; it is masterly in many points. Both publications, indeed, are elaborate in a high degree, and proportionably difficult. In this respect we may, perhaps, be permitted to suggest the advantage—not of avoiding all intricacy in future works (masters like Mr S. are not expected to write primers and spelling lessons)—but to study ease and simplicity as much as possible. On the extensive display of science in the cases before us, we deem it unnecessary to offer any suggestion. It is so natural, and, indeed, quite proper, to put on one's best at a first interview: upon more familiar acquaintance, we of ourselves become less particular and spruce, and, on the other hand, more familiar, communicative, affable, and engaging.

* Our readers are, doubtless, aware of the habit musical composers are in of numbering their works—Op. 1. 2. 3. etc. Thus Beethoven's last numbers beyond 115, and Handel's exceeds 110. Besides indicating an author's fertility, this serves to classify his productions.

‡ This interesting document, stained and time-worn, though preserved with care, bears marks of having been often consulted. It is written in a fine hand, interspersed with musical passages cited from the *Allegro di Bravura*, with running commentaries.

THE DRAMA.

THE COMMONPLACE-BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

NATHANIEL LEE.

This dramatist, the contemporary of Otway, was constitutionally subject to insanity. But it was not until his thirty-fourth year, that his disease appeared in its full vigour. Previous to this time, he had written some dozen or more tragedies, which, though they bore strong marks of his excited mind, evidently proved him a man of great genius, and much poetic ability.

The following description of madness, from his *Caesar Borgia*, produced in 1830, must, while it excites our admiration for its truth to nature, also call up our deepest sympathy for its author; who, during two years of his later life, suffered what he portrays, in its most terrible form:

> "Like a poor lunatic, that makes his moan,
> And for awhile beguiles his lookers-on,
> He reasons well, his eyes their witness lose;
> He vows the keepers his wrong'd sense abuse;
> But if you *hit the cause* that hurt his brain,
> Then his teeth grash, he foams, he shakes his chain;
> His eyeballs roll, and he is mad again."

It was during his confinement at Bedlam, in the winter of 1648, while suffering under his infirmity, that he was visited by a puny scribbler; who, remarking upon the wildness of his tragedies, observed, that "it was easy to write like a madman." "No," replied Lee, "it is not an easy thing to write like a *madman*, but it is very easy to write like a *fool*."

Lee possessed every requisite for a fine actor. A dignified person, sweet voice, and expressive countenance. He was, moreover, one of the best readers of his day; and it is recorded, on the authority of Cibber, that, while reading at a rehearsal to the celebrated Mohun, the latter threw down his part, in the warmth of admiration, exclaiming, "unless I were able to *play* the part as well as you *read* it, to what purpose should I undertake the task" Though gifted with these rich qualities, Lee remained on the stage but little more than a year, when he abandoned it, in despair of ever acquiring celebrity. Like Otway, he thought the profession required but little or no study or practice; and, like him, he reaped the bitter reward of this absurd idea.

Would that some actors of our day might draw wisdom from their experience; and, by beginning with a good foundation, gradually rise to the top of their profession Then might we be spared the misery of beholding a host of *stars* suddenly rise—shine dimly for awhile—then set for ever

Of this dramatist's plays, but one, his "Alexander the Great," yet keeps possession of the stage

MRS CENTLIVRE

We are somewhat surprised, considering the circumstances attending her youth, that this lady should so soon have attained a rank among dramatic writers She seems to be an exception to that maxim of Dr Johnson,

> "Slow rises worth, by poverty oppress'd."

Thrown upon the world, an orphan, at a tender age, she was kindly taken into the family of an acquaintance. Here she remained but a short time Ill treatment drove her to the determination to seek her fortune in London She proceeded on her journey; but soon, overcome with fatigue, she sat down by the road-side, and gave way to her melancholy grief for her prospects in a flood of burning tears Fortune here a second time introduced her to some charitable, kind-hearted people. We hear of her again, cultivating her mind, and making rapid progress in French literature Soon, she attempted writing a tragedy, but meets with little success. Nothing daunted, she turned her attention to comedy, and, after a few trials, became an universal favourite with the audience.

Of the eighteen pieces she produced, but three continue to be performed Yet these three evince her great and diversified talents, and lead us to respect their author, because of her slighted education.

Ever brilliant in wit and humour, Mrs. Centlivre drew her characters true to nature, and threw into their dialogue life and spirit—a decided mark of dramatic talent. Her greatest excellence lies in the simple arrangement of her plots; and the clear development of quick and stirring incidents Though her style is slightly, and many of her expressions, extremely licentious, this fault must be referred back to the age in which she flourished, when coarse ribaldry and vulgar satire were popular, and listened to with eager attention Her "Busy Body," "Wonder," and "A bold stroke for a Wife" continue to find favour with the most refined and intelligent of English or American audiences

It is a singular circumstance, but no less true, that actors, whom of all others we should suppose best qualified to decide upon the merits and probable success of a piece, but seldom form a correct opinion. A striking instance of this is displayed in the case of the "Busy Body" The play having been finished, it was long before a manager could be found to hazard its trial. And when, at last, it was put in rehearsal, a new difficulty was presented. A Mr. Wilks, who had been cast in the character of Sir George Airy, conceived a great dislike to the part With the manuscript in his hand, he paced up and down the stage, until at length, brought into a violent rage, he threw the paper into the pit, declaring that "nobody would listen to such stuff" Mrs. Centlivre, who was present, is said to have entreated Wilks, with tears in her eyes, to give her piece a fair trial before the public. He was prevailed upon to proceed, and the first performance met with unexampled success. The piece ran for thirteen successive nights.

B. H. T.

INDIAN TALES AND LEGENDS.

THE FORSAKEN BOY.

BY HENRY R SCHOOLCRAFT.

A SOLITARY lodge stood on the banks of a remote lake. It was near the hour of sunset. Silence reigned within and without. Not a sound was heard but the low breathing of the dying inmate, and head of this poor family. His wife and three children surrounded his bed. Two of the latter were almost grown up; the other was a mere child. All their simple skill in medicine had been exhausted to no effect. They moved about the lodge in whispers, and were waiting the departure of the spirit. As one of the last acts of kindness, the skin door of the lodge had been thrown back to admit the fresh air. The poor man felt a momentary return of strength, and, raising himself a little, addressed his family

"I leave you in a world of care, in which it has required all my strength and skill to supply you food, and protect you from the storms and cold of a severe climate. For you, my partner in life, I have less sorrow in parting, because I am persuaded you will not remain long behind me, and will, therefore, find the period of your sufferings shortened. But you, my children! my poor and forsaken children, who have just commenced the career of life, who will protect you from its evils? Listen to my words! Unkindness, ingratitude, and every wickedness is in the scene before you. It is for this cause that, years ago, I withdrew from my kindred and my tribe, to spend my days in this lonely spot. I have contented myself with the company of your mother and yourselves during seasons of very frequent scarcity and want, while your kindred, feasting in a scene where food is plenty, have caused the forests to echo with the shouts of successful war. I gave up these things for the enjoyment of peace. I wished to shield you from the bad examples you would inevitably have followed. I have seen you, thus far, grow up in innocence. If we have sometimes suffered bodily want, we have escaped pain of mind. We have been kept from scenes of noting and bloodshed

"My career is now at its close. I will shut my eyes in peace, if you, my children, will promise me to cherish each other. Let not your mother suffer during the few days that are left to her; and I charge you, on no account, to forsake your youngest brother. Of him I give you both my dying charge to take a tender care." He sank exhausted on his pallet. The family waited a moment, as if expecting to hear something farther; but, when they came to his side, the spirit had taken its flight

The mother and daughter gave vent to their feelings in lamentations. The elder son witnessed the scene in silence. He soon exerted himself to supply, with the bow and net, his father's place Time, however, wore away heavily. Five moons had filled and waned, and the sixth was near its full, when the mother also died. In her last moments she pressed the fulfilment of their promise to their father, which the children readily renewed, because they were yet free from selfish motives

The winter passed; and the spring, with its enlivening effects in a northern hemisphere, cheered the drooping spirits of the bereft little family. The girl, being the eldest, dictated to her brothers, and seemed to feel a tender and sisterly affection for the youngest, who was rather sickly and delicate. The other boy soon showed symptoms of restlessness and ambition, and addressed the sister as follows: "My sister, are we always to live as if there were no other human beings in the world! Must I deprive myself of the pleasures of association with my own kind? I have determined this question for myself. I shall seek the villages of men, and you cannot prevent me."

The sister replied: "I do not say no, my brother, to what you desire. We are not prohibited the society of our fellow-mortals; but we are told to cherish each other, and to do nothing independent of each other. Neither pleasure nor pain ought, therefore, to separate us, especially from our youngest brother, who, being but a child, and weakly withal, is entitled to a double share of our affection. If we follow our separate gratifications, it will surely make us neglect him, whom we are bound by vows, both to our father and mother, to support." The young man received this address in silence. He appeared daily to grow more restiff and moody, and one day, taking his bow and arrows, left the lodge, and never returned.

Affection nerved the sister's arm. She was not so ignorant of the forest arts as to let her brother want. For a long time she administered to his necessities, and supplied a mother's cares. At length, however, she began to be weary of solitude and of her charge. No one came to be a witness of her assiduity, or to let fall a single word in her native language. Years, which added to her strength and capability of directing the affairs of the household, brought with them the irrepressible desire of society, and made solitude irksome. At this point, selfishness gained the ascendancy of her heart; for, in meditating a change in her mode of life, she lost sight of her younger brother, and left him to be provided for by contingencies.

One day, after collecting all the provisions she had been able to save for emergencies, after bringing a quantity of wood to the door, she said to her little brother. "My brother, you must not stray from the lodge. I am going to seek our elder brother. I shall be back soon." Then, taking her bundle, she set off in search of habitations. She soon found them, and was so much taken up with the pleasures and amusements of social life, that the thought of her brother was almost entirely obliterated. She accepted proposals of marriage; and, after that, thought still less of her hapless and abandoned relative.

Meantime her elder brother had also married, and lived on the shores of the same lake whose ample circuit contained the abandoned lodge of his father and his forsaken brother. The latter was soon brought to the pinching turn of his fate. As soon as he had eaten all the food left by his sister, he was obliged to pick berries and dig up roots. These were finally covered by the snow. Winter came on with all its rigours. He was obliged to quit the lodge in search of other food. Sometimes he passed the night in the clefts of old trees or caverns, and ate the refuse meals of the wolves. The latter, at last, became his only resource; and he became so fearless of these animals that he would sit close by them while they devoured their prey. The wolves, on the other hand, became so familiar with his face and form, that they were undisturbed by his approach; and, appearing to sympathize with him in his outcast condition, would always have something for his repast. In this way he lived till spring. As soon as the lake was free from ice, he followed his new-found friends to the shore. It happened, the same day, that his elder brother was fishing in his canoe, a considerable distance out in the lake, when he thought he heard the cries of a child on the shore, and wondered how any could exist on so bleak and barren a part of the coast He listened again attentively, and distinctly heard the cry repeated. He made for shore as quick as possible, and, as he approached land, discovered and recognized his little brother, and heard him singing, in a plaintive voice,

Listen, brother—elder brother!
Now my fate is near its close;
Soon my state shall be another,
Soon shall cease my day of woes.

Left by friends I loved the dearest,
All who knew and loved me most;
Woes the darkest and severest,
Bide me on this barren coast.

Pity! ah, that manly feeling,
Fled from hearts where once it grew,
Now in wolfish forms revealing,
Glows more warmly than in you

Stony hearts! that saw me languish,
Deaf to all a father said,
Deaf to all a mother's anguish,
All a brother's feelings fled.

Ah, ye wolves, in all your raging,
I have found you kind and true;
More than man—and now I'm changing,
And will soon be one of you.

At the termination of his song, which was drawn out with a peculiar cadence, he howled like a wolf. The elder brother was still more astonished, when, getting near shore, he perceived his poor brother partly transformed into that animal. He immediately leaped on shore, and strove to catch him in his arms, soothingly saying, "My brother, my brother, come to me." But the boy eluded his grasp, crying as he fled, "Neesia, neesia," etc., and howling in the intervals

The elder brother, conscience-stricken, and feeling his brotherly affection strongly return, with redoubled force exclaimed, in great anguish, "My brother! my brother! my brother!"

But, the nearer he approached, the more rapidly the transformation went on; the boy alternately singing and howling, and calling out the name, first of his brother, and then of his sister, till the change was completely accomplished, when he exclaimed, "I am a wolf!" and bounded out of sight.

[The moral of this tale may be said to rebuke a species of cruelty, which is not peculiar to the tribe from whose traditions it has been obtained. The truth it indicates is impressed upon the minds of the young, to warn them against the perpetration of similar barbarities—barbarities which claim pity even from wild animals

But, while we know of no recorded instance of abandonment of *children of either sex*, by any North American tribes, it is attested, by travellers that *the very aged and helplessly superannuated*, among some of the more northerly tribes, have been thus left. This remark was made at an early day, and has been repeated in modern times, as practised among bands on the borders of the Arctic Ocean Certainly no practice of this kind has been found to prevail among the Odjibwas, Ottowas, and other more well-known existing branches of the Algic stock]

SCRAPS FROM LICHTENBERG.

Translated for the New-York Mirror.

WE Protestants think that we live in an age of great light in religious matters. But suppose a new Luther should arise? Our era may yet be known in history as the dark ages. For it would be easier to confine the wind, than to set limits to the progress of the mind.

I have often thought what it could be that makes the difference between great minds and common men, and fancy I have at last discovered it to be—doubt. Common men are always of the same opinions as their neighbours, and never stop to think—ought this to be so? The only question with them is, do other people think, do, or say this or that?

What is the reason why unpleasant ideas trouble us much more early in the morning, when we first get up, for instance, than they do afterwards, when we feel wide awake, and that all around us is awake too?

The hourglass reminds us not only of the swift flight of time, but also of the dust to which we must return.

The way to prolong life is to do whatever we have to do without delay. The time between the resolution to do a thing, and the doing it is lost for enjoyment. We are too full of the task left before us to think of anything else to much purpose.

It is a grave question whether it is advisable to take too much pains with the education of children. We cannot fairly appreciate the influence of chance in forming a character. From what school do we get all our most valuable and practically useful qualities and attainments? They are the fruit of circumstances and experience. In large public schools, where children are left more to themselves, there are many ruined, we must admit, but such schools turn out men of most character

There is no science which has been so little indebted to chance for the advances made in it, as astronomy; none in which man's reason appears so great, and man himself so little.

As a general rule, if a man ought to do a thing at five o'clock, he puts it off till six at least, so that you may be sure of going ahead of all competitors, by only doing everything at once.

Never trust a man who lays his hand on his heart.

Do people ever blush in the dark? I believe that fear makes them pale in darkness, but not the former, for we grow pale from our own feelings, red from regard to others.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

"All the mother, from the top to the toe."—*Shakspeare.*

THE following extract of a letter from a lady, written after sending an only son to school, is so natural and unaffected—so redolent of the best feelings of our nature—and so beautifully expressed, that we cannot deny ourselves the gratification of giving it a place in the Mirror. It touches a chord in the breast of every mother:

"Mr. —— called here on Monday, and, among other things, asked how we were pleased with Harry's tuition. Although he did not express himself fully, he seemed to think it would be better for Harry to be entirely under his control; that he would become more interested in the school and his teacher, to be a member of his family; sleeping there and coming home only once a day to see me. Mr. —— seemed apprehensive that perhaps Harry would not conform as strictly to the rules of the school as it is necessary, and that he should be obliged to enforce his authority. There was some reserve in his discourse. I do not know why Harry cannot conform to the established regulations of the school as well as any other boy; he is a sensible and a reasonable child, and it is my belief, at this moment, that he is one of the best boys there, or anywhere else—with, perhaps, not so much dissimulation as some of the older scholars, who have the advantage of a longer residence, and perhaps from that fact a stronger hold upon the principal's consideration. Mr. —— seems to be somewhat prejudiced against Harry. I do not think he understands his fearless but noble spirit, which wants to be guided, not crushed. Kindness will win his affection and make him continue a good boy; but *severity* would degrade him—lower him in his own estimation, and destroy all ambition of excelling. I know this to be Harry's disposition and mind, and perhaps, when Mr —— has an opportunity of judging of him more fully, he will discover this also. As far as I can judge of Mr. ——, he has my respect, and without a just and strict authority he could not manage a family of boys. I should like to feel a perfect reliance upon the guardianship to which dear Harry is committed; and, so far, I see no reason to doubt the justice and leniency of it

"Harry has taken his trunk, and is there now altogether; he comes to me once a day. It is like a sudden sunburst, to see him—or like the fresh air of heaven to a prisoner; or a draught of cold water to a feverish palate; a strain of sweet music—the passing fragrance of the new-mown grass; the proud consciousness of having performed well a painful duty; the morning star of one's memory; the sound of the pleasant waterfall; the tone of affection to a bruised spirit; or anything that is delightful to the heart, is the sight of his dear, dear face approaching me. You cannot think how I missed him, the first night he slept away from me. I could not sleep myself; I sat by the window, alternately watching the moon and his little bed the covering smooth and the pillow deserted; he was not there for me to kiss him while he slept. I sat there till fancy grew too busy with picturing what might be his future destination; and, wherever his onward path in life, it could no longer run parallel with mine, with every little footstep close upon my own; for he will be a man, and must mingle with men. May God bless him! You do not know how hard it was to consent to Harry's removing, trunk, clothes and everything, entirely away!"

TRUTH.

Adhere always rigidly and undeviatingly to truth; but while you express what is true, express it in a pleasing manner. Truth is the picture, the manner is the frame that displays it to advantage. If a man blends his angry passions with his search after truth, become his superiour by suppressing yours, and attend only to the justness and force of his reasoning. Truth, conveyed in austere and acrimonious language, seldom has a salutary effect, since we reject the truth, because we are prejudiced against the mode of communication. The heart must be won before the intellect can be informed. A man may betray the cause of truth by his unreasonable zeal, as he destroys its salutary effects by the acrimony of his manner Whoever would be a successful instructer must first become a mild and affectionate friend.

MYSTERIES OF NATURE.

Among the mysteries of nature are the links that bear up the chain of existence, which in many instances are so minute as to be imperceptible to human sight; and yet we know it is ordained that one is called into existence at the expense of another, and that everything is adapted to the climate that gave it birth. Some are brought into life with the sun, and die at its decline; others live perhaps for a few days or weeks only, and yet they must all obey the laws of nature, which bids all to eat and be eaten in their turn; each fulfils its destined office to check excess in the progress of life, and maintain the balance of creation.

GOOD SENSE.

It will preserve us from censoriousness; it will lead us to distinguish circumstances; keep us from looking after visionary perfection, and make us see things in their proper light. It will lead us to study dispositions, peculiarities, accommodations; to weigh consequences; to determine what to observe, and what to pass by; when to be immoveable, and when to yield. It will produce good manners, keep us from taking freedoms, and handling things roughly; will never agitate claims of superiority, but teach us to submit ourselves one to another. Good sense will lead persons to regard their own duties, rather than to recommend those of others

MEN.

Men are Stoics in their early years, Epicureans in their latter. social in youth, selfish in old age. In early life they believe all men honest, till they know them to be knaves; in late life they believe all to be knaves, till they know them to be honest. Thus, somehow or other, men pass from one of those extremes to the other.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The Fine Arts—Royal Academy's Exhibition—Leslie—Maclise—Landseer—Portraits.

THE exhibition of the Royal Academy is this season accounted one of the finest that the public has been favoured with for many years. The works of art in this collection are thirteen hundred and ninety in number! a very fair twelvemonth's crop. This, at all events, says something for the industry, if not for the ability of British artists; and, as the supply is generally regulated by the demand, it may fairly be concluded that those who have devoted their time and talents to the fine arts have no reason, at present at least, to complain of coldness or neglect on the part of the public. It must, however, be borne in mind, that a great number of merely miniatures and architectural designs materially assist to swell the catalogue to its present extent.

The rooms have been crowded every day. A more than an ordinary proportion of ladies have honoured the exhibition with their presence, and not a few of them disputed the palm of beauty with the imbodied visions of the artists. And why not? Nature never grows old. There is no "falling off" in her productions. Perhaps stays, tight lacing, and other modern enormities of costume not to be mentioned, rather injured the fair proportions of the figures of her handiwork, but there were here and there faces of which the Venuses, Dianas, and other good-looking goddesses on the walls need not have been ashamed.

Of course I will not attempt to bore you with even the names of one hundredth part of the pictures; though I may mention one or two likely to be of interest to your artists and fellow-citizens. Your countryman, Leslie, has four this year. You are sure never to be *disappointed* in Leslie's productions. You may not be astonished or dazzled, but you may count upon being pleased, delighted, and perfectly satisfied. There is always evidence of *mind* in whatever he does, and there is a neatness of execution about his pictures—a chasteness of colouring, and a carefulness of finish, which leaves nothing to be desired. He is not too self-sufficient to neglect minutiæ. His subjects, too, are always pleasing. He has not anything Shakspearian this year, but he has two from his favourite, Don Quixote, namely, the immortal Sancho Panza, and the goddess of the Don's idolatry, Dulcinea del Toboso. The other two are evidently intended for a pair, and a very charming pair they are The name of the first in the catalogue is—"Who can this be?" A severe, truculent-looking old gentleman, dressed in the costume of a couple of centuries ago, is seen walking along a shaded avenue with a fair lady (it is to be presumed his wife) hanging on his arm Approaching them is a gay and gallant cavalier, who bows with an air of most profound devotion. The truculent, middle-aged gentleman looks sulky and puzzled, as much as to say—"Who can this be?" while the lovely mischief by his side turns her head half round, and is most busily employed in calling a pet dog to her side, doubtless quite unconscious of the lowly obeisance of the gallant cavalier. The companion to this is entitled—"Who can this be from?" The same lady is seen seated at her toilet, and a portrait of the old gentleman hangs above her head for contemplation when he himself is absent. She is, however, at present otherwise employed. Her maid is laying before her a *billet-doux*, and the pretty innocent is supposed to be exclaiming—"Who can this be from?" though there is a conscious expression in her face which sufficiently indicates she can more than guess. The spectator can easily surmise that she would not like the truculent gentleman to resolve her query.

Spanish subjects appear to be in request this year. That rising artist, Maclise, has selected the second adventure of Gil Blas, where the knowing gentleman he meets with flatters him out of his supper, and a charming picture he has made of it. It is a playful and spirited moral lecture on the potency, danger and ridiculousness of flattery. The modest, downcast, and gratified look of the tickled and deluded Gil Blas, the roguish and triumphant leer of the parasite, and the ill-suppressed mirth of the hostess, cannot be misunderstood. This gentleman has also a noble picture, the subject taken from the glorious romance of "Ivanhoe," where Robin Hood entertains Richard of the lion heart in Sherwood Forest. It carries you back at once five hundred years to "merry Sherwood." Robin is represented according to the old ballads,

> "Yclad in scarlette redde,
> His men in Lyncolne greene."

He is drinking a "Health unto the kynge," who is yet unknown to him.

> "The kynge himself drank to the kynge,
> And round about it went."

The whole scene is most animated. Little John, who was seven feet high, is approaching with a fallow buck upon his back; the burly friar Tuck is reclining on the ground, with a venison pasty on his knee and a flagon in his hand; while Allan-a-dale, George-a-Green, Will Scarlet, and other prominent characters are grouped round. Robin, the prince of good fellows, occupies, as is most proper, the foreground, about to quaff a bumper to the king's health; and Maid Marian, a piece of nature's workmanship well worthy the bold forester's wooing, sits in her bower hard by. King Richard, in the dress of a Knight of the Cross, appears enjoying the scene mightily, as well he may, for it is one of rampant jollity, very different from the frigid formality of regular courts; and his two eastern attendants appear to have more of African jocularity than of Eastern or Saracenic gravity in their composition. The back-ground is occupied by groups practising archery and contending at quarter-staff. It is an illustration worthy of Scott.

There are two subjects selected from Washington Irving's "Pride of the Village," but the artists with their pencils have not equalled the artist with his pen. These pictures will scarcely make that beautiful and pathetic sketch better known than it is.

There is also a picture by Landseer of "Van Amburgh and his Animals." Any one might have painted Van Amburgh, but no one but Edwin Landseer could have painted his animals. In this department he has attained absolute perfection. His animals are worth an artist's while crossing the Atlantic to look at. The canine race are particularly his debtors. There is a mild, thoughtful beauty in the eye of his dogs, which ennobles the brute creation.

Of course there are portraits out of number of rich and titled and rich and untitled nobodys—of lords and ladies, and mayors and mayoresses, and aldermen and "young gentlemen," who can afford to pay an artist well for misspending his time in copying their commonplace lineaments; but there were not any of much public interest. There was one of the authoress of "The City of the Sultan," Miss Pardoe, in Turkish costume, and another of Captain Marryatt. Also, a marble bust of "Boz," looking very dignified and classical!

ORIGINAL TRANSLATIONS.

German Tales of the Supernatural.

THE ENCHANTED MOUNTAIN.*

TRANSLATED FROM A. F. E. LANGBEIN.

"WHAT, still daubing away!" cried Louis, as he entered his brother William's room; "you will sit there till you get as wooden as your easel. Get up and stir about!"

"You are out of humour to-day, dear brother," was William's mild answer, "or you would not blame me for following an art which gives me at once pleasure and support. The canvass, you know, is my farm, and the pencil my plough."

"So much the worse! You will never rise in the world, but always be a poor, unnoticed, hungry artist. My views are different. I mean to make something of myself—and of you too, for that matter. When I am a rich man, I will have a splendid gallery of paintings, and I will give you liberal orders; for, to say the truth, you deserve encouragement: that landscape you are working at, is very soft and natural."

"I am glad you think so well of it."

"But I cannot say so much for the female figure that is sitting in the foreground, with a book. Her every-day, commonplace countenance spoils the whole picture. I would swear she was reading a cookery book."

"That is a kind of reading she is not fond of"

"Who?"

"The lady seated there in front."

"So, then, she is no creation of the fancy, but a real woman! Perhaps the artist's sweetheart!"

"I keep no secrets from you."

"I wish you had. I should be glad if you had sense enough to be ashamed of such a weakness. You can have no chance of getting on in the world if you marry a poor, unknown girl."

"My Caroline is poor, it is true; but rich in all the gifts of nature."

"Stuff and nonsense! I have no patience with such enthusiasts A man who finds comfort at home, in the bosom of his family, never comes to anything I mean to marry, not with any such foolish ideas, but with a careful eye to my own interest. If you were rich yourself, there might be some excuse for you; but our good old father was so simple as to leave his sons nothing but his good name, as he called it. If he had made one or two clever bankruptcies, we might have held up our heads, and spent our money like other people. However, I intend to make up for his want of common sense. I am a handsome fellow; so says my glass, and so say all the women. Many a prince would give half his dominions for my figure. Shall I throw all these advantages away on the first girl that takes my eye? No such thing: I mean to bring them to market, and to the best market I can. I advise you to do the same"

"I live only for Caroline."

"Incorrigible enthusiast! Go on and vegetate in your humble sphere, if you will: my aim is a rich wife and a title When I have got them you cannot expect me to continue any longer on the same terms with you; and, as to your vulgar true love, let her never come near me"

With these lofty orders, he flung himself out of the room.

The characters of the two brothers are, we trust, sufficiently plain, from the above conversation. In a word, Louis, the elder, lived only for himself and his own aggrandizement; while these were the very last things his brother William ever thought of. We will only add, that they lived on the borders of the Harz forest, in the year 16—. Near their house was a mountain, where the heathen Saxons used to meet to worship the goddess Lora, the Venus of northern mythology. To this mountain, yet sacred in the traditions of the people, William would often repair, fancying it always the most favourable spot for a lover's meditations. One day it seemed to him as though the mountain was moving. He rubbed his eyes, and looked again, and it actually *did* move. It rolled from side to side, and finally opened, and brought forth, not a mouse, but a dwarf, of wondrous beauty, who advanced to the young artist, and addressed him in the sweetest of voices—

> "Youthful mortal, pure from sin,
> Enter free and fearless in!"

William was less astonished at the strange apparition, than at the coolness and fearlessness with which he regarded it. He felt none of that terrour which is usual at the sight of visiters from another world. "No harm," thought he, "can follow so friendly an invitation," and he suffered the dwarf, who took him by the hand, with child-like confidence, to lead him into the cavern.

A soft, hazy, rosy light, the source of which the admiring adventurer could not discover, lighted the narrow path on which they travelled, and the voices of unseen spirits sung around them, with heavenly sweetness, the goodness and the former glory of the goddess of the mountain. Soon they came to a door of polished ebony, which the dwarf opened with a golden key. William started back in surprise, for he saw before him a garden, diminutive indeed, but surpassing in splendour all the productions of earth. Spring, summer and autumn seemed to reign in it with divided empire. The ground was studded with knots of brilliant flowers, while the trees bent down to earth their branches, overloaded with golden apples, oranges and pomegranates. This was the chosen retreat of the dethroned goddess, and here she sat, in a bower of roses, with a purple flower in her hand, which she extended towards William, saying, "This is the magic flower of Love; guard it faithfully. So long as you and your Caroline are loving and true, it will continue to bloom, and your house be the abode of peace and happiness."

The young mortal received the precious gift with a low reverence, and the goddess gave him to understand, by a slight inclination of her head, that the audience was over. At the garden-door stood the dwarf, with a basket full of fruit, which he emptied into William's pockets, as a present for Caroline, and then led him back to the mountain-side. Here he left him, and crept back into the mountain, like a rat.

William would gladly have flown to see his Caroline, but the load in his pockets, which seemed to grow heavier every minute, forced him to be content with a regular three-miles-an-hour step Borne down by the weight, and fairly out of breath, he reached Caroline's house at last, and told her of his strange adventure. He piled up Lora's presents on the table, and Caroline seized one of the fruits in eagerness to taste these supernatural productions; but her teeth made no impression, and William discovered that the fruits were so many lumps of solid gold, and far fitter for the mint than for the table.

To the mint, accordingly, he soon took them. He was now a rich man, so he bought a farm, and lived a life of happiness, surrounded by his wife and children, and by all the beauties of nature. The wondrous flower kept in full bloom, and worked even more wonders than the goddess had promised.

Meantime Louis had not been idle. He had been on a voyage of discovery through Germany, in search of a rich wife Such a prize was not hard to find But he discovered that the wealth was, in this case, as we read in old fables it used to be, guarded by a most frightful, ugly monster; so that to obtain it was too serious an undertaking for every one to venture on. An honest man would have worked at day-labour or starved to death, if necessary, sooner than have united himself with the widow Petronilla. She was lean and haggard as Death on the pale horse, and the only colour she could boast of was the brilliant spot that adorned her nose. Her temper corresponded to her physiognomy, and, moreover, she possessed the gift of fluency to a degree that even Cicero might have envied Day and night her tongue was in motion, an incessant water-fall, a perpetual grist-mill. We have it, in fact, from the best authority, that no servant ever lived with her more than a fortnight. But her lover was not a man to be easily frightened If he felt some qualms of repentance when he looked at his intended, the thought of her bags of broad pieces and acres of broad lands reassured him again. He presented himself boldly as a wooer, and, as may be judged, was soon accepted. The wedding-day was fixed, lawyers were making pens and preparing to draw the contract, when Louis heard, for the first time, that his brother had suddenly become wealthy, and was the owner of a beautiful villa This seemed incredible, but he determined to ascertain the truth for himself before his marriage.

William received him most cordially, and made no secret of the fairy favours that had laid the foundation of his good-fortune. Louis said little, though he was bursting with envy, but asked, in a careless way, which road led to Lora's dwelling. As soon as he heard it he left his brother, and began to curse the stars that had thrown such wealth in the way of his indolent brother, while he had to marry a monster, or to starve. In a word, he determined to try the adventure for himself, nothing doubting but that the elves would be doubly liberal to so good-looking a fellow. So he got together all the bags and sacks he could, intending to bring away some bushels of the golden fruit, till he was as round as an onion. He walked round the mountain a dozen of times, but no dwarf made his appearance. "Why don't the monkey come?" said he to himself, and began to fling stones against the hill to hasten his movements This produced a visiter, in the shape, not of a beautiful little cupid, as before, but of a hideous dwarf, who just thrust out of the hill-side a head as big as a pumpkin, and asked in a surly voice what he meant by making such a disturbance. "I am come to visit the goddess Lora," was the answer. "I advise thee to depart in peace," said the dwarf, "but if thou art bent on an adventure which will end to thy shame and confusion, come with me." Louis entered the mountain, but the path was dark as Egypt; instead of the rosy light his brother had described, the road was so uneven, that he stumbled at every step. His dwarfish conductor did not regard his sufferings, but hurried him along at such a rate, that he left half his clothes, some flesh, and not a little blood behind him. When he came to the garden he found the goddess surrounded by a body-guard of apes, broad-shouldered, sturdy little fellows, who seized him at once, and

* Our readers need not be reminded of Prior's poem of Sir Topas, nor be told that these tales are the common property of all nations.

began to play foot-ball with him, to their great satisfaction. At a sign from the goddess the tumult ceased, and she asked with stern gravity, "Who is the mortal that dares to approach our presence with selfishness and impudence on his brow?" Louis was too much abashed and terrified to answer. "It is well for thee," resumed the goddess, "that thou hast thus much grace to be silent; but thou merittest, and must receive punishment for daring to come into the presence of the Goddess of Love, whose power thou despisest. Away with him, elves, and put a mark on him, so that he may remember his visit." At the word, a thousand horrid shapes seized on him Some hung on his back, others pulled his legs to make him tumble, but, by the dint of fast running, he managed to shake off all but one imp who clung round his neck, and whose occupation consisted in pulling his nose with great vigour and pertinacity. This persecution lasted till he was fairly out of the mountain When restored to the free air, his first thought was, that the spirits might, perhaps, have secretly filled his pockets with gold, to make up for their persecutions, and sure enough he found all his bags well stuffed with—straw. "One consolation I have yet," said he; "my marriage with the widow will make me rich in spite of these mischievous imps." He pulled out his pocket mirror to have a look at the handsome features which were all his fortune, when—horrour of horrours! he found that the little nose-pulling gnome had been all the while lengthening that useful appendage, till it stood out a foot from his face He was a ruined man The widow shrunk with horrour from marrying a man as ugly as herself, and the ambitious Louis was fain to seek shelter in the house of his despised brother William did all he could to cheer and comfort him, but in vain. He shunned the society of his fellows and the light of day, and survived his beauty only half a year

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN SCENERY.

THE VALLEY OF THE MERRIMAC.

BY CALEB CUSHING.

NUMBER ONE

Beautiful river! Thy clear waters, gently rippled by the mild western breeze, and sparkling under the rays of this vivid July sun, with the deep blue of this lovely sky, and the light masses of summer clouds flitting across it, reflected on thy bosom as thou flowest to the sea! Fit associate of the green banks and diversified hillsides and delightful dales, amid which thou glidest along, giving and receiving the mutual smiles of the fair love which best becomes such sweet companionship! Who can behold thee as thou now glitterest beneath my eye in all the charms of this exquisite scene before me, and not admire the wonder-working hand of ever-masterly nature! I have traced thee, from thy remote sources, thy majestic birth-place far up in the elevated mountain-meadows of the White Hills—I have seen thee take to thyself new beauty and strength among the islets which spangle over the expanse of Lake Winnipiseogee, fertilizing valley after valley, and leaping on from waterfall to waterfall, as thou proceedest onward many a league, until thy accumulated tide goes to pour its perpetual renderings into the lap of the broad Atlantic. Often, as I have trod thy verdant banks and gathered, like Antæus, additional strength for the wrestlings of life, by the renovating touch of that mother-earth; often, as I drank in the loveliness of the scenes around me, have I felt that here, indeed, here, where boon nature has lavished her bounties, in such scenes as these should the soul seek for the inspiration of high thoughts and good deeds, the inspiration which whispers to it in the voice of the light wind, and beams in upon it in the bright image of sky and wood and river, as though it were still the old Paradise-time, when man yet stood in the visible and audible presence of Deity. How shall I depict the charm of thy lovely valley! But there is no need that I seek for words to do this; for thy children, they who have grown amid thy beauties, have done justice to thy grateful influences. Thy children! Not the statesmen and jurists only, like Parsons and Lovell and Rufus King, among the dead, or Jackson and Daniel Webster among the living, names of honour to their native land, but also they who, by "the pleasing sound of their numerous writing," as John Milton phrases it, by their poetry, whose every line speaks of their own bright valley of the Merrimac, have yielded to the home of their youth its best tribute, the spontaneous and unconscious homage of the heart!

Where shall I begin? For I wander like Sinbad in the vale of Diamonds, with every footfall treading on a gem. Take the following fragment from Whittier's Moll Pitcher: what vigour is in the language, what affluence of imagery, but, above all, how it gushes over with the cherished love of the fair scenes of the author's youth!

Land of the forest and the rock—
Of dark blue lake and mighty river,—
Of mountains reared aloft to mock
The storm's career—the lightning's shock—
My own green land, for ever!
Land of the beautiful and brave—
The freeman's home—the martyr's grave—
The nursery of giant men,
Whose deeds have linked with every glen,
And every hill and every stream,
The romance of some warriour-dream!
Oh—never may a son of thine,
Where'er his wandering steps incline,
Forget the sky which bent above
His childhood like a dream of love—
The stream beneath the green hill flowing—
The broad-armed trees above it growing—
The clear breeze through the foliage blowing;
Or, hear unmoved, the taunt of scorn
Breathed o'er the brave New-England born;—
Or mark the stranger's jaguar hand
Disturb the ashes of thy dead—
The buried glory of a land
Whose soil with noble blood is red,
And sanctified in every part,
Nor feel resentment, like a brand,
Unsheathing from his fiery heart!

Oh—greener hills may catch the sun
Beneath the glorious heaven of France;
And streams, rejoicing as they run
Like life beneath the day-beam's glance,
May wander where the orange bough
With golden fruit is bending low,—
And there may bend a brighter sky
O'er green and classic Italy—
And pillared fane and ancient grave
Bear record of another time,
And over shaft and architrave
The green luxuriant ivy climb;—
And far towards the rising sun
The palm may shake its leaves on high,
Where flowers are opening, one by one,
Like stars upon the twilight sky,
And breezes soft as sighs of love,
Above the broad banana stray,
And through the Brahmin's sacred grove
A thousand bright-hued pinions play!
Yet, unto thee, New-England, still
Thy wandering sons shall stretch their arms,
And thy rude chart of rock and hill
Seem dearer than the land of palms!
Thy massy oak and mountain pine
More welcome than the banyan's shade,
And every free, blue stream of thine
Seem richer than the golden bed
Of Oriental waves, which glow
And sparkle with the wealth below!

Here is another by Hannah Gould, which is in like manner imbued with the very *genius loci*. How pure, how just in thought, how natural in sentiment, is the following:

THE DREAM

I dreamed, and 'twas a lovely, blessed dream,
That I again my native hills had found,
The mossy rocks, the valley, and the stream
That used to hold me captive to its sound.

I was a child again—I roamed anew
About my early haunts, and saw the whole
That fades, with waking memory, from the view
Of this mysterious thing we call the soul

A very child, again beside the brook,
I made my puny hand a cup to dip
Among the sparkling waters, where I took
Its hollow full and brought it to my lip.

And, oh! that cooling draught I still can taste,
And feel it in the spirit and the flesh;
'Tis like a fount, that in the desert waste
Leaps out, the weary pilgrim to refresh.

The spice of other days was borne along,
From shrub and forest, on the balmy breeze;
I heard my warbling wild-bird's tender song
Come sweet and thrilling through the rustling trees

All was restored, as in the sunny day
When I believed my little rural ground
The centre of the world, whose limits lay
Just where the bright horizon hemmed it round!

And here is another from the same pen, marked by the same truth to nature, and quiet pathos of sentiment:

NATIVE ATTACHMENT.

Though year after year has rolled on to the deep,
Where their sorrows and joys in oblivion sleep,
Since my eye fondly lingered to look an adieu,
As the home of my childhood was fading from view,
Not a flower nor a vine round my loved native cot,
Through time's ceaseless changes, has e'er been forgot.

The song of the robin, that sang on the bough
Of the neighbouring pine, is as dear to me now;
The brook looks as clear to my memory's eye,
And the verdure as fresh on the banks it played by;
The lamb bounds as joyous and light o'er the glade,
As when 'mid those scenes I in infancy strayed

And oft my dark hours of their cares are beguiled,
As fancy's bright wand turns me back to the child
That followed the flight of the butterfly's wing,
And plucked the red berries that grew by the spring;
Or reached for the fair purple cluster, that hung
Where round the bowed alder the wild tendril clung.

The splendour of cities, the polish of art,
May seek my devotion, and sue for my heart;
But no fount of delight on life's landscape will gush
Like that which leapt down by the violet and rush;
No notes come so sweet as the song of the bird,
Which the ear of the child from the coppice first heard

I find not a gem in my pathway so bright
As the fire-fly, pursued by my young feet at night
Earth offers no flowers like the wild ones I wreathed:
No breeze comes from heaven like the air I first breathed.
No spot seems so pure in the wide vault on high,
As that which sent down the first light to my eye!

And listen to this from the pen of George Lunt:

SPRING FLOWERS.

These frail expiring flowers,
Dying before their life had well begun,
Their birth was blessed by heaven's dearest showers,
And nurtured since by its most golden sun.
Soft is the breath of gentle May;
The skies of early June are kind and warm;
And underneath them, every summer's day,
Each light flower lifted up its fragile form;
Yet were they shielded from the fiercer ray,
Nor felt the rude bleak touches of the storm.
The brown hill's bosom was their home;
Close by some overhanging rocks,
That kept away the tempest's ruder shocks;
And there they might even yet abide,
(Had not I come
And plucked them from their parent side,)
There, where nothing their beauty could espy
Save the day's burning eye,
And the sweet bird that sung upon the lea,
And the choir'd stars, that on their airy ride,
Look'd with the moon, from midway heaven to see.
How did they spring at first to greet
The tripping of May's merry feet!
How gladly would they ripen now,
Under young June's ardent brow!
And yet, perchance, 'twere better to be so;
Since brightest things, they say,
(The brightest aye the soonest go)
Even like ourselves must fade away,
Than sadly perish day by day alone,
Upon the wild hills' breast unseen, unknown.

Is not each of these exquisite morsels of poetry an apt illustration of the influence of local or native associations on the mind of the poet? They are, indeed, such expressions. But the same general fact is observable in occasional imagery and expression, where the subject is not peculiar to the scenes in question. As in the following, by Miss Gould, to "the winds:"

We come! we come! and ye feel our might,
As we're hastening on in our boundless flight,
And over the mountains, and over the deep,
Our broad, invisible pinions sweep,
Like the spirit of liberty, wild and free!
And ye look on our works, and own 'tis we;
Ye call us the Winds; but can ye tell
Whither we go, or where we dwell?

Ye mark, as we vary our forms of power,
And fell the forests, or fan the flower,
When the hare-bell moves, and the rush is bent,
When the tower's o'erthrown, and the oak is rent,
As we waft the bark o'er the slumbering wave,
Or hurry its crew to a watery grave;
And ye say it is we! but can ye trace
The wandering winds to their secret place?

And in this by Lunt:

The tints that deck the glowing west,
The gorgeous light of summer skies,
The barren sea's tumultuous breast,
The purpled earth's unnumber'd dyes;
The songs of birds, that come to drink
And hear the lay of quiet streams,
Those haunted rivers, on whose brink
Dwell visions sweet and summer dreams.

And in this by the same:

Broad on the bay the sunbeams quiver,
The good ship floats, the wind is free;
The tide is rolling down the river,
And merry leaps the laughing sea;
And cheerly sounds along the shore,
Unmoor, my lads, unmoor, unmoor!

The airs are mild, as if some bed
Of wooing flowers delayed their rushing,
The lyric birds are overhead,
And, hark, the forest leaves are gushing
With flute-like melodies, which say,
Stay, gentle lady, stay, oh, stay!

And in this by Whittier:

She sings by her wheel, at that low cottage-door,
Which the long evening shadow is stretching before,
With a music as sweet as the music which seems
Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our dreams!

How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,
Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky!
And lightly and freely her dark tresses play
O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as they!

And how the very soul of Whittier kindles along the page, with the free spirit of his native valley to animate him, and its well-remembered scenes to lend images to his thought, as he dwells on the great cause of liberty! As thus:

Old Massachusetts yet
Retains her earliest fires;
Still on her hills are set
The altars of her sires;
Her "fierce Democracie"
Has yet its strength unshorn—

The scenery amid which we are born and bred sinks as it were into the spirit of a man; twines itself intimately with every thought, and becomes a part of his being. He can never cast it off, any more than he can cast off the body in which his spirit acts. Almost every chain of his after-thoughts is linked at some point to the magical circle which bounds his youth's ideas; and even when latent, and in no degree known, it is still present, affecting every feeling and every fancy, and giving a bent of its own to all our words and our deeds. Every man's heart will tell him how true and just are these reflections.

Thus far, I have given poetical passages, appertaining to the scenery of the valley of the Merrimac, of a general character: but I propose, in another article, to collect together others equally beautiful, but adapted to specific scenes and localities.

STORIES OF REAL LIFE.

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

Nine o'clock had just struck at the imperial palace at Fontainbleau. Napoleon, seated by the fireside with Marie Louise, was enjoying that freedom of conversation and familiarity he was so fond of. Never had his noble and antique features assumed so joyous and so natural an expression. He laughed, he chatted, he joked; and a stranger entering by chance, would have had much difficulty in recognising the emperour in that little stout man, lolling with so much *nonchalance* in an arm-chair.

He poked the fire with the tip of his boot, rubbed his hands with glee, and with playful and tender sallies provoked Marie Louise to venture upon some French phrases, as yet strange to her, which she disfigured with a German frankness so irresistibly droll, that Napoleon burst into fits of laughter

The empress, half angry, half smiling, came and sat upon the knee of her husband. At the same moment the door opening, the soldier-like face of Duroc presented itself.

"Sire," said he, "the Italian artist is arrived"

"Conduct him here immediately," replied the emperour, at the same time pushing back his arm-chair, he left a space for the newcomer between the empress and himself

The visiter on entering, made a profound bow to the two illustrious personages into whose presence he was admitted; and, at the desire of Napoleon, took a seat near the fire.

"Welcome to France, my dear Canova," said the emperour, in one of his kindest accents. "But how pale and thin you have become since I last saw you. You must certainly leave Rome and come to reside in Paris. The air of the capital will restore you to health and vigour. See how well we are," said he, taking in his hand the fresh and rosy chin of Marie Louise.

"Sire, you must attribute my ill health to the fatigue of my occupations, not to the air of my country. To leave home altogether would be impossible for me; indeed it would be fatal to me."

"Paris is the capital of the arts. You must stay here, I desire it," said the husband of the pretty German, in a commanding tone, on a sudden assuming the emperour.

"Your majesty may dispose of my life; but if you wish it to be devoted to your service, sire, grant me permission to return to Italy, as soon as I have finished the bust of her majesty, the emptess, which I am about to undertake"

"Devil's in the man," exclaimed the emperour, "he refuses to remain with me! You see, Louise, he has no other ambition than to be the greatest sculptor in the world. He longs to leave us to return to Rome to resume his labours, and to present to the world another such a work as his 'Terpsichore,' 'Paris,' 'Les Danseuses,' 'Venus,' or the 'Magdalen.'"

The conversation then became more general: they talked of the "Excavation" continued by the Borghese family of Italian artists, of the "Colonne Vendome," and a thousand other topics. Nothing was new to Napoleon, who conversed with a perfect knowledge of every subject, and a wonderful clearness of perception.

Canova could not retain his surprise and admiration.

"How is it possible for your majesty to divide your attention between so many different matters?" exclaimed he

"I have sixty millions of subjects," replied Napoleon, with a smile; "eight or nine hundred thousand soldiers, a hundred thousand horses. The Romans themselves had not so many; I have commanded at forty battles. At Wagram I fired a hundred thousand cannon balls, and this lady, who was then arch-duchess of Austria, desired my death." At this he pulled the ear of Marie Louise, who answered with a droll imitation of her German accent, "*Il etre bien vrai.*"

"I think," said the artist, "things now wear a different aspect."

"*Oh! Cela est bien vrai*," said Marie Louise; this time in the best French possible, kissing the emperour's hand tenderly, who, taking the young creature by the waist, made her sit upon his lap, but as she blushingly resisted, "Bah! bah!" said Napoleon; "Canova is a friend, and we don't make ceremonies with friends; besides, he is himself of a tender and susceptible nature, and will be delighted to witness the happiness of an affectionate couple."

"Listen to me, Louise, and I will relate to you a romantic story, the hero of which you may easily guess; you will then judge if those who love each other ought to feel restraint before Canova."

He kissed Marie Louise, and keeping her still upon his knee, began: "In the province of Trevisa there is a little village called Possagno. In this place was born and reared the son of an architect, whose father died at the early age of twenty-seven, and whose mother married a second time, 'Sarori di Crepano'

"At four years old, the child, by name Antonio, was entrusted to the care of its grandfather, who treated it with much severity. By him it was sent to pass an autumn at Padrazzi, two or three leagues from Possagno, at the house of an Italian senator, a friend of his, whose name was Faliero. The latter observing the intelligence of the little peasant, and pleased with the ability he evinced in carving stone and shaping clay, placed him as a pupil with a clever sculptor called Toretto."

"What! your majesty knows all these minute details of my private life!" exclaimed Canova in surprise.

"I know many more," replied Napoleon, and he continued:

"Toretto was a man of strict morals, but, however narrowly he may have watched his favourite pupil, Antonio found means to escape from the Atelier now and then to go and dance at the village *fetes*. He was then only sixteen. Amongst the gay throng of peasants assembled together during the vintage to dance the tarantella, there was one whose charms captivated his heart, Bettina Biasi; she was just fourteen. Her large black eyes sparkled with animation; her waist was so tapering two hands could span it; her hair, the loveliest that ever adorned a maiden."

A sigh escaped from the bosom of Canova.

The emperour pressed the hand of Marie Louise, that she might remark that sigh, and without interrupting his recital continued—

"Antonio was enthusiastic, and in love. As for the grandfather, he was much less moved by the fascinations than by the marriage portion of Bettina, which was considerable, particularly for the poor apprentice to a sculptor.

"The parents of both formed projects of uniting them; arrangements for their marriage were drawing to a close, when Toretto and the senator chanced to hear of it.

"They reflected that this union would destroy the prospects of their *protege*, and determined to prevent it.

"One evening they entered the chamber of Antonio, commanded him to follow them; and notwithstanding his tears, his resistance, and despair, carried him to Venice, where they confined him during a whole year.

"All endeavours to escape proved fruitless. The enamoured youth finding his return to Padrazzi impossible, was compelled to seek consolation in the study of his favourite pursuit—sculpture

"The talent and reputation of the young man soon spread abroad, his celebrity was established—he became rich—his society was courted by all, and the memory of Bettina Biasa was gradually erased from his mind.

"At the same time the arts and blandishments of another little coquette, Dominica, took the place in his affections. She was the daughter of the sculptor, Volpato.

"Proposals of marriage were made; but as Dominica was yet young, a postponement was agreed upon till the following year. Alas! before that time, Dominica bestowed her hand on Raphael Morghen.

"The poor deserted lover was in despair at this new piece of treachery.

At this part of the recital, Canova fell into a deep fit of musing and melancholy, unconscious of what was passing around him.

"His health gave way. His physicians and friends recommended him to return and breathe the air of his native village.

"(Were Corvisart here, he would say this was a remedy the faculty do not believe in, but nevertheless it always succeeds.)

"Antonio set off on his journey

"On his approach to his native place, the thought of Bettini Biasi, that charming, that lovely girl, so disinterested in her love for him, rushed upon his imagination more fresh and more engaging than ever.

"'O!' cried he, 'how ungrateful have I been to neglect and forget her.'

"Dismissing from his mind all remembrance of Dominica, he dreamed only of Bettina Biasi. He pictured to himself the delight he should experience in again clasping her to his boson

"His heart beat with hope and joy, and whilst he was resolving within himself, to proceed the next day without fail to Padrazzi, he perceived the village spire of Possagno before him

"Too much agitated to remain in the slow 'vetturino,' he alighted and continued his journey on foot by a short road, until he arrived at the gate of the little town

"At this moment a crowd of young men who were awaiting his arrival, and perceiving him approach, fill the air with shouts of welcome, surrounded and embraced him

"He stands without the power of speech, his heart throbs within him, his eyes are filled with tears.

"The road is strewed with laurel branches and evergreens, all the inhabitants of Passagno, women, children, and old men in holiday costume, line the road, and salute the celebrated youth

"The venerable Toretto, the old master of Canova, folds him in his arms, weeping over him. At a distance approach the mother of Canova, his step-father, and behind them a female bathed in tears

"'Bettina! *ma* Bettina!' cried Canova.

"She stretches out her hand to him, he is about to speak, when the bells of the village sound a merry peal, salvos of musketry rend the air, and the curate at the head of his clergy, singing the 'Te Deum,' advances in his clerical robes, kneels down, and returns thanks to Providence for having granted to Possagno a child so renowned as Canova. The aged priest then passes his arm through that of Canova, his mother leans on the other, and the procession conducts the hero in triumph to his grandfather, whose infirmities confine him to his house."

"Ah! sire, sire! let me entreat you not to continue a recital which awakens such cruel and such sweet recollections," interrupted Canova, sobbing

But Napoleon was too much pleased with the impression he had made on his listeners to think of stopping. Marie Louise had several times wiped the tears from her eyes.

"Listen to the rest," resumed he, addressing the empress, "we are coming to the *denouement*, which is well worthy of the rest of the story."

"The day following, as Canova was entering the garden of his grandfather, he saw Bettina Biasi approaching him.

"Five years had diminished none of her beauty, except that she was pale, and resembled one of his own white marble statues.

"'O Bettina! Bettina!' cried he, 'will you pardon me my ingratitude, and confer on me a happiness I scarcely deserve? I had not yet seen you, when all the fervent and tender affection I once bore you returned upon me with increased strength.'

"'Listen!' said Bettina, whose voice trembled with emotion, 'listen! Antonio Mio—I suffered much when I learnt that you were to be married to Dominica, but I felt, even then, dearest friend, that the humble village-girl of Padrazzi, the daughter of a peasant, the affianced of the apprentice Antonio, could never be the wife of the celebrated Canova. Nevertheless, I refused several offers of marriage, and for five years I lived upon the recollection of him I loved. But when I heard that you were about to return to Possagno—when I concluded, from my own feelings, that you would not be able to see me again without emotion—when I reflected that we might be both weak enough to renew intimacies rendered unreasonable by your present position, I was anxious to save us both not only the possibility of yielding, but also the agitation and struggles we would have to undergo—I married.'

"'Married—you married!'

"'About eight days ago, to a deserving young man, who has sought my hand for four years.'"

"Oh! that was a noble and worthy creature!" cried Marie Louise.

Canova had left his seat, and had gone to lean his head against the window, to conceal his grief.

A knock came to the door, and the minister of police, the Duc d'Otrante, put in his plain but expressive head

"Really, M. le Duc, you could not have arrived at a more opportune moment. See the effect I have produced, thanks to the information you have procured me from Italy, within the last few days

"Adieu, Canova," continued he, gently patting the shoulder of the artist. "Employ yourself in making the bust of my wife, and when you have finished it, if you still persist in returning to Italy, I suppose we must let you go.

"Good night! I have business with M. le duc d'Otrante. Ah! it is a hard life that of an emperour," said he, "it is not often I have an evening to myself and friend, near the fire.

"Now come, M. le Duc." And he went out with the minister.

We must not omit to add, that this was the evening of the eleventh October, 1810, and that the Emperour, Marie Louise, and Canova, were in the same room, and near the same fire-place where Napoleon signed his abdication, eleventh of April, 1814.

GAIETIES AND GRAVITIES.

The difficulty of choosing.—"We know," says Madame Emile de Girardin, who writes in *La Presse* under the name of the Viscount de Launay, "a lady of very irresolute character, who, unable to select a dress among a hundred *chef d'œuvres* laid before her, to resign such a pattern or colour, for such other pattern or colour, after many a hesitation, suddenly made up her mind for fifteen yards of gros de Naples *gris de Lin*. The sacrifice of everything was to her less painful than the enduring any longer the excruciating torture of choosing. This irresolution is ridiculous enough; but it is better than what I know an Englishwoman did, who was one evening bargaining for diamonds, at Fossin's. Her object was, a wedding-present, destined to a niece; the jeweller was exhibiting to her all his *parures*, and successively pointing out their beauty in detail. My English friend examined the diamonds with silent admiration, when suddenly she said, 'Ah! I know not what I wish to give her.' 'This necklace, madam?' 'No.' 'This bracelet?' 'No.' 'This glass and chain?' 'No, I will buy her a carriage in London!'"

Silent revenge.—There is now at Marseilles a man who, for reasons unknown, has condemned himself to perpetual silence. The papers of that city, after stating that neither his relatives nor the police have been able to extract one word from him, observe that the singular resolution of playing the dummy was adopted in the last century by a young lady of Provence, of the De Julhac family, who, being married to a marquis, never expressed herself otherwise than by signs, from the day on which her ungallant lord interrupted her in the middle of a conversation, and before a large assembly, with, "*Madame, taisez-vous; vous ne savez ce que vous dites.*" To the hour of her death she never uttered one word, though her husband daily implored her to talk, from morning to night, rather than persevere in a silence which perpetually reminded him of his brutal interruption. The second husband of Madame de Staël displayed more good humour when, as is said, being at a large dinner-party, he was visited by his lady with the very ungracious apostrophe, "*Monsieur, taisez-vous et nourrissez-vous.*"

Little Bell, the jockey.—As Mr. Forth was one day walking down Oxford-street, he perceived a child riding, and managing, with great dexterity, a very frisky horse. Forth, being in want of a lad in his training stables, made an offer to the boy, which he most eagerly accepted. The boy rode at Ascot, and made his running so well, and with such judgment, that he won his race. Lord Errol afterwards presented the little lad to her majesty, who very kindly addressed him, "Well, my boy, and what do you weigh?" Upon which the little boy Bell, in a most unsophisticated, but knowing way, answered, "Please, ma'am, master said I wasn't to tell."

Hydrangea.—It may not be known to many of our readers that this flower, which is usually of a pink colour, may be made to come out a beautiful rich blue, by the simple means of filling the pot or box, with the swamp or bog earth. Common garden-loam produces the pink. The discovery of producing the blue was accidentally made by a friend of ours, by whom it was, sometime since, communicated to us. We have repeated the experiment this season with good success, and now name the fact, that the lovers of variety may take advantage of it. The plant should be shifted very early in the spring

Rising genius.—A boy, who displayed a long dangling watch-chain, was asked, "What's the time of day, Josiah." He drew out his watch very ceremoniously, and, after examining it awhile, referred to another, and asked, "Is this the figury nine or the figury seven?" He was told that it was the "figury" seven. "Well then, Joseph, it lacks just about half an inch of eight."

Charles iv.—This monarch, when he abdicated a throne, and retired to the monastery of Juste, amused himself with the mechanical arts, and particularly with that of a watchmaker: he one day exclaimed, "What an egregious fool must I have been, to have squandered so much blood and treasure in an absurd attempt to make all men think alike, when I cannot even make a few watches keep time together."

The first American road.—The first road made in America was opened in Hispaniola, in 1494. As it was principally the work of the young Spanish gentlemen of rank who accompanied Columbus in his second voyage, it was called El Puerte de los Hidalgos, that is, The Gentlemen's Path

New definition of a gentleman.—A sailor under examination the other day, at the Thames police-office, charged a youth, whom he described as a gentleman, with robbing him. "Why do you call him a *gentleman*?" asked the magistrate. "Because he wears a long-tailed coat," replied the sailor.

Burying an attorney.—An Irish attorney, who died poor, was buried by a shilling subscription. Some one asked Curran for his shilling. "For what?" he exclaimed. "To bury an attorney." "Here, take this pound note, and bury twenty of them at a shilling a head."

Sleeping in church.—"I didn't like our minister's sermon last Sunday," said a deacon who had slept all sermon-time, to a brother deacon. "Didn't like it, brother A.? why, I saw you *nodding assent* to every proposition of the parson."

A mistake.—A gentleman meeting one of his friends who was insolvent, expressed great concern for his embarrassment. "You are mistaken, my dear sir," was the reply—"'tis not I, 'tis my creditors who are embarrassed"

Respiration of vegetables.—A French philosopher is said to be now very busily engaged in a series of experiments respecting the *respiration of vegetables!* His observations, so far as relates to seeds, goes to show that they breathe. What next?

A martyr.—"What are you down there for?" said a gentleman in one of the Mississippi towns to a loafer who was lying in the gutter. "Me! oh, I've only *fallen* a martyr to the gallon law, that's all."

Taking snuff.—A person observed to his friend, who was learning to take snuff, that it was wrong to teach one's nose a bad habit, as a man generally followed his nose.

Chinese notions.—The Chinese are said to have conceived a horrour and antipathy for the steamboat, which nothing can conquer: they contend that it is a most "indecent and disgusting" invention.

The gray mare the better horse.—"Are you the man of the house?" queried a stranger of a denizen of this city, the other day. "No, but my wife is," was the subdued response.

Woman's tongue.—The tongue of a woman is her sword, and she never suffers it to grow rusty.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Continuation of the Diary illustrative of the times of George IV., interspersed with origina. letters from the late Queen Charlotte, the Princess Charlotte, and from various other distinguished persons. Edited by John Galt. In two volumes. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

THE publication of the preceding portion of this Diary called forth a storm of abuse against Lady Charlotte Berry, from the press of England. It was said to contain breaches of confidence and developments of private affairs, wholly outrageous and unjustifiable. We must confess we have been very little edified, amused or scandalized by the work; and we cannot conceive how there could be sufficient demand for such mane gossip in this country as to call for its republication. Those persons who may be curious to know how Lady P—— looked when she met the Baron de S—— at Milan, or how Lord ——— scolded Lady Caroline ——, and how, at Lady D———y's ball, the Hon. W. N. flirted with the Duchess of ——, are recommended to look for the very momentous intelligence in these volumes The following passage, relating to some of our own countrymen, is not wholly devoid of interest.

ARTHUR LEE AND FRANKLIN.

I met Sir —— when I was out walking, and he joined me, and I had some interesting conversation with him on the subject of America. He was acquainted with Washington, and another American patriot, Arthur Lee, of whom he spoke in high terms. "He was," said he, "of a respectable family in Virginia: a man of uncommon activity of body and mind; very honest, and truly attached to the interests and happiness of America in general, as well as of his native province. Arthur Lee told me an anecdote of Benjamin Franklin, which is very characteristic of the man. When he was to be presented to the French King, by Vergennes, the count sent a peruquier to the American, for the purpose of fitting him with a wig fashioned for the day. The peruke was brought to Franklin an hour before the time fixed for his presentation. The philosopher attempted to put it on. Alas! it would not go on his head. 'Sir,' said Franklin, 'your peruke is, unfortunately, too small for my head.' 'Pardonnez moi, Monsieur,' replied the peruquier, 'your head, sir, is vastly too large, and quite beyond the fashion of the court.' Franklin appeared, therefore, at court with his bald pate and shaggy gray hairs. It might truly be said that there was not another such head at Versailles. Franklin" continued Sir ——, "though generous, was a great economist. He never indulged himself in any trifling expenses, nor had unnecessary establishments in his family. Books and scientific instruments were his only superfluities By these means, with clean hands, and without any covetousness or sordid ambition, he bequeathed a handsome fortune to his heirs, and some laudable legacies to his country Franklin, Washington and Rittenhouse are, perhaps, as fine a constellation as any that has appeared at one time in any country."

Fanny, with other poems. Pp. 130. New-York: Harper and Brothers.

We wonder that Mr. Halleck has not before listened to the repeated demands of the public for a new edition of this popular poem. "Better late than never," however. "Fanny" never appeared in a more becoming dress than that in which she now is to be seen. She has lost none of her charms, and is likely to prove as much of a belle as she was at her first "coming-out" To drop the language of hyperbole, we will simply inform our readers that an engraved view of Weehawken adorns the volume, which is enriched with a variety of the uncollected poems of Halleck. Among these are the "Rhyme of the Ancient Coaster," lines to "Walter Bowne," and other pieces, originally published in the New-York Mirror.

Nicholas Nickleby. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

We have received, from Messrs. Lea and Blanchard, numbers fifteen and sixteen of this popular work. There is a manifest falling off in these numbers, especially the last. The introduction of the crazy gentleman from the chimney, and the somewhat improbable mistake of Mrs. Nickleby, is a mere repetition of the former episode, and shows that the mine of fun in that quarter was long since exhausted. There is an evident wire-drawing of incidents to eke out the promised twenty numbers. But Boz, like Homer, is, after all, but mortal; and will any one love him the less because he may, at times, be found nodding?

A Winter in the West Indies and Florida, containing a particular description of St. Croix, Trinidad de Cuba, Havana, Key West, and St Augustine, as places of resort for northern invalids By an Invalid. Pp. 200. New-York Wiley and Putnam

The titlepage amply explains the purport and character of this work. It is written with intelligence and evident sincerity, and, to invalids in search of a more benignant climate, the advice will, no doubt, prove valuable. The volume will also be found to embrace much information interesting to the general reader.

Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the time of George III. Second series. By Henry Lord Brougham. In two volumes. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

The second series of this able and highly interesting work is even superior to the first. It contains notices of Sir Philip Francis, Horne Tooke, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Nelson, Neckar, Mirabeau, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Napoleon and Washington, with other eminent statesmen. Brougham has evidently brought the best powers of his intellect to the task of illustrating these great characters He displays his wonted acumen and mastery of language. His style is lucid and strong, and his sentiments are those of a profound original thinker.

The Stenographer, or Self-Instructor in the art of Short-hand. By Charles O. Counsell. New-York: Roe Lockwood.

This little manual will be found of considerable service to reporters, and all those desirous of learning the art of short-hand. The pamphlet is accompanied with illustrative plates of stenographic characters.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A correspondent, who dates from Saratoga, is assured that his letter should have a place in our columns, were it not a little too personal—The verses to Mrs. F—— W—— are certainly clever. The gossip about Messrs. Clay and Van Buren is a little too trivial—We refer "Apicius," who requests us to inform him as to the preparation of "ochra soup," to Mr. Downing's chef de cuisine. We do not know the article.—"E B." is informed that the verses he is pleased to eulogize were not written to Miss Tree, but originally published some six years since—the newspapers to the contrary notwithstanding.—We must decline the dramatic sketches by "F.," also "Bubbles from the Hudson," "Brainless in search of a subject," "Criticism on Pike's Hymns to the Gods," and the communications of "B. C.," "Regatta," "X. L.," "Florinda," "F.," and "P. Y. M"

We have received several communications lamenting the dilapidation of old Trinity Church. It is too late to howsl its overthrow. The steeple has fallen, and the work of destruction is going on as fast as our most rabid innovators could desire.

It gives us pleasure to acknowledge the kind congratulations of many friends and subscribers, in relation to the Mirror, and its course. Notwithstanding the hard times, and the rise and fall of competitors, the great mass of our supporters are steadfast in their adherence, and a daily accession of new subscribers is swelling our list to a cheering extent. Our readers may rest assured that our motto shall still be, "onward"

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1839

Greenwood Cemetery.—This beautiful spot is destined before many years to become more celebrated than the "Pere la Chaise" of the old world, or the Mount Auburn of the new. Its local advantages and beauties are undoubtedly immeasurably superior. It is situated on the heights of Gowanus, about two miles from the Brooklyn South Ferry, and about a pleasant fifteen minutes ride from Wall-street. The whole locality is celebrated in revolutionary history. The land set apart for the purposes of the cemetery embraces more than two hundred acres, presenting every variety of woodland, tangled forest-glade, hill, valley, slope, precipice, glen and smooth unwooded lawn. A beautiful sheet of water, more than an acre in extent, and reflecting in its glassy surface every tint of the high and profound forest by which it is margined to its closest edge, is also a memorable feature in the landscape. A carriage-road through these grounds has already been constructed, and improvements are rapidly going on. Following this road, we find ourselves at one moment beneath the arched verdure of gigantic trees, where not a ray of sunshine can penetrate to the thin herbage at our feet, and where the air is moist and cool during the sultriest noontide—another moment we emerge into a more open spot, and through the parting foliage catch glimpses of our beautiful bay sparkling in the sunshine and bearing many a white-winged vessel upon its shining bosom—farther on, and we have upon one side an open lawn, swelling into miniature hills, or subsiding into the greenest vales—and upon the other, a thick wood, dark with perpetual shadows. Following the road to its highest point, we come to a bare, rocky acclivity, said to be the highest ground in the county. From this point the view is truly magnificent. At our feet, our huge metropolis, with Brooklyn and the adjacent country, lies outstretched like a map. Following the course of the East River, the eye takes in the shot-tower, Blackwell's Island, and the principal buildings as far as Hurl Gate and Ravenswood The prospect in this direction is indescribably rich. Turning gradually to the left, the eye falls upon Newersink, the Palisades, and the glorious Hudson, till it encounters Staten Island, with its beautiful villas and fields—and then resting a moment upon Flushing, directly beneath us, with its level fields and highly cultivated gardens, it passes to Coney Island, with its barren rocks, until the view terminates in the gleam of the broad and blue Atlantic, far away in the distance! A panorama unequalled in its combination of great and beautiful objects, in art and nature! On this acclivity, commanding a view so grand and extensive, it is intended to erect a monument to Washington.

Captain Marryatt.—Decidedly the funniest romance that Marryatt has yet written is his late work upon the United States. For a grown man gravely to put forth such a farrago of old jokes and pointless witticisms, under the pretence of instituting a philosophical inquiry into the operation of our republican institutions, is an absurdity too gross to excite even our indignation The gallant captain is a perfect hyena in the graveyard of defunct jests and exploded Joe Millerisms. He is the great literary body-snatcher of the nineteenth century, and he enters upon his task with the cold-blooded audacity of a Burke or a Thurtell. The columns of the Picayune will bear testimony to the captain's light-fingered skill in appropriating as his own the good things of others. His book is little better than a "snug harbour" for decayed puns, resuscitated jokes, threadbare anecdotes, "ancient and fish-like" repartees, and a whole ragged regiment of worn-out Wellerisms, extravagancies, instances of absence of mind, etc., with which our papers have been filled *usque ad nauseam*, for the last ten years.

Instruction for boys.—One of the best boarding-schools in the country is Mr. Weld's, at Jamaica Plains, near Boston. The location is remarkably healthy and agreeable, and the worthy superintendent gives invariable satisfaction both to pupils and parents in his management. The secret of his success is explained in two words: He is a scholar and a gentleman. We wish we could say as much for all who pursue his vocation.

Hot and cold.—The editor of the Madisonian, writing from Hot Springs in Virginia, states that a few rods above the hotel, the thumb and finger of the same hand may be placed in two streams of water, one of which is hot and the other cold. A quarter of a mile distant is a cavern, which may be traced several hundred yards in the mountain, if the adventurer chooses.

Absent friends.—The following is in Major Noah's happiest vein. It being quite as applicable to our "absent friends," as our worthy neighbour's, we give it a place in the Mirror —"In order to save the expense of postage, and a multitude of anxious inquiries, to relieve your minds, and allow you to enjoy a balmy night's repose, we have the pleasure of assuring you that we are all well in the city—that your houses are all safe, your chambermaids all quiet, and the cooks snoring over their coal fireplaces—that the thermometer, at noon, is eighty-five, and, at night, seventy-six to eighty—that corn, black-berries and unripe fruits are in abundance; and so are summer complaints—that the milkman waters his milk as usual, at Knapp's spring—that the charcoal-men and sweeps are in good voice—that assaults and batteries are on the increase; and so are new journals—that Niblo has many more thousands of nightly spectators than the little theatre can accommodate—that Contoit and Weller and Thompson, with all the other ice-cream saloons, are crowded at night, and the city abundantly filled with strangers. So you who are enjoying the cool sea-breezes at Nahant, Rockaway, Shrewsbury, Long Branch, New-Brighton, and Coney Island, remain where you are, in cool contemplation of the glories of the rising and setting sun, the dash of the billows on the sandy beach, and the cool night's respose, under a comfortable quilt. You who are perched on the summit of the White Mountains, the Catskill Mountains, and Schooly's Mountains, listening at night to the wind as it whistles through the nodding pines and tall larch, stay where you are if you are wise; and you, who are enjoying a soft plank at Saratoga, and sleeping three in a bed and five beds in a room, dancing quadrilles at the Pavilion and swallowing tumblers of nectar at the Congress Spring, hold on, if you have any money left in your purse. Why should we poor devils—compelled to melt under the rays of a fierce sun, and toil like galley-slaves, because it is our fate—why should we reduce you to the level of the same miserable existence? Enjoy yourselves in the country, do so rationally—return thanks daily for all your enjoyments, pay your newspaper bills and go to bed early—we are watching your premises, guarding your property, and doing everything to comfort and console you in your absence, excepting paying your notes, and that we cannot do, for certain confidential reasons"

Theatrical.—The coming season promises to be a most memorable one in the history of New-York theatricals The struggle between the rival theatres will be one for existence, and the "tug of war" will, doubtless, be such as the importance of the stake will call forth. The *Park* is already marshalling its forces, and has shown its best cards with becoming frankness. The official bill of fare promises us the following succession of novelties:—Power, Miss Inveranty, Miss Pool, Mr. Giublei, a bass singer, Madame Giubler, a first-rate *danseuse*, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, "the best general actress on the English stage," Mr. Manvers, first tenor singer, Mr Eliason, a distinguished violinist, Mr. Thomas, leader of the orchestra, Mr and Mrs. Crestfield, Mr. Martin, as second bass singer, and lastly, Mr. Shaw, to "play the heavy business, such as *tyrants*," etc. In opposition to this formidable array, the *National* opens on the nineteenth, with Forrest, backed by a reserve corps, composed of Miss Shirreff, Wilson and the Seguins, Charles Kean, Vandenhoff and his daughter, and others whose names have not yet been divulged. The *Bowery*, the meanwhile, will, of course, be on the alert, and will produce in rapid succession the most brilliant and attractive melodramas of the day. The new *Eagle Theatre* will undoubtedly prove an active competitor, and if *Niblo* opens his new saloon, his well-known enterprise will not permit him to lag behind in the chase for public patronage. Well may the theatre-going people exclaim, "What a season we shall have of it!"

Interesting to ornathologists.—The managers of the public garden in Boston (we wish, by the way, that this *notion* of a public garden would be adopted by New-York) have purchased a pair of crowned cranes, which were recently brought from the river Gambia. These birds are extremely rare, and as beautiful as rare. They are of a bluish slate-colour on the neck and the principal part of the body, with rose-coloured down upon the sides of the head, which is surmounted by a remarkable crest, sometimes four or five inches in length. The bird attains the height of four feet. It is a native of Western Africa as far to the north as Cape Verde. Of its habits in a wild state nothing is known. In captivity it is easily domesticated, and becomes very tame, quiet, and readily familiarized with man, and is even known to solicit his company

American journals in England—The Liverpool correspondent of the Star says:—"It is contemplated, I understand, by a London publisher, to bring out a weekly publication, on the plan of the *Albion*, with the exception of being wholly devoted to literature and science, in which will be given the best articles in prose and verse that appear in the American periodicals and newspapers. The field is a wide one, and may be attended with advantage and profit. At present the *Sunbeam* takes about one half of its contents from the *New-York Mirror*, and so does *Bentley's Magazine*, and other London periodicals This, too, is done without acknowledgment A few months ago, the *Metropolitan* announced, that having established an exchange with the *Knickerbocker*, it would republish its best contents Is not this *cool?*"

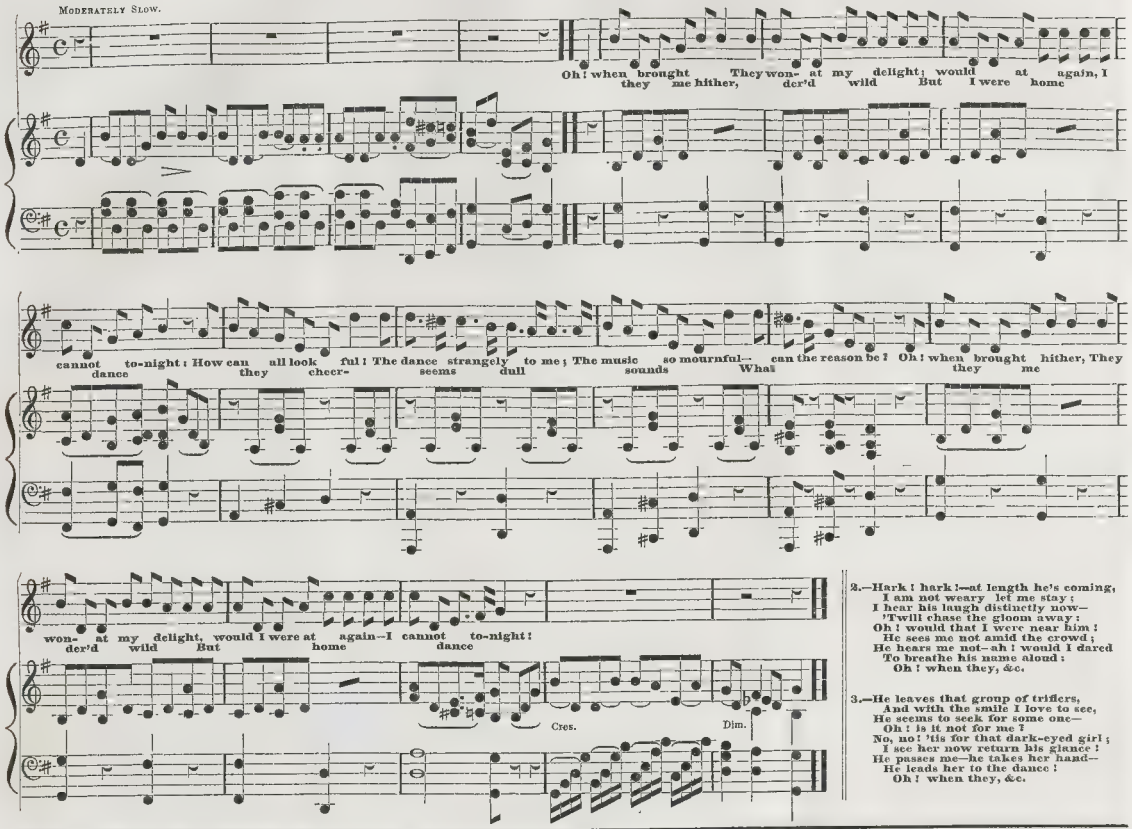
New-Brighton.—The Pavilion is well-filled with agreeable residents. It is a fine, commodious mansion, with every resource for comfort that heart can desire. For those whose business interferes with a longer absence from Wall-street, we should recommend the evening boat to Staten Island, and a night at the Pavilion.

Incredible.—An editor complains of having had his pockets picked of five hundred dollars at Saratoga. Did he not miss a "seal ring of his grandfather's," at the same time!

I CANNOT DANCE TO-NIGHT.

A BALLAD—THE POETRY WRITTEN BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY MRS. T. HAYNES BAYLY.

Published by Hewitt and Jaques, No. 239 Broadway.



2.—Hark! hark!—at length he's coming,
I am not weary let me stay:
I hear his laugh distinctly now—
'Twill chase the gloom away:
Oh! would that I were near him!
He sees me not amid the crowd;
He hears me not—ah! would I dared
To breathe his name aloud:
Oh! when they, &c.

3.—He leaves that group of triflers,
And with the smile I love to see,
He seems to seek for some one—
Oh! is it not for me?
No, no! 'tis for that dark-eyed girl;
I see her now return his glance!
He passes me—he takes her hand—
He leads her to the dance!
Oh! when they, &c.

EXCERPTS.

From the Philosophy of Courtship and Marriage.

THE ALTERNATIVE.—Marriage is either the greatest blessing or the deadliest curse of life. One of our old English writers, of the reign of Charles I., quaintly remarks:—"Of all the paths which diversify the map of this our earthly pilgrimage, the most important is that which leadeth unto the matrimonial altar:—for of a verity the man who once taketh that journey, will not return therefrom in the same condition as when he set forth. His cup of life will either be sweetened by the honey of pleasure, or imbittered by the gall and wormwood of abiding disappointment and regret—the more intolerable because unavailing."

CHARGES OF MATRIMONY.—When people talk of the expenses of a married establishment, they seem to forget the fact, that there is no housekeeper equal to a wife. She is a man's best and most faithful steward; and unless she have expensive tastes, or habits of extravagance, will make a pound go farther than five could do with a bachelor. I lately saw a case in point. A gentleman who, from mistaken motives of prudence, declines to change his condition, made lately, at my request, an abstract of his household expenditure for a year, and it exceeded considerably the outlay, for the same period, of another friend who is married, and who, in like manner, furnished me with the data I required. I may add, that both parties move in the same rank of life, and live in a manner becoming their condition. Men are proverbially bad managers—and even admitting that their domestics are faithful, still the *motive* for economy is wanting, and without a motive nothing effectual can be accomplished in this or in any other matter.

MYSTERIES OF THE KITCHEN.—I know that I run no small risk of being accused of Spartan barbarism when I assert that a knowledge of the *ars culinaria* should form a part of every young lady's education. Half a century hath hardly elapsed since the cook-shop was as regularly visited, even by the daughters of the higher class of gentry, as the music academy—and I am free to assert that the march of refinement in this instance hath been rather retrogradish and crab-like. No female can be injured, and many may be essentially benefited by the study. An officer's wife, for instance, who hath accompanied her husband to the scene of war, may greatly add to their mutual comfort in the absence of domestics. In a mercantile community, how many a man by a reverse of fortune is compelled, as an emigrant, to seek his fortune in some new and unpeopled country, and who will assert that his wife would be the worse of being able to dress the wild fowl or venison which her husband's rifle had supplied? In the back-woods of Canada, a sauce-pan is worth a dozen pianos and a whole legion of guitars.

RELIGION.—The only other requisite in a wife, which I shall touch upon in this place, is *religion*. It is solely on account of its vital importance that I have postponed it till now, in order, that being last read, it may be the better remembered and dwelt upon. I am aware that in making this avowal, I lay myself open both to ridicule and censure. Many people laugh at the very name of religion, and others while they are ready enough to admit generally, that it is a good thing, yet profess themselves hostile to its being brought prominently forward in connexion with the affairs of life. But convinced as I am that there is no system of sound morals which is not based on the rock of Revelation, I must even take my chance, both of the scorn of avowed, and the rebuke of practical, infidelity. Yes! distasteful as it may sound to the ears of some, the man who, admitting the evidences of our faith to be complete, yet disdains to take that faith as his guide and counsellor, is nothing better than a practical infidel. He is as absurdly inconsistent as the mariner, who having satisfied himself of the use of the compass, yet too proud to be indebted to its assistance, locked it up in his chest so soon as he found himself in the open and shoreless sea. Religion gives us new natures. It controls the passions—directs inclinations, and confines desires into proper and reasonable limits. It makes us conscious of our own errours and short-comings, and so enables us to bear with our neighbour's weaknesses and failings. It is the parent of every kind and graceful feeling—it restores us to the image of him whose great characteristics are perfection and love. I therefore lay it down as an incontrovertible maxim, that no union can be permanently happy where religion does not intervene. To deny this were to deny the scriptures, which affirmeth that "every good and perfect gift cometh down from God."

MODE OF PROPOSAL.—A difference of opinion exists, as to whether an offer of marriage should be made through the medium of a third party—in writing—or directly, and in person, to the lady herself. If my advice were craved, I should at once recommend the latter of these courses, and for this reason, *inter alia*, that it will afford you an opportunity most effectually of judging of the true state of your sweetheart's affections. Supposing her views to be mercenary, it is the easiest thing imaginable for her to indite an answer, glowing with all the enthusiasm of a Heloise—but it is a much more difficult task, to enact or assume passion when face to face. In a personal interview, there are a thousand indescribable little landmarks which may guide you to a knowledge of the true state of matters. The eye then speaks with more verity than the tongue—you may read volumes in a single glance—and there is a free-masonry in the returned pressure of the hand, which is more pregnant with meaning than a whole portfolio of letters.

LITERARY TASTE.—If you wish to know the bent of your lady's mind, so far as literature is concerned, let her accompany you to my friend Symington's Emporium, and request her to select from his store of tomes, a volume which may be an appropriate present to your sister. This is a test which will be more effectual, because altogether unsuspected. In *acted* conversation she might dote upon Hannah More, but depend upon it she will select her namesake *Tom*, if she really prefer the one to the other. *Probatum est.*

THE WIFE A COMPANION.—Make a companion of her in the fullest acceptation of the term, and do not consider it beneath your dignity to suit your conversation to her tastes and intellect. The Price-Current may contain matter vastly pleasing to you, but it is very probable that your young wife would as lief hear you discourse of other matters than the price of cotton or the texture of broadcloth. Study diligently the art of pleasing. Cultivate those thousand and one little nameless attentions, which are so much prized by the female sex, and learn to take an interest in whatever occupies her attention. Do not affect an air of listless tolerating condescension, when she is pointing out the progress of her embroidery, and shun the treason of a yawn as she dwells upon the little details of her domestic government. These hints may seem trifling, but the non-observance of them may be attended with the most perilous results. If we could anatomize the human mind, how frequently would we discover, that the seed from which the upas tree of estrangement hath sprung, is of a scarcely perceptible minuteness. Be as much at home as possible. A pregnant source of discomfort in the nuptial state is unsettled habits of the husband in this respect. Nothing can be more galling, or disheartening to a young wife, after the first few honey-months have passed, than the frequent absence of her spouse in the evenings. A suspicion is immediately excited in her mind, that the flame of affection begins to burn low, and that she hath lost the power of pleasing, and whenever this feeling occurs, the risk is great, that the *wish* to please will soon cease to exist. There is no rule without an exception, but, in general, I would hold that a young husband should have few engagements of an evening, where his wife did not accompany him. It is most important to cultivate the habit of domestic sociality, and the fireside will never have any charms if they do not exist at the commencement of a union.

THE SUITOR HUSBAND.—If your union would be permanently happy, endeavour, so far as in you lies, to deport yourself as if still a suitor. Love was the magnet which first drew you to the mistress, let love be the connecting chain which binds you to the wife. I do not mean that a husband should be continually enacting the lover, for this would justly lay you open to the charge of ultra-uxoriousness, and would even lower you in the eyes of your spouse, if a sensible woman, but I would have you ever bear in mind, that affection is the most delicate flower in the moral garden, and is apt to be blighted by the slightest contact with the frost of indifference. "A woman's heart," saith *Ludovico Dolce*, "may be likened unto a tablet of wax—heat softeneth, cold hardeneth it."

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Embellished with Engravings, and Music arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

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ORIGINAL MEMOIR.

DANIEL SCHLESINGER, THE PIANIST.

NUMBER THREE.

MUSICAL YEARS.

"The most important part of any man's performance is the life he has accomplished."—*Carlyle.*

We have seen how the boy grew and was formed a man; how the child's soul, lured on towards art by the magical voice of the beautiful, with gliding years swelled to the ardour and dignity of a purpose; and how, thus passing through infancy and youth to manhood, Daniel Schlesinger became an artist. He now numbered twenty-seven years of the century with which he entered existence, and was received into spiritual relationship with the great musical family, the descendants of Weber, Beethoven, Mozart, Sebastian Bach, and the kindred spirits who proudly trace their genealogy back to Orpheus, Amphion and Linus. His relation to the world is now changed, and with it the aspect under which he appears before us. The child we watched with tender solicitude, and followed the youth's path with an eye of friendly sympathy. The artist neither needs our partiality nor claims our indulgence. Justice must assign to him his rank among men, and, should the verdict prove favourable, their approbation is still requisite to confirm it

The enthusiastic are apt to prolong the period until which they are entitled to forbearance, and to postpone the season when responsibility begins. They also find in the first hour of emergency that they have been long alone; and in place of friends, cold and inimical voices respond to their call for aid. But the strong-minded, conscious of the burden man has sooner or later to bear, habituate themselves to it early and are strengthened by it, even as the muscles of the pedestrian are braced by the knapsack his shoulders carry up the mountain. Thus the patience he had so often tasked, and the fortitude he had so long worn as an armour, rendered our artist good service in the arena of life—the struggle in which he now found himself engaged single-handed against the competition and the passions of the throng; and where he, who in his preparation time has dreamed of emulation only, finds that the race is a conflict likewise.

During the two years subsequent to the period at which our last number left him, Mr. Schlesinger seems to have given many lessons and to have employed his leisure hours in alternately perfecting himself as an instrumentalist and as a composer. He obtained a more masterly insight into the depths of harmony, and, with breadth of scope, his fancy, acquiring ease and grace, was enabled to clothe itself in those lighter forms, which seem mere sportive ebullitions, and yet are the daughters of Force. His fifth production, a charming rondino, entitled "*la Gaité*," was reprinted at Hamburgh in 1827, where it became highly popular; and its author had won fresh favour with the London public by his first performance at a concert of the Philharmonic Society—that British *Conservatoire*, whose inspired orchestra has in turn obeyed the sway of Ries, and of Mendelsohn and where a triumph is matter of European renown Respecting this, the following extract from a letter of his mother's, dated May, 1827, tells a story equally creditable to Daniel's modesty and talent.

"From a report I have heard, it would seem you have played in public anew with great success. I am indebted for the intelligence to Arnold, whose eye lit upon it in an English newspaper. Already, at your first appearance in public, the tidings of an event destined to cause me so much pleasure, were communicated by *Warburg*, and some time elapsed ere they received your confirmation. Under similar circumstances it is doubtless more praiseworthy to be modest and silent than to boast, but my good Daniel, we, who all know you, are aware that whatever you may tell us of such things is not for display's sake, but in order to give us pleasure; we must, therefore, rather condemn than praise your silence. . . . . Your *rondo brillant* is much prized by the musical world here."

A letter from *Ries*, written at Frankfort in the month of July following, and addressed to *Mr. Daniel Schlesinger, composer*, likewise alludes to this subject. "I have long expected a line from you," writes he, "and now begin to fear I may have escaped your memory. This should not be. It gives me sincere joy to learn that you are prosperous, are much engaged, and have obtained a well-deserved triumph at the Philharmonic concert. I am little concerned that my refusal to recommend any one save you should have occasioned displeasure, but I do desire you should not forget me. Three years have elapsed since I left England. I have now abandoned my peaceful residence at Godesberg, where I should inevitably have *soured*. . . . . For three months past I have made Frankfort my abode. Its fine theatre and orchestra are great attractions to me; more especially as I am now composing an opera which will produce me both honour and profit, if the public are one half as well pleased with it as my friends are."

After a few remarks respecting his other works, he observes in conclusion, "If I succeed with my opera, I shall henceforth write but little for the piano, because the former is by far the most genial species of composition."

Another letter from the same interesting source, dated thirty-first August, of the same year, throws some light upon Mr. Schlesinger's plans at that period.

After expressing his regret at learning that his pupil was less prosperous than he had imagined, Ries continues, "Your project of leaving England I can nowise applaud. There would be barely a possibility of earning your livelihood here by giving lessons, especially during a brief stay. Concert-giving is an unprofitable business, productive of fame and not of money. Our people require, moreover, that in concerts, one should extemporize (*fantasieren*)* and thus perform difficulties. I continue of opinion that you should remain in England. How many are there who have made themselves a respectable name and condition in the metropolis; and who, receiving a guinea, deserve, perhaps, half a crown? Composers have the English none even of respectable mediocrity, and it is not your line to make a business of composition. To successfully achieve great things, you should have tramped at an earlier age through the musical mire.† We have no instance of a man who began so late and yet made notable progress in great works. And even were you to succeed with such compositions, you would not be recompensed in England where they are unavailable Still less would they produce here, where money is rare and pirating unrestrained, and many a poor devil only writes for the consolation of seeing his name engraved and the remote hope of picking up a chance copper. . . . . If, on the contrary, you go on composing lighter pieces, you may earn enough in England to one day withdraw; whilst here, with the greatest trouble, you will lay up nothing. There, at least, with the price of a lesson, you may dine twice or thrice; here you must give three lessons to dine once. I both appreciate and applaud your ambition to advance still further in art, but, as a friend, cannot recommend it to you as a profession. If resolved to quit England, you would do well to choose North or South America, or, as a bachelor, the East Indies. But first reflect upon it long and well. . . . Once more, dear Schlesinger, be of good cheer and proceed undiscouraged. I was whirled about in many a direction from my fourteenth to my twenty-fifth year, before I caught hold of a green branch."

We have been at some pains to reproduce these epistles, because few revelations are as instructive as such sections of a master-spirit's path through life. They afford glimpses of the mortal part, even as the works of such men are illustrations of the diviner portion of their nature. The foregoing letter aids us, moreover, to measure the growth and diffusion of musical taste in European society, as well as the subsequent progress in art of him to whom it was addressed. Thus concert-giving is nowadays become so profitable a business, that Liszt made a triumphal journey through Italy some three years since, delighting with his piano alone the inhabitants of the land of song; and Thalberg, after a season of forty successful concerts in London, went recently to Russia, where we learn he has been gathering laurels and gold. And we shall hereafter find Mr. Schlesinger, as if in exception to the rule his old master lays down, producing works which evince a maturity of genius and a fertility of resources, well calculated, had he lived, to have succeeded in any great musical undertaking.

From the complexion of this epistle, we are led to believe that the discouragement it would seem to argue against on Daniel's part partook far less of disappointment at any lack of employment, than of a growing dissatisfaction with the uneven life of a musical pedagogue in the Great Metropolis. Ambitious of developing the creative power he felt within him, our artist naturally longed for the attrition of kindred minds, and for the musical influences of his native land. The fashionable season, during which a favourite master has seldom an unoccupied hour, had given place to the duller months of the London year, and, instead of the tedious but profitable round of lessons—the weary office of drilling the obstinate fingers, to obey the dull eye and wandering thoughts of the unwilling learner—and of the hurried tramp between distant points of the mighty city, the young composer had leisure to practice, and repose to meditate over the works of the great masters he longed to join on the scroll of fame. These epochs in life are critical. They are periods at which a feather in the balance may cause caprice to preponderate over prudence. They are, also, points from which those who have slackened their pace, often start forward afresh inspired by the impulse of an irrevocable decision—armed with a firmness which has acquired new energy from its triumph over a vacillating purpose.

This seems to have been the good fortune of Mr. Schlesinger Whether he owed it to his old master's counsels, or to a returning sense of the advantages of his position, he pursued his path, during the seven years ensuing, without a deviation or a murmur. Experience had taught him that happiness is but approximate, and lies in the degree of each man's self-adaptation to his calling. It also forbade regret; and we have heard him allude to this busy cycle of his life with the pleasure that all feel in the retrospect of those portions of the past wherewith no sorrow is coupled. The memorials before us are deficient in information respecting the details of these years of his existence, but it is a beautiful feature in earnest characters like Mr. Schlesinger's, that with imperfect data we may assign to them their position at almost any period of their orbit His after-productions warrant the belief that, from his reception of the preceding letter until the year 1832, our artist's career was characterized by "the *assiduity* and *study* so indispensable," says Dr. Schilling, "to develop and purify genius, to raise it to its highest power and thus render the artist possessed of it truly great."*

A letter from Ries, dated Frankfort, second of May, 1829, confirms this supposition:

"At last," writes he, "I have had the extreme pleasure of receiving some lines from you, and should have made an earlier reply to them but for an indisposition that kept me in bed more than a fortnight. This was succeeded by an inaptitude for work, in spite of which I was compelled to labour at the completion of my new oratorio, which is to be executed at Pentecost, at the Rhenish festival, by four hundred amateur musicians. It is now finished, and satisfies my highest hopes; I leave this in a week to superintend its rehearsal. *I rejoice, dearest friend, that you are contented and have a still happier perspective before you.* My sincere thanks for the interest you take in my opera. Miserable cabals unfortunately still retard its representation, although many persons found no seats at either of the three first performances. . . . . I think of shortly commencing another; it interests me more than piano music . *Continue to compose with assiduity. When the happy moments come, beware of allowing them to escape you without profiting by them.*"

A letter from the same at Aix la Chapelle in the month of July following, is addressed to our artist at Elberfield—where, from an endorsement on the back, he appears to have received it. Of this visit to the continent, which was probably made to his mother and to his old master, we have discovered no other record. It must, however, have been a brief one, as we find him in London in the autumn.

It has occurred to us that the autobiographies of Gibbon and Alfieri, of Goldoni and Benvenuto Cellini, and the various lives of great men from Cardinal de Retz down to Scott, derive much of that charm which their adrurers find in them so superior to romance, from the character of the existences they record. What person of taste would not gladly lead such a life? So rare an exception to the great humanitary law of incomplete earthly bliss? There are enviable passages in the lives of most men, and such traits have not been wanting in our artist's But of the seven years we now inscribe what more shall be said? They were devoted to labour. "You who earn your bread by the sweat of your brow, and who find in social intercourse and in the cultivation of the affections, the consolation of leisure hours, or in intellectual pursuits their recreation, are living now as he then lived."

Enjoying the highest consideration among his professional brethren, and meeting with admiration and respect from a choice circle of friends, Mr. Schlesinger moved on a keen observer of the phases in public taste, and of the progressive tendencies of musical art. At the theatre, the concert, the festival, the artistic reunion and the houses of the great, the talent which brought him there made him known to the musical "illustrations" of his day—to the prima donna, the solo player and the composer—to Malibran and Pasta, to Paganini and to Rossini. He also enjoyed the friendship of poor Weber, to whose funeral, in one of the three carriages that escorted the ill-fated *maestro* to his grave, the writer remembers hearing him say he accompanied *Kieswetter*, the violinist, who a few weeks after followed his illustrious compatriot to the tomb.

During this interval he appears to have become a still more efficient member of the Philharmonic Society, at another of whose concerts, a letter of a brother pianist, *Louis Werner*, to one of his friends, mentions the loud and deserved applause that greeted Mr. Schlesinger's performance of Hummel's splendid *concerto in B minor*.

* This passage will remind the many friends and admirers of the deceased, of his wondrous power in improvisation. He would, indeed, seem to have followed up the suggestion of Ries, for it were impossible to combine more of beauty and of novelty than his impromptu performances displayed. Who that heard him can forget how he defied the strangest intricacies of the instrument, attacking every key and measure, becoming fervid with each new effort and pouring forth a thousand irrevocable traits and charms, full of eloquence and of grace?

† This alludes to the six years Mr. Schlesinger lost in the counting-house, and which *Ries* seems to think he might have better spent in scoring music paper.

* *Versuch einer Philosophie des Schönen in der Musik.*

This took place in 1829, and we believe that no more graphic description of his skill can be furnished to the artist than the testimony of all who heard him play it, to the lightness of touch and the infinite grace and expression with which he executed the Legato passages in the Rondo of that magnificent production. Indeed he was a born interpreter of Hummel's music, and, though adequate to the unembarrassed performance of the most appalling combinations of Henselt and Thalberg, he seemed to commune with the spirit of the Weimar Pianist more gladly than with any masters, excepting Beethoven, and, perhaps, Sebastian Bach.

At the expiration of these seven years of labour, our artist resolved to make, with the fruit of his economies, the calm and earnest pilgrimage to the continent, he had been constrained to postpone so long. He accordingly left London for Hamburgh, on the twenty-second of June, 1832, and revisited the scenes of his childhood, with mingled pleasure and pride His friends received him with a warmth of affection far from being diminished by the long separation which now enhanced the charm of his presence; and he appeared before his townsmen with a title to their regard, which his brother Arnold's letter, already cited, authorizes us to believe they were willing to acknowledge. "It *had* reached them, from London, that Daniel Schlesinger was a great artist;" nor did this require the confirmation of Paris, of Vienna, or of the other capitals alluded to in that document. Was he not there in person to give evidence of his prowess? Contrary, however, to the usual custom of the distinguished members of his profession, Mr. Schlesinger travelled as an amateur, without giving concerts by the way-side; though, had such been his pleasure, the examples of great artists were his precedents, and, in every town and village of his native land the inhabitants assemble at the summons of each new apostle of art, and lend an attentive ear to his revelation. But, in his modesty, our artist journeyed to receive, and not to impart. Treading the soil hallowed by the memories of Bach and Handel, of Mozart, Weber and Beethoven, he shrank from disturbing the echoes their names and works still arouse, and was, perhaps, also silent because he aspired one day to claim something of the deference he felt for their genius. His, therefore, was no hasty tour, but a gentle communion with beings and thoughts he had longed to see and know. After a sojourn of two months in his native town, we find him at Berlin towards the end of August. He there met his old friend Mendelsohn Bartholdy, several of whose letters, now before us, breathe a sincere affection and unfeigned respect for the brother artist, now no more The Prussian capital was then the musical focus of the north. Spontini directed its opera, which still gloried in the vocal powers of Madame Seidler; and Zelters had not yet followed Goethe to the tomb

In omitting to mention an additional diploma that Mr. Schlesinger carried with him to his native land, we should be inexcusably forgetful. This was the *Quatuor in C major*—his fourteenth work. He had been a diligent composer since the appearance of the *Allegro di Bravura*—which the critic in the Leipsic Gazette remarks was not numbered—and, to various successful productions for the pianoforte, he now added this admirable effort, and judiciously designed it for the land which was both his own, and the one best qualified to estimate its merits. It was offered to Messrs. Breitkopf and Hartel, of Leipsic, where the author arrived toward the close of September The numerous master-pieces of this class, among the works of Mozart, Beethoven, and all the great instrumental composers, render the publication of a new quatuor hazardous for the modern author, as this order of composition is not so far removed from the Symphony—or Musical Epic—as might be imagined But our artist had not overrated his performance, which met with remarkable success, and proved a great accession to his fame. His resolution to waive the privilege of his profession did not debar him from affording great pleasure to the amateurs of Leipsic, where, though he gave no concert, his chamber performances gained him much consideration; and his new production was eagerly purchased, and instantly put in hand by the well-known publisher of so many of Haydn's works. The proof-sheets were forwarded to him at Vienna, which he reached toward the close of the year, after having passed a happy month in Dresden, and tarried a few weeks at Prague, then the rival of the sister capital, and now her superiour in musical culture, since the death of *Keyser Franz*.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

THE FROZEN PROPHET OF SEVILLAN.

Mr. Morier, in his volume of travels entitled "A Second Journey through Persia," etc., mentions, although somewhat skeptically, a circumstance which has since been authenticated as a fact by a British officer. The distinguished plenipotentiary says:—"The mountain of Sevillan is held in high veneration by the Persians, who relate that in one of the snowy chasms at its summit is to be seen the dead body of a man always frozen, but in the highest state of preservation, (with the exception of one tooth and a part of the beard,) and which they believed to have belonged to a *peyghember*, or prophet, whose name the mountain retains to this day. Although this story is in every one's mouth, and confirmed with assurances that many have seen the body, yet we never met with any one person who had himself seen it We rather lowered what in their estimation is a miracle, by informing them that bodies of any description will preserve entire as long as they remain frozen, and that they had only to seek the frozen market at Petersburgh to convince themselves of the fact." The statement of animal bodies being preserved from decay if enshrined in ice, is a well-ascertained truth The body of a mammoth or fossil elephant was found entire in an iceberg in Siberia about the beginning of this century. As the animal belongs to a race now long extinct, it had certainly remained there many thousand years, how many it would be vain to conjecture. No better proof, therefore, can be afforded of the antiseptic properties of ice; and so far we were prepared to credit the truth of what the Persians asserted regarding their deceased prophet. But all doubt upon the subject has been removed by Captain Shee, of the Madras infantry, who, in a letter to Colonel Monteith, thus describes his visit to the tomb:

"After a ride of eighteen miles, we reached a camp of Illiauts, and had not long been seated before we perceived a party descending, which proved to be the Mulla Bashi of Tehran and Ali Khan, who had been sent by order of the king. They told us it was not worth our while to ascend, as there was nothing to see, and the difficulties were very great. From their fresh appearance we much doubted their having reached the summit, and determined on the following day at least to endeavour to accomplish our object. Two hours before daylight we mounted our horses, with two guides, and rode for six miles, when we were obliged to leave them, and proceed on foot. The mountain did not appear very difficult, but we soon found our mistake. After surmounting four distinct ranges, every one of which led us on, in hopes of being the last, we reached the summit by the east-south-east side at eleven, A. M., having been walking five hours; our guide, an old man of seventy years of age, being the first. On the top of the mountain we found a tomb, consisting of stones, neatly put together, and covered, except at one end, where a few stones had been removed to look at the body. In it we found the skeleton of a man lying with his head and body inclining to the right side, (turning towards Mecca:) the front half of the skull, the left collar-bone, the left arm, from the shoulder to the elbow, with four ribs on the left side, were alone visible: some dried flesh and pieces of the winding-sheet were still adhering to the skeleton. The remainder of the body was buried in ice and earth. The skull was perfect, except some of the front teeth, which were lying about the tomb; twenty teeth are still in their places, perfectly even, and beautifully white. There appears no doubt that before the stones were removed, the body was perfect, and that the remainder, which is buried in the ice, is still so. Having satisfied our curiosity, we proceeded to see an extraordinary stone, out of which (the Persians say) oil is distilled, and at a hole in the top a diamond is seen. After crossing about a mile of snow and ice on the summit of the mountain, we came to an amphitheatre of about six hundred yards in circumference, containing a pond of the purest water; the sides were covered with snow, and long pendant icicles gave the whole a beautiful appearance. To the right of the pool, a little higher up, was a cleared spot with a wall about three feet high, enclosing a stone of three feet in height by four in length, over which a quantity of oil appeared to have been poured; in its centre was a hole, which had the appearance of being used as a lamp, and in it a piece of lead to hold a wick, which the Persians had called a diamond. Numbers of offerings were placed round it. Near it was another stone, with some rude letters cut on it. From the appearance of the place, I concluded that at some periods of the year the Illiauts frequent this spot, and perform some religious ceremonies, making the stone the lamp. It took us three hours and a half to reach the place where we left our horses. We returned to the camp we had before left, perfectly persuaded that the Mulla Bashi had never ascended the mountain. Water boiled at one hundred and eighty-eight degrees Fahrenheit; the temperature in the tomb was exactly the freezing point"

We have quoted the passage entire, both because it is interesting in itself, and because it proves that the mountain of Sevillan is, or has been, a scene consecrated to religious rites. The temperature at which water boils indicates an altitude of nearly thirteen thousand feet above the level of the ocean. It is situated in about latitude thirty-eight degrees twelve minutes, rather more than a degree east from the shores of the Caspian sea, in the province of Azerbijan. It is much higher than any other elevation in this territory, with the exception of the celebrated Mount Ararat. Sevillan appears to have been a volcano, there being many indications of the fact, although the remains of any crater are no longer visible. There are four distinct peaks or pinnacles which closely resemble each other, and may, at a distance, be mistaken one for another. All round its base are warm springs, but none of them with a heat above one hundred and four degrees, which is far below the temperature of many other thermal fountains. With regard to the individual whose remains have been deposited in this singular cemetery, our travellers are silent. He was, no doubt, one of those impostors, so numerous in countries where the Mahommedan religion prevails, who lay claim to the divine afflatus, and who seldom fail in securing a creditable body of supporters. Whether it was a desire of his own to be so interred, or whether it was an afterthought of his followers, we are not informed. The Illiauts here mentioned are wandering races of Persia, constituting, it is supposed, about one fourth of the whole population of the country. They form almost a distinct class by the nature of their habits, which are migratory, and by their modes of gaining their livelihood. They are distributed into a number of distinct tribes, who keep entirely separate from one another, like the Highland clans of old.

THE ALDERMAN'S FUNERAL.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Stranger. Whom are they ushering from the world, with all
This pageantry and long parade of death?
Townsman. A long parade, indeed, sir; and yet here
You see but half; round yonder bend it reaches
A furlong farther, carriage behind carriage.
Stranger. It is but a mournful sight, and yet the pomp
Tempts me to stand a gazer.
Townsman. Yonder schoolboy,
Who plays the truant, says, the proclamation
Of peace was nothing to the show; and even
The chairing of the members at election
Would not have been a finer sight than this,
Only that red and green are prettier colours
Than all this mourning. There, sir, you behold
One of the red-gown'd worthies of the city,
The envy and the boast of our exchange,
Ay, who was worth, last week, a good half million,
Screw'd down in yonder hearse.
Stranger. Then he was born
Under a lucky planet, who to-day
Puts mourning on for his inheritance
Townsman. When first I heard his death, that very wish
Leap'd to my lips; but now the closing scene
Of the comedy hath waken'd wiser thoughts;
And I bless God, that when I go to the grave,
There will not be the weight of wealth like his
To sink me down.
Stranger. The camel and the needle—
Is that, then, in your mind?
Townsman Even so. The text
Is gospel wisdom. I would ride the camel—
Yea, leap him flying, through the needle's eye,
As easily as such a pamper'd soul
Could pass the narrow gate.
Stranger. Your pardon, sir,
But sure this lack of Christian charity
Looks not like Christian truth.
Townsman. Your pardon, too, sir,
If with this text before, I should feel
In the preaching mood! But for these barren fig-trees,
With all their flourish and their leafiness,
We have been told their destiny and use,
With the axe is laid unto the root, and they
Cumber the earth no longer.
Stranger. Was his wealth
Stored fraudfully, the spoil of orphans wronged,
And widows who had none to plead their right?
Townsman. All honest, open, honourable gains,
Fair legal interest, bonds and mortgages,
Ships to the east and west.
Stranger. Why judge you, then,
So hardly of the dead?
Townsman. For what he left
Undone;—for sins not one of which is mention'd
In the ten commandments. He, I warrant him,
Believed no other gods than those of the creed
Bowed to no idols—but his money-bags:
Swore no false oaths, except at the custom-house:
Kept the sabbath idle: built a monument
To honour his dead father: did no murder;
Never pick'd pockets: never bore false witness;
And never with that all-commanding words,
Coveted his neighbour's house, nor ox, nor ass.
Stranger. You know him, then, it seems.
Townsman. As all men know
The virtues of your hundred-thousanders;
They never hide their lights beneath a bushel.
Stranger. Nay, nay, uncharitable sir! far often
Doth bounty like a streamlet flow unseen,
Freshening and giving life along its source.
Townsman. We track the streamlet by the brighter green
And livelier growth it gives; but as for this—
The rains of heaven engender'd nothing in it
But slime and foul corruption.
Stranger. Yet even these
Are reservoirs, whence public charity
Still keeps her channels full.
Townsman. Now, sir, you touch
Upon the point. This man of half a million
Had all these public virtues which you praise;
But the poor man rung never at his door;
And the old beggar at the publick gate,
Who, all the summer long, stands hat in hand,
He knew how vain it was to lift an eye
To that hard face. Yet he was always found
Among your ten, and twenty pound subscribers,
Your benefactors in the newspapers.
His alms were money put to interest
In the other world, donations to keep open
A running-charity account with heaven:
Retaining fees against the last assizes,
When, for the trusted talents, strict account
Shall be required from all, and the old arch lawyer
Plead his own cause as plaintiff.
Stranger. I must needs
Believe you, sir; these are your witnesses,
These mourners here, who from their carriages
Gape at the gaping crowd. A good March wind
Were to be prayed for now, to lend their eyes
Some decent rheum. The very hireling mute
Bears not a face blanker of all emotion
Than the old servant of the family!
How can this man have lived, that thus his death
Cost not the soiling of one white handkerchief!
Townsman. Who should lament for him, sir, in whose heart
Love had no place, nor natural charity?
The parlour spaniel, when she heard his step,
Rose slowly from the hearth, and stole aside
With creeping pace; she never raised her eyes
To woo kind words from him, nor laid her head
Upraised upon his knee, with fondling whine.
How could it be but thus! Arithmetic
Was the sole science he was ever taught.
The multiplication-table was his creed,
His paternoster and his decalogue.
When yet he was a boy, and should have breathed
The open air and sunshine of the fields,
To give his blood its natural spring and play,
He in a close and dusty counting-house,
Smoke-dried, and seared, and shrivelled up his heart.
So, from the way in which he was train'd up,
His feet departed not; he toil'd and moil'd,
Poor muckworm! through his threescore years and ten,
And when the earth shall now be shovelled on him,
If that which served him for a soul were still
Within its husk, 'twould still be dirt to dirt.
Stranger. Yet your next newspapers will blazon him
For industry and honourable wealth
A bright example.
Townsman. Even half a million
Gets him no other praise. But come this way
Some twelvemonths hence, and you will find his virtues
Trimly set forth in lapidary lines,
Faith with her torch beside, and little Cupids
Dropping upon his urn their marble tears.

INDIAN TALES AND LEGENDS.

THE RED LOVER.

BY H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

MANY years ago there lived a warrior on the banks of Lake Superior, whose name was Wawanosh. He was the chief of an ancient family of his tribe, who had preserved the line of chieftainship unbroken from a remote time, and he consequently cherished a pride of ancestry. To the reputation of birth he added the advantages of a tall and commanding person, and the dazzling qualities of personal strength, courage, and activity. His bow was noted for its size, and the feats he had performed with it. His counsel was sought as much as his strength was feared, so that he came to be equally regarded as a hunter, a warrior, and a counsellor. He had now passed the meridian of his days, and the term AKEEE-WAIZEE, i. e., one who has been long on the earth, was applied to him.

Such was Wawanosh, to whom the united voice of the nation awarded the first place in their esteem, and the highest authority in council. But distinction, it seems, is apt to engender haughtiness in the hunter state as well as civilized life. Pride was his ruling passion, and he clung with tenacity to the distinctions which he regarded as an inheritance.

Wawanosh had an only daughter, who had now lived to witness the budding of the leaves of the eighteenth spring. Her father was not more celebrated for his deeds of strength than she for her gentle virtues, her slender form, her full beaming hazel eyes, and her dark flowing hair.

> "And through her cheek
> The blush would make its way, and all but speak,
> The sunborn blood suffused her neck, and threw
> O'er her clear brown skin a lucid hue,
> Like coral reddening through the darken'd wave,
> Which draws the diver to the crimson cave."

Her hand was sought by a young man of humble parentage, who had no other merits to recommend him but such as might arise from a tall and commanding person, a manly step, and an eye beaming with the tropical fires of youth and love. These were sufficient to attract the favourable notice of the daughter, but were by no means satisfactory to the father, who sought an alliance more suitable to the rank and the high pretensions of his family.

"Listen to me, young man," he replied to the trembling hunter, who had sought the interview, "and be attentive to my words. You ask me to bestow upon you my daughter, the chief solace of my age, and my choicest gift from the Master of Life. Others have asked of me this boon, who were as young, as active, and as ardent as yourself. Some of these persons have had better claims to become my son-in-law. Have you reflected upon the deeds which have raised me in authority, and made my name known to the enemies of my nation? Where is there a chief who is not proud to be considered the friend of Wawanosh? Where, in all the land, is there a hunter who has excelled Wawanosh? Where is there a warrior who can boast the taking of an equal number of scalps? Besides, have you not heard that my fathers came from the East, bearing the marks of chieftaincy?

"And what, young man, have *you* to boast? Have *you* ever met your enemies in the field of battle? Have *you* ever brought home a trophy of victory? Have *you* ever proved your fortitude by suffering protracted pain, enduring continued hunger, or sustaining great fatigue? Is your *name* known beyond the humble limits of your native village? Go, then, young man, and earn a name for yourself. It is none but the brave that can ever hope to claim an alliance with the house of Wawanosh.

The intimidated lover departed, but he resolved to do a deed that should render him worthy of the daughter of Wawanosh, or die in the attempt. He called together several of his young companions and equals in years, and imparted to them his design of conducting an expedition against the enemy, and requested their assistance. Several embraced the proposal immediately; others were soon brought to acquiesce; and, before ten suns set, he saw himself at the head of a formidable party of young warriors, all eager, like himself, to distinguish themselves in battle. Each warrior was armed, according to the custom of the period, with a bow and a quiver of arrows, tipped with flint or jasper. He carried a sack or wallet, provided with a small quantity of parched and pounded corn, mixed with pemmican or maple sugar. He was furnished with a Puggamaugun, or war-club of hard wood, fastened to a girdle of deer-skin, and a stone or copper knife. In addition to this, some carried the ancient *shemaguu*, or lance, a smooth pole about a fathom in length, with a javelin of flint, firmly tied on with deer's skin sinews. Thus equipped, and each warrior painted in a manner to suit his fancy, and ornamented with appropriate feathers, they repaired to the spot appointed for the war-dance.

A level, grassy plain extended for nearly a mile from the lodge of Wawanosh, along the lake-shore. Lodges of bark were promiscuously interspersed over this green, and here and there a cluster of trees, or a solitary tall pine. A belt of yellow sand skirted the lake-shore in front, and a tall, thick forest formed the background. In the centre of this plain stood a high shattered pine, with a clear space about, renowned as the scene of the war-dance time out of mind. Here the youths assembled, with their tall and graceful leader, distinguished by the feathers of the bald eagle, which he wore on his head. A bright fire of pine wood blazed upon the green. He led his men several times around this fire, with a measured and solemn chant. Then suddenly halting, the war-whoop was raised, and the dance immediately began. An old man, sitting at the head of the ring, beat time upon the drum, while several of the elder warriors shook their rattles, and "ever and anon" made the woods re-echo with their yells. Each warrior chanted alternately the verse of a song, all the rest joining in chorus.

FIRST VOICE.

> The eagles scream on high,
> They whet their forked beaks:
> Raise—raise the battle cry,
> 'Tis fame our leader seeks.

SECOND VOICE.

> 'Tis fame my soul desires,
> By deeds of martial strife:
> Give—give me warlike fires,
> Or take—an take my life.

THIRD VOICE.

> The deer a while may go
> Unhunted o'er the heath,
> For now I seek a nobler foe,
> And prize a nobler death.

FOURTH VOICE.

> Lance and quiver, club and bow
> Now alone attract my sight:
> I will go where warriors go,
> I will fight where warriors fight.

Thus they continued the dance, with short intermissions, for two successive days and nights. Sometimes the village seer, who led the ceremony, would embrace the occasion of a pause to address them with words of encouragement.

> In the dreamy hours of night
> I beheld the bloody fight.
> As reclined upon my bed,
> Holy visions crowned my head;
> High our guardian spirit bright
> Stood above the dreadful fight;
> Beaming eye and dazzling brand
> Gleamed upon my chosen band,
> While a black and awful shade
> O'er the faithless foeman spread.
> Soon they wavered, sunk, and fled,
> Leaving wounded, dying, dead.
> While my gallant warriors high
> Waved their trophies in the sky.

At every recurrence of this kind, new energy was infused into the dance, and the warriors renewed their gesticulations, and stamped upon the ground, as if they were trampling their enemies under their feet.

FIFTH VOICE.

> Now my heart with valour burns,
> I my lance in fury shake,
> He who falters, he who turns,
> Give him fagot, fire, and stake.

SIXTH VOICE.

> See my visage scarred and red—
> See my brows with trophies bright—
> Such the brows that warriors dread,
> Such the trophies of the fight.

At length the prophet uttered his final prediction of success; and the warriors dropping off, one by one, from the fire, each sought his way to the place appointed for the rendezvous, on the confines of the enemy's country. Their leader was not among the last to depart, but he did not leave the village without seeking an interview with the daughter of Wawanosh. He disclosed to her his firm determination never to return, unless he could establish his name as a warrior. He told her of the pangs he had felt at the bitter reproaches of her father, and declared that his soul spurned the imputation of effeminacy and cowardice implied by his language. He averred that he never could be happy, either with or without her, until he had proved to the whole tribe the strength of his heart, which is the Indian term for courage. He said that his dreams had not been propitious but he should not cease to invoke the power of the Great Spirit. He repeated his protestations of inviolable attachment, which she returned, and, pledging vows of mutual fidelity, they parted.

All she ever heard from her lover after this interview was brought by one of his successful warriors, who said that he had distinguished himself by the most heroic bravery, but, at the close of the fight, he had received an arrow in his breast. The enemy fled, leaving many of their warriors dead on the field. On examining the wound, it was perceived to be entirely beyond their power to cure. They carried him towards home a day's journey, but he languished and expired in the arms of his friends. From the moment the report was received, no smile was ever seen in the once happy lodge of Wawanosh. His daughter pined away by day and by night. Tears and sighs, sorrow and lamentation, were heard continually. Nothing could restore her lost serenity of mind. Persuasives and reproofs were alternately employed, but employed in vain. She would seek a sequestered spot, where she would sit under a shady tree, and sing her mournful laments for hours together.

It was not long before a small bird, of beautiful plumage, flew upon the tree under which she usually sat, and, with its sweet and artless notes, seemed to respond to her voice. It was a bird of strange character, such as had not before been observed. It came every day and sang, remaining until dark. Her fond imagination soon led her to suppose it was the spirit of her lover, and her visits were repeated with greater frequency. She passed her time in fasting, and singing her plaintive songs. Thus she pined away, until that death she so fervently desired came to her relief. After her decease, the bird was never more seen, and it became a popular opinion that this mysterious bird had flown away with her spirit.

But bitter tears of regret fell in the lodge of Wawanosh. Too late he regretted his false pride and his harsh treatment of the noble youth.

LADY JANE GREY.—The library of Zurich boasts the possession of three letters of this lady to Henricus Bulingerus; one written in Latin, in a very fine Italian hand; the others in German, and all signed with her name. The accounts handed down to us of the beauty, grace, talents, and extraordinary acquirements of this lovely and unfortunate being, never made so deep an impression upon me, as while looking at her beautiful penmanship. I seemed to see her, as her preceptor Roger Ascham found and described her, (when he paid her an unexpected visit,) reading Plato, while the rest of the family were occupied with the chase in the park. Her gentle voice seemed to sound in my ear, uttering those words in answer to his inquiry, of why she also was not engaged in the sports:

"The sports they are enjoying, are but as a shadow, compared to the pleasure which I derive from the sublime author I am perusing."

The rare union of such remarkable personal beauty, piety, modesty and profound erudition, at a period when learning was a sealed well to her sex, would always have rendered Lady Jane Grey the most interesting female character of her day. But her tragical death, and the fortitude with which she met it, stamp her as a heroine in the best and most exalted sense of the word. It was remarked by one of our party, that had Lady Jane Grey been less young, her accomplishments and misfortunes would have excited a less warm degree of sympathy in our minds. I am afraid there was more truth in the observation than reason is willing to acknowledge. But we are all, more or less, the slaves to externals; youth and beauty must have their influence; and works that, by their freshness, prove how recently they have been formed by the All-powerful hand that creates all, must have more attractions than those which have been so long fashioned, as to have lost the traces of their divine origin. Had Mary Stuart bowed her head to the block some ten or fifteen years sooner, ere yet its silken honours had been blanched by the ruthless hand of time, how much more sympathy would her faith have called forth! Alas! for old beauties! they must abdicate in time.—*Idler in Italy.*

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

FIRST GRIEF.

> THEY tell me, first and early love
> Outlives all after-dreams;
> But the memory of a first great grief
> To me more lasting seems;
> The grief that marks our dawning youth
> To memory ever clings,
> And o'er the path of future years
> A lengthen'd shadow flings.
>
> Oh, oft my mind recalls the hour,
> When to my father's home
> Death came—an uninvited guest—
> From his dwelling in the tomb!
> I had not seen his face before—
> I shudder'd at the sight
> And I shudder still to think upon
> The anguish of that night!
>
> A youthful brow and ruddy cheek
> Became all cold and wan—
> An eye grew dim in which the light
> Of radiant fancy shone.
> Cold was the cheek, and cold the brow,
> The eye was fix'd and dim;
> And one there mourn'd a brother dead,
> Who would have died for him!
>
> I know not if 'twas summer then,
> I know not if 'twas spring,
> But if the birds sang on the trees,
> I did not hear them sing;
> If flowers came forth to deck the earth,
> Their bloom I did not see—
> I looked upon one wither'd flower,
> And none else bloomed for me!
>
> A sad and silent time it was
> Within that house of wo,
> All eyes were dull and overcast,
> And every voice was low!
> And from each cheek at intervals
> The blood appeared to start,
> As if recall'd in sudden haste,
> To aid the sinking heart!
>
> Softly we trode, as if afraid
> To mar the sleeper's sleep,
> And stole last looks of his pale face,
> For memory to keep
> With him the agony was o'er,
> And now the pain was ours,
> As thoughts of his sweet childhood rose
> Like odour from dead flowers!
>
> And when at last he was borne afar
> From the world's weary strife,
> How oft in thought did we again
> Live o'er his little life!
> His every look—his every word—
> His very voice's tone—
> Came back to us like things whose worth
> Is only prized when gone!
>
> The grief has pass'd with years away,
> And joy has been my lot;
> But the one is oft remember'd,
> And the other soon forgot.
> The gayest hours trip lightest by,
> And leave the faintest trace;
> But the deep, deep track that sorrow wears,
> No time can e'er efface!

VISIT TO JERUSALEM.

Leaving the "Garden of Gethsemane," we traversed a steep path which ascends from the bed of the brook Cedron to the summit of the Mount of Olives. Numerous olive-trees were scattered along the sides of the declivity, and around a mosque and convent, which crown the lofty eminence. We hurried impatiently to the highest point, and then, turning to the westward, a magnificent panoramic view of the whole of Jerusalem and of the surrounding country suddenly burst upon our sight.

The present city, with its churches, mosques, houses, gardens, and fortifications, lay extended immediately below, and the eye took in, at a bird's-eye view, every house and street, and almost every yard of ground. The scene was certainly very imposing, and the appearance of the city, with its domes and cupolas, and the minarets of the mosques, is from this point of view quite magnificent. The first objects which strike the eye are the two magnificent mosques occupying the site of Solomon's temple. The one on the north is the celebrated mosque of Omar; that on the south is the Mosque El Aksa. They are close to that portion of the city walls which immediately borders on the Mount of Olives, and with the courts, porticos, and gardens attached to them, they occupy a fourth part of the whole place, and present a most imposing appearance. The town rises gradually above these, and the most prominent object beyond is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, with its two domes of striking aspect; the one being white, and the other almost black. Here and there a lofty tower or a tapering minaret rises above the gloomy stone houses of the natives. Of these the lofty tower or minaret, said to be built on the site of the house of Pilate, with its galleries and Saracenic decorations, appears most prominently to the eye, and the minarets of Ben Israel, of the Seraglio, and the one said to be placed on the site of Herod's palace. Most of the private dwellings were covered with low domes, and my intelligent cicerone pointed out to me the different churches and convents, and a long range of stone buildings surmounted by small cupolas, which he said was a college of dervishes

Altogether the city, as seen from the summit of the Mount of Olives, may be ranked as one of the finest of Oriental cities in its external aspect. A long line of battlemented walls, with their towers and gates, extends the whole way round the town, and a few cypresses and other trees throw up their leafy branches amid the porticos and gates of the mosques.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

THE DRAMA.

Theatricals—Revival of Henry the Fifth—Madam Vestris—New plays—Power—Taglioni.

In my last letter on theatricals, I took rather a doleful view of the state of affairs and of the rapid declension of the stage; and there has not anything occurred since to alter any opinion there expressed. True, Macready seems determined that his managerial career shall close in a blaze of glory—but it *will* soon close, and then the darkness will be but the more dense. He has brought out Henry the Fifth, as the last of his series of Shakspearian revivals, in a way which renders any attempt to convey an idea of it by description hopeless. It would repay a trip across the Atlantic to look at it. Leaving poetry and Shakspeare out of the question, as a *sight* it is better worth seeing than the Coronation, and is altogether without a parallel in the history of the stage. Expense seems no more to have been thought of than in the providing of a supper for an Heliogabalus. The result is, a succession of grand, glowing, gorgeous, and truthful effects, regulated and chastened by the most refined and correct taste, such as has never before been exhibited in a British, or, perhaps, any other theatre, and such as it is not likely will be either surpassed or equalled in our day or generation. Nothing appears to have been too high for the manager's aim, or too low for his notice, in his anxiety to produce a perfect whole The attention to minutiæ is surprising. Even the supernumeraries are instinct with life, and *seem* to have an idea what they are about. Can praise go higher! The name of the man who drilled them ought to be given to posterity. He must indeed be a "modern Prometheus."

The principal novelty was five dioramic views by Stanfield, as an accompaniment or illustration of the "Chorus" in the character of "Time." These views were splendid. True, the physical impossibility was the same as ever of making

> "A cockpit hold
> The vasty fields of France,"

or of cramming within a

> "Wooden O, the very casques
> That did affright the air at Agincourt."

Yet, nevertheless, such help was afforded by the artist's aid, as rendered the calls upon the imagination of the audience to "piece out" the theatre's "imperfections with their thoughts," much less onerous than formerly, when half-a-dozen ragamuffins on either side of the stage *represented* the greatness of France and the puissance of England.

Yet amid the storm of applause which has attended this revival, one or two splenetic critics from, it is to be supposed, a desire for singularity, or even less creditable motives, have affected to think that because after all is done demands upon the fancy are still required to a certain extent, it would have been as well to have let things go on in their old course, and to have remained content with the squabbling of the aforesaid half-dozen ragamuffins on either side, and the beating of a drum, as a notification of the siege of Harfleur or the battle of Agincourt. This is sheer folly. Because we cannot, from the nature of things, have *all*, are we to regard with equal complacency the rudest sketch and the nearest approach to perfection? Why, then, not at once go back to Thespis and his cart? Why not go to the other extreme of the proposition, and have *two* ragged little boys come on as the army of "great France," or even one little urchin labelled "England!" How deeply Shakspeare himself deplored the absence of the accessories of his art, is to be found scattered here and there throughout his works, and nowhere in those works is the want of those accessories more forcibly lamented than in the "Choruses" of which we are speaking. As a prelude to the fourth act, he exclaims—

> "And so our scene must to the battle fly,
> Where (O for pity!) we shall much disgrace
> With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
> Right ill-disposed, in brawl ridiculous,
> The name of Agincourt; yet, sit still and see;
> Minding true things by what their mockeries be."

And in the beginning of the chorus to Act III., how earnestly does he appeal to the audience to picture to themselves the picture which has been so splendidly realized on the present occasion.

> "*Suppose* that you have seen
> The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
> Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
> With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.
> *Play with your fancies*; and in them behold,
> Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
> Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
> To scenes confused: behold the threaden sails,
> Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
> Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
> Breasting the lofty surge. *O, do but think*,
> You stand upon the rivage, and behold
> A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
> For so appears this fleet majestical
> Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
> *Grapple your minds* to sternage of this navy,
> And leave your England."

The execution of this picture displays first-rate talent throughout; but the conception at the close, where the invading fleet approaches the devoted land of France amid the effect of an ominous red sunset, almost approaches genius

The house has been crowded in every nook and cranny, night after night, to witness this rare performance, and the respective audiences have left the theatre in a perfect delirium of enthusiasm. I have alluded to it at greater length than may, perchance, be acceptable to your readers, as the scenery, machinery, and "getting up" of the whole cannot easily be transported across the Atlantic Criticisms upon, or notices of, actors and actresses are a different matter, because, though here to-day, the next steamboat may transport them to New-York; but my excuse, in the present instance, must be that the revival of Henry the Fifth stands alone in the history of the stage.

It is said that Madam Vestris, who succeeds Macready in the management of Covent Garden, (Mr. Mathews appears to be a man of straw in the affair,) has to do for comedy what her predecessor has effected for tragedy We doubt this much. Indeed, it may be pretty safely predicated that Shakspeare and the "ng'lar" drama stands but a poor chance for some time to come. Madam herself is no great Shakspearian. She has acquired the principal portion of her fame in burlettas, operas, and extravagances, and it would be expecting too much from human nature to suppose that the lady (a spoiled pet of the public, and with a consequently morbid craving for applause) should throw those matters on the shelf, and bring forth sterling plays for the glorification of rival actresses Doubtless a few attempts will be made to give a character to the management, and to preserve the appearance of impartiality in not monopolizing all the leading characters, but, upon the whole, it may be presumed, that it will be—exit Shakspeare, and enter Messrs. Peake, Moncrieff, Dance, Buckstone, etc. etc. It is scarcely fair, however, to condemn Madam untried; but should my surmises prove incorrect, I will lose no time in acknowledging the same.

Among the *on dits* it is said that Macready, after resigning the managerial sceptre, and resting a while from his labours, will commence an engagement at the Haymarket Theatre, where he will appear in a new play by Serle, the actor, which has been for some time in preparation, entitled the "Spanish Maiden." The title has rather a guerilla sound, and doubtless the incidents will be startling and the scenery mountainous.

Bulwer too, who seems to have fairly forsaken the novel for the drama, (there is no resisting the pleasurable intoxication consequent upon being a successful dramatist,) has, it is said, another drama in preparation. If it be received with the same degree of favour which has been bestowed upon the "Lady of Lyons," and "Richelieu," Sir Edward will, doubtless, witness its representation with a marvellous deal of self-satisfaction. And why not?

Charles Kean and Power are about to migrate westward. The latter gentleman has purchased about one thousand dollars worth of pictures this season at the "Society of British Artists." This deserves to be recorded. Mr. Power has been very and deservedly successful, and he appears to make a liberally judicious use of the "goods the gods provide him"

The "poetry of motion," alias Taglioni, is at present floating in the atmosphere of the Italian Opera House. A London paper, with reference to her, indulges in the following somewhat nonsensical strain of eulogium:—"A feather from the wing of a bird of Paradise—a rose-leaf floating on the wind—a butterfly upon a carnation (query—why carnation?)—a swallow skimming over the surface of a lake are all emblems of lightness and beauty—but Taglioni is lightness and beauty itself!" But mark the pendant to those light and ethereal fancies—"She is improved in appearance, and is, we fancy, a *little stouter!*" The enthusiastic writer then goes on to remark, that "whether the fact (of the stoutness) be or be not so, (a *fact* that is or is *not* so!) all seems for the best, and better can not be imagined!"

This is incomparably fine, if it could only be understood

When, however, you see Taglioni—as you are likely enough to do, one of those days—you will find her, without hyperbole, an inimitable dancer, or rather (one should always avoid that horrid, vulgar English) *danseuse*. C

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE BISHOP'S BREECHES.

BY A. F. E. LANGBEIN.

Bishop Boniface looked at the clock, jumped up hastily, and cried to his servant, "Here, Joseph, come and help me dress! it is high time I was ready."

Joseph hurried off to the wardrobe, and brought out the good bishop's pontificals, and articles of dress, among which was a pair of black silk breeches. We earnestly request our readers not to shake their heads at the name of this essential article of dress They play an important part in this tale of ours, but with all proper delicacy We will only remark, that it seems to us very suspicious, that the name of this innocent piece of clothing is, now-a-days, never mentioned in polite society: to the pure all things are pure.

As the bishop was putting them on, he noticed that they were torn, or, more properly, ripped open "Give me another pair," said he, "and take these to *Agath*, and leave word to have them mended, neatly."

Agath was the right reverend prelate's tailor. But Joseph had just come from the country, so that he did not know the respectable artist, and had never even heard his name. He knew, however, that, not far from the bishop's palace, was a convent, known by the name of the Sisterhood of St. Agatha. This, it occurred to him, must be the meaning of *Agath*, and, being a simple-minded soul, he easily made up his mind that the bishop must be in the habit of having all the needful repairs of his garments done by his spiritual daughters. So he wrapped the breeches up in a napkin, went to the cloister, and asked for the abbess.

The venerable dame, as soon as she learned that one of the bishop's serving-men was waiting with a message to her, supposed that some important communication was to be made respecting the affairs of the convent; so she hurried to the parlour, and ordered the messenger to be sent for. He entered the room, made a clumsy bow, and begun, "The Lord Bishop greets you well, and sends you here a patient he wants you to cure:" so saying, he opened his bundle, laid the breeches in the hands of the abbess, which she had just raised to heaven, in astonishment, and hurried off. In horrour and disgust, she threw the pantaloons (to use the genteelest word we can) on a chair, and said to herself, "What shameful, unheard of audacity! Our bishop must be mad, or else he must be like St Augustine, who says, in chapter thirty-one of his Confessions, that though drunkenness is far from me, yet has intoxication sometimes overtaken thy servant." Then she began to reflect what was to be done in this critical emergency. In her first despair she was almost tempted to seize on the offending article with the tongs, and let it be consumed by fire; but she moderated her fury, and finally decided to call a grand council of the virgin sisterhood.

The great bell of the convent brought together all its inmates They formed a curious anxious circle round the abbess, who had covered over the *corpus delicti* with a cloak "Bishop Boniface, my dear sisters," so she began, "has offered us a gross insult, in sending to us, with a request to repair certain injuries it is alleged to have suffered, a piece of clothing, the very name of which a modest nun will not allow to pass her lips, much less take the article itself in her hand" With these awful words, she removed the cloak that covered the monster. The nuns uttered a shriek of horrour, and fled.

The abbess, however, called them back, assuring them—to allay their fears—that the objectionable black silks had been again covered up. They returned dutifully, but held their fingers before their eyes the whole time The question was submitted to the female conventicles, what was to be done in this ticklish business. The opinion of a large majority was decided, that though it would never do to make an enemy of the bishop, still nothing should tempt them to take hold of the unmentionable monster After a long discussion, the abbess conceived the idea of giving the job to a novice named Antonia, whose year of probation was not half out, and, consequently, being less sacred than her sisters, might be, perhaps, induced to perform so wordly an office.

Antonia was the daughter of a rich farmer, a tenant of the bishop's, who had sent her to the convent because she was bent on marrying the son of a poor neighbour. The young lady had not yet lost her love for the world, and sighed sorely to get back to it. When the abbess brought her down, and stated the work she was wanted to do, she conceived a faint hope that it might be of some advantage to her; so she unhesitatingly agreed to do it. The nuns laughed, and whispered each other, as Antonia, as coolly as possible, took the breeches under her arm, and retired to her cell. The repairs, which had produced such a commotion in the convent, were very slight, and might have been done in five minutes But Antonia was thinking of other things than sewing. As soon as she had finished, she pulled out a concealed inkstand, and began to write a letter to her Frederick, the presence of the breeches acting like that of a familiar spirit, to keep away all intruders Just as she was at the end of her epistle, the heavy tread of the old abbess was heard along the corridor, coming nearer and nearer If she should be caught writing a love-letter! Antonia hardly knew, in her confusion, what to do with her *billet-doux*, so she slipped it into one of the pockets of the breeches, took them on her lap again, and began to sew, zealously.

The abbess asked, as she came in, "Are you ready, child?" "Not quite yet, gracious lady," was the answer "How, you lazy one!" said the lady abbess, and clapped her huge spectacles on her nose to examine the work. "The torn place is repaired, is not that all?" "There—there are some buttons loose besides, madam." "We have no call to fasten them on. Nothing is gained by excessive zeal." So saying, she snatched the breeches away from the damsel's lap, and hid them under her cloak Antonia, anxious to recover her letter, insisted on carrying them for the abbess, and was so zealous in her politeness as almost to use force; but it was in vain, the abbess prevailed.

The next day happened to be the bishop's birthday, on which he gave a grand entertainment, to which all the prelates and nobles round about were invited. The cups went round fast and full, for his reverence loved to see his guests merry, and merry enough they were, when our old acquaintance, Joseph, the shrewd servant, came in, bringing a neat little basket of flowers, which he said had been left with the porter, as a birthday present, by some person or persons unknown

The bishop smiled as he looked at the delicate texture of the basket, and said, "I wish I was as sure of a cardinal's hat as I am that this is a convent present. You see, gentlemen, I am in the good graces of the venerable sisters There is some pretty present below the flowers, I'll engage." He turned out the flowers, and soon came to a solid body, pinned up in silver paper. He showed it round the table in triumph, and challenged his guests to guess its contents. Each one prophesied something prettier than his neighbour, till the bishop opened the paper, and out came——his old breeches! The roars of laughter with which his prize was welcomed, confused him so much that he could not, at first, find or seek an explanation. But, a few questions to Joseph made all clear, and a second chorus of laughter arose, in which the right reverend joined as heartily as any one.

The bishop dressed himself early next day, meaning to go to the convent and explain the unlucky mistake which his servant's stupidity had occasioned. He determined to put on the eventful pair of breeches in question, by way of compliment to the ladies who had repaired them As he was putting his purse into one of the pockets, he felt a folded paper. "O the wicked sisters!" thought he

at first—they have been sending me in a tailor's bill. When he opened the letter, however, he read as follows:

Dear Fred.—Rejoice, rejoice! I have found out a way to do a service to the bishop; in a small way enough, indeed. What do you think? I have turned tailoress to his holiness, and begun my duties by mending a pair of black silk breeches yesterday. See him if you can, and tell him how much he is indebted to me, without knowing it. Tell him the only pay his tailoress will take is her discharge from this ———

Here the manuscript ended abruptly. The good bishop laughed once again, at the merry boldness of his tailoress, and resolved to pay her for her labour in the way she desired. After making his excuses to the abbess, he sent for Antonia, who confessed, at once, the authorship of the letter, and, moreover, the small vocation she felt for a monastic life. The bishop, we have said, was a kind man, as well as a merry: he used his influence with Antonia's parents so successfully, that, in a little time, she had left the convent, and married Frederick; and, to this day, she maintains that the best day's work she ever did in her life was mending the *bishop's breeches*

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN SCENERY.

THE VALLEY OF THE MERRIMAC.

BY CALEB CUSHING.

NUMBER TWO.

From its distant source among the snow-topped mountains of New-Hampshire, the Merrimac flows on, through scenes of peaceful cultivation, downward to the ocean. No overgrown seat of commerce stands upon its banks; but a perpetual succession of smiling villages, and of large, but not excessive, communities, from Concord, the fair capital of New-Hampshire, to Nashua, Lowell, Haverhill, Amesbury, and Newburyport, at the very mouth of the river, with every intermediate space testifying to the fruitful industry of the inhabitants, and one variety of natural beauty after another, combined with the results of the presence of civilization and human skill, give to it the most attractive form of loveliness. It is the abode of liberty, intelligence, education, religion, and *peace*. Such it has long been; and such it is likely to continue. It has no military posts, to be the object of contention to a foreign enemy: it has no great accumulation of wealth, in a single spot, to invite assault, in the face of a numerous and hardy and free-spirited population; and, as the experience of the wars of 1776 and 1812 have shown, it is out of the range of the operations and march of armies Happy the lot of its inhabitants! But it was not always thus; for the skulking Indian—cowardly even in his ferocity—the assailant of women and children, by choice, and of men only when forced to bay—prowling around the solitary hamlet by midnight, to massacre, in their sleep, the defenceless inhabitants—the North American Indian, elevated by misplaced sympathy, or pure imagination, from a savage into a hero, and honoured for deeds which better become a wolf than a man—the Indian has left the marks of his presence here, amid those now tranquil scenes of peace and repose. One of the incidents of savage warfare was an attack by the Indians, in 1708, on the then frontier village of Haverhill, called by them Pentucket, which is described in the following beautiful lines, by John G. Whittier

PENTUCKET.

How sweetly on the wood-girt town
The mellow light of sunset shone!
Each small bright lake, whose waters still
Mirror the forest and the hill,
Reflected from its waveless breast
The beauty of a cloudless west,
Glorious as if a glimpse were given
Within the western gates of heaven,
Left, by the spirit of the star
Of sunset's holy hour, ajar!

Beside the river's tranquil flood
The dark and low-wall'd dwellings stood,
Where many a rood of open land
Stretch'd up and down on either hand,
With corn-leaves waving freshly green
The thick and blacken'd stumps between;
Behind, unbroken, deep and dread,
The wild, untravell'd forest spread,
Back to those mountains, white and cold,
Of which the Indian trapper told,
Upon whose summits never yet
Was mortal foot in safety set.

Quiet and calm, without a fear
Of danger darkly lurking near,
The weary labourer left his plough—
The milk-maid carol'd by her cow—
From cottage door and household hearth
Rose songs of praise, or tones of mirth
At length the murmur died away,
And silence on that village lay—
So slept Pompeii, tower and hall,
Ere the quick earthquake swallow'd all,
Undreaming of the fiery fate
Which made its dwellings desolate!

Hours pass'd away. By moonlight sped
The Merrimac along his bed.
Bathed in the pallid lustre, stood
Dark cottage-wall and rock and wood,
Silent, beneath that tranquil beam,
As the hush'd grouping of a dream.
Yet on the still air crept a sound—
No bark of fox—no rabbit's bound—
No stir of wings—nor waters flowing—
Nor leaves in midnight breezes blowing.

Was that the tread of many feet,
Which downward from the hill-side beat?
What forms were those which darkly stood
Just on the margin of the wood?—
Charr'd tree-stumps in the moonlight dim,
Or paling rude, or leafless limb?
No—through the trees fierce eye-balls glow'd,
Dark human forms in moonshine show'd,
Wild from their native wilderness,
With painted limbs and battle-dress!

A yell, the dead might wake to hear,
Swell'd on the night air, far and clear—
Then smote the Indian tomahawk
On crashing door and shattering lock—
Then rang the rifle-shot—and then
The shrill death-scream of stricken men—
Sunk the red axe in woman's brain,
And childhood's cry arose in vain—
Bursting through roof and window came,
Red, fast and fierce, the kindled flame;
And blended fire and moonlight glared
Over dead corse and weapons bared.

The morning sun look'd brightly through
The river willows, wet with dew.
No sound of combat fill'd the air,—
No shout was heard,—nor gun-shot there:
Yet still the thick and sullen smoke
From smouldering ruins slowly broke;
And on the green sward many a stain,
And, here and there, the mangled slain,
Told how that midnight bolt had sped,
Pentucket, on thy fated head!

Even now, the villager can tell
Where Rolfe beside his hearth-stone fell,
Still show the door of wasting oak
Through which the fatal death-shot broke,
And point the curious stranger where
De Rouville's corse lay grim and bare—
Whose hideous head, in death still fear'd,
Bore not a trace of hair or beard
And still, within the churchyard ground,
Heaves darkly up the ancient mound,
Whose grass-grown surface overlies
The victims of that sacrifice.

But other and less melancholy memorials of the Indians remain, in the names left by them to designate the streams, and hills, and waterfalls which they loved to frequent in the old time, before the English came to cultivate and adorn the land, which, so long as its aboriginal masters held it, was, and would continue to be, a mere wilderness. The falls of Pawtucket, where the city of Lowell, unrivalled on the continent for the richness and variety of its manufacturing industry, has sprung up as if by enchantment—and those of Amoskeag, where the same scene of industry is beginning to grow up—the Nashua and the Shausheer, streamlets whose very names are music, as themselves are beauty itself—Powow hill, a beacon to the home-bound mariner, and its river now the productive instrument of the manufacturing enterprise of Amesbury and Salisbury, but once a favourite haunt for the wild rites of pagan superstition—the Merrimac itself deriving its appellation from the aborigines—and many another spot upon its banks, yet speak to the past presence of a race which has disappeared, extinguished by its own inherent vices, or gone to linger awhile by the prairies and forests of the west. How strange, if the Indian of the old time could return to earth, and revisit his ancient resorts, would be the spectacle exhibited to his eyes! Near to the confluence of the Powow and the Merrimac is a fountain of clear water gushing out from the roots of a majestic and venerable oak, the scene of some beautiful lines by Whittier, in which this idea is developed:

Where the birch canoe had glided
Down the swift Powwow,
Dark and gloomy bridges strided
Those clear waters now.

But *that* race yielded to a nobler and a better, who came hither, animated with a lofty enthusiasm of purpose, to plant the seeds of liberty and civilization in this new world. You may see the spot where the first colonists on the Merrimac assembled under the broad canopy of heaven, in a temple not made with hands, to worship God, their guide and guardian in the wilderness The tale of their sufferings and their hopes is told in the rapid touches of the true lyric spirit, by one of their own descendants, written for the occasion of a commemorative celebration of the settlement of Newbury The following, we need not add, is from the pen of George Lunt:

PILGRIM SONG.

Over the mountain wave
See where they come;
Storm-cloud and wintry wind
Welcome them home:
Yet where the sounding gale
Howls to the sea,
There their song—peals along,
Deep-toned and free:
Pilgrims and wanderers,
Hither we come;
Where the free dare to be,—
This is our home!

England hath sunny dales,
Dearly they bloom;—
Scotia hath heather-hills,
Sweet their perfume:
Yet through the wilderness
Cheerful we stray,
Native land—native land,
Home far away!
Pilgrims and wanderers,
Hither we come;—
Where the free dare to be,
This is our home!

Dim grew the forest path,—
Onward they trod;
Firm beat their noble hearts,
Trusting in God!
Gray men and blooming maids,
High rose their song,
Hear it sweep—clear and deep,
Ever along:—
Pilgrims and wanderers,
Hither we come;
Where the free dare to be,
This is our home!

Not theirs the glory-wreath
Torn by the blast;—
Heavenward their holy steps,
Heavenward they past,
Green be their mossy graves!
Ours be their fame,
While their song—peals along,
Ever the same:
Pilgrims and wanderers,
Hither we come;—
Where the free dare to be,
This is our home!

And if, when the Indian had ceased to be an object of dread or danger to them—when their own fair homes had become the abode of long-enduring peace—if still their country called them to fight in other scenes the battles of her independence and honour, their young men flocked to the banner of liberty, as many a war-worn veteran yet lives to attest, and with what emotions, let the same pen describe—

"SEVENTY FIVE."

It broke on the hush of morn,—
It startled the dull midnight,
Like the stirring peal of a battle-horn,
It summoned them forth to fight:
It rose o'er the swelling hill,
By the meadows green it was heard,
Calling out for the strength of the freeman's will.
And the might of a freeman's sword!

The rivers heard the noise,—
The valleys rung it out;
And every heart leaped high at the voice
Of that thrilling battle-shout!
They sprang from the bridal bed,
From the pallet of labour's rest;
And they hurried away to the field of the dead,
Like a tardy marriage-guest.

They left the plough in the corn,—
They left the steer in the yoke;
And away from mother and child, that morn,
And the maiden's first kiss they broke!
In the shower of the deadly shot,
In the lurid van of the war,
Sternly they stood, but they answered not
To the hireling's wild hurrah.

But still as the brooding storm,
Ere it lashes ocean to foam,
The strength of the free was in every arm,
And every heart on its home
Of their pleasant homes they thought,—
They prayed to their father's God,—
And forward they went till their dear blood bought
The broad free land they trod!

And again, from the same pen—

THE LYRE AND SWORD.

The freeman's glittering sword be blest,—
For ever blest the freeman's lyre,—
That rings upon the tyrant's crest,
This stirs the heart like living fire:
Well can he wield the shining brand,
Who battles for his native land;
But when his fingers sweep the chords,
That summon heroes to the fray,
They gather at the feast of swords,
Like mountain eagles to their prey!

And 'mid the vales and swelling hills,
That sweetly bloom on Freedom's land,
A living spirit breathes and fills
The freeman's heart and nerves his hand:
For the bright soil that gave him birth,
The home of all he loves on earth,—
For *this*, when freedom's trumpet calls,
He waves on high his sword of fire,—
For *this*, amidst his country's halls
For ever strikes the freeman's lyre!

His burning heart he may not lend
To serve a doting despot's sway,—
A suppliant knee he will not bend,
Before these things of "brass and clay:"
When wrong and ruin call to war,
He knows the summons from afar;
On high his glittering sword he waves,
And myriads feel the freeman's fire,
While he, around their fathers' graves,
Strikes to old strains the freeman's lyre!

If the readers of the Mirror do not weary of these desultory sketches, and would see more of the gems of poetry which I select in preference to any words of description of my own, I shall resume and continue the subject in another article.

GAIETIES AND GRAVITIES.

The following fragments are translated from an account of the life of Madame Malibran, some of the most interesting in the work lately published by the Countess Merlin, entitled *Loisirs d' une femme du monde.*

MADAME MALIBRAN.

The success of Maria daily increased. The presence of M'lle. Sontag at the *Theatre Italien*, was also a new stimulus to her talent, and aided to perfect it. Whenever that lady was very successful, Maria would weep and say, "*Heavens, why does she sing so well!*" Then from these tears burst forth those sublime beauties of harmony, from which the public took the advantage.

The amateurs, especially, desired to hear these two charming singers together; but they feared each other, and for some time they could not be brought together. A plot was laid, however, without their knowledge, and about the middle of a concert, it was proposed they should sing the duet from Tancredi. For a few moments there was fear and hesitation, but finally they yielded, and approached the piano, amid the loud applause of the audience.

Both appeared agitated and uneasy, they watched each other, but soon the close of the symphony fixed their attention, and the duet began. The rapture which they excited was so great and equally divided, that at the close of the duet, amidst the applause, charmed, amazed, and astonished at having nothing to fear, they looked at each other, and by a spontaneous movement, an involuntary attraction, their hands were locked, their lips met, and a kiss of peace was given and received with all the vivacity and sincerity of youth. The scene was truly beautiful, and has not been forgotten by those who witnessed it.

Amidst this brilliant existence, Maria preserved all her liveliness of character, and her simplicity. She was entirely ignorant of the details of domestic life; absorbed by her studies, she was above the circle of reality; nevertheless, she had no taste for luxuries, and never indulged in superfluous expense; if, however, an unfortunate *artiste* applied to her, she took him under her ægis, went to his house, relieved his most pressing wants, and then gave a concert for his benefit; disposed of his tickets, quarrelled with the managers if they refused her permission to sing, and, finally, did sing without it. She always accompanied these acts of charity with some delicate and unexpected attention; thus at the close of a theatrical season, a young woman of the choristers being engaged at the King's Theatre, London, was prevented from leaving Paris, for want of money. Maria promised to sing at a concert which some of her friends were about to give for her benefit. As well may be supposed, the name of Madame Malibran upon the bill attracted a crowd. The hour for the performances came, the hall was filled, and Maria had not arrived They waited, grew impatient and, at last, the concert began without her; about the middle of the performance, she came in, and going up to the young woman, said in a low voice: "I am a little late, my dear, but the audience shall lose nothing, for I shall sing all the pieces announced. Besides, as I have promised you all my profits of the evening, I will keep my word. I have been singing at the palace of the Duke of Orleans, and have received three hundred francs. There, take them!"

Her soul, filled with love of her art, seemed to desire nothing beyond it; her morals had been pure and severe; but at this period, the sentiment which in a nature like hers must have an effect on her whole life, developed itself in her heart for a young *artiste*. Maria's choice accorded with her situation, and displayed the pure and elevated tendency of her inclinations, even amidst the allurements to which she was exposed.

One day, they joked her about one of her admirers. "Yes," said she, with an air of truth and simplicity, "I think he loves me; but what can I do? I do not love him. I do not wish to appear a heroine of virtue. I know, that young and independent as I am by my profession, married to a man old enough to be my grandfather, and who is two thousand leagues away, surrounded by dangers, I shall finish by falling in love; but then I will not play the coquette; I shall candidly tell the man who pleases me, and it shall be an affair for life." She kept her word. M. de Beriot, born in Belgium, and a distinguished *artiste*, passed the winter in Paris. Maria met him often at concerts where their united talents called them. Although she was little acquainted with him, she took an interest in him, partly on account of his talents, which she admired, and partly because she knew that his affections were misdirected. Beriot was much in love with M'lle. Sontag, who, interested in him who afterwards became her husband, did not return his affection.

Misfortune has often a powerful influence upon the heart of a young and susceptible woman. Thus Maria, in pitying Beriot, loved him unconsciously. They separated at the end of the spring, and she met him again at Bruxelles. One evening they were at the Chateau of Chimay, Beriot performed one of his own compositions; amid the applause, Maria, pale, with eyes suffused with tears, approached him, and taking his hands in her own, said, with an expression not to be described, "I am very happy at your success" "Thank you, thank you," said Beriot, attending also to others who were at the same time congratulating him. "I am especially flattered by your admiration." "No, no, that is not it; mon Dieu, do you not perceive that I love you? Agitated and charmed at a sentiment so sincerely and artlessly expressed, Beriot knew not whether he dreamed, or whether Maria, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, had uttered these words without reflection From this time the affections of these two *artistes* were intimately united

Maria gave some of her time to the pleasures of the world; notwithstanding the fatigues which she underwent in her profession, she sought them with all the vehemence of her feelings. She was extravagantly fond of dancing, riding on horseback, and also of singing. Instead of those little cares which singers generally give to their health, she led a most agitated life. She never took into calculation the extent of her powers. Always ready to bestow her voice, her time or care, in order to oblige others or amuse herself, she never hesitated sacrificing her own interests to the idea of doing what pleased her. Once having promised to sing at the house of Madame Merlin, the managers of the theatre suddenly determined that a benefit should be given that same evening. Maria, after trying in vain to have the performance postponed, at last, much vexed, said to Mr. Robert, "Very well, I shall sing at the theatre because it is my duty, but afterwards I will sing for Madame Merlin, because it is my will." Poor Mr. Robert besought and got enraged; but it was all in vain. At one o'clock in the morning, Maria, after having played Semiramide, went to Madame Merlin's, sang till two or three in the morning, then supped, waltzed, and did not leave till daybreak.

Her health suffered from her irregularities; but even then, she performed wonders. Having spent the night at a ball, on the night before the day she was to perform, she rose at noon, mounted her horse, sat out without breaking fast, and did not return until six in the evening. She had hardly time to dine when she was obliged to go to the theatre. She dressed hastily to perform the part of Arsaces; but agitated and fatigued, after a hasty dinner, the poor Arsaces, with the helmet on her head, and her fine hair curled, at the moment of appearance fainted and fell. They carried her to her room, and all tried to assist her. The unfortunate manager did not know what to do; twenty smelling-bottles were offered to restore her to animation. Unfortunately, one of the actors found a cup filled with a mixture of oil and alkali, which Maria was accustomed to rub on her neck, whenever she had a sore throat: an impudent meddler applied this to her lips. In a moment large blisters were raised upon her beautiful mouth! What was to be done! It was impossible for her to go on the stage in such a situation. It was too late to change the play: what could be done? "Stop," said Maria, who had quite revived, "*stop, let me manage it*," and taking a pair of scissors which she found near her, she stood before the glass, and without hesitation cut the blisters from her lips. It is impossible to describe her appearance: but she performed her part of Arsaces admirably, in company with M'lle. Sontag, who performed Semiramide.

If, after one of these excessive fatigues, Maria was obliged to sing at the theatre, she then had recourse to strong tonics. This circumstance gave rise to the report that she used strong drinks immoderately. The truth is, that if she used them sometimes, it was from necessity, and not from any love of them; and if, sinking under trouble and fatigue, she was compelled to support her frail and nervous nature with a glass of Madeira, she would as soon have swallowed a cup of gall and vinegar, if she knew it would give her new strength to fulfil her engagements; even as she cut the delicate skin from her lips, and as even more recently, when dying, she sang for the last time the duet from Andronico, at the Manchester theatre to please the public. If she lavished her powers to satisfy her love of independence, and her indomitable passions, she was full of courage and self-denial to accomplish the conditions of her situation.

One day she was at Castellamere; and there, with a number of her friends, on a cavalcade of donkeys, she climbed over the woody mountains in the delicious environs of this place. At a certain point on the road, they came to a post upon which the prince of Capua had placed a notice that all who should dare to ride through the mysterious paths of the Villa Cassina, should be punished: paying no attention to the prohibition, the party continued to ride on, when in the midst of their mad frolics a band of sbirri, or guards, with large brigand hats, armed to the teeth, rushed upon our happy party, and summoned them to dismount.

In vain they all tried their powers of persuasion to obtain pardon, stating that they were strangers and ignorant of the language, which had prevented their understanding the caution written upon the post; nothing could bend these inexorable guards, who began to use constraint upon the inoffensive cavalcade; when Maria, armed with her parasol, the only defensive weapon of the party, and sitting upon her donkey, as on a glittering throne, burst forth with an air so full, and so touching, that the carbines and the hats, struck as if by magic, fell at her feet. It seemed as if the hundred headed Hydra were bending in respect, to render homage to the lyre of Orpheus.

Maria had finished her engagement at the *Fenice*; but before leaving Venice, she heard that a Mr. Gallo, manager of a secondrate theatre, and father of a family, was about to become bankrupt. Immediately she determined to assist him by means of an extraordinary performance for his benefit, and she began to arrange it; but the actors and orchestra were pitiful. Nevertheless, Maria was not to be discouraged; she passed part of the day in rehearsing, directed the orchestra herself, arranged the scenes, taught one his part, showed the gestures to another, and finished with quitting the theatre in a state of fever and impatience impossible to describe. The day for the performance was fixed; the Venetian public not expecting to see *la diva cantatrice* again, heard with mad joy that she was to play La Sonnambula. From the morning, the people flocked in crowds to the theatre.

The curtain rose, but scarcely had the tenour, who was to perform the part of Elvino, come before Maria, to sing the duet "*Son geloso del Zefiro errante*, when he was seized with trembling, and he completely forgot his part; murmurs and jokes began to be heard in the pit, when Maria, without being at all disconcerted, said in a low voice, to the tenour, "*do not be agitated, I will assist you*," and taking his part, she so identified it with her own, singing the passages from each alternately, that the duet became a sort of air very properly arranged, and the tenour having had time to become composed, took up his part, when they should sing together.

The public, astonished and charmed at so much talent and grace, applauded Maria with transport. Her tact, the inflection of her voice, the purpose, all were seized and understood. There was a rolling fire of applause and cries; they wept, they screamed for joy. When Maria sang the last air, all the pit stood on the seats, and waving their handkerchiefs on the end of their canes, formed about her a kind of triumphal halo of glory. One would have said that constituting themselves sovereigns by their own power, they proclaimed her queen of the art.

Immediately bouquets and crowns were thrown at the feet of Maria; a shower of leaves, of gold and silver, like phosphoric sparks, covered her on all sides; verses and roses came in their turn, and when, moved and palpitating, her eyes brilliant with tears of pleasure, she raised her head to thank the adience, two white doves were lowered down upon her, and, flying round her forehead, seemed to give her the diploma of queen.

A crowd of people, with lighted torches, awaited Malibran at the door of the theatre, to accompany her home: but, fatigued and frightened, she dared not go out, and waited. The cries and noise increased, and with it her fears. She was at last obliged to leave, and decided to go in another gondola, her own being known by its colour, and the crowd having collected around it.

During the tumult which rose on this side, Maria sailed calmly and alone along the canal; but scarcely had the gondola which carried her, passed under the bridge of the Rialto, than the people, perceiving the trick, followed her, forming along the two banks a brilliant crowd of torches and lanterns, whose wavering light was reflected in the water. When she landed, she found herself surrounded with the people; she was carried rather than escorted to her house, and her shawl and handkerchief were cut in a thousand pieces, and distributed among the populace who followed her.

A moment after her arrival, having scarcely had time to compose herself, a deputation of watermen, in gala dresses, with white vests, straw-hats, and scarlet sashes, came in. The most intelligent of them spoke, and supplicated her, in a simple and natural manner, to apply to her lips a gilded cup, which he presented to her; Maria granted his request, and then going upon the balcony, with her friends, beheld below her a band of watermen arranged along the whole length of the quay. Their manly and decided features, lighted by the red glare of the torches which they carried, shone forth in the obscurity of the night, and the warm and lively colouring which covered them, contrasted with the soft light of the moon, which shone on the opposite marble walls of the Barberini palace. The deputation soon arrived near their comrades, and their leader, with a solemn air, passed the cup among them. Each one touched it with his lips—and we are assured that after the last draught there was wine still in the cup.

Fourteen thousand francs were requisite to extricate Mr. Gallo from his embarrassments. The profits of the performance were ten thousand five hundred francs: Maria added the remainder, and saved him from ruin. Since then, the theatre of Mr. Gallo has been called the Theatre Malibran.

Remarkable escape.—The following has been going the rounds of the newspaper press for some months past. It beats all the stories of remarkable escapes which we remember ever to have seen. Those who have read it before, will be good enough to pass over to the next article. We print it in order that it may be preserved. It was first published in the "St. Joseph's Times."—"In the passage of the ship Anaxander, from New-Orleans to New-York, a young lad, about fourteen years of age, from a naturally frolicsome and mischievous disposition, became so troublesome in his pranks, that he was threatened by the captain, if they were continued, that he would confine him in a water-cask. Our youngster took no heed, however, and, at his next offence, was put in the cask, which was headed up, leaving a large bung-hole for the admission of air. That night the ship encountered a violent storm, and, in a sudden lurch, the cask containing the boy rolled over into the sea. The circumstance was not noticed by those on board. Fortunately the cask struck bung up, and floated about thirty hours, when it was thrown upon the beach at St. Blas. Here the boy made desperate efforts to extricate himself from his prison, without success, and, in despair, gave up to die. Some cows, however, strolling on the beach, were attracted to the cask, and, in walking around it, one of them, it being fly-time, switched her tail into the bung-hole, which the lad grasped with a desperate resolution. The cow bellowed and set off for life, and after running some two hundred yards with the cask, struck it against a log on the beach, and knocked it, as we say, into a COCKED HAT. The boy, thus providentially released, was discovered by some fishermen on the Point and taken into Appalachicola, where a small collection being made for him, he was enabled to proceed north by the way of Columbus.

Victuals and drink.—During the time of the sanguinary war between the Genoese and the Catalans, a galley belonging to the former was intercepted by the fleet of the latter. The admiral, who was a man of ferocious disposition, ordered the whole crew to be thrown overboard, in retaliation of some cruelty inflicted on his countrymen by the Genoese, and, adding insult to barbarity, he made each man kneel down on the deck, and eat half a biscuit, saying, as soon as he had finished it, "Now let him go and drink," upon which he was thrown into the sea. One of these poor fellows, whose spirits were not subdued by the sight of twenty or thirty of his comrades meeting a watery grave before his eyes, on receiving his dole, observed to the admiral, "Your honour gives us a deal more to drink than to eat, I perceive." This unexpected piece of wit had such an effect upon the admiral, that he ordered the man's life to be spared, and put him on shore, with the remainder of the crew.

Odd people.—The passion for practical jokes upon a great scale has long been extremely popular and predominant. A noble earl, not many years dead, in order to divert himself and two or three chosen friends, "at another's expense," used sometimes to invite to dine with him some six men, each minus an arm or a leg: another day, half a dozen worthy personages, who were stone deaf; on another, half a dozen others, whose obliquity of vision happened to be exceedingly remarkable. One day, six bald men were asked; on another, three men, six feet four high, with three men scarcely four feet six, on a third occasion, a neat half dozen of stutterers; and, on a fourth, an equal batch of sufferers under some nervous affection, which induced them to keep twinking their eyes and twitching their noses to each other during the whole time of the repast, perfectly conscious themselves of the oddity of the proceeding

Slippery women.—The aborigines of Hayti believed that men were a long time destitute of women, but happening to wander near a small lake, they saw certain animals among the branches of the trees, which proved to be women. They attempted to catch them, but found it impossible to get any hold of them, as they were as slippery as eels. At last, they employed a number of men whose hands had been rendered rough by a kind of leprosy, and who succeeded in catching four of them, from whom the world was peopled. There seems to be an idea, as well among savage as civilized men, that woman is rather a slippery animal.

A good hint.—A clergyman preaching in a small town, which he had visited in the course of his travels, having received no invitation to dine with any of the inhabitants, after exhorting his hearers in the strongest manner against being seduced by the prevailing vices of the age, said, "I have preached against every vice but luxurious living, having had no opportunity of judging to what extent it is carried on in this town."

Theatrical criticism.—Captain Marryatt in his "Diary," gives the following as a specimen of American criticism; it is at least expressive:—"Well, Abel, what d'ye think of our native genius, Mister Forrest?" "Well, I don't go much to theatricals, that's a fact; but I do think *he piled the agony up a little too high* in the last scene."

Changing one's mind.—"Maint I see you hum from meetin', Eunice?" said a Yankee to a girl whom he "kinder, sorter" had a feeling for. "No, you shan't do no sich thing. I'm otherwise engaged." "Well, I guess you've missed it one't—I've got my pockets chuck full of gingerbread and ammons." "You may take my arm, Reuben."

LITERARY NOTICES.

"Hyperion, a Romance; in two vols. By the author of Outre-Mer." New-York: Samuel Colman.

This new work, from the pen of Henry W. Longfellow, has been well described as a brilliant prose-poem. Those who expect to find in it a highly-wrought plot and thrilling incident will be disappointed; but all who can appreciate beautiful thoughts clothed in the most exquisite drapery of language, will be delighted with "Hyperion." Some of the sketches of German scenery are inimitably graphic, and all the translations preserve unimpaired the music and spirit of the originals. The following, sung by a wandering German student, to the hero at a moment when there were strong suspicions that he was about falling in love, is not only a capital song, but conveys some wholesome advice:

I know a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

And she has hair of golden hue,
Take care!
And what she says, it is not true,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow,
Take care!
She knows how much it is best to show,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
Take care!
It is a fool's cap for thee to wear,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

"A Treatise on Roads, their History, Character and Utility." By S. De Witt Bloodgood. Albany. Oliver Steel. Pp. 228.

An apparently dry subject is here invested with a remarkable degree of interest. Much information not generally accessible is embraced in the treatise, which is written in a style admirably clear and attractive. To engineers and all engaged in the construction of roads, the hints will prove suggestive and valuable. We extract the following sketch of a man eminent in his vocation:

"This extraordinary man is an example of the triumph of genius over the usual difficulties of life. It was somewhat singular, that the most eminent practical engineers have been those who were destitute of what is termed a classical education. Like Brindley, he was destitute of collegiate honours. The son of a humble mechanic of Dumfries in Scotland, he commenced his career in the workshop of a stone mason, and during the leisure he could snatch from the hours of repose, he might have been seen sitting in the kitchen of a humble cottage, reading his favourite books by the glimmering light of a turf fire. At this time his skill as a workman, and his taste for poetry were remarked by his acquaintances, and as soon as his apprenticeship expired, he repaired to Edinburgh, to prosecute with unremitting diligence, the science of architecture. In 1782, at which time he was twenty-five years of age, he went to London under the patronage of Sir William Pulteny, a native of his own parish, and a personage whose name is well known in this state.

"From this time his fame was established. He was consulted by engineers of other nations, and astonished his own countrymen by the vastness of his designs, and the perfect accuracy of their execution. His most admired works are the road from London to Holyhead, and its celebrated bridge over the straits of Menai, connecting the island of Anglesea with the Welsh coast. This was erected on the principle of suspension, and exceeded in magnitude any similar work in the known world. Under it passed without inconvenience the "masts of the tallest frigates." When we consider the immense weight of iron, more than two thousand tons, which had to be suspended in order to sustain the roadway, the frightful elevation at which the work was executed, we may well believe what the projector often declared, that it had cost him more intense thought than any other he had ever undertaken."

"American Turf Register." A monthly magazine. New-York: William T. Porter.

The last number of the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine, conducted by our next-door neighbour, the editor of the Spirit of the Times, is embellished with two engravings on steel by Dick, the first from an amusing sketch by Landseer, called "Running the thing into the ground," and the other a portrait of Janette, a famous mare owned by Mr. Stevens. The letterpress portion of this magazine is creditable to the taste and talent of William T. Porter, Esq., who has now, as ever, our best wishes for his success.

"Southern Literary Messenger." Richmond, Va. T. W. White, editor and proprietor.

We are glad to perceive that this journal continues to be sustained with ability and vigour. The tale, entitled "Judith Bensaddi," in the June number, is one of the best contributions to the polite literature of the country that we have seen for many a day. The Messenger has a corps of excellent contributors, and the editor seems disposed to enlist the best talent of the country under his banners.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We can assure our correspondent "Y," that the Greenwood Cemetery Company is not a speculating concern, but that all the profits from the sale of lots are to be devoted to the improvement of the grounds, the construction of bridges, etc. The design is an excellent one, and will undoubtedly succeed beyond the anticipations of the originators.—We cannot enter into the controversy relative to the late accident on board the Narragansett steamer. At the same time we do not approve of putting passengers in berths, where there is the least liability of their being scalded.—Our theatrical correspondent, "Garrick," who dates from Boston, must be a little prejudiced. Mr. Jones is unquestionably competent to conduct the Tremont in a reputable manner, and we wish him all manner of success.—The author of a "Week at Saratoga," will find his manuscript by calling at our office of publication. We do not approve of his personalities.—"K," Rockaway, "Selden," and "P. D.," are inadmissible.—The account of the ball at New-Brighton shall be published if the writer will assure us there is no "levell'd malice" in his hits at character and personal appearance.—In reply to the complimentary remarks of several editorial friends, respecting the typographical appearance of the Mirror, it is but an act of justice to say that the type was cast at the foundry of Messrs. Hagar and Lothian, of this city.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1839.

Reading a new tragedy.—Were you ever present at the first reading of a new manuscript play? It was our lot the other evening to be one of a secret tribunal convened in one of Mr. Cozzens's snuggest apartments at the American, to hear and decide upon a five-act tragedy. The audience was miscellaneous but select, and all the professions, literary, scientific, military, musical and mercantile, were worthily represented. With deference be it said, that an assemblage more competent to judge of the effect of a dramatic performance, could not easily be collected, "at short notice." The individual, who had brought together this coterie of critics, was one, whom to know either in his private or his editorial capacity, is to esteem and respect. With characteristic generosity he had taken the trouble of introducing to his friends, and through them to the public, the production of an anonymous writer, simply because he thought it a good thing, written by an American. As the Major drew forth from his ample pocket the five separate manuscripts that composed the tragedy, a few of his audience groaned inadvertently, while some looked toward their hats and then at the door. The two physicians, who were present, sighed as if they had been doomed to swallow their own prescriptions. A couple of generals, whose valour had oozed out at their fingers' ends, seemed disposed to cut and run. As for the musical gentlemen, one of them submissively murmured, "Since then I'm doomed," etc., while the other, apparently disposed to suit the action to the word, found himself humming, "Away, away! to the mountain's brow." A person present, who had himself perpetrated a tragedy, appeared to be meditating a catastrophe and dying speech. The merchant looked as if it had suddenly occurred to him that his note in the bank would be protested, and the lawyer was wishing that he might prove an *alibi*. But at this moment a waiter appeared with glasses and champagne. The wine, it was remarked as a felicitous coincidence, was of the *Star* brand. Good humour was at once restored. (Nothing makes one feel so philanthropic as champagne.) The audience became resigned, and the Major commenced reading. The two first acts went off delightfully. Half as well delivered on the stage, they might be performed with admirable effect. We never heard a recitation more apt, impressive and beautiful. A general burst of applause broke from the little circle of auditors, and success to the play was drank in liberal bumpers. "Who will read the third act, for I am fatigued," said the Mecænas of the occasion. "General, read it."—"Excuse me, I took cold at the last parade, and am hoarse. Besides, I could not think of attempting it after you." "Give me the third act; I will *read* it," said the rival dramatist, with a malicious emphasis on the word *read*. It was given to him—but whether it was owing to his peculiar style of delivery, and a habit of suspending his voice at some of the more ineffective and indifferent passages of the play, and muttering "Humph"—or whether the act was really inferiour to those that had preceded it, certain it is that it fell tamely upon the ears of his audience. His own satisfaction, however, was quite apparent. The fourth act was read by one of the medical gentlemen in attendance, and, much to the chagrin of the last reader, it did not prove a "dose," but was received with enthusiastic approbation. The fifth and closing act was read "with good emphasis and discretion," by the reader of the two first, and at the "imaginary fall of the imaginary curtain," the applause was, as the newspapers say, "unbounded and enthusiastic." Loud calls were made for the author. "Gentlemen," said the Major, "I am as ignorant as you are of the author's name. The manuscript was transmitted to me some months since—I read it, approved of it, and sent a copy to Macready. He wrote me a reply that he liked it much, and would, if practicable, bring it out during his engagement at the Haymarket. It will, I hope, be produced at one of our principal theatres, probably the National, during the present season. I will give you as a toast: 'Success to the Miser of Padua.'"

School for boys.—One of the very best schools in the country for boys less than twelve years of age, is that under the superintendance of Mr. Chester, at Morristown, New-Jersey. Every attention is paid to the mental and physical improvement of the lads, and the location of the academy is unrivalled for health. We speak from personal knowledge, and take pleasure in recommending this well-conducted establishment to the attention of parents.

A lazy club.—They have a lazy club at the west. A member was expelled the other day for running down hill, and another for talking with a person in the street without leaning against a post.

Literary remuneration.—The London papers state that Knowles is to receive five hundred pounds for his new play, in addition to a benefit and the profits of publication. This is but a fair compensation. The receipts of literary men are, by the way, generally much undervalued by other professions. Because many eminent literary characters have been improvident in their habits, and consequently often reduced to penury, the impression has often gone abroad, that their means of subsistence were limited and precarious. Writers of talent have little cause to complain either of their publishers or of the public. Bulwer has received over a hundred thousand dollars for his novels. Scott received a million from his various works. The income of the author of "Nicholas Nickleby" is over five thousand pounds from his writings—and Southey, James, Thomas Moore, Irving, D'Israeli, Theodore Hooke, and hundreds of other popular authors, have all made ample fortunes by their pens.

Returning to the city.—The warm season appears to be fast drawing to a close. Since the gale of the sixteenth, the weather has been quite cool. The absentees are rapidly on the wing back to the city. From New-Brighton, West Point, Saratoga and Niagara, they are returning in quite respectable numbers. It is no longer "imprudent" to be seen in Broadway at noon; and acquaintances no longer cut each other when they meet upon the Battery. Indeed it is whispered that a few parties have already taken place, at which a large representation of city beauty was present. We do not vouch for the truth of this report, although we had it from excellent authority; but to those of our fair denizens, who still withhold from us the light of their countenances, we would exclaim, in the language of an old correspondent:

"Summer is gone;—why do ye still delay?
Return! return! once more illume Broadway!"

Poets and poetry.—Some silly fellow has started the following paragraph, which we see extensively copied:—"There are five thousand and twenty-three poets in the United States. Of these, ninety-four are in the state prison, five hundred and eleven in the lunatic asylums, and two hundred and eighty in the debtor's prisons." To which of these classifications the originator of this stuff belongs, we cannot say; probably to the first. With as much propriety might you apply the epithet "*millionaire*" to every small trader in the country, or call our bricklayers and whitewashers "artists," or our six hundred thousand pettifoggers Burkes and Websters, as apply the sacred name of "poet" to every scribbler who, like Joanna Southcote, mistakes the gestation of his contemptible abortions for the divine afflatus. Away with such senseless and profane ribaldry! America has not yet produced half a dozen writers worthy to be called poets.

Business is business.—A correspondent of the Boston Atlas mentions a trifling circumstance which occurred to him in Broadway, illustrative of the "go ahead, keep moving" character of our population. Wishing to find his way to the Stuyvesant Institute, he stopped several persons, who were darting along on their way to their business, and made the inquiry. They passed on without reply, looking as if the attempt to deprive them of five minutes of their time was as felonious an offence as the picking of their pockets. Finally, seeing an old gentleman walking at a slow, gouty pace, the stranger ventured to renew his interrogatory. "Can you tell me the way to the Stuyvesant Institute?"—"Excuse me," was the reply; "I haven't a moment to spare."

An eye to business.—One of the best anecdotes that we have ever seen, illustrative of the Yankee character, is that told of the two men, who were recently drifted upon the little island near the head of Niagara Falls, where they were apparently cut off from all possibility of safely reaching the main shore. At a moment when their friends had given them up as lost, and their families were bewailing their deplorable lot, the two individuals were actively employed in cutting sticks for canes, which they subsequently disposed of at a high price. This is, indeed, having "an eye to business."

Theatrical.—Mr. Forrest has commenced an engagement at the National, with his usual brilliant success. His Virginius is a noble piece of acting, and always proves attractive. At the Bowery the new spectacle of "Giafar al Biarmeki" has been produced in a very expensive style, and drawn overflowing houses. We shall watch, with interest, the race of the rival establishments.

A public deficiency.—When shall we have in New-York a good public library conducted on a liberal system, and affording to readers agreeable accommodations? Both Boston and Philadelphia are before us in this respect. The plan adopted at some of our libraries of requiring subscribers to call upon the librarian for every book they wish to take down is very annoying, inconvenient and unnecessary.

American Historical Literature.—The Royal Academy of Madrid have testified their approbation of Prescott's history of "Ferdinand and Isabella" by making him a member of their body, and furnishing him with a mass of hitherto unpublished manuscripts for the prosecution of his proposed history of the conquest of Mexico and Peru.

Competition.—It is probable there will be no fewer than eight theatres open in New-York during the coming season: the Park, National, Bowery, Eagle, Franklin, Olympic, Niblo's Opera-house and the Bowery Amphitheatre—nearly as many as there are in London, with ten times the population.

Memoir of Schlesinger.—We have never published an original paper in the Mirror that has given more universal satisfaction than the memoir of poor Schlesinger. Is it not beautifully written?

Conundrum.—When is a man part of a steamboat? When he is *a-board* of her.

LONG, LONG AGO.

A FAVOURITE BALLAD—BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

WITH FEELING.

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a-go, long a-go: Sing me the songs I de-

Dolce. p

lighted to hear, Long, long a-go, long a - go. Now you are come all my grief is re-moved, Let me for-get that so long you have roved, Let me be-lieve that you

love as you loved, Long, long a-go, long a - go.

mf

SECOND VERSE.

Do you remember the path where we met,
Long, long ago—long, long ago?
Ah, yes! you told me you ne'er would forget,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Then to all others my smile you preferr'd—
Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
Still my heart treasures the praises I heard,
Long, long ago, long ago.

THIRD VERSE.

Though by your kindness my fond hopes were raised,
Long, long ago—long, long ago.
You by more eloquent lips have been praised;
Long, long ago, long ago:
But, by long absence, your truth has been tried.
Still to your accents I listen with pride,
Blest as I was when I sat by your side,
Long, long ago, long ago.

MISCELLANY.

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.—BY ISAAC C. PRAY.

Within a dell, one spring, my boyhood knew
A silver rill, which played through clustering ranks
Of white-leafed flowers that thickly fringed its banks;
And near I often strayed, entranced, to view
And watch the lovely plants, whose blossoms grew
To fullness, as the day, with genial power,
Diffused its sun-light o'er each modest flower.
I left that home—returned, and once more flew,
While autumn reigned, back to the cherished place;
The rill was not—nor flower nor plant was there,
But earth instead, veiled by a gloomy air;
I mourned the changes on sweet Nature's face—
So hast thou vanish'd, loved one, and alone,
I weep that thou, with all thy gifts, are gone.

Singular punishment.—A pedagogue at one of the Boston public schools, has adopted a plan for the punishment of truants, singular enough, but which is said to work to a charm. When a case of truancy occurs, he enters into a compact with the culprit's parents, that they shall keep him at home for a week, dressed in girl's clothes. Rarely does a boy repeat the offence; but, if he does, a second edition of this curious punishment effectually cures him of his vagrant propensities. The parents of the Irish children heartily concur with the master in his plans, and a correspondent relates one instance in which an Irish boy, a most incorrigible truant, who cared nothing for floggings, was reformed by a week's wearing of the gown and petticoat. In our juvenile days the masters were in the habit of putting naughty boys on the "girl's side," and some of them, the sly rogues, managed to spend most of their school hours in that agreeable place

A definition.—We wont quarrel with the following definition:—"Gentility is neither in birth, manner, or fashion; but in mind. A high sense of honour, a determination never to take a mean advantage of another—an adherence to truth, delicacy and politeness towards those with whom you have dealings, are the essential and distinguished characteristics of a gentleman.

Value of friendship.—Dr. Johnson, at a late period of his life, observed to Sir Joshua Reynolds:—"If a man does not make new acquaintances as he passes through life, he will soon find himself alone A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair."

Resignation.—A head properly constituted can accommodate itself upon whatever pillow the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

Halcyon days.—The ancients fabled that the halcyon, during the period of incubation, exercised a power over the ocean, compelling the boisterous element to remain tranquil. The nest was said to be a floating one, and the halcyon sat only for a few days, and during the depth of winter. During this period of time, the sea was supposed to remain unvexed, and the mariner might sail upon it without fear. Theocritus says, that of all sea birds, the halcyons are "most loved and honoured by the Nereide train." Of course, all the inhabitants of the sea must have enjoyed themselves during the seven days that the bird sat "brooding on her watery nest," and felt grateful accordingly. The words *halcyon days* have thus become expressive of any brief and bright period of happiness—the *septem placida dies* of human life. Alas! where are they?

Bravery.—Lopez d'Acuna, a gallant Spaniard, who lived in 1578, recorded in the Apophthegms of Juan Ruffo, seems to have had the affections of his mind under rare command He was called out from his tent by a sudden alarm. His servants armed him in great haste, and although he told them that his helmet pained him exceedingly, they insisted that it could not be better fitted. The brave Lopez had not leisure to contest the point: he rushed to the combat, fought with success, and at his return, unlacing his casque, and throwing it down on the ground together with his bloody ear, "There," said he mildly to his awkward valets, "was I not right when I told you how you hurt me in putting on my helmet?"

A good caricature.—One of the cleverest caricatures issued in Paris, during Napoleon's reign, was levelled at the Prince Borghese, the husband of the emperour's sister Pauline. The prince was a good-natured, thick-headed sort of a personage, possessed of an immense fortune, and greatly devoted to the pleasures of the table. The caricaturist placed him in the centre of a group of jackasses, making him exclaim—"Where can one be happier than in the bosom of his own family?"

Beauty of American ladies.—However much Marryatt may have slandered us in his new book, he has made his peace with the ladies, as the following quotation from his account of an examination of the pupils at the Albany Female Academy, will show. He says:—"As young ladies are assembled here from every State of the Union, it was a *fair* criterion of American beauty, and it must be acknowledged that the American women are the *prettiest* in the whole world."

Arabian courtship.—An Arabian having brought a blush to a maiden's cheek, by the earnestness of his gaze, said to her, "My looks have planted roses in your cheeks; why forbid me to gather them?—The law permits him who sows to reap a harvest."

Fever and ague.—The Cleaveland Herald says, the *business season* has commenced in the Maumee Valley! The *shaking* is said to be unusually spirited!

Anecdote of curran.—Mr. Curran was once asked, what an Irish gentleman, just arrived in England, could mean by perpetually putting out his tongue. "I suppose," replied the wit, "*he's trying to catch the English accent.*"

A true epitaph.—Fuller, the well-known author of "British Worthies," wrote his own epitaph, as it appears in Westminster Abbey. It consists only of four words, but it speaks volumes, namely—"Here lies Fuller's earth."

A rare couple.—A couple at Arcis-sur-aube have celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, the product of which has been twenty-five children—the youngest, who is a curate, performing the service.

Love, says Sir John Suckling, is of the nature of a burning-glass, which, kept still in one place, fireth; changed often, it doth nothing Sir Philip Sidney says, in his "Arcadia," that it is better than a pair of spectacles, to make everything seem greater which is seen.

Reputation.—A good reputation is better than a fine coat, in almost any kind of business—except wooing a fashionable lady.

WELLERISMS

That Dutchman's apprentice had a dreadful hard time of it—he never got up early enough for breakfast—always got flogged for dinner—and then what was left of dinner was warmed up for his supper

"I had a *call*, but I didn't see fit to *settle*," as the parson said when his creditor came to dun him

"It's hard, but it's *fare*," as the coachman said when he charged passengers double price

"You be *darned*," as the Yankee said ven he saw a great hole in his stocking

"Take care of the *paint*," as the city gals say ven a fellow goes to kiss 'em

"Time is money," as the man said ven he stole the patent-lever watch.

SECRET LOVE.

The fountaines smoake, and yet no flames they shewe;
Starres shine all night though undiscerned by day,
And trees do spring, yet are not seene to growe:
And shadowes moove, although they seeme to stay:
In Winter's wo is buried Summer's blisse,
And Love loves most, when Love most secret is

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ORIGINAL MEMOIR.

DANIEL SCHLESINGER, THE PIANIST.

NUMBER FOUR.

THE ANDANTE CON VARIAZIONE.

The unseen spirit of the wind-harp breathes
Upon our early days. The infant's note
Flows into melody with motion,
Years swell that song of life with harmonies,
Affection's voice, youth's hopes and manhood's cares,
Into an anthem, pouring forth our glory,
Then sinking to a requiem:—Such is Life.

VIENNA is the Mecca of the musical pilgrim. In it are the tombs of three prophets of art—Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. Once the scene of the alternate triumphs of the Lyre and the Voice, it is still haunted by the memories of Metastasio and Salieri, behind whom, in the gloom of the past, a tall shade reminds us that Lorenzo Da Ponte there composed, to Mozart's music, the *libretti* of *Don Juan* and *Il Nozze*. Undisturbed by the political excitements in which the Parisian consumes life, the Viennese enjoys it, and gilds his hours of ease with pleasure. "He scents music in every direction, and the very air around him is charged with chords."*

In this second *Chindara* our artist resolved to pass the winter. He had journeyed intently, and was now glad to pause. He needed repose: repose to reflect on what he had seen, and to collect strength for impending trials. We are disabled, by the want of materials, from illustrating, in the details of this pilgrimage, the charm already claimed for biography in our preceding number; viz.: where it records such passages as we should all be glad to enumerate among the occurrences of our past lives.

This is the more to be regretted since, of all travellers, the artist, if his path lie through a land of art, is the happiest, because the most susceptible. The painter, approaching the recorded visions of the Immortals, the sculptor the Grecian's congealed ideals, the architect monuments, and the neighbouring ruin that foretells their decay—all enter a new world—a world of visions realized—when, from the calmer north, they have traversed the heart of Germany, and cross the Italian frontier. But the virtuoso lingers on his way. Its touching melodies and sonorous harmonies render Germany a very Paradise of the ear. From lattice to cathedral, in the street's songs and its murmurs, in the peasant's hymn and in his gay dance, the voice of many a buried composer, responding to the invocation of the living, rushes down from the Past to animate the Present. Passing through its cities, the artist hears Mozart accepting the defiance of Rossini, Beethoven sternly rebuking the sensuous rhythm of Strauss; and the spirits of the departed, thus obeying the summons that called them from the "silent land," present themselves before him as illustrations of genius, and of its guerdon—immortality.

Mr. Schlesinger found Vienna the musical capital still. The old Emperour had not yet joined his fathers, nor were Mozart and Beethoven—*Il Flauto Magico* and *Fidelio*—banished from the imperial presence—which now honours the buffoon and the jester. Hardly were the tears dried which fell on Beethoven's tomb, and in the dying echoes of that "funeral march on the death of a hero," which "sang him to rest," five years before, mingled here and there a spent note, coming from afar; which proclaimed, in the Imperial city, the triumph of *Robert le Diable*, at Paris. Thalberg had not yet risen to dispute the supremacy of Liszt; Hummel still sparkled at Weimar; and hundreds of voices on the Rhine leaped forth like swords, at the bidding of Ferdinand Ries.

Our artist took up his abode in the Austrian metropolis with delight. He had been amply furnished with recommendations by his Hamburg and Leipsic friends; and, to the virtuosi, the patrons of art, in fine, the whole musical world: he was the bearer of still more valuable ones from Bach and Beethoven—the ministers of a higher power. Imbued, as he was, with the spirit of classical music, he could not remain long a stranger in a city where its altars are so numerous. He addressed the Viennese in the language of the old master of the Carinthian Gate; and was inspired by "his writings, who lived by a destiny which seemed to compel him, in his deafness, to pursue the art which ever brought to his mind that ineffaceable regret." In other words, Beethoven's sonatas† had been his favourite studies; and the highest title to the favour of his new friends was his wondrous skill in interpreting the mystic sayings of that Oracle of harmony—whose works are a succession of alternate revelations and predictions.

The artist *en voyage* becomes the *trouvère* of the nineteenth century, which has no other minstrel. In the dark ages the troubadour's voice bore, from castle to castle, the lay of War or of Love, and the note to which its measure was attuned. The sounds, without the verse, had fallen inexpressive upon ears accustomed to the clarion and horn, while those words endeared that melody, even as its holy import sanctified the monk's rude chant; and when the minstrel's corner was voiceless, some half-remembered cadence of his lay would sweep across the chords of memory, as the wind-blast, howling through the castle hall, resounded in the ear of its lonely mistress. In these days a life of action demands stronger emotions in its repose. The bard's numbers are despatched by the "winged press" to every civilized abode, whose inmates depend no longer on "the wanderer" for the love-dream or the battle-song. Another wanderer has replaced him; it is the artist. When our restless minds would be soothed, or our languid spirits roused, we ask for music, which hath this two-fold power, over Hope and Memory, that it recals the Past, and brightens up-the Future—steeping the Present in Oblivion.

Had his skill in imprinting the music of Bach, of Beethoven, and of Hummel, upon the souls of others, been his only title to a courteous reception, Mr. Schlesinger had surely met with it at the hands of his new friends. But he came before them as a composer, likewise; and the touching ANDANTE CON VARIAZIONE, a portion of which will be found in our to-day's paper, met with so enthusiastic a reception as to take precedence of many a more considerable performance. This exquisite little poem,* his eighth work, was inscribed to John Cramer, who was proud of the dedication; and we have chosen to prefix its title to this chapter of our author's life, of which it is no unfit emblem. A slow and gentle Theme, with variations! Is it not an image of man's existence? Is not every life, like such music, a Theme inscribed in the Book of Life, by its Great Author? Nay, are we not all Themes varied from infancy downwards, in pleasant or in mournful modes, at His Will? And this nature—our individuality—is it not given us that we may brighten our sadness or temper our joy, and so moderate the transitions, that harmony shall reconcile discordant tones and clothe the melodious note with grandeur; and this without changing the primitive air, so that our dirge shall be our cradle-song rocked to repose?

Besides being characteristic of its author's inspiration, the *Andante con Variazione* illustrates his mode of turning this to the advancement of his art; as a step in the progress of which, it ranks among the best efforts of that day. It is in this light that it merits especial consideration; for the history of musical art, like that of philosophy, is inseparable from its aesthetical theory.† Our digression will, therefore, require no apology, if, in order to signalize its excellencies, we attempt, with diffidence, a brief outline of the course of music up to this performance.‡ Aristotle, treating of the progress of poetry, divides it into, nature without art, art begun, and art completed. This would, likewise, apply to the growth of music—in its theoretical part. Invention has still much to do for the mechanical perfection of instruments, but the poetic lyre, with age, seems to diminish in inspiration—to sing its past glories rather than its future triumphs.

While the respective attainments of the ancients and moderns, in many a branch of knowledge and ingenuity, continues a varied theme of inexhaustible fertility, and, we may add, irreconcilable contradictions, certain arts and sciences have undergone the progressive influences of the great march. Astronomy, natural science, and mechanical invention, for example, have outstripped the limits of ancient learning, which, in poetry and philosophy, was enabled to inscribe upon the mind's white page the virgin and the richest inventions of language. Whilst painting, and particularly sculpture, depending more for their progress upon the eye and hand of genius, than upon any influence of time and public taste, easily attained as high, if not a higher degree of excellence, in an age when the human exterior was more godlike; the planetary laws, the noblest trophy of man's intellect, have been the discovery of centuries; natural science has awaited the statistics of observation, slowly unfolding truth and eradicating errour; and the growth of music, in its two-fold nature of a science, the fruit of time and of an art ancillary to mechanical invention, has been as gradual as an operation of patient nature, until it is become a sentiment and a science, requiring natural inspiration and knowledge, long study and profound meditation.

In the nineteenth century, its age *par excellence*, the principle of the division of labour could not long escape the pianist. Whilst the organ had scarce varied during eleven hundred years, his instrument had received surprising improvements within half a century. If you would measure these, compare one of Nunn's or Stodart's, Dubois's or Chickering's pianofortes, with the description* of the old Virginal, the Spinnet or the Harpsichord. First was perfected the theory then the practice of music. The old organists and clavecinists of the seventeenth century prepared the way for Handel and Sebastian Bach, who were the musical progenitors of Beethoven and Hummel. The writings of these masters, and of their contemporaries, will long suffice for the intellectual progress of music of which they may be styled "the classical authors." Meanwhile, the busy thoughts of Genius, ambitious of distinction and dissatisfied with its fractional participation in the orchestral triumph, seek to augment the resources of the instrument of its cultus. And thus have been perfected the human and the inanimate mechanisms; the artist unwearied in subduing his rebel organs, and the mechanic in preparing for them an ampler field of action.

All this is epitomized when a distinguished modern performer reveals to us his powers, and especially where the piano is their field. Yet, in a mixed audience, many will view the talent displayed as a peculiar gift—a knack akin to legerdemain. Their intellects and senses are alternately engaged in analyzing and in enjoying the effect they admire—their attention is alive, but wavering—they know not how to listen. The few connoisseurs are prepared to receive spiritual as well as sensuous delight. They appreciate the beauty of the sounds, the intellectual effort that combined them and the meaning they were designed to convey. Intenser is the gratification of the artist present. His fingers pursue those of the performer, while his spirit follows the composer's fancy in its graceful meanderings, and himself becomes for an instant transfused into the impersonation of art before him

But to how many does such an exhibition unfold its broader humanitary lesson of industry and perseverance? and yet the faithful record of a great artist's life must of necessity be a glorious page in the history of human resolution. A story of incessant struggles and rare triumphs, of despair yielding to hope, and of despondency succeeding joy. He who with unskilled hand draws the bow across the strings of Rapetti's violin or presses the keys of Schlesinger's piano; who attempts to urge forth the voice of Kyle's flute; or to extract melody from Boucher's violoncello, needs no other measure of the distance between himself and the artists in whose hands those instruments become enchanted things—oracles of another world. Or let him follow on the music page the notes which a skilful performer is translating at first sight, and see with what celerity he renders not only their abstract signification of time and relation, but their many inflexions and accentuations into the idiom that interprets the master's thoughts to his hearers—and if he be a reflecting being he will recognize that union of learning with inspiration which men call art.

Thus genius, in one age, despairing at the imperfect materials within its reach, strikes out a new path—an intellectual one, and in another—such is its destiny—hopeless of extending the ideal domain of art, it seeks the aggrandizement of its material empire. It was Mr. Schlesinger's aim to do both, though he had too much spontaneity to definitely anticipate the direction of his genius. Beneath the touch of his magical fingers those abstruse combinations so congenial to his spirit—from their statuesque repose in the monumental pages of Bach and Beethoven slowly arose reanimate and moved with grace and majesty. The sleeping chords awoke, as sculptured figures round a tomb at the bidding of an enchanter's wand, to sing now in signs and now in numbers the saga of the spirit at rest within. Has that strange volume of Sebastian Bach's fugues and preludes—still so inaccessible to the highest intelligence, never seemed to you a Campo Santo filled with tombs, each one of which enshrines a mighty thought?

The *Andante con Variazione* is an ode to sadness, an elegy sample as a tear. Our musical readers will find we have only space to-day for the theme and one variation—the seventh—which, though it does not illustrate the peculiarity alluded to in our author's compositions, displays the broadest harmonic design; indeed we have rarely seen so close a chain of modulations, or vaster resources exhibited within so small a frame. We are very sorry our

* Jules Janin.

† The writer remembers Mr. S.'s partiality for the most abstruse among these remarkable compositions. Numbers 110 and 111, for instance, which are to the artist what the Choruses of Æschylus are to the scholar, he used to play with perfect ease and great pleasure.

* If a painting may be entitled a poem we hazard little in pronouncing this piece of music one, likewise. Does not music possess over painting the advantage of motion, even as the latter excels the former by its repose?

† The Greeks wrote on music, but the notions of Plato, Aristotle, Pythagoras, and Plutarch, who were its chief critics, were proportioned to the musical culture of their day. Those boldest of philosophers, the Germans, have efficiently established the aesthetics of all the fine arts, save music. In vain would you search the pages of Fichte, Schelling, or Hegel, for an account of the origin and nature of musical emotions. And thus is neglected the metaphysics of perhaps the only medium, except vision, whereby man receives a mixed sensuous and spiritual impression; sensuous when sound impinges, abstract when the mind dwells upon its effects. We cannot so divide the mind, in its intenser abstractions, that, while one part is engaged in thought, another, as active as the first, shall analyze its operations. But we may express what strikes and pleases us in a picture—and this is criticism—and empirically examine the emotions awakened in us by musical harmonies—unless they overpower us.

‡ For an historical sketch of the pianoforte, of the music composed for it, and of the great masters to whom it owes its present flourishing condition, we would refer our readers to an article in the London and Westminster Review, No. sixty-three, which bears the trace of a master hand.

* We say description, because we believe it would be difficult to find any of these instruments in perfection here; where the few brought by our ancestors are doubtless broken up, as our independence dates farther back than the modern pianoforte.

limits will not allow us to produce the whole piece, which contains eight stanzas, in each of which the original sentiment is expressed under a new and beautiful form. The particular one whose novelty attracted the attention of the Viennese, shall be presented in our next, and last, number. We hardly know how to describe its characteristic peculiarities to those who are strangers to the writings and style of the modern and "marvellous" school of pianoforte players—to the fantastic fulminations of Liszt, to the subtle mysteries of Chopin, to the seeming impossibilities of Henselt,* or to the plenitude and grandeur of Thalberg, whose piano is an intimate friend, with which he converses eloquently, upon the most exalted themes. His fingers are each a separate slave—and with one hand he produces many effects to which two were formerly not only requisite, but just adequate. Indeed the rich melody that flows, like a vein of silver, through the environing batteries, trills, arpeggios, and complicated episodes of his compositions, is generally executed by the two thumbs or by the fourth finger. This invests his performance with an unimaginable amplitude, a solemn and thrilling majesty, which it is as impossible to forget as it is difficult to realize, from his writings only

Without pursuing any further these technical details, which seemed to us indispensable as elements of criticism, we may say of Mr. Schlesinger that he already divined the process by which others have since expanded the resources of music, by their developments in the art of instrumentation. He not only foresaw the path genius was about to strike out, but had marked it for his own. Nay, Thalberg, who was then preparing himself for future triumphs, recognized, in Vienna, our artist's eminent originality; and when, some years after, he became, for scope and mastery over his instrument, the Apollo of London and Paris, one of Mr. Schlesinger's friends visiting him, found the great virtuoso patiently studying the *Andante con Variazione!* This occurred a few days previous to our artist's embarkation for America; and we have the authority of a pianist of extraordinary ability for saying that some of Mr Schlesinger's late, and, we regret to say, unpublished, productions,† which he was wont to perform with great ease and expression, are even more embarrasing than any known works of his accomplished rival

Is it not a singular feature in the annals of music, that great artists have composed their own performances! It is as if each musical Garrick had been, and must be, his own Shakspeare. This springs out of what we have already designated as its combined material and spiritual character—its mingled science and art.

Shortly after our artist's admission to the choicest circles of the Austrian capital, a critique in the Musical Gazette of Leipsic bestows the warmest commendations upon his *Quatuor*, which had just appeared there. It was from the pen of the encomiast of his maiden effort, whom a letter from his brother Arnold, in 1825, shows to have been Doctor *Finck*—still one of the highest musical authorities of Germany.

In fulfilment of our promise to afford a specimen of our artist's correspondence, we give the following extract from a letter to one of his London publishers, which was found drafted upon a slip of music paper, and appears to have been written before he reached Vienna.

"My dear Beale—Writing to an old friend creates a very pleasant sensation, as it brings back to one's mind many recollections that do it good. As I am a very lazy correspondent, I should but rarely feel that pleasure were I to think of my friends only when writing to them; but such, I can assure you, is not the case, for thoughts will have their way and travel as well as one's self, but not always in the same direction: mine have been in England many a time since I left it. If I had accompanied them in all their rambles, you and others, and particularly Mr. Cramer, from the frequency of my visits, would certainly have considered me an intruding fellow. . . . . I dare say you remember a quartetto of mine, which Mr. Cramer has also heard. As I have sold the copy-right for Germany to Breitkopf and Haertel, I should like to publish it in London as well."

The winter months glided by as swiftly as happiness, and, at the approach of spring, our artist awoke, for the first time, to the length of his absence from his pupils in the metropolis. He wavered an instant, half tempted to yield to the inducements of his new friends, that he should make their capital his abode, and then hastened to retrace his steps. After a rapid journey, he arrived in London on the fifth of March, 1833—prepared to encounter any disappointments, with the serene smile which lit up his countenance when, to the inquiries of his many friends as to "what he had been doing, he replied that "*he had enjoyed himself greatly.*"

Although this sentiment, which was typical of the artist rather than of the man, is not recognized by a sound philosophy, it was, nevertheless, well for Mr. Schlesinger that he had this green spot in his past life, to reflect its consoling brightness upon the gloomier years which next passed over him. It would certainly have been wise not to prolong enjoyment until it became a sacrifice. But, of all men, the artist confides himself most to his destiny, and thus it is that he oftenest mistakes for a star, the *ignis fatuus* which misleads him.

It is not surprising that he should have found his once well-filled circle of pupils dispersed. Eight months had he been away, and life is too brief, as well as youth too precious, to lose such a section of time. Some had soon become impatient and taken other masters; others had waited long, and a large school manifested their attachment to Mr. Schlesinger by refusing, during two months, any other instructor. A few of his pupils he recovered, and their number was, in course of time, though not greatly, increased. This gave him confidence; nor could he have desponded, as we find him shortly after united to the fond wife who, through the too brief period of their union, repaid his manly tenderness with true woman's devotion.

If, during these years, his circumstances did not improve, as he had sanguinely hoped, his unoccupied hours were profitably employed in perfecting his skill and in composing. He frequently sat the whole day before his piano, and at other times inscribed upon music paper, from day-break until night-fall, those thoughts which will secure his name from oblivion We are inclined to believe, it was at this time that he composed, or, at least, finished his masterpiece—a manuscript trio in A major; although it is marked Op. 11, and may have been sketched before the Quatuor published at Leipsic, which was numbered Op. 14. This trio, for pianoforte, violin, and violincello, is truly a magnificent work, which they, who have heard it, do not deem inferiour to the best efforts of the great masters. We learn, with pleasure, that it is likely to appear at Paris in the course of the year.

In one of these intervals he also finished an overture for full orchestra, which had been often taken up and laid aside until he summoned energy to complete it. We have seen an extract from the London Times, which mentions its having been received with applause at John Cramer's farewell concert. We have not been able to ascertain whether it was first executed on this occasion, or at a concert of the Philharmonic Society, in the spring of 1835—respecting which the annexed memoranda will not be misplaced here. Mr. Schlesinger, it appears, had offered his overture to the society for performance, and received in reply the following note from its secretary.

March 26, 1835.

Dear sir—I am desired by the directors to acquaint you, that they shall have much pleasure in performing your overture at the next Philharmonic Concert, provided you do not object to its concluding the second act, as they regret that they have no other situation to offer you for it. I remain, dear sir, etc. ———, *Secretary.*

Upon the back of this note we find the following reply drafted.

Friday, March 27, 1835

Dear sir—Much as I appreciate the honour of having a composition of mine produced at the Philharmonic Concert, I cannot, I am sorry to say, agree to the proposal of performing my overture, for the first time, at the conclusion of the concert, for reasons unnecessary to explain, as they are obvious. Indeed the propriety of placing new manuscript overtures in the first act seems, at all times, to have been strongly felt and tacitly acknowledged by the different directors—inasmuch, as I remember only one instance to the contrary, which, at the time, surprised me. I therefore hope that the directors, upon consideration, will propose its performance without the objectionable clause; in which case I should, of course, be happy to have it executed either the next, or any other night.

Believe me, etc. D. SCHLESINGER

We feel confident our readers will agree with us, that this letter breathes a spirit of decision, propriety, and manly self-respect, which, though emanating from a poor artist, would not discredit the highest station. It evinces moreover a familiarity with our language which must have excited attention in the letter already cited. They will also, we have no doubt, be pleased to know that our artist carried his point. His overture was performed at the end of the first act, and met with as warm a greeting as it received here on the twenty-fifth of last June.

It was in the year 1836 that Mr. Schlesinger, weary, at his time of life, of awaiting the return of the patronage he had lost, through the contingency already alluded to, and not in consequence of any disfavour with the public, applied to the brother, then, and still established in New-York, to know what would be the probabilities of his success as an artist in this great mercantile community Despite the prevailing opinion that we are not yet ripe for musical art in such perfection as Mr. Schlesinger combined, his relative counselled, nay, urged him to venture hither. He recapitulated to him the episode of the old Garcian opera; and adduced the many tokens manifested by concerts, by operatic attempts, and by private circles, of a public inclination, which only needed occasion and instruction to ripen to a public taste.

These views confirmed those of our artist, who was not long in deciding to embark for America in the packet ship President, Captain Chadwick, bound for New-York, from Portsmouth, on the twenty-seventh of August.

It was a year or more before his departure that he received, one day, from his brother Arnold, some lines commemorative of their mother's approaching seventieth birth-day, which he was requested to clothe forthwith in a fitting musical dress. The first post-day ensuing carried back the verses arranged as a quartette, not unworthy of Romberg, which was sung on the intended occasion. A glance at the harmony and the sentiment the words imbody has hardly been necessary to convince us that they soothed the chequered birth-day memories of the aged widow and mother.

The brothers of the great Sebastian Bach, from the various towns of Germany, in which they pursued their family vocation of organists, were accustomed to assemble on a certain day of each year to mingle their voices around their aged parents—invoking and receiving a blessing. It was a festival for Erfurth, or Eisenach, or Arnstadt, when this numerous race of stalwart Thuringians gathered together there. For, albeit, the harmonious rite was inaccessible to a stranger, a breathless crowd filled the corridors of the inn that sheltered the noble family, and listened beneath its windows, to this touching anthem of filial affection, which no one could hear without emotion.

This was in the seventeenth century, when a few leagues constituted a journey. The length of one has since increased in a ratio with the intervening years When the dispersing force has once scattered its members, what family may now thus gather together around the parent tree? In this world that widowed mother was destined never more to smile upon him whose melody "blessed her ear" on that happy, now mournful, day, before he went

"O'er the briny deep
In a stranger land to die."

*For details respecting these artists, and their inventions, we must once more refer the reader to the article in the London and Westminster Review, already cited. We may remark, however, that all their music requires constantly that the hand should span tenths, elevenths, and even twelfths Henselt sometimes calls upon the player to strike the octave with the first and fourth fingers, so as to allow the thumb liberty for a further flight of two or three notes, and Chopin exacts of the third and fourth fingers the grasp of a *fifth*.

†We allude particularly to the variations upon the march in Tancredi—which have so often won for their lamented author the admiration and delight of our *réunions* and concerts.

‡We refrain from extracting this favourable notice, and cite, instead, a passage from a letter addressed to Mr. S., from Paris, in August, 1833, by a brother artist—M. *Lambert*. "Since our separation you have not been forgotten, but have become my daily theme of chat or of study with Mlle. Bonfils, who is enchanted with your charming music. Last Saturday we executed your Quatuor before a large company. It was admirably performed by this lady, who was accompanied by *Vidal*, leader at the Italian Opera, *Norblin*, first violoncello of the grand Opera, and your humble servant, who played the tenor part. It obtained the suffrages of all present, and is to be shortly published, by *Eschaut*, whom I had invited to listen to this masterpiece, which people here compare with those of Beethoven and Hummel."

GAIETIES AND GRAVITIES.

MISFORTUNE AND EXILE ENNOBLED.

From the French of Madame D'Abrantes.

In 1793, M. de Talleyrand was in Boston. One day whilst crossing the Market-place he was compelled to stop by a long row of wagons, all loaded with vegetables. The wily courtier, generally so dead to emotion, could not but look with a kind of pleasure at these wagons, and the little wagoners, who, by-the-by, were young and pretty countrywomen. Suddenly the vehicles came to a stand, and the eyes of M. de Talleyrand chanced to rest upon one of the young women who appeared more lovely and graceful than the others. An exclamation escaped from his lips—it attracted the attention of the fair one, whose country dress and large hat bespoke daily visits to the market, as she beheld the astonished Talleyrand, whom she recognized immediately, burst out laughing.

"What! is it you?" exclaimed she.

"Yes, indeed, it is I. But you, what are you doing here?"

"I," said the young woman, "I am waiting for my turn to pass on. I am going to sell my greens and vegetables at the market."

At that moment the wagons began to move along, she of the straw hat applied the whip to her horse, told M. de Talleyrand the name of the village where she was living, requesting him earnestly to come and see her, disappeared, and left him as if riveted on the spot by this strange apparition

Who was this young market-woman? Madame la Comtesse de la Tour-du-Pin (Mademoiselle de Dillon) the most elegant among the ladies of the court of Louis the sixteenth, king of France, and whose moral and intellectual worth had shone with so dazzling a lustre in the society of her numerous friends and admirers. At the time when the French nobility emigrated, she was young, lively, endowed with the most remarkable talents, and like all the ladies who held a rank at the court, had only had time to attend to such duties as belonged to her highly fashionable and courtly life.

Let any one fancy the sufferings and agony of that woman, born in the lap of wealth, and who had breathed nothing but perfumes under the gilded ceilings of the royal palace of Versailles, when all at once she found herself surrounded with blood and massacres, and saw every kind of danger besetting her young and beloved husband, and her infant child.

They succeeded in flying from France. It was their good fortune to escape from the bloody land where Robespierre and his associates were busy at the work of death. Alas! in those times of terrour the poor children themselves abandoned with joy the parental roof, for no hiding-place was secure against the vigilant eye of those monsters who thirsted for innocent blood.

The fugitives landed in America, and first went to Boston, where they found a retreat. But what a change for the young, pretty, and fashionable lady, spoiled from infancy by loud and continual praises of her beauty and talents!

Mons. de la Tour-du-Pin was extravagantly fond of his wife. At the court of France he had seen her, with the proud eye of an husband, the object of general admiration; indeed her conduct had always been virtuous and exemplary; but now in a foreign land, and among unsophisticated republicans, (1793,) what was the use of courtly refinements?

Happy as he was in seeing her escape from all the perils he had dreaded on her own account, still he could not but deplore the future lot of the wife of his bosom. However, with the prudent foresight of a good father and a kind husband, he nerved himself against despair and exerted himself to render their condition less miserable than that of many emigrants who were starving when the little money they had brought over with them had been exhausted. Not a word of English did he know, but his wife spoke it fluently, and admirably well.

They boarded at Mrs. Muller's, a good-natured, notable woman, who, on every occasion, evinced the greatest respect and admiration for her fair boarder; yet M. de la Tour-du-Pin was in constant dread lest the conversation of that good, plain and well-meaning woman might be the cause of great ennui to his lady. What a contrast with the society of such gentlemen as M. de Norbonne, M. de Talleyrand, and the high-minded and polished nobility of France! Whenever he was thinking of this transition (particularly when absent from his wife, and tilling the garden of the cottage which they were going to inhabit) he felt such pangs and heart-throbbings as to make him apprehensive on his return to Mrs. Muller to meet the looks of his beloved wife, whom he expected to see bathed in tears. Meanwhile the good hostess would give him a hearty shake of the hand, and repeat to him, "Happy husband! Happy husband!"

At last came the day when the fugitive family left the boarding-house of Mrs. Muller to go and inhabit their little cottage, when they were to be at last exempt from want, with an only servant, a negro, a kind of Jack-o'-all-trades, viz., gardener, footman and cook. The last function M. de la Tour-du-Pin dreaded most of all to see him undertake.

It was almost dinner time. The poor emigrant went into his little garden to gather some fruit, and tarried as long as possible. On his return home his wife was absent; looking for her he entered the kitchen, and saw a young countrywoman, who, with her back to the door, was kneading dough; her arms of snowy whiteness were bare to the elbows. M. de la Tour-du-Pin started, the young woman turned round. It was his beloved wife, who had exchanged her muslins and silk for a country dress, not as for a fancy ball, but to play the part of a real farmer's wife. At the sight of her husband her cheeks crimsoned, and she joined her hands in a supplicating manner. "Oh! my love," said she, "do not laugh at me. I am as expert as Mrs. Muller."

Too full of emotion to speak, he clasps her to his bosom, and kisses her fervently. From his inquiries he learns that when he thought her given up to despair, she had employed her time more usefully for their future happiness. She had taken lessons from Mrs. Muller and her servants—and after six months, had become skillful in the culinary art, a thorough housekeeper, discovering her angelic nature and admirable fortitude.

"Dearest," continued she, "if you knew how easy it is. *We*, in a moment, understand what would cost a countrywoman sometimes one or two years. Now we shall be happy—you will no longer be afraid of ennui for me, nor I of doubts about my abilities, of which I will give you many proofs," said she, looking with a bewitching smile at him. "Come, come, you promised us a salad, and I am going to bake for to-morrow, the oven is hot. To-day the bread of the town will do—but oh!—henceforward leave it to me."

From that moment, Madame de la Tour-du-Pin kept her word: she insisted on going herself to Boston to sell her vegetables and cream cheeses. It was on such an errand to town that M. de Talleyrand met her. The day after he went to pay her a visit, and found her in the poultry-yard, surrounded by a host of fowls, hungry chicks and pigeons.

She was all that she had promised to be. Besides, her health had been so much benefited, that she seemed less fatigued by the house-work, than if she had attended the balls of the winter. Her beauty, which had been remarkable in the gorgeous palace of Versailles, was dazzling in her cottage in the new world. M. de Talleyrand said so to her.

"Indeed!" replied she with *naiveté*, "indeed, do you think so? I am delighted to hear it. A woman is always and everywhere proud of her personal attractions."

At that moment the black servant bolted into the drawing-room, holding in his hand his jacket with a long rent in the back. "Missis, him jacket torn; please mend him." She immediately took a needle, repaired Gallah's jacket, and continued the conversation with a charming simplicity.

This little adventure left a deep impression on the mind of M. de Talleyrand, who used to relate it with that tone of voice peculiar to his narrations.

BYRON AND SHELLEY.

We went on the lake to-day, and were rowed by Maurice, the boatman employed by Lord Byron, during his residence here. Maurice speaks of the noble poet with enthusiasm, and loves to relate anecdotes of him. He told us, that Lord Byron never entered his boat without a case of pistols, which he always kept by him; a very superfluous ceremony, as Maurice seemed to think. He represented him as generally silent and abstracted, passing whole hours on the lake absorbed in reflection, and then suddenly writing, with extreme rapidity, in a book he always had with him. He described his countenance, to use his own phrase, as "*magnifique*," and different from that of all other men, by its pride (*fierté* was the word he used.) "He looked up at the heavens," said Maurice, "as if he thought it was his proper place, or rather he accused it of keeping him here; for he is a man who fears nothing, *above* or *below*. He passed whole nights on the lake, always selecting the most boisterous weather for such expeditions. I never saw a rough evening set in, while his lordship was at Diodatti," continued Maurice, "without being sure that he would send for me; and the higher the wind, and the more agitated the lake, the more he enjoyed it. We have often remained out eighteen hours at a time, and in very bad weather. Lord Byron is so good a swimmer, that he has little to dread from the water. Poor Mr. Shelley," resumed Maurice, "ah! we were all sorry for him! He was a different sort of man; so gentle, so affectionate, so generous; he looked as if he loved the sky over his head, and the water on which his boat floated. He would not hurt a fly, nay, he would save everything that had life; so tender and merciful was his nature. He was too good for this world; and yet, lady, would you believe it, some of his countrymen, whom I have rowed in this boat, have tried to make me think ill of him; but they never could succeed, for we plain people judge by what we *see*, and not by we *hear*." This was, in language somewhat different, the sentiment of our boatman's account of Byron and Shelley, two of the most remarkable spirits of our age. He seemed to admire the first, but it is evident he loved the second. How intellectual must the intercourse of two such minds have been; and how advantageous to Byron must have been the philanthropy, and total freedom from bitterness of Shelley. Even the unworldliness of Shelley's mind must have possessed an additional charm in soothing the irritability of Byron's too sensitive and misanthropic disposition; soured and disgusted by the conventional habits and artificial society, from the trammels of which he had but lately broken, with the wounds which it had inflicted on his feeling, still rankling.—*Idler in Italy.*

LAST TRIAL OF FIDELITY.

The reign of Napoleon, worried and ransacked as it has been by the writers of memoirs, recollections and histories, is a mine that still has a multitude of rich, and, as yet, unexplored views. The history of the secret associations that spring up in the latest days of the emperour, would form a most curious and interesting volume, and there would be no lack of materials to fill it. The society of the United Brothers alone would furnish pages of the most absorbing interest, while nothing could appeal more forcibly to the imagination than the strange and dramatic episodes connected with its mysterious imitation. Perhaps a hundred incidents might be related as striking and well conceived as the following:

An officer of the French army, having incurred the suspicion or resentment of the emperour, thought it expedient to abandon his country, and take refuge in one of the Austrian provinces, and here he became advised of, and initiated into a society, the object of whose formation was to hurl to the ground the Colossus whose arm smote and governed the whole continent of Europe with a sceptre of iron. One day a letter was brought to him containing the usual signs and passwords of the society, and requiring him to repair on the following night to a secluded spot in a forest, where he would meet some of his associates. He went, but he found nobody. The orders were repeated four times: the officer sought the appointed place with no better success than the first. On the fifth night of his appearance at the rendezvous, after waiting some time, he was on the point of returning, when loud cries suddenly arrested his attention.

Drawing his sword, he hastened to the spot whence they seemed to proceed, and was fired upon by three men, who, on seeing that he remained unwounded, instantly took to flight; but at his feet lay a bleeding corpse, in which, by the feeble light of the moon, he in vain sought for tokens of returning animation. He was yet bending over the dead man, when a detachment of chasseurs, summoned apparently by the noise of the pistols that had been discharged at himself, came up suddenly and arrested him as the assassin. He was loaded with chains, tried the next day, and condemned to die for his supposed crime. His execution was ordered to take place at midnight. Surrounded by the ministers of justice, he was led at a slow pace, by the light of torches, and the funeral tolling of bells, to a vast square, in the centre of which was a scaffold, environed by horsemen, beyond these were a numerous group of spectators, who mutered impatiently, and at intervals sent forth a cry of abhorrence.

The victim mounted the scaffold, and his sentence was read, and the first act of the tragedy was on the point of fulfilment, when an officer let fall a word of hope. An edict had just been promulgated by the government offering a pardon and life to any condemned criminal who should disclose the members and secret tokens of a particular association, the existence of which, the Frenchman to whom these words were addressed had lately become aware of, and of which he had become a member. He was questioned, but he denied all knowledge, they urged him to confess with promises of additional reward—his only reply was a demand for immediate death—and his initiation was completed.

All that passed was a terrible trial of fidelity, those who surrounded him were members of the society, and every incident that has been described from the summons to the last moment of expected death, was only a step in the progress of the fearful experiment by which he sought to determine the trustworthiness of the neophyte.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.—A CONTRAST.

A man with an air half soldier, half mechanic, is seen loitering in chat with some neighbour, at the doors of the untidy abodes that, few and far between, are scattered along the sides of the roads in France; or else a masculine, ill-favoured looking woman fills up the doorway, cutting, with a large knife, a wedge of bread, that in colour emulates the tint of her complexion; while a few sturdy, sallow-faced children, seem to bid defiance to the angry reproofs she occasionally bestows on them, for tormenting the long-legged pigs, lanky dogs, and skinny cats, that unhappily fall in their way. How often have I, when travelling in the environs of some English city, looked with delight on the neat dwellings, and their trim gardens, redolent with flowers, that are thickly strewn by the road's side. The luxuriant growth of the flowers indicated the care bestowed on their culture; the dahlias flaunted in all the pride of their gorgeous hues; and every autumnal garden guest bloomed so richly as to make one forget the roses they succeeded. The grass-plots were green, and smooth as velvet; the gravel walks displayed not a single faded leaf, or weed, to sully their purity; and the bellustrades and railings, nay, the very walls that enclosed the pleasure grounds, looked as if they were well washed every day. The brass knocker, plate on the door, and bell-handles, shone like gold, bearing evidence to the indefatigable zeal of the housemaid; and the bright panes of glass, and pretty flower-vases that graced the windows, were equally creditable to her care. In the window of one of these residences might be seen a staid and venerable matron, with spectacles on nose, anxiously looking towards the road for the arrival of her good man from the city, where he had been engaged in his daily avocations since the morning. It is the hour for his return; Betsy, the cook, has answered that the fish is boiled, the mutton done to a turn; and she hopes master will soon come. A gig stops at the door; a sleek, well-conditioned horse who has drawn it, seems to know he is at home; a steady-looking lad, in a plain sober livery, jumps out and assists an elderly gentleman with rubicund cheeks and protuberant stomach, cloth gaiters and closely buttoned great-coat, to alight, who looking at his watch, proclaims that he is five minutes later than his usual time, and inwardly hopes that the mutton is not overdone.

In the window of another dwelling, a youthful and handsome woman may be seen, even more anxiously looking at the road than the elderly matron we have described. Her dress, though simple, is so tasteful as to bear irrefragable proof that its effect has been carefully studied. A beautiful child, of two years old, is in her arms; and she glances from the window to the timepiece with something of impatience, as she notes that it is a few minutes later than the usual hour of her husband's return. Nurse, who stands in the back-ground, ventures to hint at the propriety of little master's going to bed; but the handsome mother declares he shall be kept to get a kiss from papa. Her cheek becomes more rosy, her eyes brighter, for a tilbery is driven rapidly to the gate; a prancing steed, down whose arched neck the dropping perspiration denotes the impatience with which his master has urged his speed, paws the ground; the reins are thrown over his back, ere the knowing little groom-boy can run to his head; and a tall handsome young man springs from the vehicle, and rapidly rushes towards the house: at the door of which he is met by his pretty wife, around whom and his child his eager arms are soon wound.

Thomas Carlyle.—The editor of the London Monthly Magazine relates an anecdote characteristic of Carlyle, and from which others may take a useful hint. We recollect, says the editor, walking with Mr. Thomas Carlyle down Regent-street, when he remarked, that we poets had all of us mistaken the argument that we should treat. "The past," he said, "is too cold for this age of progress. Look at this throng of carriages, this multitude of men and horses, of women and children. Every one of these has a reason for going this way, rather than that. If we could penetrate their minds, and ascertain their motives, an epic poem would present itself, exhibiting the business of life as it is, with all its passions and interests, hopes and fears. A poem, whether in verse or prose, conceived in this spirit, and impartially written, would be the epic of the age." And in this spirit it was that he conceived the plan of his own "French Revolution, a History."

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE BOWER OF PEACE.

When Hope's illusions all have waned,
And Silence broods above the dead;
When Sorrow's clouds have gloom'd and rain'd
Full oft on man's devoted head—
The time-taught spirit loves to wend
Back through the past its mazy way,
And seek the early larks ascend
Up to the gates of day:
While earth, outspread to childhood's glance,
Glowed like a dream of bright romance.

'Twas in the depth of dazzling May,
When bland the air, and blue the skies;
When groves in blossom'd pride were gay,
And flow'rets of innumerable dyes
Gemm'd Earth's green carpet, that I stray'd,
On a salubrious morning bright,
Out to the champaign, and surveyed,
With thrillings of delight,
Landscapes around my path unfurl'd,
That made an Eden of this world.

I listen'd to the blackbird's song,
That, from the covert of green trees,
Came, like a hymn of heaven along,
Borne on the bloom-enamour'd breeze:
I listen'd to the birds that trill'd,
Each in its turn, some witching note:
With insect-swarms the air was fill'd,
Their wintry sleep forgot;
Such was the summer feeling there,
God's love seem'd breathing everywhere.

The water-lilies in the waves
Rear'd up their crowns all freshly green,
And, bursting forth as from their graves,
King-cups and daffodils were seen:
The lambs were frisking in the mead;
Beneath the white-flower'd chestnut tree
The ox reclined his stately head,
And bent his placid knee;
From brakes the linnets caroll'd loud,
While larks responded from the cloud.

I stood upon a high green hill,
On an oak stump mine elbow laid,
And, pondering, leant to gaze my fill
Of glade and glen, in pomp array'd.
Beneath me, on a daised mound,
A peaceful dwelling I espied,
Girt with its orchard branches round,
And bearing on its side
Rich cherry-trees, whose blossoms white
Half robb'd the windows of their light.

There dozed the mastiff on the green—
His night-watch finish'd; and, elate,
The strutting turkeycock was seen,
Arching his fanlike tail in state.
There was an air of placid rest
Around the spot so blandly spread,
That sure the inmates must be blest,
Unto my soul I said;
Sin, strife, or sorrow cannot come,
To desolate so sweet a home!

Far from the hum of crowds remote,
From life's parade and idle show,
'Twould be an enviable lot,
Life's silent tenour here to know;
To banish every thought of sin,
To gaze with pure and blameless eye;
To nurse those holy thoughts within,
Which fit us for the skies,
And to regenerate hearts dispense
The tranquil bliss of innocence.

THE WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS.

Of all the authorities to which men can be called to submit, the "wisdom of our ancestors" is the most whimsically absurd; we are an older generation than they were, and since experience is the consequence of age, we must necessarily be wiser. They, in their successive generations, laid aside absurdities which had descended to them from their fathers; that was a piece of wisdom on their parts which we might imitate with advantage. Our great grandfathers believed that the earth was a broad platter on the back of a tortoise; our grandfathers threw overboard that blessed specimen of hereditary wisdom, and declared the earth to be a ball, round which the sun and planets revolved; our fathers made a second change, their theory drove the earth from its state of quietude, and sent it spinning through infinite space, while the sun, which had hitherto capered with amazing velocity from one end of heaven to the other, was destined for the future to repose quietly in the centre of the system. Each of these alterations has been at first denounced as blasphemous, treasonable and absurd.

EXCERPTS.

Enthusiasm is grave, inward, self-controlled; mere excitement outward, fantastic, hysterical, and passing in a moment from tears to laughter.

Believe nothing against another but upon good authority; nor report what may hurt another, unless it be a greater hurt to others to conceal it.

The human heart is made for love, as the household hearth for fire; and for truth, as the household lamp is for light.

The difference between a rich man and a poor man is this—the former eats when he pleases, and the latter when he can get it.

In Paris there are a class of men who make it a business to get run over by carriages, for the purpose of recovering damages.

Superstition moulds nature into an arbitrary semblance of the supernatural, and then bows down to the work of its own hand.

The distance of memory alone can change the drops of time through which we swim into the rainbow of enjoyment.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

BORES IN WRITING AND READING.

NATURAL SCENERY.

There are few things more delightful in reality, and very few a greater bore at second-hand than natural scenery. By second-hand, we mean descriptions of earth, air, wood and water, not only in plain, obvious prose, but also prose in the disguise of poetry. To describe natural scenery, so as render the description readable, requires the *poet*, no matter in what shape he may put together his materials. He may avail himself of the melody of verse, or he may, like Scott or Irving, send forth to the world ostensible prose, but the description itself must be real, genuine poetry, otherwise it is ordained to be "skipped."

In reading the flimsiest and most insipid dialogues there is always the stimulus of a faint curiosity. If Mr. Jenkins asks Miss Simpkins the most foolish question imaginable, we glance at Miss Simpkins's foolish answer; and then we go on to Miss Simpkins's foolish question in return, and Mr. Jenkins's foolish reply. The mind is lazily dragged forward by the help of interrogations and exclamations, and breaks and dashes, with occasionally the potent aid of the mysterious asterisk * * *; and thus it goes unresistingly over page after page—page after page, without encountering the vestige of a thought or the glimmering of an idea.

If a narrative, too, be ever so repulsive, we still wish to get to the end of it. There is a something of human interest about it; but when the startled eye lights upon a couple of pages of dense, solid description, skims over half a one, and then turns the leaf and finds other two equally dense and solid, filled with "babblings about green fields," smooth lawns, pellucid water, majestic oaks, wild crags, mild moonshine, and other novel matters, the mind naturally rebels, and passes on to perhaps equally unadulterated twaddle, but put into not quite so formidably fatiguing a shape. Let prosaic writers beware of natural scenery.

DESCRIPTION OF A HEROINE

This is an inevitable bore—unshunnable So sure as you take up the novel, so sure are you to be favoured with an inventory of the heroine's perfections, mental and bodily. A good description is certainly a pleasure rather than a bore, but then that is so *very* rare. In general not anything can be more flat and insipid. You hear plenty of angelic virtues and angelic charms, but no impression is made—nothing painted upon the retina of the mind. All is vague and unsubstantial as a dream. If this were only done in the brief and business fashion of the *Lady Olivia*—"Item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two gray eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth," it would not so much matter But the ambitious writer cannot consent to have his fair one introduced in this unceremonious manner Earth, air, and water must be searched for becoming similitudes, and special contributions levied on the feathered tribes and the vegetable creation. Her brow is of the Parian marble, her skin is of the driven snow, or anything else equally white, and equally unlike good wholesome flesh and blood. The rose and the lily have of late, it is true, got rather into disrepute as illustrations of her cheeks, but her voice, of course, resembles "the warble of a bird," or has a "silvery sound." What is meant by those "silvery sounds" or tones we could never exactly make out; but if any gentleman tries the experiment of chinking a dollar, half-dollar, or ten cent piece upon the table, and then says that he would like his wife's or mistress's voice to resemble *that*, we have only to say that we hold his taste to be decidedly bad. In our ears it has a mighty shrewish sound. It hints of curtain lectures!

Instead of all these tinklings and warblings, how much more unpresuming, simple, definite and distinct, is the great master's description:

> "Her voice was *soft* and *low*:
> An excellent thing in women!"

But a heroine is an uncommon sort of creature, common words, it seems, are not available in describing her.

It is amusing, too, to mark how certain matters have settled down to rules. For instance, if there should chance to be a brace of heroines in a novel, and they should happen, as is frequently the case, to be sisters, any reader of common sagacity or ordinary experience can at once sketch their pictures in imagination. In ordinary life there not unfrequently prevails among members of the same family a certain similarity in manner, person, features, or complexion, which goes by the name of a "family likeness." This is never the case in novels Two sisters are always so specially different as really to create an unpleasant suspicion in the mind of the thinking reader as to whether or not they can have had a common parentage. Caroline is tall and stately—Ellen short and sylph-like. Caroline's eyes are dark and lustrous—Ellen's blue and tender. The hair of the one is black as the wing of the raven, that of the other like waving gold. The one

> "Walks in beauty like the night
> Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
> And all that's good of dark and bright
> Meet in her aspect and her eyes;"—

the other is an Aurora—"fair as the opening morn;" which, by the by, is generally foul and misty. The one is an Italian, the other a Scandinavian; or, to be classical, the one is a Juno, the other a Psyche. And then comes the puzzle in the mind of the ingenious describer which of the two is the most attractive. Whether the superb and dignified Caroline, or the gentle and sportive Ellen is the most enchanting.

After a page or two of bewildering doubt, this is generally left to the decision of the reader; and two heroes, of very different tastes, are provided for the accommodation of the two heroines.

DESCRIPTION OF A HERO.

But if the description of a heroine be somewhat of a bore, that of a hero is infinitely more so. The ladies can much better put up with details of female loveliness, than the gentlemen with inventories of male perfections.

Besides, there is so much more truth in the one than the other. What a very rare thing is a handsome man. He is an absolute Phœnix—a black swan. When we look round among our friends and acquaintance, or upon the crowds we encounter in our daily walks, what a very small quantity of "fine, classical features" do we meet with. How rare are "high and lofty" foreheads, and "finely-chiselled" nostrils. On the contrary, what numbers of snipe and snub-noses, of high-cheek bones and hollow cheeks, of extensive mouths, *sans* teeth, of dull and sunken eyes, of cadaverous complexions, encounter us at every turn. How many are short and fat—how many long and lanky; and nearly all how awkward!

In fact a *very* handsome man ought to be taken hold of and put in a show. It is not fitting that he be allowed to go at large. What is he but a reproach to his fellow-creatures—an odious comparison—a walking insult!

Let him be confined or tattooed.

It may not be new, but it is very true, that most things are valued in proportion to their rarity. Men are vainer of personal beauty than women, and far less skilful in concealing their vanity; consequently, a handsome man is a decided impertinence—a thoroughbred Narcissus. He is of opinion that the business of the world stands still, in order to give the people engaged therein leisure to contemplate him. When he appears, he thinks that all thoughts and emotions in the breast of every one present are suspended or obliterated in order to make room for an intense feeling of admiration. He feels quite certain that every woman who looks upon him loves him, and that her peace of mind is from thenceforth sacrificed; and he has even the egregious folly to suppose that he is admired by those of his own sex! Poor deluded mortal! Little does he dream that men of sense never bestow a thought upon his pretty face, and that those who are not overburdened with that quality, feel a very strong desire, indeed, to kick him.

Why, then, if good looks in reality so greatly interfere with the accumulation of good sense, and so much deteriorate a man for social and companionable purposes, why should we be bored with those pen and ink Adonises!

It is not necessary.

In real life how many handsome women do we find linked to plain, and sometimes odd-looking fishes, whom there is every reason to suppose they are tolerably fond of. Why then in that which professes to be a copy from life, should it be held impossible for the heroines to fall in love with any other than regular pieces of physical perfection! They would much rather have a plain man who admired them than a handsome man who admired himself. And when they have *once* got over a singularity in outline, or a deficiency in filling-up, they think little more about it, being by no means such slaves to the eye and appearances as sensible, reasonable, self-sufficient man. In all the profound and beautiful sayings of Shakspeare there is not one more profound or beautiful than where the duke tells Viola—

> "For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
> Our fancies are more giddy and infirm,
> More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
> Than women's are."

If there was no love in the world except what was kindled by the contemplation of handsome features, it would be a remarkably scarce commodity, and the population of the United States would not double itself with anything like the rapidity with which it does at present.

SPINNING.

A novel *must* be in three volumes. It matters not whether the author's story is long or short—his plot intricate or simple—his incident crowded or scarce—his characters few or many—in all cases his novel must be in three volumes. It is the publisher's fiat. If Richardson had lived in those days, he would have had to have cut down Clarissa Harlow, Pamela, and Sir Charles Grandison to three volumes each, and Goldsmith would had to have expanded his charming little Vicar of Wakefield to the same dimensions. A tale in one or two volumes is deemed trivial, and in four or upwards cumbersome, and therefore no novel-writer, unless he be an established favourite, dares depart from the beaten track of three octavos or duodecimos. This gives rise to a systematic process of elaboration which is a very great bore Indeed there is no end to the affectation and flimsiness of which it is productive; and an author is frequently obliged to wire-draw his scenes and thoughts in a way which is very afflicting

The interrogation and exclamation are much in request and special favourites with those who practise the art of spinning. Sometimes there is a good deal of ingenuity manifested in this department, and sometimes there is no ingenuity at all. The design is frequently too apparent—too barefaced; neither wit nor humour is employed to conceal the fraud. A gentleman's inquiries about little or nothing are numerous in the extreme, and his surprise about little or nothing painful and prolonged to a painful extent. For instance:—

"Were you at Sanderson's last night, Tom?"

"Yes."

"Crowded?"

"A regular jam! Who do you think your false fair one, little Emily—

"Stuff!"

"Led off the ball with?"

"Oh! Watkins, of course."

"No."

"No!"

"Not Watkins!"

"No—I'll tell you—not Watkins."

"Harry Selborne, perhaps."

"Wrong again. What think you of Fred. Thompson?"

"Pooh!"

"Fact."

"Nonsense!"

"Pon honour!"

"Fred Thompson!"

"Fred. Thompson."

"You don't say so! What *will* Sophy Tompkins say to that!"

"Swear she never cared a straw about him, to be sure."

"Well!"

Etc. etc. etc. *ad libitum*.

Now in place of such twaddle as this, to which plenty of parallels are to be found in our modern novels, would it not be equally instructive and answer the great object of filling the page just as well to do it in this fashion—

"———"

"———."

"——?"

"——!"

"————————?"

"————!!"

APHORISMS

Another bore is the number of aphorisms, or what are meant to be passed off as such, with which our latest books of fiction are interlarded. They are intended to look witty or profound, and are either paradoxes or bald truisms disguised in flummery—most commonly the latter. Sometimes they are sheer nonsense. But what of that. How many novel readers stop to analyze.

Any quantity of such things as follow may be weeded out of a great many of our late novels:

To die young is to escape the thousand heartaches and calamities of after years!

Every flower that blows and withers—every blade of grass that springs and fades—every seared leaf and sapless twig proclaim to us inaudibly, yet distinctly, we are mortal.

Fortune, like the nettle, requires to be boldly grasped; both leave a sting in escaping.

Love, on the surface of the dark world, is like moonlight on the treacherous billows. A moment it dances in radiant brightness, and then is lost for ever in the black vortex of obscurity!

The dawn of life is full of hope and joyous expectation—bright beams the sun and softly blows the wind. How different is the close!

FRENCH LITERATURE.

SPIRIT OF THE PARISIAN JOURNALS.

Translated for the New York Mirror.

ENDURING AFFECTION.

A young and pretty woman made her appearance the other day at the gate of the *Pere la Chaise* cemetery, attended by a footman, who held under his arm a coffin-shaped box, richly ornamented. The keeper asked what were the contents of the box, to which the lady replied, with tears in her eyes, that it contained the mortal remains of the being who in his life engrossed all her affections, her beloved Pyramus, an English spaniel, who had breathed his last the day before, and whose corpse she wished to deposit in her family vault. Though Madame de G —— was most eloquent in depicting the many good qualities of the deceased, which, as she thought, fully entitled him to a place among her human friends, the keeper was inexorable. The lady wept and insisted, and the interference of the police was necessary to induce her to retire.

MY NEIGHBOUR.

There are some troublesome neighbours who are the plague of a man's life. They borrow your umbrella when you want to go out, come and pay you a visit when you want to work at home, play the French horn when you want to go to sleep, and give a party on the very evening you want to finish a tragedy

My neighbour has none of these faults, but he contrives to incommode me every moment. He pries into everything in my room, destroys my papers, and devours my breakfast. Butter, cheese, poultry, game, almost every thing is acceptable to him; and he never eats bread when he can get cake. He is neither a landowner nor elector, he pays no rent for his apartments, yet lives very comfortably My neighbour is very gentlemanly in his habits, but never comes home till after midnight, and is fond of serenades and nightly meetings with the objects of his affections. In other respects, his character is good; he is neither a fop nor a bully, and avoids rather than seeks quarrels. He bears no malice towards those who treat him ill, and if you turn him out at one door, he will come back by the other. He goes from house to house, making himself comfortable wherever he goes, and staying till he is tired, without ever waiting for an invitation. Familiar as he is with your provisions, only take the trouble to put the stoppers in your decanters,

and he will not meddle with them. He is always well-dressed, his boots never creak on the floor, for their soles are of the finest chamois and the upper leather of india-rubber. My neighbour, though he knows that I must wear a coat out at the elbows, never wears anything but the softest furs. He never lays in fuel, but spends the cold season in my chimney-corner. All this I have to put up with In fact, I think myself lucky, if he does not invite his friends to his nocturnal orgies, but contents himself with abusing my hospitality, rummaging among my furniture, and plundering my larder. My neighbour is one of those personages who must be well-treated. It is well known that whenever he leaves a residence, it is sure to tumble down soon. This troublesome neighbour, dear reader, is——a mouse.

THE LUCKY ACADEMICIAN.

Among all the jokes that have been got up at the masqued balls of the opera, we know of none better than one played off on a distinguished academician, who was mystified during the whole evening by his daughter, whom he had left sick in bed at home, and was very far from supposing to be so near him. It may be thought strange that a father should not recognize his child, but, though passing strange, it is true. Besides, the young lady appeared on that night in a character entirely new to her, that of a coquette; no wonder that the parent did not recognize his modest, quiet daughter in the lively flirt who tormented him incessantly. The poor man could not, for the life of him, imagine who the lady could be; so young, apparently, yet so well acquainted with all the incidents of his early life, who had all his writings by heart, who adored his favourite authors, and flattered him so skilfully, not only in his tastes, but in every whim. The academician was in the seventh heaven. He was a young widower, well looked upon by the fair, and he saw nothing extraordinary in his having produced an impression on his unknown charmer. the only thing that surprised him, was the exact conformity of all her tastes, opinions, studies and prejudices to his own. The night flew away fast in conversation Toward the close of the ball, the gentleman invited his fair unknown to supper. She accepted, stipulating only that she should not remove her mask. Another wonder! she knew exactly what dishes he liked, and what was his favourite wine. At the close of the supper, the gentleman politely offers to escort the lady to her residence "No, no," says she, "I am determined to remain incog. But I will wait on *you* home" The carriage stops in front of his house, he takes leave of his fair unknown, and steps out, alone, as he supposes, and sighing at the necessity of separation, but finds his companion has entered the house with him, and is tripping lightly up stairs. Overcome with surprise, he exclaims, "Ah, madam, is it possible! Such happiness"——A burst of laughter interrupts his passionate exclamations, and a well-known voice cries from the top of the staircase, "Good night, papa, I am much obliged to you; I have spent a very pleasant evening."

PRIVATE JOURNAL OF LOUIS XVI.

Some five years ago, a mass of papers, neatly written and arranged, were found at a rag-dealer's, which a collector of manuscripts bought on speculation, so to speak. They turned out to be a curious, if not a valuable collection, being a private journal kept by Louis XVI. for four or five years. They contain little of general interest, but are curious, as throwing much light on the habits of the unhappy monarch. He seems to have been minute and accurate to excess in all he did, and has regulated in his journal the employments and incidents of every single day of his life, with the greatest scrupulousness. Thus we find under the date of first of January, 1779.

Funds on hand first January.

42 louisaux of 1200 livres each	50	400
In my purse		549
17 pieces of 24 sous	20	8
46 ... 12	27	12
99 ... 6	29	14
88 ... 2	8	16
136 ... 6 liards	10	4
	51,145	14 sous.

In September, 1782, he breaks off in one of these additions and notes in the margin:—"There has been for some time back, an error in my accounts that I cannot trace; but on the ninth of this month I found in the bottom of a drawer some money that had been forgotten for several years, therefore I make a new general statement." We have said he was minutely accurate in his accounts. For instance:

July, 1772, spent for a watch-glass, twelve sous.
August, " to Haslard for postage, six sous.
September, " L'Epinay, for a bowl, six sous.
January, 1773, for a quire of paper, six sous.
February, " for cotton, six sous.
May, " to L'Epinay, for sundries, four sous, three deniers.

There are, however, of course, some larger entries, and of more importance. Thus he writes—"Twenty seventh December, 1776, gave the queen twenty-five thousand livres"—and below, "Part of a sum of three hundred thousand livres which I am to pay Boehmer (the court jeweller) with interest, in six years, for the queen's earrings." Eighteenth February, 1777, paid the queen on account of the one hundred and sixty-two thousand six hundred livres for Boehmer's diamond bracelets, twenty-four thousand livres. First April, 1775, paid M. de Sartine for Beaumarchais, eighteen thousand livres." Louis the XVI. used to add at the end of every month, his winnings or losings at play. Thus we have—"October, 1779, lost at play fifty-nine thousand three hundred and ninety-four livres. March, 1770, my partner lost at lansquenet, thirty-six thousand livres. February, 1781, lost at play fifteen livres." He shared in the fondness for lotteries, which was one of the weaknesses of the age. We find entered—"Twenty-eighth December, 1777, to M. Neckar, for lottery tickets, six thousand livres. January, 1783, second loan in the lottery, nine hundred and ninety livres Thirteenth do. do. two hundred and twenty-five do." The same minuteness is found in everything. At the end of every year he used to make up a statement of the way in which he had spent every day, thus:

Recapitulation of the year 1775.

			Over 157
Stag hunts	72	Promenades	4
Boar hunts	14	Hunting dinners	8
Hare do	37	At St Hubert	
Battues	4	Dinners	13
Shooting excursions	27	Suppers	13
Other excursions	10		
Reviews	3		
	157		21

He went so far as to put down the quantity of game killed every month, and add these figures up at the end of the year. Thus we find in December, 1775, he killed fifteen hundred and sixty-four head, and in the whole year, eight thousand four hundred and twenty-four head.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSINGS IN THE METROPOLIS.

English newspapers—Provincial and Metropolitan—Marriages in high and middle life.

The English have the best and the worst newspaper-press in the world. Their country journals are perhaps, as a body, rather formal and flat, but are, upon the whole, good, sensible, decent news and business vehicles; and being, for the most part, permanent and profitable, the proprietors attach a degree of value to the *character* of those journals which secures their pages from the admission of offensive matter, with the exception of now and then a little local spleen. This is a great good. A respectable mediocrity in such matters is of no little importance. But it is in London where the perfection and degradation of the press is exhibited in the strongest colours The talent of a first-rate London journal, though great, may, it is true, be easily enough equalled elsewhere, for there are clever men and able writers in all countries. But it is the *combination* of talent, unlimited capital, and the perfection of machinery and *system*, which renders a London journal of the first class unique. On no other sheet of paper is the same quantity of news presented, drawn from all the kingdoms and corners of the earth with almost miraculous despatch—condensed, put in form, and again disseminated in so many varied channels to so many people with equal rapidity. In the United States an important piece of intelligence or document—the President's Message, for instance—is sometimes sent a very great distance in a wonderfully short space of time, but then this is an *event*, and is chronicled accordingly. Here the confined geographical limits of the land, the density of the population, the innumerable excellent roads which intersect the country in all directions, and the numberless quantity of mails and fast coaches, to say nothing of railroads, render the rapid and regular transmission of news as much a matter of course as eating and drinking A gentleman residing between one hundred and fifty and two hundred miles from London would think it the strangest thing in the world —"a gap in nature," in fact—if the London journal of the previous evening was not brought in along with his toast and coffee at breakfast the next morning. He would consider himself a singularly ill-used personage, and write to the proprietors forthwith, to know the meaning of the "unaccountable *delay!*"

Those things *will* be so in the United States; and in a marvellously short time too, considering the immense extent of country. But still it will require *some* time; the draining of a few more swamps, the felling of a few more forests, the unmaking of a few "corduroy" roads.

Of another class of the London press, of which the "Satirist" may be regarded as the head, it is scarcely worth while to speak, the said class having displayed an aptitude in sinking into the lowest depths of infamy, which, fortunately, is almost unparalleled Those papers are compounded, for the greatest part, of the most audacious falsehoods, the most reckless slanders, the grossest lies, and the most outrageous libels But their character is the antidote to their contents. Highwaymen are a moral, manly, and decent set of individuals compared with the caterers for those journals. The pimps in the old plays, more aptly than anything else, illustrate the moral and mental qualifications of those pen and ink panderers.

Amid the minor faults and foibles of the more respectable London papers, there are not any of a more fulsome or disagreeable character than the silly and ostentatious details of the particularities of what are termed "Marriages in Fashionable Life." Doubtless those marriages are important enough to the parties immediately concerned, but what has the public to do with the minute frivolities connected with them. What has the public to do with what the bride wore, with who were the bridesmaids, who gave her away, where the "happy pair" went to partake of a "cold collation," when they set off again for the seat of ——, in the county of ——, and where they finally stopped for the night. Besides, without being very squeamish, there is something not over delicate in thus tracking the new married couple through all the proceedings of the day, almost to their very bedchamber. We are not in a state of innocence now. A decent privacy is required about those matters.

Such details are exceedingly foolish and impertinent. As if two pieces of humanity could not agree to be married in an honest, legal way, without an announcement to that effect being trumpeted throughout the whole length and breadth of the land. There is something coarse about it, which does not at all accord with the presumed ultra refinement of the parties. Now when Mr. Grubb marries Miss Higgins, there is no such ridiculous fuss; yet Grubb is perhaps a more "personable" man than the marquis; and Miss Higgins, (despite the name she bears and the name she is ordained to bear,) is allowed, even by her female friends, to be "rather good-looking." Yet there is nothing said in the papers about Grubb's new blue coat and bright buttons, or Miss Higgin's smart pelisse and blonde veil; no notice taken whatever of the dinner after they come from church, or of the toasts and proceedings after the dinner. Why this invidious distinction? What makes it more provoking, too, is that there *might* be something good extracted from an old-fashioned wedding of this sort, which cannot be expected where things are conducted with strict propriety and cold artificiality. Indeed, it may be laid down as an axiom, that there is far more heart, character and amusement in the great doings of the little, than there is in the little doings of the great. It would be pleasant to read how Grubb looked simple and satisfied, and Mrs. Grubb pretty and perturbed. How the bridesmaids, Miss Lamb and Miss Thompson, were like to die of laughing at the facetious sayings and doings of the sprightly groomsman, Mr. Larkins.* How after the cloth was withdrawn, and the regular toasts of the "new married pair," and "the single married and the married happy," had been given by the two old fathers, the lively Larkins, tired of such formal sentiments, looks sly and knowing, and, with reference to what may be produced by the "coming on of time," calls for a bumper in honour of the "first pair of little shoes!" whereupon the father, and mother, and older guests laugh vociferously, and the bride coughs and puts her handkerchief to her face, and Miss Lamb coughs and does the like, and so does Miss Thompson; then Miss Lamb titters, and so does Miss Thompson; and then Miss Lamb, unable longer to restrain herself, goes off in a convulsive fit of laughter, and so does Miss Thompson; and then the bride whispers reproachfully across the table—"Well, well, Miss Lamb, it will be your turn next!" upon which a Miss Jones speaks up and says—"Yes, it is not for nothing that Miss Lamb is so often walking with we have all a guess who!" whereupon Miss Lamb puts in a disclaimer, and assures them that they "are mistaken," but Miss Thompson settles the affair by significantly shaking her head and most positively affirming that "*she* knows what she knows!"

Now there might be some entertainment in the details of a wedding of this class, but what can be expected where everything is conducted according to the strictest etiquette—where there are no natural outbreaks, and where the parties are regularly trained to the attainment of invincible self-possession? Where is either the fun or edification of learning that—on Monday morning last, the Honourable Augustus Fitz-fiddlestick was united to the Honourable Lady Mary Fiddlestring, third daughter of the most noble the Marquis of Fiddlestring; that the ceremony was performed by the right reverend the Bishop of ——; the bride given away by the Duke of ——; that the Honourables Miss —— and —— were the bridesmaids, and all the rest of the rubbish!

Would it not be better taste to leave it all —— together, further than a simple announcement of the fact. C

The following passages we select from the letters of a friend in London, received by the last steam-packet.

MEMORANDA IN LONDON.

We left Liverpool at eight o'clock this morning; and at six this evening I find myself snugly domiciled at Long's Hotel, in London.

Have just returned from the Italian opera. At my first entrance I was stopped by the door-keeper because I had on a frock coat and boots—was obliged to go home and dress—rode back, and strolling in, called for box one hundred and twenty-four, which number happened to be on my ticket. I was immediately conducted up three or four flights of stairs by two livery servants in attendance—a door, on which was the name of Lord John Russel, was opened, and supposing that "it was all right and no mistake," in I went. An elderly lady and two beautiful young creatures were present, who looked at me rather hard, until the unpleasant suspicion began to dawn upon me, that I was in the wrong box. I bowed. The ladies bowed. I explained the circumstances of my being brought there, apologized, and started to leave the box. But the ladies very graciously invited me to remain, and with so much sincerity of manner, that I quietly took a proffered seat, and stayed there during the performances. Heard Grisi in Norma, and was, of course, enchanted. The queen and her suite were present. It was the first time I had seen her majesty. I was instantly reminded of Sully's portrait, which is decidedly the most faithful that has appeared. There is much character and energy about the nostrils, but the eye seemed quiescent and contemplative. The queen was evidently deeply absorbed in the performances. She seemed to attract none of the attention of the audience.

Toward the conclusion of the opera, a gentleman entered the box where I was seated, who, on learning that I was a stranger and an American, was pleased to treat me with marked civility. To him I was indebted for pointing out to me some well-known characters, who were present. Count D'Orsay was among the number. He is tall and finely proportioned—but his face can be merely called a pretty one There was altogether too much of the petted, self-satisfied fop in its expression. Lady Blessington, who sat in the

* Farris's beautiful but melancholy bridesmaid in the well-known picture, and indeed all dolorous bridesmaids, are exceptions to the rule. No human being is so pre-disposed towards laughter—so charged with it—so incessantly on the brink of a titter, as a bridesmaid. We speak of them of course in their genial, natural state. When fearfully fashionable or shockingly sentimental, it is another matter.

same box, reminded me of Miss Ayres, of the National, only she is not half so pretty nor half so young as the actress.

Charles Dickens, (Boz,) who sat with his pretty wife, in one of the most secluded parts of the dress circle, seemed to be more of a lion than even the queen herself. He is a handsome fellow, apparently about twenty-six, a little pale and studentlike in his appearance, but with an eye that seems to take in more at a single glance than a dozen pair of ordinary eyes could do in a whole day. Dickens leads quite a retired life, and is rarely seen in public He is rapidly reaping a harvest both of laurels and of gold. His habits are sedate and domestic. Occasionally he appears at the Garrick Club, but even there his attendance has of late been less frequent. "So young, and so famous! what a pity he is married!" said a young lady. Query; whether he is not in a great measure indebted to the restrictions of a married life, for the leisure and the habits essential to continued and permanent literary success? Would not the temptations of society, where he would be courted and caressed by the wealthy and the beautiful, interfere too much with his literary studies and labours, were he a single man? I merely throw out the suggestion. Its solution must be a matter of considerable interest to authors and artists in general.

Milnes, a young M. P. in the conservative ranks, I believe, was pointed out to me. He is above the middle height, with a fine, earnest, intelligent countenance. He and our countryman, Daniel Webster, appear, by the way, to have taken quite a liking to each other. They are seen often together—though I could not discover that Webster was present at the opera. Milnes is an accomplished poet. There is a review, but not a very friendly one, of some of his productions in the last Quarterly. He has written some beautiful things in Blackwood. The following sonnet is not unworthy of Wordsworth:

TO QUEEN VICTORIA, ON A PUBLIC CELEBRATION.

How art thou calm amidst the storm, young queen!
Amid this wide and joy-distracted throng!
Where has thy range of life-experience been
To keep thy heart thus equable and strong!
Can the secluded cold which may belong
To such high state compose thy noble mien,
Without the duteous purpose not to wrong
The truth of some ideal spirit seen!

Perchance the depth of what I boldly asked
None know—nor I, nor thou,—Yet let us pray
That thou, in this exceeding glory masked,
Be not to loss of thy true self-beguiled;
Still able at thy Maker's feet to lay
The living, loving nature of a child!

But there was no one, towards whom, when his name was mentioned, my eyes were directed with more rapidity than towards Thomas Campbell, one of the few names in modern English poetry destined to endure. He is rather below the common height, and there is nothing in his features indicative of intellectual greatness. I confess, I was disappointed; and yet as his face lit up in conversation, I was inclined to retract my judgment. *Camp*-bell, not *Cammell*, is the way in which he likes to hear his name pronounced.

But I have prated till my candle is sinking in the socket. The ballet of "The Gipsy" succeeded Norma; in which Fanny Elsler took the principal part. More of her anon. Her sister also danced. I was once more enchanted. Good night.

Have you read the review of Prescott's "History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," in the Quarterly for June? I have heard the article attributed by some to Southey, and by others to Lockhart. It is by neither, but by a young man named Ford, who has passed some years in Spain. The flippant, *ex cathedra* style of the critic is quite amusing. There is a parade of historical acumen and research in his comments, but it is made without much regard to congruity or appositeness. The review is of that haughty, assuming character, marked by that aristocratic fastidiousness and forced contempt for everything republican, that is at once unphilosophical and pitiful. On a large scale this disposition led to the French revolution, and, in all cases, it is the prolific mother of jacobinism. Mr. Ford, in his notices of Mr. Prescott's book, speaks of Wellington as the greatest captain "the world has ever seen." Whew! Please to ask Mr. Paine, the astronomer, to take the dimensions of that lie, if it will not strain his quadrants and sextants too much.

I have just heard, with regret, of the death of Winthorp Mackworth Praed, a member of parliament, and well known to you, doubtless, by his poetical productions. He was in his thirty-seventh year, and fell a victim to consumption. When an Eton boy, some fifteen or twenty years since, he was one of the editors of that sparkling publication, "The Etonian." His poems in the London Magazine were also much admired. His style was *unique* and original. You cannot fail to remember his "Palinodia," "Hobbledehoys," "Separation," and other lyrical pieces. He has written the best charades in the language, and quite elevated the character of that species of composition. I hope that some of his friends will give us a full collection of his poems.

At the celebration of the English Agricultural Society at Oxford, last week, Mr. Webster was present, and made a speech in reply to a complimentary toast given by the chairman, Earl Spencer. A friend, who happened to be one of the audience, tells me that none of the speakers on the occasion produced a greater impression, or were interrupted by bursts of applause more frequent and enthusiastic. His allusion to his "kith and kin of the old Saxon race" was loudly cheered by the yeomanry present, and when he arrived at that point of his address, where he remarked, that although his ancestors for several generations lay buried beneath the soil of the Western continent, yet that there had been a time when his ancestors and the ancestors of those who heard him had toiled in the same cities and villages, cultivated adjacent fields, and worked together to build up that great structure of civil polity, which had made England what England was—the applause was overwhelming and deafening, a great part of the audience rising and giving three hearty hurrahs. Well may we be proud of such a representative of republican America! I assure you, with sincerity, that there is not a foreigner in the country who commands a greater degree of public attention and respect. Already is he familiarly spoken of as "the great man from America." His speech at the agricultural dinner was just what it ought to have been—brief, pertinent, hearty and unadorned.

INDIAN TALES AND LEGENDS.

THE SUMMER-MAKER.*

BY H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

There lived a celebrated hunter on the southern shores of Lake Superiour, who was considered a Manito by some, for there was nothing but what he could accomplish. He lived off the path, in a wild, lonesome plain, with a wife whom he loved, and they were blessed with a son, who had attained his thirteenth year. The hunter's name was Ojeeg, or the Fisher, which is the name of an expert, sprightly little animal common to the region. He was so successful in the chase, that he seldom returned without bringing his wife and son a plentiful supply of venison, or other dainties of the woods. As hunting formed his constant occupation, his son began early to emulate his father in the same employment, and would take his bow and arrows, and exert his skill in trying to kill birds and squirrels. The greatest impediment he met with, was the coldness and severity of the climate. He often returned home, his little fingers benumbed with cold, and crying with vexation at his disappointment. Days, and months, and years passed away, but still the same perpetual depth of snow was seen, covering all the country as with a white cloak.

One day, after a fruitless trial of his forest skill, the little boy was returning homeward with a heavy heart, when he saw a small red squirrel gnawing the top of a pine bur. He had approached within a proper distance to shoot, when the squirrel sat up on his hind legs and thus addressed him:

"My grandchild, put up your arrows, and listen to what I have to tell you." The boy complied rather reluctantly, when the squirrel continued: "My son, I see you pass frequently, with your fingers benumbed with cold, and crying with vexation for not having killed any birds. Now, if you will follow my advice, we will see if you cannot accomplish your wishes. If you will strictly pursue my advice, we will have perpetual summer, and you will then have the pleasure of killing as many birds as you please; and I will also have something to eat, as I am now on the point of starvation.

"Listen to me. As soon as you get home you must commence crying. You must throw away your bow and arrows in discontent. If your mother asks you what is the matter, you must not answer her, but continue crying and sobbing. If she offers you anything to eat, you must push it away with apparent discontent, and continue crying. In the evening, when your father returns from hunting, he will inquire of your mother what is the matter with you. She will answer that you came home crying, and would not so much as mention the cause to her. All this while you must not leave off sobbing. At last your father will say, 'My son, why is this unnecessary grief? Tell me the cause. You know I am a spirit, and that nothing is impossible for me to perform.' You must then answer him, and say that you are sorry to see the snow continually on the ground, and ask him if he could not cause it to melt, so that we might have perpetual summer. Say it in a supplicating way, and tell him this is the cause of your grief. Your father will reply, 'It is very hard to accomplish your request, but for your sake, and for my love for you, I will use my utmost endeavours.' He will tell you to be still, and cease crying. He will try to bring summer with all its loveliness. You must then be quiet, and eat that which is set before you."

The squirrel ceased. The boy promised obedience to his advice, and departed. When he reached home, he did as he had been instructed, and all was exactly fulfilled, as it had been predicted by the squirrel.

Ojeeg told him that it was a great undertaking. He must first make a feast, and invite some of his friends to accompany him on a journey. Next day he had a bear roasted whole. All who had been invited to the feast came punctually to the appointment. There were the Otter, Beaver, Lynx, Badger, and Wolverine. After the feast, they arranged it among themselves to set out on the contemplated journey in three days. When the time arrived, the Fisher took leave of his wife and son, as he foresaw it was for the last time. He and his companions travelled in company day after day, meeting with nothing but the ordinary incidents. On the twentieth day they arrived at the foot of a high mountain, where they saw the tracks of some person who had recently killed an animal, which they knew by the blood that marked the way. The Fisher told his friends that they ought to follow the track, and see if they could not procure something to eat. They followed it for some time; at last they arrived at a lodge, which had been hidden from their view by a hollow in the mountain. Ojeeg told his friends to be very sedate, and not to laugh on any account. The first object that they saw was a man standing at the door of the lodge, but of so deformed a shape that they could not possibly make out who or what sort of a man it could be. His head was enormously large; he had such a queer set of teeth, and no arms. They wondered how he could kill animals. But the secret was soon revealed. He was a great Manito. He invited them to pass the night, to which they consented.

He boiled his meat in a hollow vessel made of wood, and took it out of this singular kettle in some way unknown to his guests. He carefully gave each their portion to eat, but made so many odd movements that the Otter could not refrain from laughing, for he is the only one who is spoken of as a jester. The Manito looked at him with a terrible look, and then made a spring at him, and got on him to smother him, for that was his mode of killing animals. But the Otter, when he felt him on his neck, slipped his head back and made for the door, which he passed in safety; but went out with the curse of the Manito. The others passed the night, and they conversed on different subjects The Manito told the Fisher that he would accomplish his object, but that it would probably cost him his life. He gave them his advice, directed them how to act, and described a certain road which they must follow, and they would thereby be led to the place of action.

They set off in the morning, and met their friend, the Otter, shivering with cold; but Ojeeg had taken care to bring along some of the meat that had been given him, which he presented to his friend They pursued their way, and travelled twenty days more before they got to the place which the Manito had told them of. It was a most lofty mountain They rested on its highest peak to fill their pipes and refresh themselves. Before smoking, they made the customary ceremony, pointing to the heavens, the four winds, the earth, and the zenith; in the meantime, speaking in a loud voice, addressed the Great Spirit, hoping that their object would be accomplished. They then commenced smoking.

They gazed on the sky in silent admiration and astonishment, for they were on so elevated a point, that it appeared to be only a short distance above their heads. After they had finished smoking, they prepared themselves. Ojeeg told the Otter to make the first attempt to try to make a hole in the sky. He consented with a grim. He made a leap, but fell down the hill stunned with the force of his fall; and the snow being moist, and falling on his back, he slid with velocity down the side of the mountain. When he found himself at the bottom, he thought to himself, it is the last time I make such another jump, so I will make the best of my way home. Then it was the turn of the Beaver, who made the attempt, but fell down senseless; then of the Lynx and Badger, who had no better success.

"Now," says the Fisher to the Wolverine, "try your skill; your ancestors were celebrated for their activity, hardihood, and perseverance, and I depend on you for success. Now make the attempt." He did so, but also without success. He leaped the second time, but now they could see that the sky was giving way to their repeated attempts. Mustering strength, he made the third leap, and went in. The Fisher nimbly followed him.

They found themselves in a beautiful plain, extending as far as the eye could reach, covered with flowers of a thousand different hues and fragrance. Here and there were clusters of tall, shady trees, separated by innumerable streams of the purest water, which wound around their courses under the cooling shades, and filled the plain with countless beautiful lakes, whose banks and bosom were covered with water-fowl, basking and sporting in the sun. The trees were alive with birds of different plumage, warbling their sweet notes, and delighted with perpetual spring.

The Fisher and his friend beheld very long lodges, and the celestial inhabitants amusing themselves at a distance. Words cannot express the beauty and charms of the place. The lodges were empty of inhabitants, but they saw them lined with cages of different sizes, filled with birds and fowls of different plumage. Ojeeg thought of his son, and immediately commenced cutting open the mocucks and letting out the birds, who descended in whole flocks through the opening which they had made. The warm air of those regions also rushed down through the opening, and spread its genial influence over the north.

When the celestial inhabitants saw the birds let loose, and the warm gales descending, they raised a shout like thunder, and ran for their lodgings. But it was too late. Spring, summer, and autumn had gone; even perpetual summer had almost all gone; but they separated it with a blow, and only a part descended; but the ends were so mangled, that, wherever it prevails among the other inhabitants, it is always sickly.

When the Wolverine heard the noise, he made for the opening and safely descended. Not so the fisher. Anxious to fulfil the son's wishes, he continued to break open the mocucks. He was, at last, obliged to run also, but the opening was now closed by the inhabitants. He ran with all his might over the plains of heaven, and, it would appear, took a northerly direction. He saw his pursuers so close that he had to climb the first large tree he could come to. They commenced shooting at him with their arrows, but without effect, for all his body was invulnerable except the space of about an inch near the tip of his tail. At last one of the arrows hit the spot, for he had in this chase assumed the shape of the Fisher after whom he was named.

He looked down from the tree, and saw some among his assailants with the totems (family arms, or armorial marks) of his ancestors. He claimed relationship, and told them to desist, which they only did at the approach of night. He then came down to try and find an opening in the celestial plain, by which he might descend to the earth. But he could find none. At last, becoming faint from the loss of blood from the wound on his tail, he laid himself down towards the north of the plain, and, stretching out his limbs, said, "I have fulfilled my promise to my son, though it has cost me my life; but I die satisfied in the idea that I have done so much good, not only for him, but for my fellow-beings. Hereafter I will be a sign to the inhabitants below for ages to come, who will venerate my name for having succeeded in procuring the varying seasons. They will now have from eight to ten moons without snow."

He was found dead next morning, but they left him as they found him, with the arrow sticking in his tail, as can be plainly seen, at this time, in the heavens.

* There is a group of stars in the Northern hemisphere which the Odjibwas call *Ojeeg Annung*, or the Fisher Stars. It is believed to be identical with the group of the Plough. They relate the following tale respecting it.

ON A STATUE OF CUPID

Of all the deities that shed
On earth their influence from above,
So much has never yet been said,
Both good and evil, as of Love
Yet, for whatever joy we bless,
Or for whatever pain we flout him,
His is the worst unhappiness
Who knows not what to say about him

OLD AGE.

Age is the heaviest burden man can bear,
Compound of disappointment, pain, and care;
For when the mind's experience comes at length,
It comes to mourn the body's loss of strength;
Resign'd to ignorance all our better days,
Knowledge just ripens when the man decays.
One ray of light the closing eye receives,
And wisdom only takes what folly leaves.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Picturesque Pocket Companion, and Visiter's Guide through Mount Auburn: illustrated with upwards of sixty engravings on wood. Boston: Otis, Broaders and Co. Pp. 252.

It is little more than seven years since Mount Auburn was appropriated to the purpose of a cemetery, and already are the inmates so numerous, that a "Guide" through its monuments has been deemed necessary. A city of the dead has silently risen, soon, alas! to be more populous than the city of the living in its vicinity. We have looked through this neat little volume with much interest The editor has executed his task with good taste and ability, and the engravings, on wood, are creditable to the artist, Mr. Devereaux. We perceive that some irreverent scribbler—who corresponds for a Philadelphia paper—has been scoffing at the plan of this cemetery, as aristocratic and exclusive. Will it be believed that there exists a creature so polluted with the vulgar and venomous jealousies of Jacobinism, as to invade the sanctuary of the dead, and spill the vile slaver of his envy and spleen over the narrow cells of the unconscious sleepers, because, forsooth, the frail memorials which affection may have reared, are of a character to gratify that taste for the beautiful implanted in our natures? Does the wretched malcontent grudge the unconscious dust the pale marble that marks the spot of its repose? The principle which leads us to commemorate and beautify the last resting-place of relatives and friends, is a noble and generous impulse. It appeals to the best feelings of our nature. It is assimilated with a reverence for all that is good and great—with all those thoughts which lift us from the brute's level, and intimate eternity to man. In what contrast with the querulous carpings of a fleering and grovelling spirit, are the beautiful and elevating reflections of Addison, drawn from a similar subject:—"When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

Algic Researches, comprising inquiries respecting the mental characteristics of the North American Indians. First series. Indian Tales and Legends. In two volumes. By Henry Rowe Schoolcraft. New-York: Harper and Brothers.

The author of this remarkable work has long been favourably known to the public by his journal of travels to the sources of the Mississippi, and his researches among the more unexplored regions of the west The novel term *Algic* Mr. Schoolcraft derives from the words Alleghany and Atlantic; and he applies it in a generic sense to all that family of aboriginal tribes, who, about the year 1600, were found spread out, with local exceptions, along the Atlantic, between Pamlico Sound and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, extending north-west to the Mississippi of Hudson's Bay, and west to the Mississippi The exceptions embrace the Yamassees and Catawbas, on the coast, and the Tuscaroras, Iroquois, Wyandots, and Winnebagoes, and a part of the Sioux, in the interiour, all of whom appear to have been intruders within the circle, and three of which, namely, the Tuscaroras, Iroquois, and Wyandots, speak dialects of a generic language, denominated by our author the *Ostic*, from the Algic *oshtegwon*, a head. It will be found, from these legends, that the Indian mythology is quite rich and poetical; and that there is an almost Arabian imaginativeness in their conceptions. We have already presented to the readers of the Mirror several specimens of these entertaining volumes. We trust that Mr. Schoolcraft will be encouraged to pursue his labours in this new and untrodden field.

Earl Rupert, and other Tales and Poems. By James Nack. With a memoir of the author, by P. M. Wetmore. New-York: George Adlard. Pp. 220.

The readers of the Mirror must be too well acquainted with the merits of this volume to require from us any more than an announcement of its publication. Nack is unquestionably a man of genius, and his works form one of the rarest psychological curiosities in the history of literature. Mr Wetmore, in his prefatory memoir, has fulfilled his delicate duty with fidelity and address, and contributed a rich leaf to the biography of the day. We trust that this extraordinary work will be appreciated by the public.

Solomon Seesaw. By J. P. Robertson, author of Letters on Paraguay. In two volumes. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

Regarded as a first essay in novel-writing, this work displays a more than ordinary degree of talent and skill. The incidents are a compound of the farcical and the melo-dramatic—a mixture of fun, frolic, love, treachery, and murder. There are thousands of works, by native authors, in manuscript, which are far better deserving of publication.

Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature and Art. Published monthly, by E. Littel. and Co., Philadelphia, and G. & C. Carvill and Co., New-York.

To those of our readers who may be unacquainted with this work, we would state that it contains the cream of the British magazines and reviews, and that it is issued in a compendious and economical style, affording an immense amount of reading matter at a cheap rate. All the productions of Charles Dickens—the best things of Theodore Hook, Ainsworth, Marryatt, Mrs. Norton, and other popular periodical writers, regularly make their appearance in the Museum.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received from a London correspondent a promise of a full description of the Marrcady dinner, and also of the great tournament at Eglintoun Castle.—From the Messrs. Harpers we have received a copy of Murray's Travels in North America. It shall be noticed in our next. Mr. Murray writes like a gentleman, and a person of liberality and good sense.—"An Inquirer" *is informed that Mr. Spring is the author of the original novel of "Giafar al Barmeki." It was dramatized by Mrs. Medina Hamblin.*—"Ruminations in an Omnibus" *are clever, but marred by their personalities.—The long critique upon "Marsh's Poems" is, we think, a little too unfriendly. The elaborate parallel, which the reviewer undertakes to institute between Marsh and Shelley appears to us at once unfair and unphilosophical. Both poets have their eccentricities. We consider Marsh much the more moral of the two. So far from his being an admirer and imitator of Carlyle, we do not believe that he has ever read a line of "Sartor Resartus."—We have heard nothing of the new paper to which "S.K." alludes. Indeed, we are so overrun with ephemeral periodicals, that we do not pretend to keep any account of them. We do not believe a word of "Y's," story of a quarrel between Charles Kean and Forrest.—We respectfully decline the communications of* "Rockaway," "R.X.," "Texas," *and* "X.P."—*Our Havana friend is assured that copies of the Mirror are sent by every vessel. If not received the fault is not here.—We are indebted to the* "Southern Rose" *for the interesting translation from the French of Madame D'Aubrantes.*

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1839.

A word or two about ourselves.—A friend, who writes us from London, remarks, in the course of his letter—"By the way, how flourishes the Mirror? I find it regularly on file here at the Garrick and other principal clubs, and from the thumb-marks and dog's ears with which it is distinguished, I should judge that it was pretty thoroughly read." To our correspondent's friendly inquiry, we may reply, that the Mirror flourishes like a young oak-tree. It is rooted broadly and deeply in the good-will and affections of a vast portion of the intelligent people of the Union, and it must be something of a hurricane that can shake it to its foundations. The increase of our circulation for the last six years has been steady and sure—a slight winnowing in our list being always succeeded by overwhelming additions Notwithstanding the temporary embarrassments of trade, which always affect, in a greater or less degree, the periodical business, the Mirror has experienced a constant increase of its liberal and extensive circulation. From Maine to Louisiana, our subscribers adhere to us through storm and through sunshine—through good times and bad. The history of periodicals does not often exhibit this marked peculiarity. "They flourish and they fade." Our journal, so far as its success is concerned, (and what better test of merit would you have?) "blossoms in perpetual youth." We need not assure the public, that our efforts shall be unceasing to repay their confidence.

A distinguished visiter.—It is stated that Carlyle, author of the "Life of Schiller," "Sartor Resartus," "History of the French Revolution," and other well-known works, is expected in this country in the course of a few months, where he will give a course of lectures upon "matters and things in general." Carlyle is, undoubtedly, a man of genius, and, in his earlier prose writings, showed himself master of a pure English style; but he now seems to employ language for the purpose of concealing his thoughts. His style has all the mysticism and obscurity of the responses of the ancient oracles, and quite as much humbug withal. This charlatanism may be very delightful to a few of his transcendent and imaginative admirers, but it will always be laughted at and despised by the judicious and intelligent. It is, in truth, thoroughly pitiable and contemptible: the more so that it is employed by a man of real talent and extensive acquirements.

Pillars of the Exchange.—These immense columns, eighteen in number, are nearly all completed at the quarries in Quincy. They are the largest ever obtained from them—weighing severally about thirty-three tons. They are fluted and finished in a most perfect manner. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the carved capitals The work is said to be equal to chiselled marble. The cost of a single pillar was four thousand dollars The estimated expense of the Exchange is one million and a half. The pillars of the Girard College in Philadelphia, which are of marble, cost each ten thousand dollars. They are about sixty feet high and the diameter of their base about ten feet.

Theatrical.—The National has opened the season with great *eclat* under the auspices of Forrest. During the recess, the interiour of the theatre has undergone many alterations and improvements. The boxes have been newly covered, and the panels beautifully painted, so as to give a light, graceful appearance to the dress circle. Forrest's engagement has been quite a successful one. It is to be immediately succeeded by Charles Kean's, who is said to have risen wonderfully in his profession since his last visit to this country. His *Hamlet* and *Sir Edward Mortimer* are, we believe, his *chef d'œuvres* At the Park, Miss Maywood has been received with decided favour. She is quite beautiful, and her performances in "Fazio," the "Stranger," and the "Hunchback" show a remarkable degree of talent. The season has commenced prosperously at this theatre.—The *Bowery* has been doing marvels with its new show piece, "Giafar al Barmeki," which has drawn full houses, night after night. The dramatic part of it is not very impressive, but the music, scenery, costumes and ballet are well arranged, and attractive. A succession of novelties is in active preparation at this establishment. The efficient services of Mr. Barry, the acting manager, have tended much to increase the success of its operations. He has proved invaluable to Mr. Hamblin.

Mr. Price has engaged much talent for the Park. A brief account of a few of the most conspicuous, extracted from the letter of an English correspondent, may be interesting to our theatrical readers

Mrs. Martyn (late Miss Inverarity) made her first appearance on the stage at Covent Garden Theatre, in the season of 1831 and '32, as Cinderella, with immense success. She succeeded Mrs Wood, who had made a sensation in the character. She afterwards sang in Spohr's Opera of "Azor and Zemira," the "Maid of Judah," "Gustavus," etc. On her marriage with Mr. Martyn, she quitted London, but re-appeared there last season, when she performed "Nmetta," in La Gazza Ladra. She is a tall, handsome woman, and possesses a soprano voice of great compass—the tone brilliant and full. She received her musical education under an able master, Mr. W. Murray, of Edinburgh.

Mr. Martyn is a profound musician. His compositions are original, striking and various. His voice is a low *baritone*, and his style more adapted to the *buffo* school than the sentimental; yet he occasionally attempts the latter. We remember seeing him enact Captain Ankastrom, in "Gustavus," with marked success.

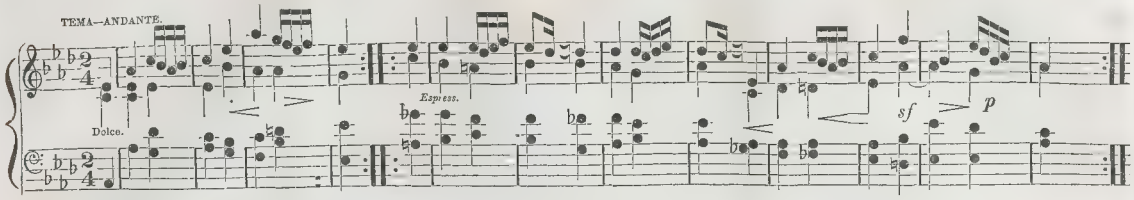
Miss Poole.—A host of the most pleasing reminiscences array themselves before us at mention of this young lady's name. We recollect seeing her when she was scarcely three feet high, strutting about in a diminutive dandy suit, and lisping, in song—"Smart, smart, smart young bachelors"—in a Drury Lane pantomime, to a nightly *encore*. Anon she appeared as the "Four Mowbrays," accompanying herself on the pianoforte, in the then popular ballad of "Meet me by moonlight alone," and a variety of other parts we have not space to enumerate. But we must not forget the high rank she assumed, and retained, as Prince Arthur, and Albert, in William Tell. These characters she enacted with a pathos and thoughtfulness that took the Londoners by storm. At that time she became attached to Covent Garden, and was Mr. Farley's pet hero in the pantomime for several years. Latterly she has made the most rapid strides in vocalization, and has attained a popularity almost unequalled in one so young, (being but eighteen.) Her voice is a *contralto*, of exceeding rich quality and roundness of tone; yet with an extension of compass rarely found combined. Her style of singing is remarkable for its purity of intonation and chasteness of feeling, relying for its effects more on its natural pathos than on a redundancy of ornate embellishments, as all who have listened to her exquisite singing "*Wapping old Stairs*," can testify. In person she is well formed, about Vestris's height. Her features are full of expression and intelligence, though not strictly beautiful. Her correctness in study is remarkable, and her voice, in speaking, is music itself.

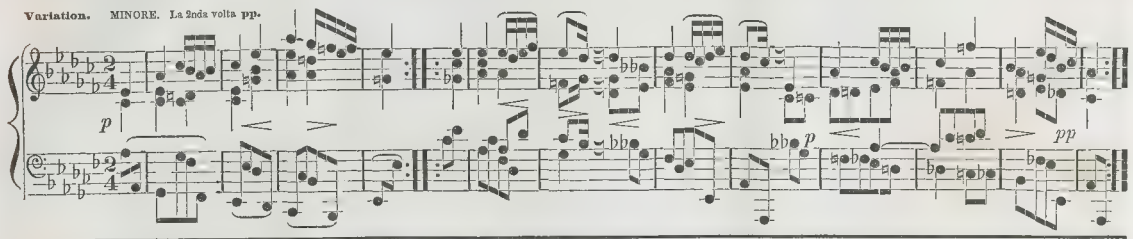
Madame Proche Giubilei is a first-rate *danseuse*, petite in figure, with a lively, arch and intellectual face—she charms by a winning and *naive* manner, perfectly irresistible. Her pantomime action speaks at once the expression of the passion meant to be portrayed This is conspicuous in her "Fenella" in Massaniello, her "Bayadere," "Amina," "Folie Dance," and a host of other parts. She held a high rank at the Italian Opera-House when Mademoiselle Proche. Her style is more of the Elsler school than the Taglioni—discovering a wonderful rapidity in executing her pirouettes and a distinctness of step, keeping exquisite time to the music; and a perfect knowledge of the true principles of her art form the characteristic features of her excellence, a perfection not undervalued nor overlooked by Signor Giubilei, who, then attached to the Italian Opera, became affianced to Mademoiselle Proche, and some six or seven years ago made her Madame Giubilei; and this leads us to remember under what variety of characters we have been delighted with this gentleman's singing and acting, both on the Italian and English stage. At the former we witnessed his *Podesta*, in "La Gazza Ladra," immediately after *Lablache*. His *Don Basilio* is his best performance. His *Baron*, in "Cinderella," however, is unapproachable; and in *Figaro* and *Podesta* he is excellent; nor are his serious efforts less effective—you will admire his *Mose-Mountalban; Ghost*, in "Don Giovanni;" *De Clifford*, in "Fair Rosamond," and *Pizarro*, in "Fidelio." This opera is, as you know, the immortal Beethoven's *chef d'œuvre*, which, I understand, is to be produced at the Park for the introduction of this talented corps of vocalists to a New-York audience. The cast will be as follows: Mrs. Martyn, as *Fidelio*, (the heroic wife,) Miss Poole, as *Marcelane*, Mr. Martyn, as *Rocco*, (the jailer,) Mr. Manvers as the imprisoned husband, and Giubilei as *Pizarro*, (the governour.) This part he has made his own. It is full of difficulties, and requires the powers of a finished artist to sustain, as much of the deep and affecting interest of this powerfully written opera depends upon it; but Giubilei's fine person and expressive face, good action and manly bearing, pre-eminently fit him for this character, whilst his voice, a *basso* of great compass and power, is flexible withal, and cultivated with an ardour rarely excelled. We need but say that his musical education was finished by *Pellegrini*, the *great original Figaro*, and the first instructor of his time. This opera ("Fidelio) was originally sustained in English by Malibran, and well we remember its thrilling and soul-subduing effects in her hands. Mrs. Martyn's voice is particularly well suited to give the high and difficult music of her character with effect. The tenor does not appear until the third act, and then commences upon a task most trying to a novice; an elaborate and profound composition of the highest order. We scarcely know enough of Mr. Manvers, to judge how far he is competent to contend with such music. He is, however, a chaste and pleasing singer, much admired by the London audiences, upon whom he made a deep impression as *Anderl Brenner*, in the popular opera of "Amilie." We doubt not his entire success. You will have a rare combination of operatic talent this season as well at the Park as the National theatres. The principal musical talent of England will soon be transferred to America.

ANDANTE CON VARIAZIONE.

COMPOSED AND DEDICATED TO JOHN CRAMER, BY THE LATE DANIEL SCHLESINGER.

We give below the TEMA, and one Variation, No. VII.; the other, to which reference is made in our to-day's biographical notice, shall be furnished in next Saturday's Mirror.





MISCELLANY.

THE following amusing parody was written for a recent school celebration in Boston, by William Hayden, of that city, one of the best poets and most brilliant wits of the age:

I REMEMBER

I remember—I remember—
The days when I was young—
And those who tried to teach me then
To speak my mother tongue—
The ancient, smokey, raftered room,
Where gathered girls and boys—
I think our parents sent us there
To rid them of our noise.

I remember the old Mistress,
Who taught me A. B. C.,
And, when I couldn't say it right,
Who took me o'er her knee—
The boys who were my mates at school;
And all our little plays;—
And what a length of time it seemed,
Between the holidays.

I remember Sawney Bigelow,
Who tried to make me speak
A little broken Latin—and
A smattering of Greek;—
It would have puzzled any one,
In learned lore more rich,
When we recited either tongue,
To tell you which was which.

I remember Master Snelling—
I never can forget,
He made me write and cipher too;—
That man is living yet.—
I remember the old cowskin well,
Which filled us all with fear—
I never liked the thing—and hope
He has not brought it here.

I remember how impatient
We boys were of the rules—
We longed to grow to man's estate,
And shake off all the schools—
I since have found those wishes vain;—
And, oh! 'tis little joy,
To find I know less Latin now,
Than when I was a boy.

GARRICK AND THE DOCTOR.—Dr. Thompson, who was a celebrated physician in his day, was remarkable for two things—viz. the slovenliness of his person, and his dislike to muffins, which he always reprobated as being very unwholesome. On his breakfasting one morning at Lord Melcomb's, when Garrick was present, a plate of muffins being introduced, the doctor grew outrageous, and vehemently exclaimed, "Take away the muffins!" "No, no," said Garrick, seizing the plate, and looking significantly at the doctor, "take away the ragamuffins!"

A HEAVY DEALER.—"Has Mr. Breed got any cedar shingles in his wharf?" inquired a little urchin at the counting-room door. "Yes, he has." "Well, I want to get two cents worth, to make a sled."

THE FRENCH PEASANT.

When things are done and past recalling,
'Tis folly then to fret and cry,
Prop up a rotten house that's falling,
But when it's down e'en let it lie.

JERSEY CITY FERRY-BOAT.—The ferry-boat belonging, we presume, to the Philadelphia railroad company, which crosses the Hudson river to Jersey city, is a disgrace to the line.

USELESS ORNAMENTS.—It is a vulgar taste that delights in the display of breast-pins, neck-chains and finger-rings.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.—The hotels at Saratoga Springs will be kept open until the first of October.

FREAKS OF WEALTH.—The wealth which now exists in Amsterdam falls much short to what it was previous to the French revolution, or during the period of Dutch commercial pre-eminence. It is not long since strangers, in visiting Amsterdam, were shown the spacious house of a merchant, who, after having lavished much on furniture and paintings, actually caused the floor of one of his apartments to be laid with Spanish dollars, set on edge. Another gentleman in Holland determined to make a pavement before his residence of large massive plates of silver, and to surround it with an ornamental chain of the same costly material. Before carrying his plan into effect, it behoved him to obtain the sanction of the authorities. These worthies, however, void of sympathy, set their face against a proposition which might have compelled them to increase the strength of the town guard. Enraged at their non-compliance, Moses determined to punish them. He ordered his dwelling, situated in the principal street, immediately to be pulled down, and on its site erected the one now standing. It is literally covered with diabolical figures, amounting, it is said, to three hundred and fifty.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO, JOHN.—A London paper has the additional stanzas to "John Anderson, my jo." The exquisite tone of unalterable affection which pervades these lines, and the unconsciousness of time's progress which that purity of love engenders, could never have been more simply or more touchingly expressed.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
They say 'tis *forty year*
Since I ca'd you my jo, John,
Since you ca'd me your dear:
I'm sure it cannot be, John,
Nor near sae long ago,
It's but a honeymoon at maist,
John Anderson, my jo.

CALIFORNIAN POLYGAMY.—These people have their marriages, but they consist of no other ceremony than the consent of the parties, and they are only binding till they disagree or choose to part. They have no other mode of cancelling a marriage than by using the phrase "I throw you away." It is nevertheless true that we found many couples, both young and old, who lived in great unity and peace, esteeming their children, and their children them. Parentage or relationship forms no obstacle to their intermarriages. It is very common for the wife to urge her husband to marry her sisters, and even their mother; and the common custom is, when a man first marries, that he takes the whole of the sisters for wives. These many wives of one husband live without jealousies or disputes, each looking on the whole of the children as if they were their own, and the whole living in one house.

CHINESE LABOUR.—An American traveller through China, in writing of the manners and customs of the country, states, in order to show how small a remuneration these people are willing to accept for their labour, that the washerwomen will wash for the whole ship's company for one dollar each, be their stay one month or six months, and receive what broken victuals the cook chooses to give them. If you give them twenty pieces to wash, and be they ever so dirty, they never complain. When the ship is ready for sea, they make a present to every man they have washed for, of a jar of sweetmeats of some kind, which many have given a dollar for alone.

FLUENCY OF SPEECH.—Dean Swift says the common fluency of speech, in most men and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter and scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready at the mouth; so people come faster out of church when it is almost empty than when a crowd is at the door.

A SURPRISE.—An amusing circumstance occurred lately at the Zoological Gardens. As one of the keepers was amusing a child with a ride on the back of a young elephant, a lady, who was a looker-on, was suddenly taken up by the larger elephant, and lifted in the air; but her screams caused the animal to let her down very gently, with no other injury than the soiling of her dress and a little alarm.

AFFECTIONATE.—A Connecticut Jonathan, in taking a walk with his *dearest*, came to a toll-bridge, when he honestly said, after paying his toll, (which was one cent)—"Come, Suke, you must pay your own toll, for jist as like as not I shan't have you arter all."

A CLEVER RUSE.—The following laughable trick was recently played off, at a dinner in London, by a gentleman who could not get any of the waiters to pay attention to what he said to them:—He called one of the principal waiters to him, and asked him if he knew Mr. T. Cooke. He replied in the affirmative. "Go, and tell him that the Duke of Buccleuch will be happy to take wine with him," said the wag. Away ran the waiter to Mr. Cooke, who was up to the joke in an instant, and rose and bowed respectfully to the "noble duke," meantime the waiter informed his master and his fellow-servants that the dinner had been honoured by the presence of the great Scottish nobleman; the consequence was, that most of the waiters, and mine host too, crowded around his grace, (as they thought,) nor would any of them move from his chair if they could avoid it. The joke did not end with the dinner; but when the company took their departure, the moment his grace was seen descending the stairs, half a dozen waiters began to cry out to the porters, "call the Duke of Buccleuch's carriage." Away ran the latter shouting about the streets, until his grace informed them that he would walk home; but in order not to dishonour the title, he gave them a *douseer*, and then rode home in an omnibus for sixpence.

LEGALIZED SUICIDE.—In Marseilles, it seems, there was once a singular custom for the benefit of those who desired to leave the light of the sun behind them. The magistrates kept constantly on hand, and in their own charge, an efficacious poison for the use of those who wished to take their own lives. Such persons were obliged to petition the senate, which consisted of six hundred members, and set forth their grievances. The senate then investigated the ills their flesh was heir to, and if there was any satisfactory cause for quitting life, they decreed permission, and gave out the necessary poison. No one had a right to take his or her own life without this permission. What was the penalty of breaking the law, we are not told.

EDITORIAL TEMERITY.—A western editor lately had the audacity to announce to his subscribers that he would not take in payment for his paper, either woodchucks, dried apples, terrier puppies, tow, birch brooms, axe handles, wool, or vegetables. But his subscribers, with that sturdy independence which such people generally possess, refused to pay him in anything else, and he now says he is ready to take them at the market prices.

FASHIONS IN FOLLY.—Charles I had his hair cut off on account of a wound in his head, and the whole fashionable world, were without loss of time shorn of their locks. Charles VII. donned a long coat to hide his crooked legs, and long coats became the rage. A monkey had his tail cut off by a trap, but he couldn't *come it on the fox*, though he told him it was the fashion.

YOUNG LADIES.—Bulwer says, "there is nearly always something of nature's own gentility in very young women, except when they get together and *fall a giggling*."

TO ONE FAR AWAY.—BY JAMES ALDRICH.

Swifter far than swallow's flight,
Homeward o'er the twilight lea,
Swifter than the morning light
Flashing o'er the pathless sea,
Dearest! in the lonely night
Mem'ry flies away to thee!

Stronger far than is desire,
Firm as truth itself can be;
Deeper than earth's central fire,
Boundless as the circling sea;
Yet as mute as broken lyre,
Is my love, dear wife, for thee!

Sweeter far than miser's gain,
Or than note of fame can be,
Unto one who long in vain
Treads the path of chivalry—
Are my dreams, in which again
My fond arms encircle thee!

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ORIGINAL MEMOIR.

DANIEL SCHLESINGER, THE PIANIST.

NUMBER FIVE.

FINALE.

οὔποτε θνάσκει ἀοιδός · σύ—
ποτε λίρας Πλούτωνι πάρα ᾠδυ—
λόγοιο ἁμαλίσεται χάρις.
Θερμά τε ἁ Κόρα λείβεται δάκρυα,
σὲ, φίλε, καὶ σὺν πολύφρονον ἐν ᾅδου
μέλισμα ἔχοισα · καὶ χορδαῖς σαῖς
παραρεύσαι λυπηρὸν δώσουσιν Αἰ—
ολίδεσσι μέλος· αἱ ἐν νερτέροις αὔραι.
Archilochi fragm. xxii.

"The bard never dies: the voice of his sweet-toned lyre never ceases with Pluto. Proserpina, too, sheds the hot tear at leaving thee, O my friend, in Hades, and thy honey'd song of many accents. to the Æolian strings of thy lyre, moreover, the breezes of the lower world will impart a mournful melody as they sweep by."

Human life has been happily compared to the ocean, which mirrors heaven in its sleep, distorts the image when its surface is stirred by the breeze, and rejects it when the storm-blast lashes its billows to fury. It has been said to have its tides of good and ill fortune, its adverse—nay, its tempestuous—and its prosperous gales; and we are told that hope floats on the summits and despair in the depths of its buoyant waves.

But there is another aspect under which the sea has appeared to us an emblem of life—as the passage from one world to another. Do not the tall white ships that have crossed it, since the bark of the great Genoese, resemble the phantoms of souls on their way to a distant land? a shadowy procession, led by the fiery Spaniard and the God-inspired pilgrim; an expanding army that swells the train of the bright spirits who, from all the nations of the earth, follow these in the track of light which leads to their destiny—the foundation of a new empire? See them pass with unfurled sails and streamers flying, hope-guided, storm-defying; some gliding gently and others dashed towards the unknown shore—the journey's end which some reach in a serene hour, and others amidst thunder and terrours! Such, at least, is the moving vision that appears before us when we strive to picture to ourselves the voyage of our artist emigrant as he followed, o'er the trackless deep, the day-star which had shone upon so many hopes and disappointments—before he launched his all upon that ocean.

The husbandman, the artisan, the trader, the divine, the physician, the jurist, and the countless shapes of being which rush in to fill up the ranks of the people, and become the sinews and fibres of a nation's giant frame, had all preceded him. Laden with no precious merchandise, unprepared to subserve the passions or ambitions any more than to supply the physical wants of men; with arms unused to the axe or spade and a frame unfit for labour, he came to offer the treasures of an art valueless in many eyes, in exchange not only for his own subsistence but for that of the beings who clung to him for protection: the partner of his life and the two golden links which bound his heart to hers.

To one who crosses the Atlantic,

"*per mare pauperiem fugiens,*"

its vicissitudes of calm and storm are symbolical of the circumstances he may be thrown amongst in this variable land. Let him observe how he who guides her, works the vessel that is bringing him hither; now eluding, now stemming the blast; catching each favourable breeze; here furling, there unbending the snowy canvass—and the study will be a preparation for the tropical alternations of American life. Our artist approached these shores with hope. He felt the importance of his mission, and his faith in the success of his doctrine was measurable with his trust in the great masters; whose voices from time to time saluted him in the storm, or stole to his ear with the breeze over the midnight wave. The superhuman majesty of Beethoven, the tender melody of Mozart, the martial harmonies of Ries, and Hummel's silver tones were to be awakened, by his ministry, in the new world; where to doubt their ultimately finding an echo, would be to suspect human nature of changing in that clime.

The manes of the poet and the philosopher are appeased if, in after centuries, the one's numbers and the other's dream charm or captivate the kindred spirit that seeks, like "old mortality," to retouch the inscriptions upon their tomb-stones. But the shade of the musician is propitiated by a golden rite. His glory, depending less on creeds, and more on human nature, less on capricious opinion, and more on immutable passion, when sounded, is proclaimed in his own strains; which thrill an audience or a circle, although they reach not the anchorite's ear.

Our epigraph draws near its end. Who shall describe another's latter days? With its smiling unconsciousness, youth's exuberances have disappeared; or, if not worn away by the tide of Life, they have subsided into harmonious characteristics. Effusion, the voice of feeling and echo of hope, is silent. The child was radiant with innocence, and the colours of gladness played around the boy. In both, as in open pages, events recorded their legible impression. But, when the study were most profitable, lo! the volume is closed The man concentrates within himself the light of his nature; he collects his strength and advances with compressed lips; and slowly and gravely his features become composed, until they are petrified in Death.

The passages we have hitherto recorded, in Schlesinger's life, lay amidst appropriate and interesting scenes—the ruins and the monuments, the associations and the actualities of the old world. In its cultivated society and picturesque throng he was formed, and first pursued fortune. From its intelligent voices he received his first applause, and the echo sounded in his ear like a prophecy Therefore have we lingered longest where the example of his life was most instructive; and, as fancy alone is inadequate to the correct presentation of circumstances so different from those which give its shape to American character, we have essayed, here and there, to supply, from memory, a back-ground to the scene—or, with fewer chances of success, to group around our artist the personages who influenced, and above him the tutelar Deities that inspired him. The legend had been incomplete without some tribute to the brilliant merit which claims for his compositions praise at least equal to that due to his artistical skill Would that many a reader, who will only know those productions through our silent page, might have audible proof of their beauty. It was also just, that the feeble voice, which is to proclaim the artist's death across the waters, should remind his brethren there of his titles to enduring honour, as well as passing regret; and in his native land, where his master pieces lie within their reach, they may, and doubtless will, verify or invalidate our testimony—by the touchstone of experiment

Are we sanguine in believing that he who has followed him thus far in his pilgrimage, will willingly accompany our artist to the distant land where it was doomed too soon to terminate? Nay, that he will be curious to witness the reception that there awaited one whose character he has not seen developed without interest, and to whose accomplishments, we trust, he is not insensible? He will not deny that genius, and patience, its brightest jewel, are indispensable to the musical artist; that intelligence, in its highest perfection, is not superfluous in his calling; and we have poorly performed our task if he do not feel that the heart which beat in Daniel Schlesinger's bosom was as brave as the head it animated

The dreamy aspect which the memories of the old world assume, when we have left it, is heightened by the realities of the new. In place of the lyre, that welcomes you to the European shore, the ring of the anvil and groan of the forge here warn you of impending labour. You enter a serious land, where a whole generation is busy laying the foundations of a national superstructure, whose tall columns and stately sides are yet to rise at the bidding of the unborn; where all are masons, and the artist's chisel is shaping blocks of granite, while the musician's note is overpowered by the hammer; where all who resort become transformed. The hey-day of youth is over, or its emotions are suppressed. Some are come to lay their bones afar from their father-land—many to secure the means of returning thither to abide. This sternness of purpose and uniformity of aim equalize conditions, and lend to life a mournful monotony—especially in New-York, the out-post. It is a race, not a dance, of death. Men, women, children, all wear its sombre expression; nor is the national character suffered to form, for the keen native is spurred on to competition by the eager stranger; who chooses temporarily to forget, in the cares, the ambitions, the toils of the "gold-chase," that life is slipping from under him at a fearful rate, unenjoyed.

"Wandering about the streets of Milan," says Franz Listz, "on the day of my arrival there, I found myself opposite *La Scala*, and before the music-store of Ricordi, the first publisher in Italy, and one of the first in Europe; you must know the *éditeur* is the resident-minister of the musical republic, the *salus infirmorum*, the *refugium peccatorum*, the providence of itinerant musicians like me. In I went, and took my seat at an open piano I commenced preluding; 'tis my way of presenting letters of credit. Ricordi was there. I neither knew him, nor he me He listened with enthusiasm—and though he did not address me, I heard him say to his clerk: '*Queste e Lizzi o il Diavolo.*' Finding myself an object of such vehement suspicion, I arose, mentioned my name, and received a cordial welcome."*

It was on the sixth of October, 1836, that the good ship President brought Daniel Schlesinger to these shores, where, had Listz landed on that day, we question if he would have found any one to recognize him in so flattering a manner He would have found a public exclusively attached to vocal, and comparatively ignorant of instrumental, music; in whom his marvellous powers would have excited but little enthusiasm. In vain would he have striven against Madame Caradori Allan, or competed with Mr. Russell. He might have summoned around him a few choice artists, and have produced Hummel's *Concertos*, his *Septuor*, or Weber's magnificent *Concert Stück*, but his ardour would have been frozen, if not by the indifference of his hearers, by their scanty numbers. Accustomed to the homage of the Parisian *élite*, he would have been disappointed at finding himself an object of no *empressement*, and his profession an inferior one in public estimation.

Were he to visit us to-day, after the lapse of three years, he would encounter a far different reception; would be courted and admired, and command an abundant audience; with warmth of feeling heightening in proportion as he disclosed to them the great master-pieces; whilst their susceptibility to musical impressions would atone for their want of discernment. We forbear to enhance the picture, and yet cannot but believe he would, moreover, find both character and concert among the members of his profession, and feel that, henceforth, it only depends upon themselves to render it an honourable one in this free land.

Much of this change in the musical condition of our society we are proud to attribute to the influence of the artist we are lamenting. The first man of the old Helvetian Wedge penetrated the enemy's ranks at the cost of his life, and opened the phalanx for his comrades. Mr. Schlesinger seems to have perished by a similar destiny. Can we present a more concise and graphic epitome of the valuable services which a few years enabled him to render the public, as well as his profession!

His first appearance was at the National Theatre, on a benefit night, when his performance created little sensation amidst the histrionic parade, and, though nothing so beautiful as the *variations* upon the *march in Tancredi* had been heard on this side of the Atlantic, they produced no *retentissement* in our circles. By degrees, however, it became known to a few lovers of music that there was "one Pianist more;" and we must do our amateurs the justice to say that, at various *réunions*, his talent soon came to elicit their unfeigned admiration.

It was on such an occasion, one evening in the winter of 1836, that our ears were first gladdened, at the abode of a German patriarch, by the sonorous inspirations of Mr. Schlesinger. The impression is ineffaceable. We were entirely unprepared to meet such an artist out of Europe; where, in the course of a long and earnest pilgrimage, we had worshipped at every musical shrine that lay in, or near, our path; which he had never crossed, as our stay in London had been brief and in the unmusical season, and the enthusiasm of the British metropolis is periodical. Excited by the brilliancy of his variations from Tancredi we hastened to make the acquaintance of the modest artist; with whom a few minutes conversation convinced us he was no ordinary man. His expressive countenance was marked by character and genius; his forehead, broad and lofty, with significant expansions, rose above brilliant and remarkably prominent eyes which pierced you as you spoke—not with cunning to penetrate your motive, for he was childlike,—but to divine your meaning. His features were muscular, collected in their repose, and singularly playful in their animation. "His soul seemed made up of harmony; and he never spoke but he charmed his hearer, not only with the clearness of his reason, but all his words, and his very tone and cadences were strangely musical." His manner was polished without affectation, and reflected upon you his self-respect; his address gentle and his person gentlemanly. He was of moderate stature, compactly built; black curly hair surmounted his white brow and harmonized with his dark complexion. Owing to great near-sightedness his countenance often took an anxious cast, and it was difficult to say what those broad eyes were gazing at until their smile lit upon you, and warmed you like a sunbeam, or they opened still wider to interrogate you. His use of English was easy and faultless, and his humour required earnest conversation. Therefore was he troublesome to the frivolous, suffering no word to pass unnoticed: and was never satisfied as long as an equivocal remark remained unexplained. Was not this an *original man?*

In the course of the above evening, he was invited by two ladies to extemporize upon the piano. Each furnished a theme, and left him to choose between "*Lützow's Wild Hunt*," and "*The Rhine.*" He took his seat before the instrument, and, after a majestic prelude, opened the great Rhine chorus; then commenced a series of variations of the highest brilliancy and most finished execution, pursued the air through many a hazardous modulation and intricate measure until the time changed, the tone softened, the chorus

* Lettres d'un Bacheler ès Musique, No. IV.

seemed winding off in the distance—you questioned your ears? Is that "*The Rhine?*" No! "Tis' the hunt of Lützow the free and the brave." A burst of applause welcomed "the chase," as its swelling tones came nearer and nearer, until they poured upon the ear their jet of notes and martial rythm, and made the heart leap with joy. On, on he carried us with the hunt, which serpentined through harmonic mazes and leaped from measure to measure until his left hand, gaining fast upon the right, compelled it to slacken its wild pace and sounded—heaven knows how it was accomplished! the Rhine, the Rhine, the Hunt still resounding, and the dissimilar melodies flowed harmoniously in one silver stream—to their journey's end.

Mr. Schlesinger's performance, and the pleasure it afforded us on that memorable evening, were types of the talent he displayed and the delight he gave on many a subsequent occasion. We had then never witnessed an impromptu so alive with inspiration, so spontaneous, so opulent in harmony, which enhanced instead of stifling the free flow of melody; and its novelty heightened the zest of our gratification. It was musical eloquence, poetry, genius Nothing embarrassed him. He defied all keys, all measures, and was truly admirable. He never hesitated or paused, but went on as if an angel were holding before him a bright page which he hastened to interpret before it melted away.

These improvisations were deemed, by many, his brightest excellence. They were unlike his compositions and could not be recalled. The night after one of them, you might give him the same theme, and listen in vain for the exquisite variation you longed to hear once more. His mood, and with it his view of the subject, had changed; but they who never heard him cannot realize with how lavish a hand he poured forth the treasures of his art. At times fantastic and capricious, he inspired an air with the *badinage* of a *Scherzo;* at others earnest and melancholy, he clothed it in the solemnity of an anthem. To-night he would compose with *non piu Andrai* a waltz, in which the left hand played the air one beat behind the right, so that on whichever side of the piano you stood, the melody was distinctly audible; next week pour forth a brilliant fantasia upon Don Juan with two and at times even three of the airs of that inimitable opera simultaneously wooing the ear.

One night some artists, who had just arrived from New-Orleans, met him in a small *soirée musicale.* Among them was M. Boucher, subsequently his warm friend and constant companion. After several concerted performances, Mr. Schlesinger sat down to clothe Yankee Doodle in music, which never before made its appearance in so imposing a garb. The new-comers gathered around him amazed, to see the process by which he constantly seized the air in whatever modulation it sought to elude his grasp. Suddenly looking up from the instrument at the French group behind him, he smiled; and it was amusing to see their bewildered faces as he convinced them that the air they had been mistaking for Yankee Doodle, was their own national air, Gretry's *Vive Henri IV!* It resembled the process by which a learned philologist derives a familiar word from some unexpected Greek type; and the dexterity of the juggler who performs the *volte*, with the pack of cards your eye is fixed upon, and whistles, as the queen of hearts becomes the knave of diamonds. Need we add that the exclamations of admiration with which his musical brethren greeted each transition and metamorphosis, served, though they were not wanting, to confirm all present in their estimate of his singular genius, his fertile invention, and his felicity of expression. We recollect his once harmonizing the American with the English national air so that they seemed to appertain to each other; and yet the imagination may be challenged to paint two more opposite melodies than Yankee Doodle and God Save the King.

Let us not omit to mention, how eagerly Mr. Schlesinger sought to collect our native melodies,* and how it disappointed him to find the feeble air we have just named, an agreeable one compared to most of its comrades—Hail Columbia, The Starspangled Banner, and that class of tunes called the African melodies, to which our patriotic troops march bravely, on parade days. He studied it, however, very deeply, and enriched it with some remarkable variations which, unfortunately, with his habitual disregard of fame, he never wrote down. Do not dream that there was aught of preparation in these impromptus. He was ever ready to prelude upon any theme proposed, or to vary the same in innumerable shapes. One summer's evening in 1837, two distinguished artists, *premiers prix* of the Parisian *conservatoire*, came to hear him play. He asked them for a theme, about which, they hesitating, he chose the chirp of the cricket that was heard through the open window, and played upon it during three hours a series of variations so novel, strange and abundant; so wild and yet so closely embroidered around the subject, as to dismiss them equally astounded at his talent, and perplexed to know why such an artist should bury himself here.

Of his playing we may here remark that his touch was of singular force and ease and his tone of the richest quality.† He played with extended fingers, and it was wonderful to see the self-possession with which they sported among the black and white keys He had a beautiful hand for the piano, which he never placed on the key-board without spanning a *tenth.* This gave his chords a plenitude and grandeur that made it seem another instrument.

We have said Mr. Schlesinger landed in our city on the sixth of October, 1836. Need we recapitulate the too familiar events of the last three years, to show how unpromising a prospect of employment he encountered at his arrival. During the winter he numbered but three pupils. Besides the scarcity of money, the price of his instruction* deterred many from employing him, who thought what was customary in London and Paris—exorbitant at New-York. He never abated his terms—and, as we shall shortly see, had subsequently no reason to be dissatisfied with his share of patronage.

It was pleasant to visit him in his comfortless lodgings during those months of uncertainty, and see how cheerfully he awaited with his wife and children the rising of the tide. You generally found him at the piano studying Bach, Beethoven, or Hummel He would continue or intermit his playing at your option; and, however much his music delighted you, you were sure to be charmed by the natural and easy flow of his conversation. It was a curious contrast to traverse Broad-street and its hurried throng in the busy hours of the day and find at one extremity that calm, hopeful and happy artist, inhabiting the gardens, palaces and wildernesses of the land of sound, unconscious of the thousand cares and miseries which tortured human existence around him Music was for him a spell of hope; cast by genius the enchanter.

One night, having been compelled to find rooms in an adjoining house, they were all nearly suffocated by the fumes of some charcoal which had been carelessly left unextinguished in their new abode. It was only in the spring of 1837 that they entered the dwelling in which they lived so happily until within a year of "the end." It was about this time, on the thirteenth of April, that Mr Schlesinger performed a second time in public, in a concert given by Mr. Russell, where he was warmly applauded.† The entertainment he himself contemplated offering the public soon after, was injudiciously postponed until the sixth of June, when such a *programme* as had been rarely seen here drew but a moderate audience together. The season was unfavourable; and the chief attraction of the evening, Hummel's *Concerto in A Flat*, presented little inducement to the passer-by—who knew it not—with its two movements respectively heading the first and second acts. His execution of that magnificent production was enthusiastically received;‡ as well as the variations on an "American national air," which he then played for the first time, and which we have now to regret are lost for ever.

His fourth public appearance was in a concert which he gave at the City-Hotel on the twenty-fourth of November of the same year. The musical world, enthralled by a new vocalist, assembled in small numbers to listen to Hummel's splendid *Concerto in A Minor*, which, with Thalberg's *Fantasia* upon the "Capuletti and Montecchi," and a beautiful solo by Boucher, were the evening's chief amusements. His having been the first to introduce here the music of Hummel and Thalberg, were of itself a merit, and deserves a record in the musical annals of a new land—as much as the early representations of the legitimate drama; for, when the musical vaudevilles¶ of our day shall have been sacrificed to human caprice, the great instrumental composers, fewer in number and mightier in genius, will survive the mutations of opinion, and, in lieu of inspiring the imitated only, will resound in the hearts of the multitude.

A concert he was encouraged to give at the "Stuyvesant Institute," on the twenty-first of March, 1838, met with better success than any of Mr. Schlesinger's previous efforts to please the public. His *Quatuor*, two movements of which were played and well received, was first introduced here on this occasion. He little thought its echoes would next mingle with the tones of his requiem. This, with Thalberg's *Fantasia* upon *Don Juan*, and Weber's "Invitation to Dance," constituted his share of the programme; but the evening was marked by an unexpected and characteristic trait. On entering the room a mourning-card was placed in our hands. It purported that, "intelligence having been that day received of the death of Ferdinand Ries, his ancient master, Mr Schlesinger begged permission of his auditors to open the concert with the "*Marcia Funebre* of Beethoven's Sonata in *A flat*, as a slight tribute to his memory." It was a touching circumstance; the voice of Beethoven summoned to mourn his only disciple, by one who has since joined them both in Paradise! Let us not forget to mention, that four members of the *Concordia*, a musical association of German amateurs, of which the deceased subsequently became leader, laying aside, for a compatriot's sake, a reluctance natural to the occasion, added two very agreeable quartettes to its pleasures. From this period, up to the opening of last winter, the flow of our artist's existence was smooth and uneventful. He had acquired many warm friends; and now counted pupils sufficient to give a tone to his life and hopes. He never failed to inspire those who knew him with a lasting respect, alike for himself, his talent, and the art it illustrated. Over many he exercised a singular control, for no one that saw forgot him To such as have followed his path thus far, the causes of this influence will be no longer a secret. His was an uncommon union of attributes. A wonderful artist, whose talent was spontaneous; a man whose firmness was only surpassed by his rectitude, and whose modesty equalled his self-respect; cheerful without effort, and winning without familiarity—neither stooping to offer nor to receive adulation—each trait in his character bore testimony to the earnest single-heartedness that had carried him through life. You felt that he was an exalted being; incapable of a sordid action or unworthy thought; whose motives would bear exposing, nor discredit a child's simplicity.

His mind, exercised in thought and never wasted upon futilities, had been disciplined by the severe studies of his profession; and to the simplest as well as the abstruest subjects, you felt that he brought one precious element of knowledge—the experience of himself. Perhaps as you met him picking his way so collectedly in the street his intellect was framing harmonies to some suggestion of his fancy; for he constantly thought in music, although, like Paisiello, his happiest inspirations came to him in the morning—before he rose; when he was accustomed to perfect his designs, which he never inscribed on paper until they needed no further change. His head was stored with musical lore; a kind of learning more difficult to retain than what is usually termed erudition. In this economy of the notions he had acquired by labour, he was an example to the student; and from his patient gestation of his own ideas until maturity, any author might derive instruction.

Signor Rapetti, passing last winter in New-York, reaped the benefit of that increased liking for instrumental music, which we may, without injustice to any one, ascribe to Mr. Schlesinger's ardent efforts. Three brilliant concerts were successively given in mid winter by that exquisite violinist, by our artist, and by Signora Maroncelli, and were attended with enthusiasm. Mr. Schlesinger was conspicuous in each, and gladly co-operated with Mr. Scharfenberg,* a youthful pianist of distinguished abilities, in displaying the rich resources of their common instrument.

Early in the winter he had been judiciously called to direct and instruct the *Concordia*, whose members received a sound and vigorous impulse from his indomitable energy and patience. At their tri-weekly rehearsals he was the impersonation of musical science. No defect, however trifling, could escape his tutored and sensitive ear. The perseverance with which he sought to teach, and they to learn, was alike creditable to his scholars and himself. Sometimes, after making them sing over their parts severally until they knew them, he would have a chorus repeated six or seven times. This triple conscience of what was due to his pupils, to his art, and to himself, rendered his lessons painful to the idle and careless learner. He admitted of *no small defects*, and exacted as rigid an observance of trifles as of the most important rules. His lessons were the instillation of the precepts of a Cultus, and greatly exhausted him. He undertook to direct a pupil's mind as well as his fingers, to teach expression as well as dexterity; and where the intelligence happens to be small, or badly educated, what task can be more irksome?

He had thus made progress. His hours were filled, with profit to himself, and utility to others. If you found him at home of an evening, when the *Concordia* were reposing from last night's fatigues, and gathering strength for to-morrow's, he was seated at the piano, with his family around him. He would take pleasure in accompanying his boy, a noble child, three years old, as he sang some popular tune; and seek in vain to puzzle him by modulating the air in different keys, whither the little fellow's voice followed him, unconsciously. This child, and his little sister, had to welcome a new brother in the fall of 1838. The young stranger throve famously, and bade fair to surpass the other two in beauty. The father's heart wound itself about that child with extraordinary tenderness. The little being seemed of another type than his predecessors. When therefore he fell ill last Spring, Mr. Schlesinger shared in his every pang, and, as the child faded, he too seemed to pine away. One night in May the little sufferer was promised a speedy relief from his pain. That same night the *Concordia* gave a public musical *soirée*, at which their leader's presence was indispensable. The poor artist tore himself away from his dying infant, in whom a holy hope seemed about to perish; and officiated throughout the entainment with a serene brow but an anguished heart It became his duty in the course of the evening to accompany Uhland's ballad of the "Wirthin Tochterlein." in which occurs the line—

"Mein Tochterlein liegt auf der Todtenbahr."
My child, she lies upon her Bier.

* At a concert given by Mr. Horn at the City Hotel in the summer of '37, Mrs. Horn sang, for the first time, General Morris's touching verses,

"On the lake where drooped the willow,"

recently adapted by her husband to a plaintive southern melody. When the last lines—

"She's the star I missed from heaven,
Long time ago,"

had left the lips of the sweet vocalist, Mr. S. admiring the beautiful words and music, and delighted to find at last a sweet native melody—hastened to the piano, where he expressed the pleasure they had caused him in eloquent and varied terms—alike flattering to the bard, the composer, and the minstrel.

† Our readers are aware that the piano changes its nature in different hands. Some artists obtain a greater volume—others greater brilliancy of tone.

* Three dollars per lesson.

† A critic, in the New-York American, of the fourteenth of April, speaks thus of our artist's appearance:

"Mr. S. is a virtuoso of the highest musical attainments, who, to infinite grace and wondrous skill in execution, joins an extraordinary knowledge of the intricate principles of harmony. . . . . His modulations thread with perfect self-possession its labyrinths, and evince that he holds in his fingers the only clue to such mazes, a perfect knowledge of thorough bass, and of the great masters' works who have enriched this department of music with their discoveries.

"He played variations composed by himself upon the March in Tancredi; they were admirable. Not, as is too often the case, the mere conversion of an original theme into hackneyed variations, but its investiture with a thousand varied modulations, and its reproduction under many graceful forms, each linked to the other by the thought of the composer."

‡ The "New-York American," of the tenth of June, speaks in a high strain of eulogy of his performance of Hummel's Concerto on this occasion.

¶ We have found a notice of this concert in the New-York American of the twenty-fifth of the same month, from which we extract the following:

"The grand Fantasia of Sigismund, Thalberg, the Viennese, upon *motifs*, from Don Giovanni, was the wonder and glory of the evening It was executed by Mr. S. with more than his usual masterly skill, and afforded him a rare opportunity of contrasting the force and precision of his touch with the infinite grace and delicacy of which it is susceptible. His performance left you in wonderment, such a combination of mingled measures and harmonies! such striking ornaments to the original theme—the fingers playing it, *La ci darem*, in its noble simplicity, on the mid tones of the keyboard, while, as each note left them, they flew off amidst a thousand intricate arpeggios, and returned, ere the interval was elapsed, to the succeeding one—such fugues! *where each finger seemed independent of its fellows*, and endowed with a will and power of its own, you never heard before. His success was most brilliant, and his performance elicited the rapturous *bravo* it merited."

¶ If we except those of Beethoven, Mozart, and some of Rossini's, and Meyerbeer's, the operas of our day are all doomed to perish, with its light comedies and farces, which they resemble. Written to display individual attractions they are comparatively valueless, save to the history of public taste, when the lips that pronounced their melodies have ceased to breathe.

* This gentleman arrived here in the fall of 1838, from Cassel, his native place. His youth, and his remarkable talent, soon recommended him to the notice of various *amateurs*, some of whom, to his prejudice, strove to exalt him above Mr. Schlesinger: from whom he possesses different qualities which will repen with age into character. He himself blushed for his mistaken friends; and, besides recognising in Mr. Schlesinger a superiour genius, where native taste was guided by a powerful intellect, he felt with an artist's instinct, that their strength lay in union not in opposition. These unworthy rumours to his disparagement, naturally reached the ear of Mr. Schlesinger; who, so far from allowing them to affect his feelings of friendship for his youthful rival, when the latter was making his *debut*, insisted upon placing his own pianoforte at his disposal as well to prepare himself for the concert as to display his powers there.

One bitterer pang was reserved for him that night than to hear this knell of his dying child—to see it expire before morning. From this shock, broken-hearted, he never recovered; and if the seeds of disease were already in him, for his strength had been oozing away insensibly for some months past, this developed them rapidly. A few weeks changed him sadly; his features sank and his walk became slow and painful. Still he persisted in giving lessons, and, maintaining his own cheerfulness, made every effort to reassure his wife. He confessed "that the child's death had affected him terribly," but declared "he himself was well, quite well, and only suffered a little from the heat." Alas! woman's affection cannot be long deceived: and the mournful strains his piano breathed forth when he pressed the keys, betrayed to her listening ear the secret he had resolved to yield up to the great conqueror Death alone.

On Wednesday evening, the thirtieth of May, his friends, Boucher and Kieckhoefer, brought Mr. Halma, the violinist, to assist at their weekly Trio; which, after a long desire to assemble two or three together in the name of Beethoven, our artist had recently succeeded in organizing. The little knot, which might have become the nucleus of a future Philharmonic, promised themselves great pleasure in the uninterrupted observance of this rite. But, on this occasion, Schlesinger was unable to officiate. Those fingers, once so alert and energetic, suddenly became powerless, and refused to do the soul's bidding. Exhausted by the effort he had made to take part in a single movement of one of Beethoven's trios, he lay down upon the sofa; and his comrades withdrew, with sad forebodings. He never woke those echoes more.

Returning to this city, from a visit to Boston, on Tuesday morning, the twelfth of June, the writer of this memoir was overpowered by the sad intelligence of the demise of Mr. Schlesinger; whom he loved as a brother, and of whose danger he had no suspicion. He gradually gathered from a pupil of the deceased, that he had died in the night of the eighth, and been buried, the Sunday after, in the Marble Cemetery, whither his mortal remains were followed by his friends and his Brothers of the Concordia, who sang a requiem over his grave. When he asked her for further details, turning away to hide her tears, she handed him these lines:

THE BURIAL OF SCHLESINGER.

Sad music breathes upon the air,
And steps come mournfully and slow;
Heavy is the load we bear,
Fellow-men our burthen share,
Death has laid our brother low.
Ye have heard our joyous strain,
Listen to our notes of wo!

Do ye not remember him
Whose finger, from the thrilling wire,
Now drew forth tears, now tones of fire!
Ah! that hand is cold for ever!
Gone is now life's fitful fever,
We sing his requiem.

We are singing him to rest—
He will rise a spirit blest.
Sing it softly, sing it slowly—
Let each note our sorrow tell,
For it is our last farewell;
And his grave is lone and lowly.

We sorrow for thee, brother!
We grieve that thou must lie
Far from the spot where thy fathers sleep;
Thou camest o'er the briny deep
In a stranger land to die.

We bear thee gently, brother!
To thy last resting-place;
Soon shall the earth above thee close,
And the dark veil of night repose
For ever on thy face.

We placed the last flowers, brother!
Upon thy senseless brow;
We kissed that brow before 'twas hid;
We wept upon thy coffin lid,
But all unmoved wert thou!

We've smoothed the green turf, brother,
Above thy lowly head;
Earth in her breast receive thee—
Oh! it is sad to leave thee,
Alone in thy narrow bed!

Thou art not with us, brother!
Yet, in yon blissful land,
Perhaps, thou still canst hear us,
Perhaps thou hover'st near us
And smilest as the choral band,
Which once obey'd thy master hand,
Now linger with their tears to leave
The sod that seals thy grave!

The sun is sinking, brother!
And with it, our melody.
The dying cadence of our note
Is mingled with the dying light.
Oh, brother! by that fading ray,
And by this mournful parting lay,
We will remember thee.

The sculptor, in his chiseld stone,
The painter, in his colours blent,
The bard, in numbers all his own,
Raises himself his monument.
But he, whose every touch could wake
A passion, and a thought control,
He who, to bless the ear, did make
Music of his very soul.
Who bound for us, in golden chains,
The golden links of harmony;
Nought is left us of his strains,
Nought but their fleeting memory.
Then, while a trace of him remains,
Shall we not cherish it tenderly?

New-York, September 1st, 1839.

SKETCHES FROM THE GERMAN.

THE MAN IN THE BAG.

There were two brothers who were both soldiers; the one had grown rich, but the other had had no luck, and was very poor. The poor man thought he would try to better himself; so, pulling off his red-coat, he became a gardener, and dug his ground well, and sowed turnips.

When the crop came up, there was one plant bigger than all the rest; and it kept getting larger and larger, and seemed as if it would never cease growing, so that it might have been called the prince of turnips; for there never was such a one seen before, and never will again. At last it was so big that it filled a cart, and two oxen could hardly draw it; but the gardener did not know what in the world to do with it, nor whether it would be a blessing or a curse to him. One day he said to himself, "What shall I do with it? If I sell it, it will bring me no more than another would; and as for eating it, the little turnips, I am sure, are better than this great one. The best thing, perhaps, that I can do, will be to give it to the king, as a mark of my respect."

Then he yoked his oxen, and drew the turnip to the court, and gave it to the king. "What a wonderful thing!" said the king. "I have seen many strange things in my life, but such a monster as this I never saw before. Where did you get the seed? or is it only your good luck? If so, you are a true child of fortune. "Ah, no!" answered the gardener, "I am no child of fortune: I am a poor soldier, who never yet could get enough to live upon; so I set to work, tilling the ground. I have a brother who is rich, and your majesty knows him well, and all the world knows him; but as I am poor, everybody forgets me."

Then the king took pity on him, and said, "You shall be poor no longer. I will give you so much, that you shall be even richer than your brother." So he gave him money, and lands, and flocks, and herds; and made him so rich, that his brother's wealth could not at all be compared with his

When the brother heard of all this, and how a turnip had made the gardener so rich, he envied him sorely, and bethought himself how he could please the king, and get the same good luck for himself. However, he thought he would manage more cleverly than his brother; so he got together a rich gift of jewels and fine horses for the king, thinking that he must have a much larger gift in return; for if his brother had so much given him for a turnip, what must his gift be worth?

The king took the gift very graciously, and said he knew not what he could give in return more costly and wonderful than the great turnip; so the soldier was forced to put it into a cart, and drag it home with him. When he reached home, he knew not upon whom to vent his rage and envy; and at length wicked thoughts came into his head, and he sought to kill his brother.

So he hired some villains to murder him: and having shown them where to lie in ambush, he went to his brother, and said, "Dear brother, I have found a hidden treasure; let us go and dig it up, and share it between us." The other had no thought of fear of his brother's roguery; so they went out together; and, as they were travelling along, the murderers rushed out upon him, bound him, and were going to hang him on a tree

But whilst they were getting all ready, they heard the trampling of a horse afar off, which so frightened them that they pushed their prisoner, neck and shoulders together, into a sack, and swung him up, by a cord, to the tree, where they left him dangling, and ran away, meaning to come back and despatch him in the evening.

Meantime, however, he worked and worked away, till he had made a hole large enough to put out his head. When the horseman came up, he proved to be a student, a merry fellow, who was journeying along on his nag, and singing as he went. As soon as the man in the bag saw him passing under the tree, he cried out, "Good morning! good morning to thee, my friend!" The student looked about, and seeing no one, and not knowing where the voice came from, cried out, "Who calls me?"

Then the man in the bag cried out, "Lift up thine eyes; for, behold, here I sit, in the sack of wisdom! Here have I, in a short time, learned great and wondrous things. Compared to what is taught in this seat, all the learning of the schools is as empty air. A little longer, and I shall know all that man can know, and shall come forth wiser than the wisest of mankind. Here I discern the signs and motions of the heavens and the stars; the laws that control the winds; the number of the sands on the sea-shore; the healing of the sick; the virtues of all simples, of birds, and of precious stones. Wert thou but once here, my friend, thou wouldst soon feel the power of knowledge."

The student listened to all this, and wondered much; at last he said, "Blessed be the day and hour when I found you! Cannot you let me into the sack for a little while?" Then the other answered, as if very unwillingly, "A little space I may allow thee to sit here, if thou wilt reward me well, and treat me kindly; but thou must tarry yet an hour below, till I have learnt some little matters that are yet unknown to me."

So the student sat himself down and waited a while; but the time hung heavy upon him, and he begged hard that he might ascend forthwith, for his thirst of knowledge was very great. Then the other began to give way, and said, "Thou must let the bag of wisdom descend, by untying yonder cord, and then thou shalt enter." So the student let him down, opened the bag, and set him free. "Now then," cried he, "let me mount quickly!" As he began to put himself into the sack, heels first, "Wait a while!" said the gardener, "this is not the way. Then he pushed him in, head first, tied up the bag's mouth, and soon swung up the searcher after wisdom, dangling in the air. "How is it with thee, friend?" said he: "dost thou not feel that wisdom cometh unto thee? Rest there in peace, till thou art a wiser man than thou wert!"

So saying, he borrowed the student's nag to ride home upon, and trotted off as fast as he could, for fear the villains should return; and he left the poor student to gather wisdom, till somebody should come and let him down, when he had found out in which posture he was wisest—on his head or his heels.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

GOING TO SCHOOL.*

In looking over the pages of "The Mirror," a few days since, I was attracted by the title of a piece, "Going to School;" and, feeling a deep interest in whatever relates to the education of youth, read it attentively. I found it to be the gushings of a fond mother's heart, in parting, for the first time, with her only son. It touched a chord that vibrated in my own bosom, for I too am a mother, and know something of the cares and anxieties, the hopes and fears, that so often agitate a tender mother's breast. I could enter somewhat into her feelings, for I too have had to part with dear ones, and commit to others the instruction of those that I love as my own soul. Will that mother, then, bear with me while I suggest to her mind a few reflections, that ought to reconcile every parent, when obliged to consign to others the education of their children. Did she, before consenting to part with her son, make every possible inquiry as to the qualifications of the principal, his scientific attainments, his "aptness to teach," his fitness to govern, the influence that would probably be exerted over the mind of her child? If so, and she felt willing to place her darling boy under his guardianship, then she should have resigned him altogether, and never have allowed herself for one moment to suppose that aught but justice would be done to her child. Without entire, unreserved confidence in a teacher, but little will be satisfactory to the parent, and I know of nothing more depressing to the exertions of an instructor, than the suspicion, that he has not the full and cheerful confidence of those he is striving to please.

The pupil, in order to receive the full benefit of instruction, must be made by his parents to feel that the teacher is one of his best friends, that if his wishes are sometimes thwarted, and his waywardness reproved, it is for his advantage; and, above all, a parent should never, in the presence of his child, call in question the justness of the teacher's authority. If a child knows that his parent doubts, as to the propriety of a certain course of discipline, farewell hereafter to all proper influence by the teacher over the mind and heart of that child. Let teachers and parents have frequent interviews, and understand each other's wishes in regard to their children. It buoys up the spirits of a teacher to enjoy the friendship and co-operation of parents; "it is like a sudden sunburst," a cordial to his drooping and wearied mind, soothing as sweet music, the consciousness that, though pupils rebel, and are oft-times inattentive, obstinate, and indifferent, there are those who appreciate his motives and exertions, and cherish towards him a kind and sympathising feeling. I should suppose prejudice never rested in the mind of a christian teacher; preference for the amiable, studious, and obliging, he cannot help feeling; but his good sense and justice to those committed to his care, will never allow him to *act* with a prejudiced eye. I would advise that mother to cultivate an acquaintance with the person to whom she has entrusted her earthly treasure, ascertain more fully his manner of instruction and mode of government, his reasons for what may seem to her a wrong course of conduct, and, perhaps, her mind will be more at ease, and she will, ere long, "feel that perfect reliance upon the guardianship to which her dear Harry is committed," which is so desirable for teacher, pupil, and parent. May that anxious mother realize every thing that she wishes for her sweet boy, and may "blessings undisghised ever rest on parents and child."

FRAGMENTS OF A CHINESE BALLAD.

In vain is the female's apartment inaccessible to public view: if irregularity finds its way into it, the news of it spreads far and wide with rapidity; it is a fire, of which those who are not near enough to see the flames, are sure to perceive the smoke.

Employment is the guardian of female innocence: do not allow women time to be idle: let them be the first dressed and the last undressed all the year round.

No in-door household work is repugnant to a modest and sensible woman. The shuttle and the needle are only the occupation of her leisure: the neatness of her house is the work of her cares; and it is her glory either to attend a sick person, or to prepare a repast.

The pearls and precious stones, the silk and gold, with which a coquette studiously bedecks herself, are a transparent varnish, which makes all her defects the more apparent.

A hopeful reliance a family has on a young girl with carmine lips and painted cheeks! The more she resembles an idol, the less will be the number of her worshippers.

THE PRESS

The press is a messenger of truth, the herald of science, the interpreter of letters, the amanuensis of history, and the teacher of futurity. Like the sun, it dispels the gloom of night, irradiates the shade of ignorance, and pours a flood of knowledge on the world: it dilates the perceptions of man, extends his intellectual vision, inspires his heart with sensibility, and his mind with thought, and endows him with past and present omniscience: it directs his way to the temple of fame, and discovers to him the path by angels trod to Zion's holy hill.

HABITS OF THE TARTAR WOMEN.

The Tartar women have a frank and confiding look; they appear willingly in public, and are met in great numbers in the streets of Pekin. They sometimes walk, and sometimes ride on horseback, sitting, not aside, in the manner of English ladies, but across, like men. They wear long silk gowns which reach to their heels. Their hair is fastened up and smoothed on all sides, nearly in the Chinese manner. Although they use as much paint, red and white, as the Chinese, it may easily be seen that their complexion is naturally finer. They almost all ornament their hair with flowers.

* See New-York Mirror, August seventeen, page fifty-nine.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

THE FASTIDIOUS MAN.

BY WILLIAM COX.

To be fastidious is to be a torment to yourself, a plague to your wife, a nuisance to your friends, a vexation to your acquaintance, and an annoyance to society in general.

Yet how many people, unable to discern the difference between a fine discrimination and a foolish fastidiousness, affect the latter "antic disposition."

You may know a fastidious man by his mincing gait, faint smile, feeble laugh, and "point device" appearance. There lurks no wrinkle in his neckcloth, and the polish of his boots realizes the glowing descriptions of the advertisements. His clothes seem a part of himself, not "troublesome disguises," put off and on like those of other people. He is great in all things little—superb in mediocrity. He can detect half a dozen faults in a coat where others see only perfection, and his tailor would assassinate him were it not for the dread of consequences

His countenance has a mild, milk-and-water expression; only when you look closely at it, there is an incipient supercilliousness observable in the elevation of his eyebrow and slight curl of his upper lip, but his face is never discomposed by any strong or boisterous passions. He detests extremes. He shakes no man roughly by the hand, and was never seen in a hurry in his life. There is neither heart nor soul about anything he does, and he is generally a bachelor.

Hearty and decided opinions frighten him. He seldom says "yes" or "no," but is made up of "ifs" and "buts."

He is himself a spiritless preposition—an unpleasant disjunctive conjunction.

The Author of the universe has not been able to make anything to please the very fastidious man. Point out to him a glorious view or a lovely landscape, enough to fill any one else with rapture or serene delight, and he thinks it "very well," upon the whole, but he would have liked it better with a little less wood and a little more water, or a little more water and a little less wood, as the case may happen. He holds it derogatory to be altogether satisfied—anybody can be that. He has somewhat the feeling of the famous painter, Sir Godfrey Kneller, about him, of whom it is recorded that he was so thoroughly self conceited, that Pope and some brother wits resolved to make an experiment whether any dose of flattery could be concocted too strong or gross for Sir Godfrey to swallow. The trial was made. It is well-known that Sir Godfrey's strength lay in portrait-painting—his landscapes are not anything particular However, in viewing one of his freshly completed efforts in the latter department, Pope fell into a pretended transport, and more profanely than wisely or wittily expressed an opinion that if the Almighty had been favoured with his (Sir Godfrey's) advice and valuable suggestions at the construction of the universe, he would have made several important improvements; to which Sir Godfrey responded with the greatest gravity imaginable - "Fore God, Mr. Pope, I believe you are right!" This is the feeling of the fastidious man. He sees nothing but what he thinks might be improved—a little. Without a soul for the sublime, he would alter the Alps and the Alleganies, and Niagara comes not "exactly" up to his expectations. He is utterly incapable of a hearty thorough-going admiration. He thinks it unbecoming to give way to any strong impulse or emotion, and "fears and scruples shake him strongly," as to the propriety of laughing.

Of women he is a special judge. Of course not any of the fair daughters of Eve have altogether the good fortune to suit his taste —that would be too much to be expected. Should the reigning belle be such a rare piece of nature's workmanship as to exhaust hyperbole and set every one else crazy, still there is some little - some very little—but *still* some little deficiency which prevents her coming up to his connoisseurship's standard of perfection. In fact, he smiles with a calm self-satisfied superciliousness upon all wholesale admiration, and never dreams of praise without a reservation

He is a fimc—a fribble.

To use a phrase which would make him perspire at Christmas, he never "goes the whole hog."

If the works of heaven please him not, much less do those of men. Of the fine arts he is a connoisseur of the first water. The Medicean Venus and the Apollo Belvidere come "nearest" his ideas of what is perfect, but still he deems that there is a curve in the neck of the Venus "a little" too angular, and in his "humble opinion," (very humble,) the middle toe-nail of the left foot of the Apollo is not "exactly" what it might have been. He can admire with an "if," or a "but," a Titian, a Vandyke, a Raphael, a Rembrandt, or a Correggio, if well ascertained to be such, but modern works of art he *cannot* away with. They may do well enough for some people, but, *really*, to a "practised eye" they *are* an annoyance.

In literature there is no end to his troubles. The irregularities, the inconsistencies, and improbabilities of Shakspeare affect him worse than they did Voltaire, and the "Paradise Lost" he admits is a noble poem upon the whole, "but," ———. Fielding he dislikes, and of Smollett, as of all other not over particular writers, he has an instinctive horrour. Anything with the smack of roughness and originality about it is foreign to his nature. Amid all the "shows" and affectations of which he is made up, this feeling *is* genuine, strong sense, vigorous delineation, sketches of low life, and coarse humour being naturally his antipathies.

In music he is perfectly consistent with himself. He is never carried away by a gush of melody, or entranced by "the concord of sweet sounds," but is always considering during a charming performance how he may express with the best effect his very refined opinion at the close of it. He is a great admirer, as far as he can admire, of little prettinesses, and much prefers Rossini to Mozart or Weber. Had "Der Freischutz" not been stamped by the approbation of judges from whose opinion there is no appeal, he would have held it to be *outre* in the extreme, and most supremely ludicrous; for, with all his affectation of superiour taste, he has not vigour of mind for a *bona fide* opinion of his own, but wishes to acquire credit by "refining" on the opinion of others.

Even in cookery—in the natural perception of the flavour of meats, fowls, and fishes, wherein every man might be expected to have, and ought to give, a free and decided opinion, uncontrolled and unbiassed by that of other people, he has no real opinion to give. He dares not He receives and attempts some small refinement upon the tastes of others, and passes that off for "taste" of his own, sneering insolently perchance the while at any one who has the manhood to brave the "world's dread laugh," and fearlessly assert that he likes rump steaks better without oyster sauce than with it The slave! for is he not truly a slave who submits to have his sense of taste regulated by the shifting whims and caprices of others? He has no idea of that dauntless independence—that high moral courage, and lofty reliance on self, which would enable some men, though all the world stood tittering by, to eat, in that world's despight, cheese to chicken, and pickled onions to turtle soup—*if they liked it.*

The fastidious man, on the contrary, shuns all bold innovations on established rules. With all his pretensions he eats what others who are considered authorities eat—learns, parrot-like, to lisp the names of the most fashionable wines, and drinks them whether abhorrent or not to his palate!

The puppy, the presuming, tame, spiritless puppy!

Such a fellow ought to be banished to Russia, wear sheepskin, eat black bread, drink seal oil, be wedded to a Calmuc Venus, and sleep on chaff!

FRENCH LITERATURE.

SPIRIT OF THE PARISIAN JOURNALS.

Translated for the New-York Mirror.

MARRYING IN HASTE.

The Marseilles *Semaphore* of the sixteenth July contains the following anecdote, for the correctness of which it vouches:—Mademoiselle D——, a very pretty young lady, was on the point of leaving Marseilles to return to her family at Gap. The horses were already harnessed to the diligence, and the driver was calling over the list of passengers. But just as she entered the vehicle, while she was standing on the step-ladder alongside, Mademoiselle D—— felt herself suddenly seized by the arm She turned hastily round to see who it was that took such a liberty, and discovered in the aggressor a gentleman of a certain age, of a prepossessing countenance and good figure, very well dressed withal, but a perfect stranger to her. The gentleman begs her most urgently to be good enough to delay her departure for a moment, and favour him with a short interview. "Sir," said the lady, "I have not the pleasure of knowing you; what object can you have in an interview?" Saying which, she descended the steps, and stood by his side. "We shall soon become better acquainted, miss," eagerly replied the stranger, "but be good enough not to interrupt me; I see plainly that your time is short, that the driver is growing impatient, and that your fellow-travellers do not know what to make of me; but a single word will explain everything. I love you, miss, and I feel that it is impossible for me to exist without you. Come, will you marry me? I lay my fortune and my hand at your feet."—"But, sir, you cannot have known me long; what does all this mean?"—"I did not know you an hour ago, it is true; I have just seen you for the first time, and love came over me like a clap of thunder. Do, in mercy, decide my fate, whether for life or death—will you be my wife, or not?" "Really, sir, I am at a loss what answer to make to such a request, under such circumstances."—"Oh! decide at once Believe me, if you will marry me, you will be as happy as the day is long. I am rich, too; I have a fortune of three hundred thousand francs. I have but two children of my first marriage, my daughter has entered a convent, and my son is a curate. I am yet young, and to be alone in the world, is too hard a lot for me to bear; it depends on yourself whether you will marry me, and take the place of the children whom God has taken from me for his own service."

Mademoiselle D—— did not go to Gap that day. Inquiries were made on both sides, the results of which were perfectly satisfactory, and the marriage will take place in a few days.

THE TARANTULA.

Quackery, which seizes hold of every subject, long since inscribed music on the list of universal remedies. John Baptist Porter, in his "Musica Panacea," affirms seriously that instruments made of the wood of medicinal plants, produced tones which have the same property as the plants themselves. Music figured largely, too, in the magical and astrolgical therapeutics of the ancients. From them has been derived the fable of the efficacy of music in curing the bite of the tarantula. All the old books treat very minutely on this subject. The tarantula, we may remark, is a kind of spider, found only in Italy, and most common in Apulia. It is larger and stronger than those found with us. The legs and belly are spotted with black and white, the breast and back, dark. The eye is covered with a moist and tender cornea, which dries up after death, a peculiarity not found in any of the other species. Another singularity is, that its eyes are of a golden yellow colour, and sparkle in the dark like a cat's. So much for the animal, now for the disease.

Signor Baglivi, a celebrated Roman professor, has written a voluminous treatise on this subject. He brings forward a number of cases, with the greatest gravity and good faith. A woman, he says, who went down into a cellar, was bitten by a tarantula. She did not feel the bite at the moment, nor till some little time afterwards. In the afternoon, a small swelling appeared on her leg, no larger than a pea, accompanied with feebleness and difficulty of breathing She threw herself on a bed, and began to shake so violently, that two strong men could hardly hold her down. A physician was sent for, who opened the tumour, and applied plasters In spite of his remedies, the patient grew worse, with a violent thirst, nausea, loss of speech, and stricture of the heart Her parents, supposing that she had been bitten by a tarantula, sent for musicians, much against her wish, as she insisted that the pains she felt in her hands and feet would not admit of her dancing. When the men of art came, they asked the patient what were the size and colour of the spider that bit her, so that they might prelude in the proper key. The patient told them she did not know whether she had been bitten by a tarantula or a scorpion. The musicians, thus left in the dark, begun several airs which produced no effect on the patient, but on the fourth trial, she began to listen attentively, to sigh, and to fling out her feet. Soon she began to dance with a violence that brought about a speedy cure. Only, adds the learned professor, every year afterwards, about the same time when she was bitten, she had similar attacks, but slighter, which were cured in the same way. In another case, the patient had unfortunately tried so many violent remedies before he called in the musicians, and weakened himself so much, that when they began to play, though his legs and arms moved convulsively, he was not strong enough to get up or dance, wherefore, we are told, he died. A more distinguished man than Baglivi, the celebrated Doctor Richard Mead, was also a believer in this malady He admits that there have been many impostures and many merely nervous disorders which were regarded as being the effects of the bite of the tarantula, but still he firmly believed that the disease did exist at times, and that music was the only specific for it. Spite of the weight of these names, all the physicians of the present day are unbelievers. Some look upon the disease as being a nervous affection, produced by the heat of the climate, and the melancholy temperament of the people, who are represented by Baglivi as being meagre, fiery, tormented by sleeplessness, living under a burning sun, etc. The other opinion is that it is all trick and quackery. M. Laurent, a distinguished French physician, who has lived in Naples twenty years, assures us that in the present day at least this disease does not exist, and that it never was anything but a piece of jugglery performed by quacks and their accomplices. The bite of the tarantula, he insists, is perfectly harmless.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

THE CARTEL.

"Jailer, look to him;—tell not me of mercy."—*Shakspeare.*

"Flee, I beseech thee, Isidore! If the peace and comfort—(why do I name such words) if the very existence of thy poor wife be dear to thee—I implore thee flee! By the memory of our young loves, by the happy days that we have known together—by that close and dearer tie, the sorrows that we have shared—by the precious boy at whose sick couch we have watched in vain—by the smiling girl who now lies lapped in the unconscious sleep of infancy—by the dead for whom we mourned—and by that living blessing whom God, in his mercy, sent to compensate that mighty wo—by a father's hopes and a father's duties I conjure thee, flee! See, I am tall—the cloak hangs nearly as low over thy ankles as over mine; thou need'st but droop a little thy manly form, as if in grief—oh! what wife could walk erect from the prison of her husband! Thou hast but to draw the capote over thy brow, and to let fall the veil, and hold thy handkerchief to thy eyes—alas! did I ever leave thee otherwise than weeping?—and thou wilt pass undiscovered. Dost thou not remember how often, in our wooing days, we have passed for brother and sister? Flee, my Isidore! if thy wife, if thy child be dear to thee, wrap thee in this disguise, and flee!"

"And leave thee here to perish!"

"Nay, my husband, nay! not to perish, but to join thee speedily in some distant land, and live a calm and blissful life, in safety and in freedom. Wrap thyself in this cloak, and away; away, then, I conjure thee! The patrole will soon go their rounds, and the sentinel who is now on duty will be changed. Nay, I have not taken him into our counsel. Look not reproachfully. But well I know that André Duval will show nought but respect and sympathy when he sees me, or one whom he takes for me, pass in sorrow from the place. Delay no longer. Lisette awaits without to conduct thee to her mother's abode, one of the old niches about Notre Dame, where thou mightest be safe for ages. There thou shalt stay until the search be passed, and then we will depart for America. Nay, wherefore shake thy head? I shall be safe and free. Be sure of that The imperial Josephine, although even she may not venture to intercede for one who has so transgressed the hard iron martial-law as to challenge his superiour officer, will yet full surely protect her favoured hand-maiden—one whose wedding she was graciously pleased to honour with her presence—from the effects of her wifely love. Alas, was I not the wretched cause of this calamity? Is it not through thy love for me that thou art in prison? and wilt thou deny me the blessed privilege of setting thee free?"

And no longer able to resist her persuasions, Colonel de Gourbillon did submit to array himself in Adèle's garments, and, having safely passed the sentinel on guard, was, in a few minutes, following the steps of Mademoiselle Lisette, from the prison of La Force, to the precincts of Notre Dame.

The escape was complete and successful; but an unexpected circumstance rendered poor Adèle's stratagem unavailing, and replaced Isidore once again in his dungeon.

It was a right queenly chamber that boudoir, into which the soft air of an April morning stole so woingly; and yet its pervading beauty spoke rather of elegance than of splendour. The prevailing taste of its fair and gentle mistress was everywhere visible Flowers, pictured to the life by the deft needle of the embroiderress, bordered the pale pink hangings, which shed a tender blush on the apartment; flowers, bright from the loom of Arras, seemed strewn in gay confusion over the rich but delicate carpet; flowers, fresh from the dewy gardens, glowed in the flower-painted jars of Sèvres porcelain, which crowded the marble tables, whilst plants, the fairest and choicest of the hot house and conservatory, were grouped in alabaster vases, catching the soft light of the veiled windows.

On a Grecian couch, near a half-curtained recess, sat a gracious and graceful lady, the fitting inmate of this scene of enchantment. Her dress, even to the lilies in her bosom and the Provence rose in her hand, was of pure and spotless white, the most exquisite in texture and most becoming in form Her shape and features were faultless in contour and expression. If the bloom of youth were faded, it was more than replaced by sweetness and sensibility. At the moment of which we write, that lovely countenance wore the gentlest look of pity, as she addressed a sad and weeping lady, who had just been admitted to her presence.

"*Ma pauvre* Adèle! I had hoped and believed that you were still the joyful occupant of your husband's prison. I never thought to be sorry to see you at St Cloud. Colonel de Gourbillon is, then, retaken?"

"Not retaken, may it please your majesty: he accomplished his escape in safety, and reached a retreat where he might have remained undiscovered until the day of doom; but the sentinel who watched the door of his cell on the evening of his departure was to be held responsible for his prisoner. Had not Isidore surrendered himself, that poor soldier must have now been his victim; and dearly as I love my husband, or rather, because I do love him dearly, I could not have wished him so saved. He is again in prison, and the sentinel free."

"Was that sentinel an accomplice in the escape?"

"No, on my word of honour, gracious madam. He was my foster-brother, the son of my good old nurse, and would not, as we well knew, raise the veil, or pull away the handkerchief from, as he supposed, a weeping wife, as a rougher warder might have done; but we took more than common pains to preserve him from all suspicion of our plans, for his sake and our own. Poor André! he, at least, will escape!"

"And, after all, what was the cause of this unhappy challenge?"

"Alas! alas! royal madam, I was the thrice unhappy and most unconscious cause! Walking on the Boulevard Italien, with Madame le Vasseur, General Villaret, heated, as he says, by wine, and mistaking me for my cousin Pauline de St. Brie, (your imperial majesty has often noticed our sister-like resemblance,) to whom, as it now appears, he has been for some months secretly married, accosted me in a manner which occasioned me the most lively alarm. My husband came up at the moment, the general, certainly not himself, and hardly aware of his mistake, treated the matter with provoking levity. Madame le Vasseur's presence, and my tears, put, for the time, an effectual check on Isidore. He hurried us home, and then wrote that unhappy letter—that challenge to a superior officer—which failing, I hardly know how, into the hands of the minister of war, constitutes the sole and fatal proof of his breach of martial law; for General Villaret, as much disturbed as any man can be, and full of self-blame and self-accusation, denies all recollection, except of his own misconduct. O! if that fatal letter could be regained and destroyed! or, if the real facts of the case could be brought under the notice of him in whose word will lie the final sentence—the awful doom of life or death. O! if he could know the provocation, the palliation! he, that soul of honour, who holds his imperial consort's purity as the brightest jewel of his crown. How often have we heard him quote Cæsar's axiom—"

Here a slight movement of caution, and, perhaps, of uneasiness, on the part of Josephine, and a noise like the rustling of papers, suddenly stopped Adèle's pleadings, and directed her attention to the half-curtained recess. It opened on a small turret-chamber, fitted up as a private study, and, at a writing-table, folding a letter, sat a gentleman plainly dressed in a single breasted green-coat, a white kerseymere waistcoat, and the riband of the legion of honour at his button-hole. His little cocked-hat was on a chair at his side; and although his noble head was bent over the letter which he was folding, Adèle felt, at once, that it was no other than Napoleon. Papers were strewed before him, and amongst these, the eyes of the trembling wife rested upon the husband's well-known writing, the challenge upon which her fate and his depended.

The emperour paused in his occupation, and applied to his snuff-box for his habitual luxury; his countenance was calm and untroubled, and but for a momentary glance towards the curtained doorway, it might have been doubted if he were conscious that he was not alone.

"Speak!" whispered Josephine, encouragingly; "plead your husband's cause!"

Five minutes before Madame de Gourbillon would have given her right hand for such an opportunity. Now it had arrived, and between habitual awe of her great master, and the tremendous interest which she had at stake, she knelt before him, weak and wordless as a child.

"Pardon, sire! pardon!" Her voice died away, and, had not a passion of tears came to relieve her, she would have fainted.

Napoleon made no answer. He was about to seal the letter which he had folded, and, selecting a paper from the table, he first used it to light the wax-taper, which stood in a richly-chased golden candlestick by his side, and then flung it into the brazier, tapping his snuff-box as he watched the burning fragments, and glancing upon the happy wife, and her sympathizing mistress, with a smile exquisite in its sweetness and beauty. Perhaps, at that moment, his sensations were the most enviable of the three.

Need I say that the paper which he had destroyed was the only proof of Isidore's guilt—the all-important cartel?

TALES OF THE WOODS.

THE FOUNDLING OF THE FOREST.

"I thought that all things had been savage here."—*Shakspeare.*

Few persons were more chivalrously attached to the person and principles of the unfortunate Charles I. than the ancient and wealthy house of Coningsby, of Simonburn; and yet such was the jar and conflict of opinion in those stormy days, that the leven of democracy and puritanism made itself manifest at an early period of his reign in a younger son of that loyal and flourishing race. Ralph Coningsby, the cadet in question, was a grave and thoughtful youth, who, being intended by Sir Walter to pursue his fortunes at the bar, under the auspices of one of the corrupt and subservient judges of the time, threw up his profession in disgust at the oppressions of the Star Chamber, and the levity of his fellow Templers, and returned with all speed to Simonburn, when his departure from the family tenets in politics and religion occasioned, to the jolly old knight, his father, and the gay gallants, his brothers, much such a shock of painful and ashamed surprise, as might have been produced by the discovery of some deadly crime. Alienated from his relatives and connexions, he was naturally thrown amongst the professors of his own stricter and sterner faith; many of whom, little anticipating the tremendous convulsion which was about to shake the kingly power to its very foundation, were turning their eyes towards that fair new world, that distant and interminable wilderness which the voyages of Raleigh had opened to their view; and where their wildest visions of religious freedom and republican equality might be realized. Ralph Coningsby's desire to join one of these bands of pilgrims met with a ready assent from Sir Walter, who willingly advanced, even at the expense of a grove of oaks at the back of his hall, the moderate sum required for the outfit and the voyage; so much did he rejoice at the prospect of ridding himself of one, whose austerity of morals and of manners was silently felt as a reproach by the whole household, even whilst proclaiming him the approbium of his race To get rid of the first professor that ever bore the name of Coningsby the sacrifice of a grove oaks seemed nothing. Rather than see that rigid and sanctimonious young face glooming twice in every day over the wild-fowl and the wine-flask, in the great hall, Sir Walter would have cut down every tree in the park. Moderately, therefore, but sufficiently provided, Ralph Coningsby set sail from the port of Hull for New-England. But, although unaccompanied by any of his kindred, the young adventurer had a companion on his voyage, whose society would have been enough to reconcile him to a less voluntary exile Alice Ravenshaw was the orphan daughter of a former Vicar of Simonburn. She was an early playmate of Ralph's, reared in the same tenets, and, separated by death from all natural ties, readily consented to become his wife, and to share his fortunes in that distant land. A young girl, who had been her personal attendant, went with them also from pure affection and fidelity; and, perhaps, no three persons ever left their native country with less regret A tedious, but on the whole prosperous voyage, brought them to Naumkeak, (afterwards called Salem,) on the eastern shore of Massachusetts; and Alice, and her attendant Lucy, were speedily settled in a log-hut in the middle of a small clearing, which Ralph, with such assistance from the other pilgrims as kindness offered or money could buy, applied himself assiduously to bring into cultivation. Their husbandry prospered. Ralph, young and active, and used to the manly exercises of the time, found health and content in his labours; whilst Alice and Lucy, accustomed to the rude and hardy mode of living, which was in those days the lot of all, except the very highest ranks—(in thinking of the hardships of the pilgrim fathers we are a little too apt to forget the march of civilization, and that the comforts now found in every cottage were then hardly to be commanded in the palace.) Alice and her faithful handmaiden, habituated at home "to winter and rough weather," would have been without a grievance of which to complain, had they not naturally cherished an undefined but ungovernable fear of their neighbours of the woods, the true lords of the soil, the fierce and warlike red Indians. Even this feeling was destined to undergo a change. One day, shortly after she had become a mother, Mrs. Coningsby had advanced farther into the woods, tempted by the freshness of a close and narrow valley, in the bottom of which was a clear dark pool, surrounded by magnificent trees, whose foliage exhibited all the tender beauty of tint peculiar to that month, which the Indians call the moon of flowers; she had wandered far, and was thinking of returning to her home and her infant, when her ear was caught by the low wailing of a babe, and, following the sound, she saw a squaw seated on the ground, her back supported by a large white oak, and an infant clinging to her bosom, while a warriour stood leaning upon his bow, in an attitude of dejection, and with an expression of painful suffering which those "stoics of the woods" seldom allow themselves to exhibit. On approaching them nearer she saw that the squaw was dead, and that the wailing child was vainly pressing its little fingers against her breast, for the nourishment it could no longer afford. The cry of nature is alike in all languages. It went straight to the young Englishwoman's heart. She snatched the famished infant from the lap of its dead mother, and, regardless of colour or race, placed it to her own bosom, wept over it as it inhaled the nutriment, which it so much wanted; and contrived to make the grateful chief understand that his little son should have her cares and her love with her own boy. And for two years Corbitant (such was the name of the Narragansett chief, one of the most powerful of his tribe,) left the child in her hands. At the end of that period, just when he had begun to lisp the name of mother, a dead deer was one morning found at the door of their cabin, and the Indian boy was gone. Time rolled on. Divisions upon points of doctrine and church discipline had arisen among the religious community of Salem, as Maumkeak was now called; and they who had sailed three thousand miles to escape the intolerance of the dominant establishment in the old country, became themselves intolerant of the opinions of their neighbours. Alas, and these are the wise! Ralph Coningsby had mingled deeply and bitterly in these differences; and, partly from that cause, partly from an adventurous love of life in the wilderness, he and his now large family retired deeper into the woods, and were settled at an extensive clearing remote from other habitations. One evening the father, his two elder sons, and their male domestics, had gone to some distance to seek for their strayed cattle; and their trusty damsel, Lucy, was standing at the door listening to the mournful note of the whip-poor-will, whilst the mother and her young children were pursuing their customary avocation in the house. Suddenly Lucy rushed in, and seized a carbine, whilst an arrow falling at Mrs. Coningsby's feet, explained too clearly the motive of her strange action, and told the startled household that the Pequods, the most treacherous and dangerous of the Indian tribes, were upon them. In another second, before the faithful handmaiden, bold from the very desperation of fear, could fire the carbine which she had seized, they heard the terrible war-whoop, and gave themselves up for lost. Another minute passed; the frightened inmates of the dwelling, expecting the instant entrance of their merciless foes; almost dreading, so numerous did they seem, that the return of Mr. Coningsby and his sons would but add fresh victims to those whose doom seemed already sealed: when they were aware of another and more powerful band of warriours advancing from an opposite point; and a yet shriller war-whoop, at the sound of which the cowardly Pequods fled, whilst the friendly Narragansetts formed a guard around the house, and their young leader, approaching Mrs. Coningsby as she advanced to give him entrance, bent to kiss her garment, and whispered in the well-remembered accents of infancy, "Mother! dear mother!"

INDIAN TALES AND LEGENDS.

AN ALLEGORY OF THE SEASONS.

BY H. R SCHOOLCRAFT.

An old man was sitting alone in his lodge, by the side of a frozen stream. It was the close of winter, and his fire was almost out. He appeared very old and very desolate. His locks were white with age, and he trembled in every joint. Day after day passed in solitude, and he heard nothing but the sounds of the tempest, sweeping before it the new-fallen snow.

One day, as his fire was just dying, a handsome young man approached and entered his dwelling. His cheeks were red with the blood of youth, his eyes sparkled with animation, and a smile played upon his lips. He walked with a light and quick step. His forehead was bound with a wreath of sweet grass, in place of a warriour's frontlet, and he carried a bunch of flowers in his hand.

"Ah, my son," said the old man, "I am happy to see you. Come in. Come, tell me your adventures, and what strange lands you have been to see. Let us pass the night together. I will tell you of my prowess and exploits, and what I can perform. You shall do the same, and we will amuse ourselves."

He then drew from his sack a curiously-wrought antique pipe, and having filled it with tobacco, rendered mild by an admixture of certain leaves, handed it to his guest. When this ceremony was concluded, they began to speak.

"I blow my breath," said the old man, "and the streams stand still. The water becomes stiff and hard as clear stone."

"I breathe," said the young man, "and flowers spring up all over the plains."

"I shake my locks," retorted the old man, "and snow covers the land. The leaves fall from the trees at my command, and my breath blows them away. The birds get up from the water and fly to a distant land. The animals hide themselves from my breath, and the very ground becomes as hard as flint."

"I shake my ringlets," rejoined the young man, "and warm showers of soft rain fall upon the earth The plants lift up their heads out of the earth, like the eyes of children glistening with delight. My voice recalls the birds. The warmth of my breath unlocks the streams. Music fills the groves wherever I walk, and all nature rejoices."

At length the sun began to rise. A gentle warmth came over the place. The tongue of the old man became silent. The robin and bluebird began to sing on the top of the lodge. The stream began to murmur by the door, and the fragrance of growing herbs and flowers came softly on the vernal breeze.

Daylight fully revealed to the young man the character of his entertainer. When he looked upon him, he had the icy visage of Pebean.* Streams began to flow from his eyes. As the sun increased, he grew less and less in stature, and anon had melted completely away. Nothing remained on the place of his lodge fire but the miskodeed,† a small, white flower, with a pink border, which is one of the earliest species of the northern plants.

* Winter. † The Claytonia Virginica.

GAIETIES AND GRAVITIES.

DISASTERS OF A DIFFIDENT MAN.

It was at a dinner in Paris. The ordinary routine of a French table had commenced. A regular series of servants appeared each instant at our elbows, inviting us to partake of a thousand different kinds of wine. Resolute to avoid all further opportunities for displaying my predominant trait of bashfulness, I sat in the most obstinate silence, saying *non* to everything that was offered to me, and, eating with the most devoted application, till my fair neighbour, tired with my taciturnity and her own, at length herself began a conversation by inquiring how I was pleased with the opera. I was just raising a large morsel of potatoe to my mouth, and in order to reply as quickly as possible, I hastily thrust it in, intending to swallow it as hastily. Heavens! It was as hot as burning lava. What could I do! The lady's eyes were fixed upon me, waiting a reply to her question. But my mouth was in a flame. I rolled the burning morsel hither and thither, rocking my head from side to side, while my eyes, which involuntarily I had fixed on her, were strained from their sockets. She regarded my grimaces, of the cause of which she was ignorant, with an expression of amazement and surprise, at which I can laugh now when I think of it.

"Monsieur is ill!" at length she gently and in an anxious tone inquired. I could hear no more. My mouth was flaying with intolerable pain; so, quietly abandoning the point, I opened it to the utmost and out dropped the infernal brand upon my plate. Not the slightest tendency to risibility ruffled the imperturbable politeness of the lady. She soothingly condoled with me on my misfortune, then gradually led the conversation to a variety of topics, till exerting the magic influence that true politeness always exercises, I began to forget even my own blunders. Gradually my cheeks burned less painfully, and I could join in the conversation without the fear that every word I uttered shared the fate of the action I attempted. I even ventured to hope, nay, to congratulate myself, that the catalogue of calamities was completed for the day.

"Let no man call himself happy before death," said Solon, and he said wisely. The Ides of March are not yet over. Before us stood a dish of cauliflower, nicely done in butter. This I naturally enough took for a custard pudding, which it very much resembled. Unfortunately my vocabulary was not extensive enough to embrace all the technicalities of the table, and when my fair neighbour inquired if I was fond of *corfleur*, I verily took it to be the French for custard pudding, and so high was my panegyric of it that my plate was bountifully laden with it. Alas, one single mouthful was enough to dispel my illusion. Would to heaven that the corfleur had vanished with it. But that remained bodily, and as I gazed despondently on the huge mass that loomed almost as large and burning as Vesuvius, my heart died within me. Ashamed to confess my mistake, though I could as readily have swallowed an equal quantity of soft soap, I struggled manfully on against the mountainous heap at its base—shutting my eyes, and opening my mouth, to inhale as large masses as I could without stopping to taste it. But my stomach soon began intelligibly enough to intimate its intention to admit no more of this nauseous stranger beneath its roof, if not even expelling that which had already gained admission.

The seriousness of the task I had undertaken, and the resolution necessary to execute it, had given an earnestness and rapidity to my exertions which appetite could not have inspired, when my plate having got somewhat over the edge of the table, upon my leaning forward tilted up, and down slid the disgusting mass into my lap. My handkerchief, unable to bear so weighty a load, bent under in its turn, and a great portion of it landed safely in my hat. The plate instantly righted itself, as I raised my person and saw as I glanced my eye round the table, that no one had noticed my disaster. I inwardly congratulated myself that the nauseous deception was so happily disposed of. Resolved not to be detected, I instantly rolled my handkerchief together, with its remaining contents, and whipped it into my pocket.

The dinner-table was at length deserted for the drawing-room, where coffee and liquors were served. Meanwhile I had sought out what I considered a safe hiding-place for my hat, beneath a chair in the dining-room, for I dare not carry it any longer in my hand, having first thrown a morsel of paper, to hide the cauliflower, should any one chance, in seeking for his own hat, to look into mine

On my return to the drawing-room, I chanced to be again seated by the lady by whom I had sat at the table. Our conversation was resumed, and we were in the midst of an animated discussion, when a huge spider was seen running up her arm.

"Take it off!—take it off!" she ejaculated in a terrified voice.

I was always afraid of spiders; so, to avoid touching him with my hand, I caught my pocket-handkerchief from my pocket, and clapped it at once upon the miscreant, who was already mounting over her temple with rapid strides. Gracious heavens! I had forgotten the cauliflower, which was now plastered over her face like an emollient poultice, fairly killing the spider, and blinding an eye of the lady—while little streamlets of soft butter glided slowly down her neck and bosom.

"*Mon dieu! Mon dieu!*" exclaimed the astonished fair one.

"*Mon dieu!*" was re-echoed from every person's mouth.

"Have you cut your hand!" inquired one.

"No! no!—the spider—monsieur is killing the spider."

Well might the company be astonished; the spray of the execrable vegetable had spattered her dress from head to foot. For myself, the moment the accident occurred, I had mechanically returned my handkerchief to my pocket, but its contents remained.

"What a monster must it have been," observed a young lady, as she helped to relieve my victim from her cruel situation, "I declare I should think he had been living on cauliflower."

At that moment I felt some one touch me, and turning, I saw my companion, who had come with me.

"Look at your pantaloons," he whispered.

Already half dead with the confusion and disaster I had caused, I cast my eyes upon my own white dress, and saw, at a glance, the horrible extent of my dilemma. I had been sitting on the fated pocket, and had crushed out the liquid butter, and the soft, paste-like vegetable, which had bedaubed and dripped down them, till it seemed as if it were actually dissolving my pantaloons.

Darting from the spot, I sprang to the place where I had left my hat; but, before I could reach it, a sudden storm of wrath was heard at the door.

"*Sacre! bete! sac-r-e!*" the *r* in the first syllable being made to roll like a watchman's rattle, mingled with another epithet and name that an angry Frenchman never spares, was heard rising like a fierce tempest without the doors. Suddenly there was a pause, a gurgling sound, as of one swallowing involuntarily—and the storm of wrath again broke out with redoubled fury. I seized my hat and opened the door, and the whole matter was at once explained; we had exchanged hats—and there he stood, the soft cauliflower gushing down his cheeks, blinding his eyes, filling his mouth, hair, mustachios, ears, and whiskers. Never shall I forget that spectacle. There he stood astride, like the Colossus, and stooping gently forward, his eye forcibly closed, his arms drooping out from his body, and dripping cauliflower and butter from every pore.

I staid no longer; but, retaining his hat, I rushed from the house, jumped into a "fiacre," and arrived safely home, heartily resolving that I would never again deliver a letter of introduction.

GRAND TOURNAMENT AT EGLINTOUN CASTLE

"Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man."

The grand preparations making for the tournament at Eglintoun Castle, which is fixed to take place on the twenty eighth of August, and the two following days, is at present the all-engrossing subject of conversation with lords and ladies fair and bright. This day week was the last practising day, when the gardens of the Eyre Arms Tavern, St. John's-wood, were honoured with the presence of upwards of three thousand persons of distinction, for the purpose of viewing the prowess of knights of the nineteenth century. The gardens were opened for the admission of the nobility and gentry at three o'clock. We have, on a former occasion, given a sketch of the appearance presented by the lists—the scene enlivened by party-coloured pavilions and flaunting banners, and the spirits excited by the braying of trumpets. On the present occasion there was no change. On each side of the ground were elevated benches for the accommodation of the spectators. At the extreme end were three tents, where the knights were equipped. At the opposite end a marquee was erected for the royal family and principal nobility The ground was furnished with a barrier, and all the other appurtenances of the ancient tilting-yard. By four o'clock the benches were crowded with a splendid assemblage of the rank and beauty of this metropolis. Her royal highness the Duchess of Cambridge, accompanied by the Princess Augusta and Mary of Cambridge, arrived shortly before four, attended by Baron Knesebeck and the Hon. Miss Kerr. Her royal highness was received immediately on her arrival by the Earl of Eglintoun, Earl of Wilton, etc. The practice then commenced with running at the Quintain. The Hon. Captain Gage, Lord Glenlyon, Viscount Alford, the Hon. Captain Maynard, etc., eminently distinguished themselves by the force of their attacks. The horsemanship of the Hon Captain Maynard was much praised. Viscount Alford and Lord Glenlyon received falls during the afternoon. The young Marquis of Worcester, who very successfully pierced the oranges with his spear, through his horse shying, was thrown, but, we are happy to state, not hurt by the fall.

"Come hither, herald.—Let the trumpet sound—
And read out this."

At a quarter to six, the marshal of the lists (Lord Gage) made the subjoined proclamation, preparatory to the Earl of Eglintoun and Viscount Alford entering the lists:

"No knight to ride more than three courses with the same opponent, in which advantage of any kind gained twice by the same lance decides the victory; so that if these be gained in the two first, the victory is decided, as in heats at a race.

"N. B.—In default of other advantage gained in any course, the judge will decide for the atteint made nearest to the centre of the shield.

"It is expressly ordered by the Earl of Eglintoun, and must be distinctly understood by each knight upon engaging to run a course, that he is to strike his opponent on no other part than the shield; and that an atteint made elsewhere will be adjudged foul, and the match forfeited.

"Particular attention is most earnestly requested to be paid to this injunction, as any untoward accident might throw discredit upon it, or even prevent its ever again taking place, by force of law or public opinion.

"No knight can be permitted to ride without having on the whole of his tilting pieces.

"Lances of equal length, substance, and quality, as far as can be seen, will be delivered to each knight, and none others will be allowed.

"GAGE, *Marshal of the lists.*"

——"And from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation."

A flourish of trumpets announced the readiness of the noble combatants, "plated in habiliments of war." And instantly the Earl of Eglintoun and Viscount Alford entered the lists

"Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet"

The Earl of Eglintoun wore a superb suit of brass armour, and from the crest which surmounted his helmet proceeded a plume of blue and yellow feathers. His horse was richly caparisoned with blue satin and cloth of gold.

Viscount Alford was cased in a magnificent suit of polished steel, which covered him from top to toe, the steel shoes, or sollerets, being of the immense squaretoed fashion of the time of Henry VIII. His lordship's horse was also caparisoned in blue and white cloth.

Both knights having made their *devoir* before the bevy of noble dames in the principal pavilion, took up their positions. The herald then sounded a charge, and the knights rushed to the encounter; but the pass was made without damage. After a slight pause the noble lords again rushed forward, the lance of the Earl of Eglintoun slightly touching the *passe-guarde* of his adversary. In the next course the Earl of Eglintoun struck the *passe-guarde* of his opponent, and the concussion splintered his lance. In the next course Viscount Alford came full upon the *passe-guarde* of the Earl of Eglintoun with such force as to shiver his lance into several pieces. After this course the noble knights dismounted and retired to their respective tents to disarm. It was a sight that might have roused the spirit of old Froissart, or the ghost of Hotspur. The knights had certainly no easy task to perform; the weight of armour was rather heavier than the usual trappings of a modern dandy, and the heat of the sun appeared to be baking the bones of some of the competitors. Be this as it may, there was no flinching. At this period the Duchess of Cambridge retired, and was followed by a portion of the company. Lord Glenlyon and Mr. Gage then entered the lists; but the beautiful horsemanship of the latter was unable to bring his horse up to the charge. Nothing could induce the animal to face his opponent; and so much time was lost in the attempt, that the concluding joust between the Marquis of Waterford and, we believe, Captain Maynard, was of necessity postponed—it being then eight o'clock in the evening. A grand flourish of trumpets announced the conclusion of the sports, and the company regained their horses and carriages as best they might. From the great crowd it was an undertaking of immense difficulty, and of some danger. Captain Maynard proved himself a superior rider, by the splendid style he leaped his horse at speed repeatedly over the barrier, and the admirable manner in which he performed the modern lance exercise, and made a very beautiful charger curvet round and round his lance placed upright on the ground. The whole of the arrangements were under the direction of Mr Pratt, to whose discretion the ordering of the tilting, the armour and arming, and all the appliances for the tournament, have been entrusted. Considering the business of Saturday was but a rehearsal, and, putting entirely out of the question the folly or wisdom of the whole thing, it must be acknowledged that it has been well got up. Some of the heralds' and pursuivants' costumes are very splendid. There is an immense store of armour of all sorts pennons, lances, trappings, and all the details of the wars of the middle ages. The display in Scotland will certainly be a gorgeous pageant, and a most extraordinary piece of pastime. There were crowds of pretty women on the ground.—*London paper*

THE FREAKS OF FORTUNE.

A gentleman dreamt that a certain number would be a prize in the lottery. The morning after his dream, which was only a week previous to the drawing of the lottery, he wrote a note to his clerk to desire him to buy the ticket immediately: and subsequently told many of his neighbours and acquaintances of his dream, the number, and of his purchase of the ticket. Being a very popular person, all who heard of the circumstance were anxious that his dream should be realized; and, to their great satisfaction, the number was drawn a very large prize Forthwith, a numerous party of artisans and peasants, employed by the gentleman in question, sallied forth from Naples, with musical instruments, colours flying, and a banner gaily decorated; on which the lucky number was inscribed, and also the amount of the prize. In this manner they proceeded to the habitation of Mr. ——, and announced the joyful intelligence, which, it is needless to say, spread a general hilarity through the house. This procession was followed by several friends and acquaintances, who came to congratulate the fortunate owner of the prize. Refreshments in abundance were served out on the lawn for the peasants and artisans; and a collation in the *sall-à-manger* was offered to the friends. Sufficient wine of an inferior quality not being in the cellar, the best was copiously supplied, in the generosity occasioned by the good fortune of the host. The health of the winner of the prize was repeatedly drunk and many suggestions relative to the disposal of a portion of the newly acquired wealth were given. The news spread, and the pleasure-grounds of Mr. —— became literally filled with visitors of all classes; when, in the midst of the general rejoicings, the clerk who had been a week before deputed to purchase the ticket arrived, with a visage so rueful and wo-begone, that one glance at it announced some disagreeable news. Alas! this unlucky wight had, in the pressure of more than ordinary business, forgotten to buy the ticket! and thought not of it until informed of its having been drawn a prize.

The rage and disappointment of Mr. —— may be more easily imagined than described, when he saw the wheel of fortune, which had paused at his door, driven to that of another; who, having heard of the dream of Mr. ——, selected the number, and became the buyer of the ticket only the day before it was drawn. The refreshments so liberally dispensed on this occasion had quite exhausted the larder of the dreamer, and nearly emptied his cellar: and thus ended the affair of the lottery.

THE JEWELS A TRADITION OF THE RABBIS.

The celebrated teacher, Rabbi Meir, sat during the whole of one Sabbath-day in the public school instructing the people. During his absence from the house his two sons died, both of them of uncommon beauty, and enlightened in the law. His wife bore them to her bed-chamber, laid them upon the marriage bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies. In the evening the Rabbi Meir came home.

"Where are my two sons," he asked, "that I may give them my blessing! I repeatedly looked round the school, and I did not see them there."

She reached him a goblet. He praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank, and again asked—

"Where are my sons, that they too may drink, of the cup of blessing?"

"They will not be far off," she said, and placed food before him, that he might eat.

He was in a gladsome and genial mood; and when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him.

"Rabbi, with thy permission, I would fain propose to thee one question."

"Ask it, then, my love!" he replied.

"A few days ago, a person entrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them again: should I give them up?"

"This is a question," said Rabbi Meir, "which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What, wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?"

"No," she replied, "but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith."

She then led him to the chamber, and, stepping to the bed, took the white covering from the dead bodies

"Ah, my sons, my sons!" thus loudly lamented the father; "my sons! the light of my eyes and the light of my understanding!—I was your father but ye were my teachers in the law."

The mother turned away, and wept bitterly. At length she took her husband by the hand and said—

"Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was entrusted to our keeping? See, the Lord gave, the Lord has taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!"

"Blessed be the name of the Lord!" echoed Rabbi Meir, "and blessed be his name for thy sake too, for well it is written, "Whoso hath found a virtuous wife, hath a greater treasure than costly pearls; she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness."

LITERARY NOTICES.

"The Naval Founding." By "the Old Sailor," author of "Tough Yarns," "Nights at Sea," "Greenwich Hospital," etc. In three vols. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

The preface to this work is so characteristic, that we must quote it entire:—"My first launch was a single volume; I then tried a two-decker; and now I have boldly commissioned a first-rate, with three tiers of artillery. I make up my mind to some random shots, and perhaps a rattling broadside; but I have nailed my colours to the mast, and will never strike As for sinking me—it must be precious heavy metal to do that; so that I hope to carry my flag triumphantly into the port of public favour, that has given me snug moorings heretofore. Now, for a preface, I say this is short and sweet." So much for the author's introduction. His three volumes, we have read. The nautical portions are capital; rich in humour, true to the life in sketches of scenes and characters at sea, and highly interesting. But when the author gets on shore, and tries to talk sentiment, and describe tender interviews between lovers, he is as awkward and ridiculous as a sailor on horseback, or a marine at the mast-head. At the same time, the "Naval Founding" is a very *readable* work—a little coarse occasionally—but quite equal to anything by Marryatt, and superiour in its healthy moral tone.

"Confessions of a Schoolmaster." Andover: Gould, Newman and Saxton. New-York: Corner of Fulton and Nassau streets.

We are informed by the author in his preface, that this work is a faithful though painful exhibition of facts as they occurred during ten or twelve years of the life of a common-schoolmaster. It is called his "Confessions," because his errours and confessions of errour appear to predominate; especially during several of the first years. From a rapid glance through the volume, we can attest to the author's candour. Rousseau himself is not apparently more frank and sincere. The style is pure and familiar, and the speculations of the writer are for the most part sensible and philosophical. Teachers and all persons interested in the instruction of the young will find much in the work worthy of their attention. We do not agree with the author in his remarks upon corporeal punishment. Thanks to the dawn of a better era in education, the brutal Vandalism of the practice is fast growing into desuetude and contempt.

"Sketches by Boz, illustrative of Every-day Life and Every-day People." By Charles Dickens. With twenty illustrations by George Cruikshanks. New edition, complete. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

This is a very neat edition of some of the earlier productions of Dickens, written, as he informs us, from time to time to meet the exigences of a newspaper or magazine. They are quite amusing, and abound in those characteristics, which have given such extensive popularity to the Pickwick papers and Nicholas Nickleby. The illustrations by Cruikshanks are among the best things that have ever been accomplished by that artist. The frontispiece, representing Boz and his pictorial co-labourer ascending in a balloon, is quite original and appropriate. Into the plate accompanying the sketch entitled "Public Dinners," the caricaturist has introduced excellent likenesses of himself and Dickens. Most truly is it remarked by the Quarterly Review, that Cruikshanks is as great an artist in his own way as Boz himself—and it is difficult to say, on laying down the book, how much of the powerful impression we are conscious of may be due, not to the pen, but to the pencil.

"The Charter Oak, and other Poems." By John Jay Adams. Pp. 60. New-York: Samuel Colman.

A poem, which has received the enthusiastic eulogy of Woodworth, can be little affected either by our praise or our censure. The "Charter Oak" was originally published in the Mirror, and has met with numerous readers and admirers. Mr. Adams has a correct ear in versification. His style is peculiarly his own, and in these days of pillaging and imitation, we look upon originality as no small recommendation. We should not omit to observe that the typography of this volume is very beautiful—well worthy of the contents.

"The Young Merchant." Philadelphia: R. W. Pomeroy. New-York: Ransom, 156 Fulton-street.

This is truly an excellent little work. It treats, in a liberal and intelligent manner, of the proper qualifications, intellectual and moral, for the merchant—of conduct during apprenticeship—hints to young merchants upon setting up in business—elementary principles of commerce—the merchant's duties, conduct under reverses, recreations and rewards. The author evidently writes from practical experience and observation, and his advice cannot but carry weight. The following extract shows too truly the uncertain nature of our commercial business:

"Commerce is not the surest road to wealth, or even to competence. If its statistics for the United States were sufficiently full to enable us to present the reader with a complete list of all who have been engaged in it during the last thirty years, we firmly believe, it would be found, where one has realized a fortune by it, ten have failed, and brought losses upon those connected with them in the relations of business."

"Jack Sheppard," a romance. By W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq., author of "Rookwood," "Crichton," etc. In two volumes. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

The first volume of this ingenious romance has appeared. It is full of bustle, incident and well-delineated character. The author rarely essays anything like humour, but his pictures of low, criminal life, his descriptions of burglaries, thefts and escapes from prison are conveyed with great power and effect.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

By an inadvertence on the part of the proof-reader, the last paragraph in Mr. Cushing's first article on the scenery of the Merrimack, was printed without quotation marks. It should have been credited to James.—"Q." is informed that Mr. Fay's new novel has been received, and will probably be put to press immediately.—"Y. T. F." in our next.—We have sent "T.'s" amusing account of his visit to the long, low, raksh-looking schooner, to one of the daily papers.—A correspondent wishes to know if any one can tell him of the whereabouts of the man in the claret-coloured coat. The last we heard of him he was prowling about the Susquehannah with John Smith, shooting woodcock.—We shall have no occasion for the contributions of "Stella," "M. N.," "T. Z.," "Mountain Bard," and "Yorick"—not wishing to add anything this week to the stock of bad poetry.—We cannot reply to the personal inquiries of "C.," and would not if we could.—The "Cartel," and the "Founding of the Forest," being sent to us in manuscript, were mistaken by the compositor for original papers. They were copied by a fair correspondent, from the writings of Miss Mitford, and we regret the inadvertence that omitted her name.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1839

Want of a national name.—The last Knickerbocker Magazine contains an excellent article by Washington Irving on our national nomenclature. After advising the restoration of the original Indian names in all cases where they are euphonious, he remarks:—"We want a national name. We want it poetically, and we want it politically. With the poetical necessity of the case I shall not trouble myself. I leave it to our poets to tell how they manage to steer that collocation of words, 'The United States of North America,' down the swelling tide of song, and to float the whole raft out upon the sea of heroic poesy. I am now speaking of the mere purposes of common life. How is a citizen of this republic to designate himself? As an American? There are two Americas, each subdivided into various empires, rapidly rising in importance. As a citizen of the United States? It is a clumsy, lumbering title, yet still it is not distinctive; for we have now the United States of Central America; and heaven knows how many 'United States' may spring up under the Proteus changes of Spanish America." Mr. Irving then proceeds to recommend our substituting the name Appalachia, or Alleghania, (he prefers the latter,) in place of America The title of Appalachian, or Alleghanian, would still announce us as Americans, and would specify us as citizens of the Great Republic. Even our old national cipher of U. S. A. might remain unaltered, designating the United States of Alleghania. We think these suggestions well worthy the serious attention of our legislators. It is most true that we have no distinctive national title. "Columbia," the poetical appellation sometimes applied to our country, has already been appropriated by a South American state *Alleghania* would be a title at once sonorous and expressive—an appellation drawn from one of the grand and eternal features of our country; "from that noble chain of mountains, which formed its back-bone, and ran through the 'old confederacy,' when it first declared our national independence." We heartily second the motion of Washington Irving

Look on this picture and on this.—We were struck with the contrast between two letters, received at our office the other day, from persons residing in the same village, in this state, both of whom were two years in arrears for the New-York Mirror. The first was as follows:

"Sir—Yours received. I enclose you ten dollars. If you write me any more dunning letters I shall stop your paper."

Postage unpaid.

The second letter (on which the postage was paid, by the way) was as follows.

"Dear sir—I thank you for reminding me of my delinquency. I enclose you the amount due for the past and present volumes, (ten dollars,) with much pleasure, and trust you will forgive me for not attending to your claims at an earlier date. Yours cordially, etc."

We need not ask, who was the reasonable man and the gentleman in this case? Few persons have any idea of the innumerable expenses attending a periodical establishment, and of the importance that all demands, though severally small and apparently trifling, should be collected to form a respectable aggregate. It is quite as unpleasant to dun as to be dunned; and, if this fact were but duly considered, there would be more tolerance in the world.

The claqueur system.—It is well known, that in the Parisian theatres, when a new piece is produced, an organized body of men, called *claqueurs*, are placed in the pit for the purpose of applauding. They are guided by a signal from their chief, and measure their approbation by his movements. The profession has become quite as distinctive as that of the actors themselves. A letter from Paris says that the *claqueurs* the other night, at one of the theatres, absolutely rose up and beat some of the audience for hissing an indifferent piece. They charged their antagonists also with the crime of paying for their places, calling them "those wretches who pay." By the way, is not the puffing system of our own press quite as much of an imposition as the *claqueurisme* of the French? We would rather be beaten by *claqueurs* than compelled to listen to some of the trash that is produced at our theatres and puffed by respectable journals.

Asphaltum.—This pavement has stood the test of snow, frost, rain, and summer's scorching sun. It will be remembered that it was Dr. Brandreth who had the spirit to make the first trial of it in this country, before his office, in Broadway, at some trouble, and much cost. How well the side-walks would appear, and what relief to those promenading this fashionable part of the city, if all our *trottoirs* were paved with this even and smooth bitumen.

The city of Palenque.—We learn it is the intention of Mr. Stevens, the traveller, and newly appointed envoy to Guatemala, to visit the ruins of Palenque, in company with Mr. Catherwood, the artist, and give to the public the result of his investigations. The professor of chemistry and natural philosophy in William and Mary college of Virginia, has addressed a letter to the editors of the Richmond Compiler, requesting information of a book said to have been published by a Mr. F. Waldeck, a native of Germany, and afterwards a resident of this country, compiled from a number of plans, drawings of buildings, hieroglyphics, and other documents relating to, or said to have been found in, a city called Palenque, believed to be one of the largest, most magnificent, and ancient cities of the western world, which had been collected during an investigation of the ruins of the city. "From these documents," says the professor, "it appeared that Palenque was situated on the banks of the Rio Hermosa, or Tobasco, in the state or district of Chiapa, immediately south of that of Tobasco; and that its latitude was about seventeen degrees north, and its longitude from Greenwich ninety-one degrees fifty minutes west. The city itself was so completely covered with soft alluvial soil, and the vegetation over it so luxuriant, that it was with difficulty any traces of it could be found; but small excavations had been made to a sufficient extent to prove that its circumference exceeded six miles. They had also laid open several stone buildings of vast extent and magnificence, and several columns, statues and other works of art had been partially brought to light; all of which appeared to indicate so close a semblance to the temples and idols of ancient Egypt, as to almost induce a supposition that these distant spots must formerly have had intercourse. Mr. Waldeck being a man of great perseverance, and having devoted much time to the study of antiquities, and the ancient Indian languages and hieroglyphics, submitted the documents and information he had obtained, not only to the principal merchants and citizens of Mexico, but likewise to the government authorities of that country, and to those of France and England; and he not only obtained a free dispensation from the government of Mexico to visit the place, and make such excavations as might be necessary, but was aided by the subscription of a considerable sum of money, amounting, it is believed, to several thousand dollars, to enable him to carry his investigations into effect; it being understood that those who subscribed the necessary funds should be put in possession of his drawings and researches, that they might be able to reimburse themselves by their publication. The writer, (long since an inhabitant of this country,) has made inquiries at some of the principal public libraries of the cities of the United States, in hopes of finding this report, and has also searched the foreign reviews and periodicals, hoping to find some notice of its publication, but in vain. Discoveries of so much importance to the early history of America ought not to be passed over slightly; and the object of the present notice is to ask your numerous readers whether they have seen or heard of such a publication."

Mr. Barry.—We have before alluded to Mr. Barry, the active manager of the Bowery Theatre, and to the fact that he has brought much additional strength to that establishment. But he is entitled to more than a casual notice As manager and lessee of the Tremont Theatre in Boston, his reputation for enterprise, liberality and gentlemanly deportment has been for some years familiar to many of our readers. He has left behind him in that city a host of friends, and we have no doubt that his return would give a new impulse to theatricals, now in a precarious condition. But Mr. Barry has once more, after an absence of several years, pitched his tent among his New-York friends, who have welcomed him back, in a manner the most flattering and enthusiastic. Under his intelligent superintendence, we have a sure guarantee that the theatrical department of the Bowery will be managed with propriety, skill and effect. The public here will not forget his deserts.

Annual Fair of the Mechanics' Institute at Castle Garden.—The fifth annual fair of this institution is now open at Castle Garden, and it is truly well worth a visit. The array of articles is extremely creditable to American mechanic industry and skill. Strangers should not leave the city without enjoying the exhibition. We are glad to learn that it is fully attended.

Memoir of Schlesinger.—The conclusion of this most admirable paper will be found in the Mirror of to-day. It is a literary production of the highest order of merit, and we have reason to know that it has been universally read, and everywhere with entire approbation. It will shortly be published in the book form.

Wooden pavements.—We see by the London papers that a wooden pavement company, with a large capital, has been established in that city. How happens it that none of our speculators have thought of getting up such a kind of stock here?

The Hungarian brothers.—We are glad to learn that these ingenious vocalists have been quite successful in their remarkable exhibitions at the Apollo Concert-room.

Tell him he haunts me yet.—It is proposed to change the name of the fashionable watering-place of the East from Nahant to Snake-haunt; the vicinity being so extensively patronized by the sea-serpent.

New music.—Messrs. Hewitt and Jaques have published a beautiful song, called "Morning's Ruddy Beam," a song of the Alpine hunters, written and composed by George Hurley.

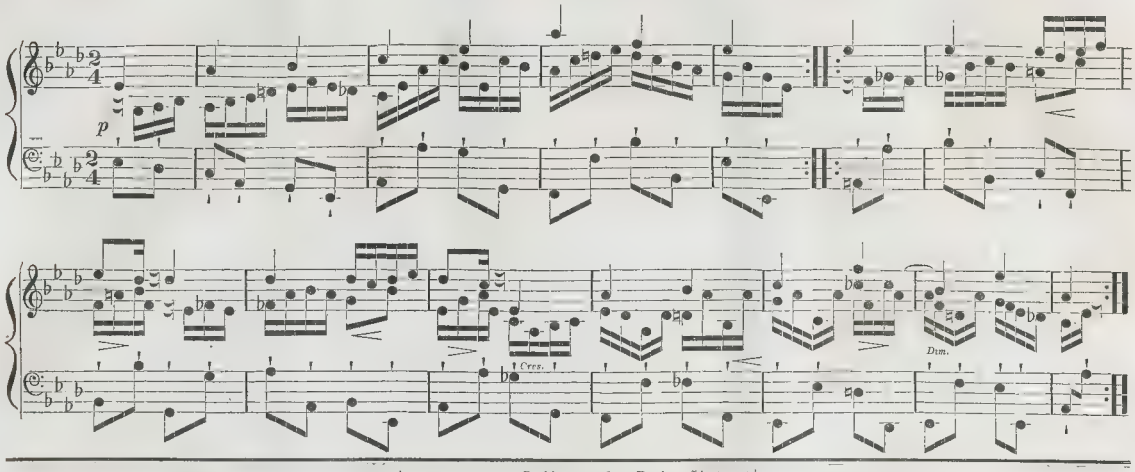
Astronomical.—Four of the larger planets are now visible in the south-western sky early in the evening; namely, Venus, Jupiter, Mars and Saturn.

Flattering.—The London Age calls the people of the United States "the reprobate robbers of the universe."

THIRD VARIATION TO THE ANDANTE,

COMPOSED AND DEDICATED TO JOHN CRAMER, BY THE LATE DANIEL SCHLESINGER.

This singularly beautiful and flowing stanza should be played after the *Tema* published in last Saturday's Mirror. The fifth Variation will be given in our next.



MISCELLANY.

It will not be difficult for those under any of the anxieties of *courtship* to unriddle the following:

CHARADE.—BY MRS. ABDY.

The pleasures of my first he tried,
Eager to banish retrospection,
For he had left in angry pride
The maiden of his fond affection:
He mingled in the dance and song,
He gazed on diamonds, plumes, and laces,
And heard the murmurs of the throng
Who scrambled for hearts, smiles, and places.
But soon the pageant tired his eyes,
And soon his course he ceased to follow,
Deeming his revels vanities,
Its friendship false—its homage hollow.

He changed the scene,—he sailed afar,
Borne gaily o'er the dark blue waters,
Conversed with many a son of war,
And ceased to sigh for Beauty's daughters:
Sang Dibdin's songs—avoided Moore,
Subdued each thought of smile and dimple,
Conned the "Red Rover" five times o'er,
And daily studied "Peter Simple."
But weariness soon seized his mind,
And he declared, with aspect frowning,
That well my second was defined,
"A prison, with a chance of drowning!"

His home he sought, his fair one wooed,—
Time had calmed down her irritation,—
A tender interview ensued,
Smiles, tears, and reconciliation:
Her mother ordered the *trousseau*,
Her sire the settlement inspected,
Bridesmaids and friends, a goodly show,
Soon at St. George's church collected:
The bride was veiled in Brussels lace,
White horses drew the wedding carriage,
O may my whole in every case,
Thus end in happiness and marriage!

SINGULAR PRAYER.—The following story the late Sir Walter Scott used to repeat with great unction, but he has omitted it in his amusing journal of the voyage he took amongst the northern islands of Scotland, in the lighthouse yacht. It appears that the island of Sanda is one of the worst situated for navigation, and the best for wreckers, of any amongst the Orkneys; and the story goes that a worthy minister of that dangerous isle,

"Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is strewed,"

sympathized so deeply with the interests of his flock, that in winding up his prayer for mercy and safety to all mankind, he added—"Nevertheless, *if* it please thee to cause hapless ships to be cast on the shore, oh, dinna forget the puir island of Sanda!"

ROOT AND BRANCH.—Sarah, duchess of Marlborough, was accustomed to make an annual feast, to which she invited all her relations. At one of these family meetings she drank their health, adding, "What a glorious sight it is to see such a number of branches flourishing from one root!" but observing Jack Spencer laugh, insisted on knowing what occasioned his mirth, and promised to forgive him, be it what it would. "Why, then, madam," said he, "I was thinking how much more the branches would flourish if the root were under ground."

A LUDICROUS MISTAKE.—A clergyman of a country village desired his clerk to give notice that there would be no service in the afternoon, as he was "going to officiate for another clergyman." The clerk, as soon as the sermon was ended, rose up, with all due solemnity, and called out—"I am desired to give notice that there will be no *service* this afternoon, as Mr. L. is going a fishing with another clergyman." Mr. L., of course, corrected the awkward, yet amusing blunder.

A BOA-CONSTRICTOR.—On his return from Bombay, Lieutenant C. entered a jungle in search of game, preceded by a favourite powerful dog, that had courage to seize anything. The dog ran a little ahead, and suddenly made a noise, as if choking "Run, master! a cheetah has caught your dog," said the natives Lieutenant C. advanced cautiously, and saw a large heap, just the colour of a royal tiger, black and orange. In a few seconds he beheld the head and neck of an enormous boa-constrictor, slowly uncoiling itself and gliding towards him. He waited until half of the snake was out of the coil or lump, and then fired both barrels. One ball entered immediately behind the eye, the other about four inches from the head. The whole coil instantly fell, and revealed the poor dog crushed to death within the folds. In the meantime all Lieutenant C.'s followers had fled, and he was forced to go to a village for assistance. Having, with some difficulty, mustered a little band, he returned and brought out the snake, the dog, and a spotted deer that the snake had killed, the scent of which had probably tempted the unfortunate dog. The carcass of the deer was so bruised that even the lowest caste in the village refused to touch it, declaring that it was full of *zahar*, or venom of the *ashgur*, as they called the snake. The boa was twenty three-feet eight inches long, and about six feet in circumference. There was a large cake of fat all the way inside from the head to the tail, and of this the natives showed great anxiety to obtain possession of, declaring that it was an infallible cure for all diseases. The body was hung up on the banyan-tree opposite the choultry, or inn of the village. People flocked from all parts of the country to see the monster, and many of the natives used to try whether it was possible to cut through the carcass with a blow of a sword; but even after it was skinned, no person was found who could penetrate more than half way at a single stroke.

RELIEVING GUARD.—A young girl who had formed an attachment to a soldier in the garrison at Metz, in 1784, knowing that he was indisposed, and obliged to be on duty at midnight, during very inclement weather, went to see him, and finding him quite benumbed with cold, pressed on him to go and warm himself at her house, which was not far distant, while she remained in his place The soldier refused for some time, but at last yielded to her tender solicitations. The moment he was gone, she wrapped herself in his great coat, and began to walk *à la militaire* with the firelock on her shoulder. Unfortunately the round going by, the corporal asked her the order; which not being able to answer, she was detected, and taken to the guard-house. Her lover was immediately sent for, and being found almost dead, though before a good fire, he was revived by means of some cordial, and next morning sent to prison. He was afterwards tried, and pursuant to the strictness of military laws, condemned; but such intercession was made for him, that he was pardoned, and married to his faithful mistress

HONESTY REWARDED.—A gentleman overtakes in the evening a plain country fellow, and ask't him how far it was to such a towne Tenne miles, sir," sayes he. "It is not possible," says the gentleman. "It is no lesse," says the fellow. "I telle you it was never counted above five." "'Tis tenne, indeed, sir," sayes the fellow; and thus they were arguing *pro et con* a long time. At last says the countryman to him, "I'le tell you what I'le doe, sir, because you seeme to be an honest gentleman, and your horse is almost tyr'd, I will not stand with you, you shall have it for five; but, as I live, whosoever comes next shall ride tenne"

NOVEL MODE OF GETTING RID OF A BAD WIFE.—Some time ago an Irishman was convicted of a felony, and sentenced to death. On the day it was to be carried into effect he received a reprieve, his innocence having, after his trial, been satisfactorily established The poor fellow had a wife, a terrible vixen, who lived at a distance, and whose presence he dreaded more than death; with the hope of accomplishing a final separation, he wrote to her the day after he received his reprieve, to the following effect:

"*Dear Mary*—I was hanged yesterday, and died like a man: no more at present from your loving husband, till death does us part."

SHERIDAN AND THE BOOTS.—Sheridan made his appearance one day in a pair of new boots: these attracting the notice of some of his friends, "Now guess," said he, "how I came by these boots?" Many *probable* guesses then took place. "No!" said Sheridan "no, you've not hit it, nor ever will—I bought them, and paid for them!"

BOZ-IANA.

PROSPERITY IN PERSPECTIVE.—"I warnt always a boots, sir," said Sam Weller; "I was a wagginer's once." "Who was that?" asked Mr. Pickwick. "When I was first pitched, neck and crop, into the world, to play at leapfrog with its troubles," replied Sam; "I was a carrier's boy at starting, then a wagginer's, then a helper, then a boots. Now I'm a gemman's servant. I shall be a gemman myself one of these days, perhaps, with a pipe in my mouth, and a summer-house in the back garden Who knows. I shouldn't be surprised, for once."

A LAND-OWNER. Captain Boldwig was a little fierce man, in a stiff black neckerchief and blue surtout, who, when he did condescend to walk about his premises, did it in company with a thick rattan stick, with a brass ferrule, to whom, the gardeners—(not the stick)—Captain Boldwig gave his orders with all due grandeur and ferocity; for Captain Boldwig's wife's sister had married a marquis, and the captain's house was a "villa," and his lands "grounds," and it was all very high, and mighty, and great

WHITE HORSE CELLAR.—The traveller's room at the White Horse Cellar is, of course, uncomfortable; it would be no traveller's-room if it were not It is the right-hand parlour, into which an aspiring kitchen fireplace appears to have walked, accompanied by a rebellious poker, tongs, and shovel. It is divided into boxes for the solitary confinement of travellers, and is furnished with a clock, a looking-glass, and a live waiter, which latter article is kept in a small kennel for washing glasses, in a corner of the apartment.

LANT-STREET BOROUGH.—The chief features in the still life of this street are green shutters, lodging bills, brass door-plates and bell handles; the principal specimens of animated nature, the pot boy, the muffin youth, and the baked-tater man. The population is migratory, usually disappearing on the verge of a quarter-day, and generally by night. Her majesty's revenues are seldom collected in this happy valley, the rents are dubious and the water communication is very frequently cut off.

POVERTY VS. OYSTERS.—"It's a very remarkable circumstance, sir," said Sam, "that poverty and oysters always go together. "I don't understand you, Sam," said Pickwick. "What I mean, sir, is, that the poorer the place is, the greater call there seems to be for oysters. Look, sir, here's an oyster-stall to every half dozen houses—the street is lined with 'em. Blessed if I don't think that when a man's very poor, he rushes out of his lodgings and eats oysters in regular desperation."

COMMUNICATIVE SERVANTS.—"Now, sir," argued Mr. Weller, when he had concluded his report, "if I can get a talk with this here servant in the morning, he'll tell me all his master's concerns." "How do you know that?" interposed Mr. Pickwick. "Bless your heart, sir, servants always do," replied Sam.

POPPING THE QUESTION.—I think an inn is a good place to propose to a single woman in, Mr. Pickwick; she is more likely to feel the loneliness of her situation in travelling, perhaps, than she would be at home

ANGER.—The unwonted lines which momentary passion had ruled in Mr. Pickwick's clear and open brow, gradually melted away as his young friend spoke, like the mark of a black lead-pencil beneath the softening influence of india-rubber.

LAW.—"No room's private to her majesty when the street-door is once passed," said Mr. Grummer; that's law. Some people maintain that an Englishman's house is his castle; that's gammon"

TWILIGHT.—The evening grew more dull every moment, and a melancholy wind sounded through the deserted fields like a distant giant whistling for his house-dog.

STUDY.—By-the-by, we scarcely ever knew a man who never read or wrote either, who hadn't got some back parlour, which he *would* call a study

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YOU REMEMBER THE MAID.

You remember the maid with her dark-brown hair,
And her brow where the finger of beauty
Had written her name, and had stamp'd it there,
Till it made adoration a duty!
And you have not forgot how we watch'd with delight
Each charm, as a new one was given,
Till she grew in our eyes to a vision of light,
And we thought her a spirit from heaven!

And your heart can recall—and mine often goes back,
With a sigh and a tear, to the hours
When we gazed on her form, as she followed the track
Of the butterfly's wing through the flowers;—
When, in her young joy, she would smile with delight,
On its plumage of mingling dyes,
Till she let it go free—and look'd after its flight,
To see if it enter'd the skies!

But she wander'd away from the home of her youth,
One Spring, ere the roses were blown!
For she fancied the world was a temple of truth,
And she measured all hearts by her own!
She fed on a vision and lived on a dream,
And she followed it over the wave;
And she sought—where the moon has a milder gleam,
For a home—and they gave her a grave!

There was one whom she loved, though she breathed it to none,
For love of her soul was a part;
And he said he loved her, but he left her alone,
With the worm of despair in her heart!
And, oh! with what anguish we counted, each day,
The roses that died on her cheek,
And hung o'er her form as it faded away,
And wept for the beautiful wreck!

Yet her eye was as mild and as blue to the last,
Though shadows stole over its beam.
And her smiles are remember'd, since long they are past—
Like the smiles we have seen in a dream!
And—it may be, that fancy had woven a spell,
But—I think, though her tones were as clear,
They were somewhat more soft, and their murmurings fell
Like a dirge on the listening ear!

And while sorrow threw round her a holier grace,
Though she always was gentle and kind—
Yet, I think that the softness which stole o'er her face
Had a softening power o'er the mind!
But it might be, her looks and her tones were more dear,
And we valued them more in decay,
As we treasure the fast fading flower of the year—
For we felt she was passing away!

She never complain'd—but she loved to the last!
And the tear in her beautiful eye
Often told that her thoughts were gone back to the past,
And the youth who had left her to die!
But mercy came down, and the maid is at rest,
Where the palm-tree sighs o'er her at even;
And the dew that weeps over the turf on her breast,
Is the tear of a far foreign heaven!

AMERICAN MEMORIALS.

ANCIENT REMINISCENCES.

In King's Chapel, in Tremont-street, Boston, is a monument to the memory of Frances Shirley, wife of Governour Shirley. There are none of the contemporaries of this lady remaining. We know but little of her except from this monument, and the faint and visionary sketches that become more and more indistinct, as they pass through successive generations. After a panegyric on her virtues, this record follows:

"Near this excellent mother, lie the mortal remains of her second daughter, Frances Bullen, late wife of William Bullen, Esq., the King's Advocate in the Vice-Admiralty Court of the Province of Massachusetts, whose virtue and great beauty, prudence, piety, cultivated understanding, and gentle manners, were the delight of all while she lived.

"The too brief space of her life was passed ere she had attained her twenty-fourth year, and she died on the twelfth of March, 1744, deeply lamented by her husband, parents, and friends."

It is truly said we live a second time in our children. Of the daughter of this lady and granddaughter of Governour Shirley, Frances Shirley Bollen, there is much known that is interesting. A friend of hers is still living at an advanced age.

Her mother died while she was very young, and her father, being appointed agent for Massachusetts to the court of St. James, went to England, and left her to be educated in this country. The property which she was to inherit made it proper to appoint guardians of distinguished respectability. These were Judge Trowbridge, Judge Russel, and her uncle, Mr. Temple.

With Judge Trowbridge, at Cambridge, she principally resided. Her wealth and beauty attracted admirers at an early age: but it was well understood, that her father was averse to her forming any matrimonial connexion in America, and that he looked forward to her making a splendid alliance in England.

The early part of her life was passed in innocent gaiety, unclouded by thought of the future. She formed those associations with friends of her own sex, to which the youthful mind so naturally turns, and felt as if her world of happiness existed on this side of the Atlantic. At the age of eighteen, she received a summon from her father to come to him; and, with deep sensibility, she parted from Mrs. Trowbridge, who had supplied to her the place of her own mother. There was no mother to welcome her to the strange land to which she was going; of her father she had but a slight remembrance; and, if friends were in store, they must be new ones. She made a thousand promises to write constantly; and said, "that to lay open her whole heart" to those she had left behind "would be her greatest solace."

Soon after her arrival in England, letters came; but they were not the transcripts of her warm and affectionate heart; it was evident to her friends, that they were written in a depressed and constrained manner. At length, all correspondence ceased, and they heard of her only by report. It was soon understood, that her father did not wish her to continue her intercourse with her American friends, and was continually haunted by fears that she might defeat his ambitious projects by forming some alliance beneath her. This led him to keep a constant guard upon her movements, and to prohibit her from general society. One solace, however, he allowed her, and that was the privilege of passing a few days with Mrs Western, a female friend of great respectability and influence. This lady became fondly attached to Frances, who acquired, from her elegant and cultivated manners, a polish that she could not have gained in her father's family

Mrs. Western resided a few miles from the city, and it was happiness to her young friend to quit its noise and dust and enjoy those scenes in the country, that reminded her of her early walks in Cambridge, and the winding course of Charles river. Mrs. Western had sons, but they were absent from home, and the father's apprehensions, with regard to them, seem not to have been awakened. One of them returned home on a visit to his mother, while Frances was staying with her. Mrs. Western immediately made arrangements to restore the young lady to her father's residence the next day, knowing his extreme anxiety on the subject.

The breakfast hour, with her, was one of cheerful meeting. She took her seat as usual at the table, and, after waiting some time in vain for the appearance of her guest, sent a summons to her room The messenger returned with the intelligence, that she was not there, and that the room did not appear to have been occupied during the night. She sent to her son's room; the young student was not to be found, the truth flashed upon her mind,—they had eloped together! Nothing remained but to send a despatch to the father, acquainting him with her suspicions.

He lost no time in repairing to her mansion, and loaded her with reproaches. His accusations were violent and unfounded, and he more than hinted, that she was accessory to the elopement. Mrs. Western preserved a calm and dignified deportment, and replied, "that the measure was as unpleasant to herself as to him; that her son had not yet finished his education, and a matrimonial connexion might prove a blight to his future prospects and exertions." She also observed, "he was not of age, and could not, for some time, come into possession of his own property. That, as now the thing was irremediable, they had better submit to it with magnanimity."

Necessity is a never-failing counsellor. The father contented himself with solemnly protesting he never would forgive, or see, his daughter. Mrs. Western, on the contrary, received the young couple with gentleness when they returned, which they did after a few days' absence, and endeavoured, by maternal counsel, to obviate the evils of this rash and disobedient step

Years passed on, and they had several children. Though the father still adhered to his determination of not forgiving his daughter, in the tenderness of her husband and his mother, and surrounded by blooming and healthy children, her life was tranquil and happy.

Some months after the birth of the youngest child, Mr. and Mrs Western set out on a journey, taking the infant with them. At an inn, where they stopped, Mr. Western got out of the phaeton. At that moment the horses, which were usually perfectly gentle, took fright, and ran with his wife and child, notwithstanding all his own and his servant's attempts to stop them.

The mother's first thought was for her infant, and seizing an opportunity when the speed of the horses was a little checked, by a hill, she threw it upon a hedge of foliage. A mother's ears are quick, she distinguished the cry of the child; it was not one of distress, and she felt new courage, and, springing herself from the carriage with but slight injury, was able to hasten immediately back to recover the child. She found it safe and unhurt, and it recognised its mother with the joyous welcome of infant affection. With a heart filled with gratitude for their preservation, she walked on to meet her husband, knowing he must be enduring dreadful anxiety

The first person she met was her own servant, "We are safe and uninjured," she exclaimed, "hasten back and tell your master."

He neither moved nor spoke, and as she looked in his face she perceived signs of deep distress. "What has happened? what have you to tell?" she exclaimed. He was unable to evade her eager inquiries, and the information he gave her was abrupt and overwhelming. Mr. Western, in endeavouring to stop the horses, as they rushed furiously forward, received a violent blow on his breast, from the pole of the carriage, and fell dead on the spot. His wretched wife fainted at the intelligence, and so dreadful was the shock, that for many months her reason was partially estranged. Her father could not resist this accumulation of distress. He went immediately to see her, and continued the intercourse, soothing her grief by parental tenderness

After these melancholy events took place, she resided wholly in the country, devoting herself to the education of her children. She died many years since; and only one of her American friends still survives her.

We hope this little narrative is sufficiently interesting to make one of her early letters acceptable. It was addressed to the friend just alluded to, after returning from a visit she had been making her. The contrast it forms between the thoughtless gaiety of a girl, and the heart-rending events of after-life, is very striking. The local allusions it contains to people who existed before the revolution, as well as the mode of travelling it describes, making a journey from Newburyport to Boston occupy nearly a day and a half, have something of a picturesque effect in contrast with the present times, and modes of travelling by railroad and steam.

Cambridge, 1762.

"Dear Sibby—Last evening I heard of an opportunity to send to you, and I cannot omit writing; but must give a short account of my journey back, which was not very agreeable, on account of the roads. You cannot imagine how bad the travelling was—we could only walk the horses for several miles, and just as we got to Parker's river, one of the wheels of the chaise came off. It took some time to get it on again, and by the time we entered Rowley woods I was heartily tired. They looked dark and dismal, and I thought of nothing but robbers, and determined, if we were attacked, to surrender even my N. P. ear-rings to save my life. Well, all at once I saw a man on horseback, coming towards us. I began to tremble, but who do you think it proved? why, Mr. Jonathan Jackson! of all persons in the world, the least like a robber! We had a little pleasant conversation, and then proceeded; but did not get to Beverley till quite dark. The next morning we left early, found the roads much better, and arrived at Cambridge about one o'clock.

"To-day is Sunday, and we have had a sermon upon dress, from Mr. Appleton. Upon my word, I think he made it out very well; for he told us people should dress according to their rank, and not go beyond their circumstances. He touched a little upon the propriety of our being subject to the other sex, and gave us a hint upon silence. I suppose, my dear, you will think I could not help taking this to myself. I confess it touched me a little, but I shall soon recover from it; for it is so natural to my tongue to go, that I cannot easily stop its motion.

"Here am I, sighing and moaning that we had not some of this good weather while I was with you at N. P. I liked the place so well that I had quite a curiosity to see how it looked when the sun was out.

"I had almost forgot to tell you how much my N. P. ear-rings were admired. I thought of them during the sermon, and ventured to wear them again in the afternoon How I want to take a serious walk with your ladyship through those long rope-walks—a walk! no, I think the weather is cool enough for a *run*. I don't believe you have had any knots tied in your handkerchief since I came away. Only think of my forgetting to deliver a message from Mr M. while I was at N. P. I am positively afraid to walk out lest I should pop upon him, and he should ask me about it. I must beg the favour of you to do it for me. It was to ask your father if he received a letter by one Mr. Whitefield? He is a great preacher, and quite the fashion; they say he makes people cry and laugh in the same moment; pray go and hear him, and write me word, which you do most heartily, cry or laugh!

"The spring is delightful, the trees are coming out in blossom, and Charles river really looks majestic. How I wish you were here! Write soon, and don't forget the message about Mr. Whitefield. Your sincere friend, Frances Shirley Bollen."

SKETCHES OF REAL LIFE.

THE NOVICE.—A TRUE STORY.

BY AMELIA OPIE.

"I, in probation of a Sisterhood."—*Shakspeare.*

The events which I am about to relate took place at Paris, in the reign of Louis the Fifteenth; all excepting the names, or rather titles of the parties, for their first names are those which actually belonged to the actors of the drama, being literally true.

The Count de Villeroi, a noble of high descent and great feudal possessions, had an only daughter, Henriette, who, almost in her childhood, evinced so decided a vocation for a conventual life, that, before attaining the age of sixteen, she entered upon her noviciate in the convent in which she had been educated. Returning home, in consequence of a severe illness, a few months after, she met, at her father's, Adrien, Viscount de Mornay, a young man, her equal in birth, fortune, and endowments: a mutual attachment ensued, and they were on the point of marriage, when M. de Villeroi died, leaving his daughter under the guardianship of his only sister, the Marquise de Chamillart.

This lady, still young enough for coquetry, had, unfortunately, imbibed an attachment for de Mornay, and, in revenge for his neglect of her charms, resolved to separate the lovers; an opportunity for which purpose unluckily offered itself, in his being appointed secretary to an embassay at the court of St. Petersburgh.

The marquise immediately placed her niece at the royal abbey of Panthemont rue de Grenville, in Paris; the abbess of which convent was nearly connected with her family, and joined her heartily in endeavouring to induce the fair novice to increase the already large number of illustrious ladies of the house of Villeroi, who had attained the highest honours of the church.

The marquise adopted the further precaution of sending to the

Abbey of Panthemont, partly as companion, partly as attendant upon her neice, a tenant's daughter, Eugenie Latour, whose vocation for a religious life she well knew, promising that if she succeeded in inducing Henriette to take the veil, she would herself furnish the money required for her entering the same convent. In addition to this, anonymous letters were dropped, by unknown hands, into the apartment of the fair maiden, announcing that Adrien was on the point of marriage to a Russian princess; and the Marquise showed communications addressed to herself to the same effect; so that poor Henriette, hearing nothing from her false lover, and assailed on every side by persuasions and arguments in favour of a religious life, was at last driven to resume the dress and duties of a novice, and to announce her intention of becoming a nun as soon as the requisite forms could be undergone.

Although, however, the marquise had, to a certain point, succeeded in her end, one of the means which she employed had completely failed her. Eugenie Latour, an affectionate, honest-hearted girl, had, with the quick sympathy of youth towards youth, become unfeignedly attached to her young lady, and seeing at once, and the more strongly from her own deeply-seated religious feelings, that poor Henriette's vocation was the result rather of disappointed love than of devotion, and mistrusting, most justly, the good faith of the marquise, who seemed to her sense of simplicity taking too much pains to establish that which, if true, needed not such reiterated proofs, suddenly demanded her dismission and her wages, and set forth from the ruined Grenelle, determined, if possible, to get to the speech of the Viscount de Mornay.

Whether her pilgrimage might not have conducted her to St Petersburgh, there is no saying, had she not, luckily, bethought herself of repairing to the hotel of the nobleman in whose suite Adrien had revisited the court of the Czar, where she immediately ascertained that the secretary of the embassy had been unable to encounter the severity of the climate, and had been sent, under medical advice, to his *chateau*, near Lyons

Hither the faithful girl repaired, husbanding, as best she could, her own small means, and performing, partly on foot, and partly by the aid of good-natured travellers, a journey whose duration and difficulty can hardly be adequately estimated in these days of steamboats and rail-ways. She found the Viscount de Mornay, as she expected, sick rather of grief than of disease. A similar system of deceit had been practised with respect to him; and he, when Eugenie made her appearance in his apartment, fully believed that Mademoiselle de Villeroi, to whom he had written repeatedly, without receiving any answer (letters which the Marquise had taken good care should never reach the convent,) had already taken the veil.

The tidings which his unexpected visiter had to tell him gave him fresh life. He immediately despatched her to the Princess Potocka, the Russian wife of a Polish nobleman, and the friend in Paris upon whose aid he most confidently relied, and proposed following himself as speedily as his health would permit.

Eugenie arrived at the Hôtel Potocka on the very eve of the profession. The fourteenth of March was the fatal time, and this was late on the evening—evening do I say!—before the necessary explanations had taken place, it was deep in the night of the thirteenth, and the princess, as her only chance, resolved to set forth at once on her search for the archbishop.

The archbishop was, however, no where to be found. All that she could learn from the drowsy Swiss porters of the palace was, that he was either in retirement at the seminary of Saint Magloire, or he was gone to pass the fête of St. Bruno with the holy fathers of the *Chartreuz* in the *cue d' Enfer*, or he was resting himself at his country-house at *Conflans sur Seine!*

Baffled and disappointed, the princess drove back to her hôtel She retired to rest, after giving Eugenie to the care of her attendant But, as her love of justice, her hatred of perfidy, and her affectionate piety for its amiable and innocent victims, made it impossible for her to sleep, while any means to prevent the meditated injury was as yet untried, at seven o'clock Eugenie was summoned to the carriage, and they drove to the abbey. "Let me see the abbess as soon as possible," was the message sent. The answer, as might be expected, was a positive refusal. The abbess was obliged to be in office at that hour in the church. She then asked if she might not be permitted to enter the convent, to reveal something to her of the greatest importance. The reply was, "By no means, except by permission of the archbishop of Paris." And now, almost in despair, the princess re-entered the carriage, and established herself at the door of the church, *there to await* the arrival of the prelate.

The clock had struck *eleven*, when one of the servants of the princess forced his way to her carriage. "Madame," said he, hastily, "the archbishop entered by the cloister-door; he is already at the altar, and the ceremony is going to begin."

The princess and Eugenie shuddered when they heard this intelligence; but, recovering her presence of mind, the princess wrote a few lines on her tablets, and then ordered her valet to make way for them through the crowd, and conduct her to the sacristy without losing a moment; giving Eugenie, meanwhile, to the care of another servant, desiring him to see her safely seated in the church

Never had a more brilliant assembly of royalty, nobility, and persons of varied claims to distinction, been gathered together on such an occasion The pride of the aunt had led her to make the ceremony of her niece's profession as imposing and dignified as possible.

Ill did her sparkling dress, however, accord with the deadly whiteness of her cheek, and the languor of her countenance, as she awaited, with the firmness of despair, the opening of the gates of the choir

As she rose from her knees a sort of loud murmuring was heard at the bottom of the church, amongst the servants in livery. "Turn those footmen out!" cried a nobleman, in a very loud voice; but they were already departing unbidden, for they were bearing out a young man who had fainted, but was recovering, and struggling to remain where he was This circumstance drew Henriette's attention to the spot, just as her aunt was leading her to kneel before the observant prelate. She saw, she recognized her lover in the now passive youth whom they were bearing away, and who uttered an "*Oh dieu!*" which thrilled to her very soul; but the angry pressure of her arm by her enraged and alarmed relation, recalled her to her self. What an expression of interest, love, anxiety, and agony beamed from her glistening eye, as she turned to kneel at the feet of the archbishop! But when *there*, when the awful moment was *really come*, she felt that the ceremony must go on, though she would be a wretch for life. Neither that look of agony, nor that of humble resignation which succeeded, was lost on the benevolent prelate, who was holding in his hand tablets enamelled in gold

"Sister," said he, in the kindest tone, "what is your age?"

"She is nineteen," cried her aunt.

"You will have to answer me, madame, by and by," replied the archbishop; and he put the same question to Henriette again.

"I am just turned seventeen," faltered out the blushing novice.

"In what diocese did you receive the white veil?"

"In the diocese of Toul."

"How!" in the diocese of Toul?" exclaimed the archbishop, in a very loud voice. "The seat of Toul is void; the bishop of Toul has been dead these fifteen months, and no one there can be authorized to receive novices. Your noviciate is null and void, young lady! and we refuse to receive your profession."

He then rose from his seat, assumed his mitre, took his crosier from the hands of an acolyte, and said, addressing the assembly—"My very dear brethren, there is no necessity for us to examine and interrogate this young lady on the sincerity of her religious vocation. There is, at present, a canonical obstacle to her profession. As to any future impediments, we reserve to ourselves the means to ascertain whether any such exist. In the meanwhile, I forbid any other ecclesiastic whatever to assume the power of accepting her vows, on pain of interdiction, suspension, and nullity, and this in virtue of our metropolitan rights, according to the bull *cum proximus!*"

When he had pronounced these words, a sound, as of approbation, was heard from many parts of the building, but the prelate instantly sung, in a grave and solemn voice, "*Adjutorium nostrum in Nomine Domini;*" and, turning to the altar, he proceeded to give the benediction of the holy sacrament, while Henriette, scarcely able to support herself, was led to the nearest seat, where she hid her face in her hands to conceal her varied emotions, among which thankfulness was predominant.

Meanwhile, though the considerate prelate, in order to avoid a public exposure of the nefarious proceedings of the marquise, that he might not disgrace a noble family, had taken advantage of a violation of forms to annul the ceremony, that lady found herself so despised and avoided in the circles in which she had hitherto moved, that she was forced to quit Paris; and, on pretence of illness, she set out to travel in a foreign land. And in a *happy marriage* terminated this *romance of real life.*

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

AN INCIDENT IN THE CAREER OF NAPOLEON.

The question has often been asked, why did Napoleon abandon his design of invading England? In a late work by M. Ainault, entitled "*Souvenirs de la vie privée de Napoleon,*" the author says—Would it be thought to refine too much on the involuntary emotions of Napoleon, if in them we were to seek the solution of this question? I was an eye-witness to the following adventure, in which I believe I have traced the primary cause of his change of plan. Several of us were sitting with him one evening at Boulogne, when an aid-de-camp suddenly entered, saying that a storm was raging, and that a gun-vessel had just been carried away. Napoleon snatched up his hat, and, without speaking a word to us, hurried out of the room, muttering to himself, "another storm!" We followed, and were soon on the shore with him. The night was dark, the wind roared, the sailors shouted, and every now and then we heard signals of distress from the vessel. "Let us go to the rescue of your comrades," cried the emperour. No one replied, and at that moment the moon burst from behind the clouds, and, seeing that scarcely any succour had been attempted, he became irritated and vexed at the indecision of those around him He loudly and haughtily exclaimed: "Ah! the sailors are afraid of the sea! I shall send for my grenadiers!"

At these words all were in motion; the emperour urged the departure of the boats with voice and jesture, and followed them with his eyes, till they disappeared in the darkness and swell of the sea. The shore was soon covered with spectators, but the alarm-gun was the only sound which could be heard above that of the waves. Each time it fired the emperour looked uneasily at the water, and then turned to those near him, in order to collect their opinions

Among these he several times heard. "What folly! it is impossible to live on such a sea—all must perish! It would be better to abandon the gun-vessel. This comes of meddling with what we do not understand." Again the gun was fired, and again. "They have drifted more than a league," said Napoleon; "they will perish on the rocks. Where are the boats! Do you not see anything of them?" "Nothing, sire," I replied. "We must go," cried the emperour. "A boat! quick! a boat!" A naval officer ventured to remark on the state of the sea. Napoleon looked at him, and sternly answered: "Have you no ears, then? Do you not hear the vessel at her last gasp?" A fresh shot was fired—"That is perhaps her last sigh," he continued. A boat was made ready, the emperour stepped into it, I followed him with four rowers and the above-mentioned naval officer. The men vigorously struggled with the waves: the emperour stood upright at the prow, one foot resting on the gunwale, so that the waves which sometimes inundated us broke over his knee; looking fixedly before him, he several times said in a low voice—"Do we advance?" "Scarcely, sire," answered the naval officer. "Your men have neither strength nor courage," he returned. "Sire," said the officer, "we cannot expect them to do more, the sea runs so high." "The sea! the sea!" muttered Napoleon: "it rebels; but we can conquer it."

At this moment we were driven back by a huge wave, which caused us to lose the way we had made, and seemed like an answer from the ocean. The emperour stamped; the rowers began again; when another gleam from the moon showed us the other boats. "Stupid fellows!" said the emperour, "they are wrong! The vessel is to the left; they will throw themselves into the English guard. We must warn them. Order some one to go and tell" . . . He turned round, and then first seemed sensible that his habits of command had betrayed him into an absurdity; there were neither staff nor aid-de-camps near him; his will and his orders could not extend beyond the boat, and were imprisoned by the waters. His snuff-box was in his hand, and he tossed it into the wave, which was rising against us. It seemed as though he were trying to exorcise the sea, but the boat was nearly swamped, and our danger became imminent. Again the officer ventured to speak. "The sea is deadful, sire; we shall soon be unable to steer the boat." "Shall we then suffer these unfortunate persons to perish?" said Napoleon. "Sire! our loss will not save them."

No answer was made to this. I gave a sign to the officer to return, when Napoleon seated himself on the prow, and remained buried in thought. At length we reached the shore; when, jumping up, he took hold of my arm, and said, "*The land! the land! do you comprehend? it never fails the foot of a soldier; it never swells nor opens; it is obedient; it has always a field of battle ready for victory. Oh the land! the land!*" and, as he uttered these words, he stamped with enthusiasm. The first boats saved the vessel; the emperour returned home, wrote a letter the next morning, and gave it to me to deliver to Josephene, whom I was about to join. I fancied that he had there given vent to feelings, at which I could only guess from the few words he had uttered

I started, and presented the letter to the empress. She read it in my presence, and then said, "You have passed a terrible night." "The emperour has perhaps described it to you?" I observed, feeling anxious to know what he had written under the influence of that moment, when he had been so completely baffled. "A storm delineated by him must indeed be a picture.". "Nearly so," returned Josephine; "he is even poetical, see." Saying these words, she handed the letter to me, and I read as follows:

"Madame and dear wife—During the four days that I have been absent from you, I have been incessantly on horseback, and in motion, without any injury to my health. M. Moret has informed me of your plan of starting on Monday, and if you travel by easy journeys you will reach the waters without fatigue. The wind having freshened much during the night, one of our gun-vessels in the roads was driven out to sea, and became entangled among the rocks, a league from Bologne. I thought all were lost, but we succeeded in saving every thing. It was a grand sight; the firing of the alarm-guns, the shore covered with lights, the sea roaring with fury; the whole night passed in anxious efforts to save, or the expectation of seeing the unhappy crew perish; the mind divided between the night, the ocean, and eternity. At five in the morning all brightened again, all were saved, and I lay down as if in a romantic or epic dream; a feeling which would have made me aware that I was alone, if fatigue and drenched limbs had left me any other power than that of sleeping."

Law of copyright.—We extract the following from a capital petition by Hood to the wisdom of Parliament on the subject of the law of copyright:—"That your petitioner hath two children, who look up to him not only as the author of the Comic Annual, but as the author of their being. That the effect of the law as rewards an author is virtually to disinherit his next-of-kin, and cut him off with a book instead of a shilling. That your petitioner is very willing to write for posterity on the lowest terms, and would not object to the long credit, but that when his heir shall apply for payment to Posterity, he will be referred back to Antiquity. That as a man's heirs belong to his head, so his head should belong to his heirs; whereas, on the contrary, your petitioner has ascertained, by a nice calculation, that one of his principal copyrights will expire on the same day that his only son should come of age. The very law of nature protests against an unnatural law which compels an author to write for everybody's posterity—except his own. Finally, whereas it has been urged 'if an author writes for posterity, let him look to posterity for his reward.' Your petitioner adopts that very argument, and on its very principle prays for the adoption of the bill introduced by Mr. Sargent Talfourd, seeing that by the present arrangement, posterity is bound to pay everybody and anybody but the true creditor. And your petitioner shall ever pray. THOMAS HOOD.

Voice of the wind.—Mr. Head, the author of "North America Forest Scenes," who passed a winter on the shores of Kempenfeldt Bay, an outlet of Lake Huron, has described, in a very pleasing manner, the various natural appearances and events that give interest to an abode in those frozen regions. "I was," says he, "occasionally surprised by sounds by the wind, indescribably awful and grand. Whether the vast sheet of ice was made to vibrate and bellow, like the copper which generates the thunder on the stage, or whether the air, rushing through its cracks and fissures, produced the noise, I will not pretend to say; still less describe the various intonations that struck upon the ear. A dreary, undulating sound wandered from point to point, perplexing the mind to imagine whence it came or whither it went, whether aerial or subterraneous; sometimes like low moanings, and then swelling into deep-toned notes, as if produced by some Æolian instrument, it being in fact, and without metaphor, the voice of winds imprisoned in the bosom of the deep. This night I listened, for the first time, to what was now perfectly new to me, although I experienced its repetition on many subsequent occasions, when the temperature fell suddenly."

Pursuits of pleasure.—Lord Chesterfield spent his whole life in the vain pursuits of pleasure, and yet happiness continually eluded his search. Listen to his candid confession. "I have seen the silly round of business and pleasure, and have done with all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world, and continually know their futility, and do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which, in truth, is very low; whereas those who have not experienced always overrate them. They only see the outside, and are dazzled with the glare. But I have been behind the scenes. When I reflect upon what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I cannot persuade myself that all the frivolous bustles of the world had any reality. Shall I tell you that I bear this melancholy situation with the meritorious resignation and consistency which most men boasts? No sir! I really cannot help it. I bear it, because I cannot help it, whether I will or no. I think of nothing but killing time the best way I can." What a comment is this confession upon what is generally called worldly pleasure.

Notice on alarm gong.—A very ingenious instrument has been invented by Captain George Smith, R. N., intended to give warning of the approach, and to announce the course a steamer is sailing on in a fog. It consists of a gong, on which a hammer is made to strike every ten seconds, a certain number of blows, by a very simple machinery, according to the course the vessel is sailing on. For example, if she be sailing north, the gong is struck once; if east, twice; if south, thrice; and if west, four times every ten seconds. By this systematic method the position, course, and proximity of a steamer will be clearly announced to any other vessel. In rivers Captain Smith proposes the vessel to emit single sounds every ten seconds, which would be sufficient to give warning.

Pathos.—We find the following beautiful specimen of the art of sinking, in a late number of the Logansport (Indiana) Herald:—"On Sunday evening last we were visited with the heaviest storm we recollect to have experienced for years. The rain descended in torrents—the thunder roared incessantly—and the lightning seemed a constant glare—a sheet of livid fire. During the storm, the tin-shop of Mr. Higgins was struck by lightning and much damaged."

A ready repartee.—A young man in a large company, descanting on a subject which he knew little about, a lady asked him his name. "Scarlet," replied a gentleman. "That may be," replied the lady, "and yet he is not deep *read*."

KING ARTHUR'S ADVENTURE.

Beneath the castle's gloomy pride,
In ample round did Arthur ride
Three times; nor living thing he spied,
Nor heard a living sound,
Save that, awakening from her dream,
The owlet now began to scream,
In concert with the rushing stream,
That washed the battle mound.
He lighted from his goodly steed,
And he left him to gaze on bank and mead;
And slowly he climbed the narrow way,
That reached the entrance grim and gray,
And he stood the outward arch below,
And his bugle-horn prepared to blow,
In summons blithe and bold,
Deeming to rouse from iron sleep
The guardian of this dismal keep,
Which well he guessed the hold
Of wizard stern, or goblin grim,
Or pagan of gigantick limb,
The tyrant of the world.

The ivory bugle's golden tip
Twice touched the monarch's manly lip,
And twice his hand withdrew.
Think not but Arthur's heart was good!
His shield was crossed by the blessed rood,
Had a pagan host before him stood,
He had charged them through and through;
Yet the silence of that ancient place
Sunk on his heart, and he paused a space
Ere yet his horn he blew.
But, instant as its larum rung,
The castle-gate was open flung,
Portcullis rose with crashing groan
Full harshly up its groove of stone,
The balance beams obeyed the blast,
And down the trembling drawbridge cast.
The vaulted arch before him lay,
With naught to bar the gloomy way,
And onward Arthur paced, with hand
On Caliburn's resistless brand.

An hundred torches, flashing bright,
Dispelled at once the gloomy night
That lowered along the walls,
And showed the king's astonished sight
The inmates of the halls.
Nor wizard stern, nor goblin grim,
Nor giant huge of form and limb,
Nor heathen knight, was there;
But the cressets, which odours flung aloft,
Showed, by their yellow light and soft,
A band of damsels fair!
Onward they came, like summer wave
That dances to the shore;
An hundred voices welcome gave
And welcome o'er and o'er!
An hundred lovely hands assail
The bucklers of the monarch's mail,
And busy laboured to unhasp
Rivet of steel and iron clasp;
One wrapped him in a mantle fair,
And one flung odours on his hair;
His short curled ringlets one smooth'd down,
One wreathed them with a myrtle crown.
A bride upon her wedding day
Was tended ne'er by troop so gay.

Loud laughed they all—the king, in vain,
With questions tasked the giddy train;
Let him entreat, or crave, or call,
'Twas one reply—loud laughed they all:
Then o'er him mimic chains they fling
Framed of the fairest flowers of spring.
While some their gentle force unite,
Onward to drag the wondering knight.
Some, bolder, urge his pace with blows,
Dealt with the lily or the rose.
Behind him were in triumph borne
The warlike arms he late had worn.
Four of the train combined to rear
The terrours of Tintadgel's spear;
Two, laughing at their lack of strength,
Dragg'd Caliburn in cumbrous length;
One, while she aped a martial stride,
Placed on her brows the helmet's pride,
Then scream'd 'twixt laughter and surprise,
To feel its depth o'erwhelm her eyes.
With revel shout, and triumph song,
Thus gaily marched the giddy throng.

Through many a gallery and hall
They led, I ween, their royal thrall.
At length, beneath a fair arcade,
Their march and song at once they staid.
The eldest maiden of the band,
(The lovely maid was scarce eighteen,)
Raised, with imposing air, her hand,
And reverend silence did command,
On entrance of their queen;
And they were mute.—But as a glance
They steal on Arthur's countenance
Bewildered with surprise,
Their smothered mirth again 'gan speak,
In archly dimpled chin and cheek,
And laughter-lighted eyes.

The attributes of these high days
Now only live in minstrel lays;
For Nature, now exhausted, still
Was then profuse of good and ill.
Strength was gigantic, valour high,
And wisdom soar'd beyond the sky,
And beauty had such matchless beam,
As lights not now a lover's dream.

Yet e'en in that romantic age,
Ne'er were such charms by mortals seen,
As Arthur's dazzled eyes engage,
When forth on that enchanted stage
With glittering train of maid and page,
Advanced the castle's queen.
While up the hall she slowly pass'd,
Her dark eye on the king she cast,
That flash'd expression strong;
The longer dwelt that lingering look,
Her cheek the livelier colour took,
And scarce the shame-faced king could brook
The gaze that lasted long.
A sage, who had that look espied,
Where kindling passion strove with pride,
Had whispered, "Prince, beware!
From the chafed tiger rend the prey,
Rush on the lion when at bay,
Bar the fell dragon's blighting way,
But shun that lovely snare."

At once, that inward strife suppressed,
The dame approached her warlike guest,
With greeting in that fair degree,
Where female pride and courtesy
Are blended with such passing art
As awes at once and charms the heart.
A courtly welcome first she gave,
Then of his goodness 'gan to crave
Construction fair and true
Of her light maidens' idle mirth,
Who drew from lonely glens their birth,
Nor knew to pay to stranger worth
And dignity their due;
And then she pray'd that he would rest
That night her castle's honoured guest.
The monarch meetly thanks expressed,
The banquet rose at her behest,
With lay, and tale, and laugh and jest,
Apace the evening flew.

The lady sate the monarch by,
Now in her turn abashed and shy,
And with indifference seemed to hear
The tales he whispered in her ear.
Her bearing modest was and fair,
Yet shadows of constraint were there,
That show'd an over-cautious care
Some inward thought to hide:
Oft did she pause in full reply,
And oft cast down her large dark eye,
Oft check'd the soft voluptuous sigh,
That heaved her bosom's pride.
Sight symptoms these, but shepherds know
How hot the mid-day sun shall glow
From the mist of morning sky;
And so the wily monarch guess'd,
That this assumed restraint expressed
More ardent passions in the breast,
Than ventured in the eye.

HONOUR TO WOMAN.

Nay, hear me out, dear nephew. I am not blaming you, but I would have you remember, that though dear Lady Mallory may be a year or two older than yourself, and though you have been accustomed for years to treat her almost as an elder sister, yet she is still most beautiful, young, and deeply interesting; and what is still more to the purpose, Ralph, she is evidently of an affectionate, warm, and sensible heart. Now, Ralph, in the good world which we live, I am sorry to say that men who consider themselves persons of high honour, seem to place their dealings with women beyond that code of laws by which they regulate their dealings with other men. The man who would think himself disgraced, and would be so in his own eyes for ever, if he were to tell a lie, to break a promise or a vow—to cheat or deceive, in the most trifling particular—to mislead, by any false showing whatsoever, another man—scruples not but too often, to mislead, deceive, to break his promise, to violate his oath to a woman, to cheat her out of that which is her noblest possession—peace of mind and tranquillity of heart—to trifle with her affections, to insult, to dishonour, to betray. Even after he has done so, he is received in society, courted, flattered, liked, and the acts which should stamp him with eternal infamy are regarded almost in the same class with some gallant feats performed in the chase—some act of skilful policy, or manly daring. There are some, however, who differ from the creed, and who abhor such conduct. I own myself one, Ralph. I look upon it that the man who behaves ill to a woman, and yet would not do so to a man, only shows himself to be at heart a coward; for the only cause which enables, permits, or justify any such act is, that woman cannot protect or avenge herself. She is trusted, Ralph, by God and by her weakness to man's honour; and if we prize our honour—if we hold it really dear as a true and veritable principle for the guidance of our conduct, and not merely as a fantastic and relative notion to be formed upon the opinion of others—we should be far more scrupulous, delicate, thoughtful, in all our acts and feelings towards woman than even towards man. We know that every gentleman has his sword by his side to redress himself if we do him wrong; but we know that a woman has no redress but silence, sorrow and endurance. Do not look grieved, Ralph, for heaven forbid that I should ever insinuate such a charge against you, that you could knowingly behave ill, or would ever break a vow, or willingly fail in any promise to a woman! I know you too well, Ralph—your mother was my sister—it is impossible. But sometimes men of the very best principles and inclinations do not consider sufficiently that the structure of a woman's heart and feelings is as fine, as delicate, as easily affected and injured as her corporeal frame. We may unintentionally raise thoughts and expectations which may be disappointed, for the gratification of a few hours in pleasant society; we may teach a woman to believe that we seek to make that society our own for ever. From that belief may grow up feelings deeper, stronger, more enduring; and then when disappointment comes, sorrow takes possession of the heart where joy once dwelt; shame at having aided to deceive itself, gives an additional pang to the agony of being deceived, an age of regret, and mortification, and cold chagrin, very often succeeds from such causes alone, to a youth of joy and thoughtless happiness.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

SIMPLE PLEASURES.

A great laugh is endeavoured to be raised at what are called simple pleasures. We have, in the present day, some laughing philosophers: not of that ancient sort, indeed, whose ridicule was excited by the follies of their fellow-creatures. Innocence, chastity, and religion, are among the topics of modern pleasantry; especially with our men of strong thinking. For our parts, we are not disposed to join in this laugh; because, notwithstanding this well-intended raillery, we cannot help thinking that there does exist a class of simple pleasures, in which it is not merely safe for a woman to indulge, but which not to love, or to be capable of loving, argues some original defect in the heart and in the understanding. But let us not be understood to mean by simple pleasures, the entertainments of cup and ball, or bandalore. Neither do we confine the idea to the picking up of plants, the collecting of shells, the instruction of parrots, the fabrication of pin-cushions, and the pasting of charades upon firescreens. But to contemplate the Creator's works, to study them, to imitate them, to fill the eye and the imagination with their beauties, to cling to the sentiments they inspire, and to pursue them to their ultimate grand conclusions; to ride, to walk, to meditate, to luxuriate in the cheerful influence of fine weather; to train vegetation, to plant and improve the garden, to mitigate the physical and moral evils that press around one, by reconciling, relieving, and instructing; are all, when modified by virtuous education, enjoyments of simple relish and home-bred felicity; all capable of flourishing in innocence and retirement, with little aid from artifical culture. These may properly be ranked among simple pleasures, because they want no machinery to set them up. They have at first hand—that is, at nature's—their subjects and incitements; they are the companions of virtuous leisure and unsophisticated habits. But, to qualify for these cheap and innocent pleasures, there must be a proper preparatory education; a first impulse must be given to the sensibilities, which may set them forward in a right direction. Before the works of the Deity can be made to interest and delight, the fear and love of his power and goodness must be established in our minds upon other grounds than the fluctuating foundations of taste. No education can be profitable without the sanction of religion. It should, however, be presented to the mind, not as a task, but as a recreation; which it is well fitted to become when judiciously inculcated. It affords a natural entertainment to the sprightliest curiosities of children, an excellent exercise to their opening faculties, and a sufficient incitement to all the good propensities of the young mind. It is the sun in the system of education; the dispenser of light and heat to the whole, and, by its attractive power, it maintains every part in its proper place and destination. From leaving it out of the system, or from giving it only a secondary place, results that complexity, disproportion, and disorder, which have found their way into almost every scheme and treatise of education; and to this cause is to be ascribed the multiplication of these treatises in such a fatiguing succession of vapid productions. Were religion properly attended to, in female education, young women might be trusted with more learning and more accomplishments, without danger to the equilibrium of their minds, and the modesty of their manners. Without religion intellectual education is mutilated; but moral education is reduced to a solecism. The fitness of morals and the beauty of virtue are frigid arguments to young understandings. They require the support of unnatural expedients and forced measures. But the principle of pious obedience is taught to children by their wants, and confirmed by the unceasing consciousness of dependence. They must, of necessity, feel it towards their fathers and mothers; and it is easy for them to carry it upwards to the universal Parent and Protector.

TASTE FOR LITERATURE

A taste for literature and valuable knowledge cannot be taught without being felt. To bribe the early curiosities to the exercise and development of the mind, the early instructor must have been well instructed, and have acquired the art of blending information with delight. The powers, the beauties, the copious use of the mother tongue can only be known, felt, and transmitted by talents improved by various and studious reading in English literature, aided by some acquaintance with other idioms. And it is, perhaps, to the want of this preparation of the mother's mind for the task of early instruction, that the melancholy blank in respect to all the primary, professional, and practical acquirements of reading, articulation, elocution, reasoning, and composition, left by the education of our principal schools, so often remains to the end of life, disgracing the pulpit, the senate, and the bar. The pleasure that occupies the highest place, and fills the widest space in rational existence, is free intellectual conversation. If women are to be our companions, we must share this pleasure with them, or we give them only a vain compliment—a nominal rank—the title without the estate. The most solid parts of intellectual culture are theirs by imprescriptible right as rational beings; it is the fairest of all their privileges, and our own sex has an equal interest in maintaining it for them against a perverse arrangement, which gives up their first years to fugitive attainments, that sparkle in the sunshine of youth, but perish, and their memorial with them, as age increases the want of resource.

THE GREAT AND THE SMALL.

From the cottage to the palace, from the castle to the hovel, through all the imperceptible shades and grades of life and station that intervene between greatness and littleness; from the sage to the idiot, from the conqueror to the worm, fate, in darkness and in silence, with movements that men seldom see and never appreciate, is spinning that small, fine, but binding thread, which weaves their common destiny into one inextricable web. It is not alone that the mouse disentangles the lion from the toils; it is not alone that the stronger saves or destroys the weaker; but it is that every being, at every step, affects the destinies of millions of others, present and to come, and carries on the train of cause and event that is going on from eternity to eternity. The dependence of the great upon the small, and the continual reference of our fate to petty circumstances, is a consideration full of weighty moral, and is never to be forgotten.

IDLENESS.

The worst vices, springing from the worst principles, the excesses of the libertine, and the outrages of the plunderer, usually take their rise from early and unsubdued idleness.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

FAIR PEOPLE *versus* DARK.

THERE must be some strange and hidden connexion—some mysterious sympathy, between the complexion and colour of the hair and eyes of men, and certain qualities of mind and body, or else our novelists are altogether wrong. How seldom in their writings do we find such an anomaly as a fair-complexioned hero, or a villain with flaxen hair. Both breeds are "dark" men. Heroes and villains alike have a touch of the bilious. Clear, wholesome, white skins, ruddy cheeks, and light blue eyes, are held to be somewhat insipid. They may belong to easy, negatively-good sort of people, but all the heroism and desperate daring is confined to the dark-complexioned gentry. In a novel a man's courage is beyond all dispute if his hair be black and glossy (that is greasy) and his eyes dark and flashing; but that quality is by no means taken for granted if a young fellow happens to have good-humoured blue eyes, light hair, and a clear complexion. Had the fictionists and "great unknowns" of Abyssinia, or Caffre-land, or Timbuctoo evinced this partiality for black folks, it might have been overlooked as a pardonable sort of self-love; or had the nations bordering on the Mediterranean, where yellow skins predominate, so set it down in romance or song, it might not have been wondered at; but that the descendants of the fair-haired Saxons, and still fairer Scandinavians, should fall into this unjust deprecation of the characteristics of their own tribe is rather surprising. They ought to recollect they come of a race of white-skins who used to drink vast quantities of mead over-night, get up without qualm or headache the next morning, go on board their galleys, hoist their flags, set sail, raise the song of triumph and thrash all the dark-looking people they came in contact with, with very little inconvenience to themselves. It was the blue-eyed, yellow-haired unconquered Northmen or Normans who were the hardiest mariners and best fighters in the "dark ages," the lords of the sea, and the founders of kingdoms in all parts of Europe. Short and sharp work did they make with all the sallow or yellow people who came in their way, however dark and glossy might be their hair, or black and flashing their eyes. They were used to conquer, brought up to it, and quite conscious of their superiour strength, daring, and hardihood. Well are themselves and their habits described in the spirited lines of a modern bard—

> "The eagle hearts of all the North,
> Have left their stormy strand;
> The *warriours of the world* are forth,
> To seek another land."

Then why this manifest partiality among their descendants for dark-complexioned people as the beau ideal of all that is high, lofty, passionate, daring and energetic? It is mighty perverse and somewhat unnatural

WEARING THE ——.

The feminine desire for wearing a certain nameless portion of male apparel, appears to have prevailed in all countries and in all ages. Milton, who had some experience of the connubial state, having been thrice married, shows it to be of very great antiquity. In fact, he makes it the *very first* whim that Eve takes into her head after her fall from innocence, which may account for the vehement desire to do the same thing manifested by many of her daughters to this day. Reasoning upon the additional knowledge she has acquired by eating the forbidden fruit, Eve exclaims—

> "But to Adam in what sort
> Shall I appear? Shall I to him make known
> As yet my change, and give him to partake
> Full happiness with me; *or rather not,*
> *But keep the odds of knowledge in my power*
> *Without copartner?* so to add what wants
> In female sex the more to draw his love,
> And render me more equal, *and perhaps,*
> *A thing not undesirable, sometimes*
> *Superiour;* for inferiour who is free?
> This may be well."

And how all the woman peeps forth in what follows. How skilfully has Milton imbodied all the virtues, follies, and weaknesses of the sex in the mother of all.

> "But what if God have seen,
> And death ensue? then I shall be no more,
> *And Adam wedded to another Eve,*
> *Shall live with her enjoying; I extinct.*
> A DEATH TO THINK. Confirm'd then I resolve
> Adam shall share with me in bliss or wo
> So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
> I could endure, without him live no life."

There is an old proverb meant as a pithy satire of good-advice giving, to the effect that every man can manage a bad wife but him who has her. Milton, with all his knowledge, sound sense, and supernatural genius, found it, perchance, an easier task to write the "Paradise Lost" than to guide aright one of these fair and fanciful descendants of his heroine; and doubtless his domestic experience furnished him with the many excellent matrimonial maxims scattered over his divine poem. How good comes out of evil! The first Mrs. Milton was peculiarly skittish, and ran away during the honeymoon. Perhaps "glorious John" had drawn the bands of discipline rather over tight, for he seems to have possessed what the ladies now will doubtless consider rather austere notions of male superiority. Though not at all deficient in gallantry, he is by no means an advocate for letting them have their own way, but makes Adam prophecy, after his own mishap arising from too ready compliance, and Eve's ungrateful and ungracious upraidings—

> "Thus it shall befall
> Him who to worth in woman overtrusting,
> Lets her will rule: restraint she will not brook;
> And left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
> She first his weak indulgence will accuse."

SONG-WRITING.

Whence the extreme difficulty of song-writing? That it is extremely difficult there can be little doubt. The numerous and incessant failures in that line, place the matter beyond dispute. Song after song is issued from the fashionable music saloons, the words of which read smoothly and sing smoothly, but which make no sort of impression upon the mind. Sometimes they are neat and pretty, and may tickle the fancy, but they have little to do with the heart. They seldom touch the deeper and finer chords of feeling. They ooze from the memory; and this is one of the most infallible marks of a poor song—you cannot remember it. A good one, after once or twice hearing, you cannot forget. There lies the difference. One line suggests the other, until the sentiment or picture is complete. Who forgets "Oft in the stilly night," or "Auld Lang Syne."

How few good song-writers have we—Burns, Moore, Tannahill. True, we meet with here and there a scattered gem—the casual effusion of a fine mind, such as "Auld Robin Gray," and "The Flowers of the Forest;" and there are some beautiful lyrics to be found among the "Jacobite Relics," and the unowned Scotch ditties which are "lilted" among the hills and valleys of the "land of the mountain and the flood," the names of the writers of which have passed into oblivion, though the intrinsic merits of the songs themselves have preserved them from a similar fate; but still we have few good *professed* song-writers. The prominent objects of our "new and fashionable" songs are wordiness and no-meaning. They are made up of vague, unsubstantial images, which float away with the music, and which you can no more retain than the sound which accompanies them.

Song-writing, simple as it seems, is either a natural gift, or a severely beautiful art, which requires much self-denial. Diffuseness cannot be tolerated. And here is one great difficulty; for many a clever man finds it easy to sketch a story or detail an incident in ten or twelve stanzas, who would be extremely puzzled to do it in three or four; and if he resolutely sets to work to condense (a terrible task to poets) how it mangles his rhymes, and cuts away his little prettinesses! Now Bulwer, with all his ability, nay, undoubted genius, cannot write a song. Look what thin, evanescent things are all his attempts in this line. That splendid romance, "The Last Days of Pompeii," is especially encumbered with them, yet who that has read that work remembers a single rhyme it contains?

In a song every line should tell. Few long songs are good ones, "Auld Robin Gray" and "Black-eyed Susan" to the contrary notwithstanding. But they, correctly speaking, are ballads, in which a little more latitude is allowed. But look at the degree of compression in such songs as "Scots who ha wi' Wallace bled," or "The Minstrel Boy," or even "The Banks of Allan Water," with its sweet simplicity and touching repetitions, which *tell* far more effectually than any new or varied lines could possibly do. There are exceptions, it is true, to every rule. Moore's "Go, deceiver, go!" is a long song if you measure by lines, but how short when reckoned by sensations! If well sung how surpassingly beautiful is it. The verses glide away like lost pleasures, and you sorrow at the too rapidly approaching termination.

Any man that can write songs after *that* fashion, is privileged to make them as long as he pleases.

Perhaps the most striking instance of rigid compression is to be found in the ballad of "John Anderson." It is worth quoting as a curiosity in this respect, and a model—

> "John Anderson, my jo, John, when we were first acquaint,
> Your locks were like the raven, John, your bonny brow was brent;
> But now you're turned auld, John, your locks are like the snow—
> My blessings on your frosty pow! John Anderson, my jo!
>
> John Anderson, my jo, John, we've climb'd life's hill together,
> An' mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' one anither;
> Now, we maun toddle down, John, but hand in hand we'll go,
> And we sleep together at the foot, John Anderson, my jo."

Here is the life of two people in eight lines. Their youth, their first acquaintance—the long train of happy days they have spent in each other's company—their gradual decay, but with affections deepened, with hearts unchanged, and, lastly, their hope to "sleep together" at the close of life's long day; and, to render it still more of a curiosity, you have sentiment from the withered lips of seventy, of a deeper character than any *could* have been proceeding from the rosy ones of love-breathing seventeen.

Of how much rhyme has this little ballad been the root. How often, since it was written, have the sentiments, feelings and affections which it concisely imbodies, been diluted and expanded over pages and pages of melting reminiscences!

Scott was a capital song-writer. Perhaps he never studied it as an art, yet there are scattered here and there throughout his poems and romances specimens of this style of composition of great and varied excellence—"County Guy"—"Where shall the Lover rest"—"Brignal Banks"—"The Magregor's Gathering," etc.

For a tumultuous assemblage of images what can excel the "Pibroch of Donald Dhu;" and there is a tender yet solemn and subdued melancholy in the song commencing, "The sun upon the Weirdlaw hill," that has been but seldom equalled. Scott's gigantic genius has not *yet* been fully appreciated. Rokeby contains a little ballad but seldom sung or quoted, of peculiar sweetness and delicacy, though perhaps the germ of it is to be found in an old Jacobite relic. These rambling remarks will at least have a "swan-like end."

A PATRON.—The Steubenville Herald says:—"A subscriber who has been *patronizing* us for nearly ten years without paying, and whose lovely wife not long since broomstucked our collector out of the house for presenting the bill, wanted to know of us last week *why* we stopped his paper."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

SPIRIT OF THE PARISIAN JOURNALS.

Translated for the New-York Mirror.

THE SULTAN AND HIS VIZIER.

AN eastern sultan, who was far from being a tyrant in his general way, got one day very much out of temper. All the courtiers kept aloof as soon as they saw clouds on the visage of the Brother of the Sun; but one careless attendant came near him abruptly, and committed some slight offence. His highness broke out into a torrent of rage, and ordered the offender to receive the bastinado forthwith, and then to be impaled in front of the great gate of the palace.

"Lord of the faithful!" said his honest vizier, "let the fulfilment of thy commands be delayed, while I relate thee a story." The sultan gave a mute, surly sign of assent, whereupon the vizier began to relate the following tale, for which, be it remarked, he drew on his invention, not on memory:

"A wealthy and benevolent mussulman had a slave, whom he wished to make happy, so he gave him his freedom, and presented him, moreover, with a good ship, loaded with costly merchandise. The bondman, now free from his fetters, set sail joyfully for his native country; but suddenly a storm arose, and flung him on the shore of an uninhabited island. His vessel went to pieces, and he was left to bemoan his sad fate on the desert beach. At first he saw no traces of human abode, but, as he left the shore and journeyed further on, he saw the walls and towers of a large city in the distance. Joyfully he bent his steps towards it, and hardly had he reached the gates, when he was met and welcomed with shouts of joy. Countless multitudes of the inhabitants surrounded him, bowed their faces to the dust, and cried, as with one voice, 'long live our sultan.'" The poor shipwrecked freedman besought them not to make sport of his misery; but he was assured by the rejoicing multitude, that these honours were paid him in sober earnest. Spite of his struggles, he was lifted by force into a splendid chariot, and conducted to a palace glittering with gold and jewels. Here he was dressed by officious attendants in royal robes, while a crowd of grave dignified-looking old men, who declared themselves to be the great officers of state, did him homage as their sovereign, and vowed eternal fidelity. So, whether he liked it or not, rule he must. He was little used, as your highness may imagine, to managing the affairs of a great people, and would have cut but a sorry figure had it not been for a wise and aged vizier, who always gave him prudent counsels to aid his inexperience.

"Tell me, vizier," so the monarch not long afterwards addressed his sage adviser, "tell me how is it that I, a poor friendless stranger, have been made a great king, and let me know when this mummery is to end?"

"Mighty sultan," said the vizier, "all the inhabitants of the island, whom thou takest for men, are only spirits." The king shuddered under his royal robes, but said nothing, and the vizier proceeded. "We are, however, always under the government of a mortal, who is sent us from time to time, by the great Lord of all, to rule over us. As soon as he lands among us, he is pointed out as our future ruler, and we are told, at the same time, how long he is to wear the crown. This, however, is never told our sultan until the appointed time comes, when he is to lay down his dignity. When that time comes, he is suddenly dethroned, dressed in a coarse and unsightly garment, and carried away to a barren desert island."

The sultan trembled once more from head to foot, and asked if his predecessor had been told, like him, what a sad fate awaited them.

"They were all told of it," said the wise vizier, "but they made no good use of their knowledge. They enjoyed the pleasure of the moment, without thinking of the future. So the time for their dethronement came upon them before they had made the slightest preparation for rendering their future life in the desert island an agreeable one."

"Why, can that be done?" asked the astonished sultan.

"Surely it can," was the answer. "No one hinders thee from now, at this very moment, beginning to plant a colony on the barren island, which is to be thy future habitation. If thou doest this, its barrenness will be changed to beauty, thou wilt be joyfully received when thou goes to dwell upon it, and never regret the splendour thou hast left behind thee. But hasten, hasten, if such is thy intention! Feeble man is master of the present moment only, the coming one belongs to destiny."

The prudent Sultan did not, like his predecessors, turn a deaf ear to the warning voice of his good vizier; without loss of time he sent a large number of his best and most valuable subjects to the desert island, and commanded them to prepare a pleasant retreat for him against his coming. Therefore, when he was dethroned, and forced, as others had been, to visit the abode of barrenness, he found it fertile and pleasant to look upon, and full of blooming flowers and sweet fragrance; and there he lived for ever in cheerfulness and peace, for he knew that this was his final resting-place, and that he had no further change or accident to fear. And here my tale endeth," said the vizier, and was silent

"And what is the meaning of all this?" said the caliph, impatiently, "what is the hidden meaning of thy long-winded story? It contains, I suppose, some useful moral reflection; but, if it does, it is so carefully concealed that I cannot find it. Speak more clearly!"

"Know then," said the vizier, "the rich and benevolent man is God; the slave, to whom he gave freedom, a newly-born mortal; the island on which he lands, which he at first thought uninhabited,

the world; his adviser, wisdom; the line of his government, his life; and the barren island to which he is banished, the after world. The colonists he is permitted to send into it, to beautify it, are the good works that he performs in this life, and the careless rulers are those who get drunk with the pleasures of this life, without thinking on that which is to come. And now, commander of the faithful, suffer me likewise to point out the application of my story. During the period of thy government, thou hast sent many colonists before thee to make green the face of the desert island which is the appointed resting-place, but all the labour they have performed will be in vain, if thou shouldst take the life of a true and faithful servant for a trifling matter Forgive him, even as thou hopest in God that he will one day forgive thee!"

This bold remonstrance induced the caliph to lay aside his anger, and pardon his innocent servant.

REMINISCENCES OF THE OLDEN TIME.

COMMON COUNCIL RECORDS.

"*Orders made at the General Court of Assizes in New-Yorke, beginning on the sixth and ending on the thirteenth of October, in the twenty-seventh yeare of his majeste's reigne, Anno Domini* 1675

"Upon a proposall whether it will not be convenient at this juncture of tyme, of the Indyans disturbance to the eastward, to bring all canoes on the north side of Long-Island to this place, or to have them all destroyed to prevent intercourse with the Indyans on the Maine and our Indyans, or that those canoes bee brought to the next townes and secured by the officers. It's resolved that all canoes whatsoever, belonging to Christians or Indyans on the north side of Long-Island to the east of Hell-gate shall within three dayes after the publication hereof bee brought to the next townes and delivered into the constables custody to bee laid up and secured by them neare their block-houses: and that whatsoever canoe shall bee found upon the sound after that tyme bee destroyed

"That the Indyans at Mr. Pells on Anne Hook's neck bee ordered to remove within a fortnight to their usual quarters within Hell-gate upon this island, &c."

In the above extract you will see that the celebrated passage on the East River, commonly called Hell-gate, has preserved its genuine and original orthography; notwithstanding that some modern and very delicate innovators in philology have endeavoured to substitute the term *hurl* or *whirl*, in the room of Hell gate, a much more forcible, and certainly not an objectionable, term.

Another part of the ordinance relates to the taxing and marking of horses

"The payment in the rates for horses and horsekind being recommended from the towne of Southampton, and other townes at the east end of Long-Island to bee considered of whether not so high, it being too much above the present value. Ordered; that the rates doe continue as they now are; and that all persons who have horses upon Long-Island, doe within the space of six months, prove their horses before the constable and overseers, or chiefe officer of the respective townes to which they doe belong: and such as shall bee found unmarkt (according to law) shall bee forfeited, the one halfe to his Royall Highnesse, the other halfe to the towne to which they shall bee brought: and that noe person presume to marke any horse or colt, but before the constable and overseers, or chiefe officer of the place.

"That all persons upon Long-Island who have estates from the value of twenty pounds may keepe one breeding mare and noe more; and soe proporcionably."

The following part of the ordinance shows that the practice of whaling on the eastern part of Long-Island, had begun at that early day:

"Upon complaint of the great abuse at the east end of Long-Island in their oyle caske; It is ordered that there bee a sworn gager and tapper of oyle in the respective townes where the whaling disigne is followed," etc.

It was the custom to maintain a public priesthood by taxes, as is still the practice in despotisms:

"The church affaires being taken into consideracon, and particularly the affaires of the ministry as to their maintenance; It is ordered, that towards the maintenance of the ministry, besides the usuall country rate, there shall bee a double rate levyed upon all those townes that have not already a sufficient maintenance for a minister"

A fair was established at Brooklyn:

"Upon proposall of having a ffayre or market in or neare this city: It is ordered that after this season there shall yearly bee kept a ffayre and market at Breucklyn neare the ferry for all graine, cattle, or other produce of the country; to bee held the first Munday, Tuesday, and Wednesday in November, and in the city of New-Yorke the Thursday, Friday and Saturday following."

Staten Island had a separate jurisdiction:

"That by reason of the seperacon by water, Staten Island shall have jurisdiction of it selfe, and to have noe further dependance on the courts of Long-Island, nor on their militia."—*Neo-Eboracensis.*

It was also the custom to direct the cleansing of the streets in the same manner as now.

"BY THE DEPUTY MAYOR AND ALDERMAN,

Cutty of New-Yorke, ss.

"Whereas many ill conveniants heretofore have happened by severall young people firing off of pistells and other gunns upon the newyear's day, being the first day of January; and whereas there hath beene severall orders made to that end, that noe person or persons whatsoever should sett any waggon or carts, or lay any wood, timbers, dirt, mucke, or stones, or any other rumbish, in the streetes or high wayes: These are, therefore, in his Majestie's name, to charge and command all persons within this citty on the said 1st of January next; as also, that all persons take notice that they cleanse the streets; every person cleansinge before his or her doores. And that they and every or any of them, presuminge to fire any pistell or gunn as aforesaid, shall bee proceeded against, as persons not obedient to the lawes and government of this city: and that all persons that shall fayle to cleanse their doores within one weeke after the publicacon hereof, or sett any waggons, carts, or sleades in the streetes, shall be proceeded against as before: and the lawes in force to bee put in execucon against them. Given under my hand this last of December, 1675."

The following extract will throw some light on the state of the city police at that early period:

"*Orders to bee observed by the Constables, Wattch, and the Citizens Souldiers in the Cutty of New-Yorke.*

"That the wattch bee sett every night by eight of the clock immediately after the ringinge of the bell.

"That the citty gates be locked up by the constable or deputy, before nine of the clock, and opened in the morning presently after day light at the dismissinge of the wattch; and if any person goes from or absent himself without consent, hee or they shall forfeite for every such default, tenn guilders.

"That the sergeant or corporall of the wattch shall at all times succeed the deputy constable upon the wattch for the execucon thereof

"That the constable or his deputy (the city gates being shut) bee upon the wattch by nine of the clock, and by his roole call over all the names of those who are to give them attendance there that night, and the faylers to bee marked to pay their ffine, which is to bee as formerly—foure guilders per every default; and if any one comes to the wattch after the roole is called over hee shall pay halfe the ffine aforesaid.

"That whosoever shall come upon the wattch, that is overcharged with drinke; hee or they shall pay halfe the aforemenconed ffine: but if abusive or quite drunke, the whole ffine to bee paid as if absent, and secured upon the wattch all night.

"Upon complaint made unto the court; It is ordered, that no cursinge or swearing shall be suffered upon the wattch, nor any gaming at dice or cards, nor any exercise of drinkinge upon the penalty of four guilders for every such offence. The sergeant be long, (read, belonging) to every watch shall come with his halberd; and see that every one of the wattch bring his armes, that is to say his sword and good half pike, on the penalty of four guilders for every offence

"By orders of the Deputy Mayor and Aldermen,

"Per mee, SAMUEL LLETE, *Clark.*"

EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

THE BARON'S DAUGHTER.

"The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait.
So angle we for Beatrice."—*Shakspeare.*

"WHEREFORE so sad and silent, Helen mine?" was the question of the fair Agnez Montressor to her fair cousin, the daughter and heir of the Lord Scrope, as followed by a goodly retinue of waiting gentlewomen, grooms, and pages, they threaded, with a solemn dignity that might have done honour to elder dames, the narrow winding woodland path that divided the glassy mere, at the side of which they had been flying their falcons, from the ample park, dotted with noble groups of venerable oaks, bathed in the sunshine that surrounded the baron's stately mansion of Beau-Repaire.

"What hath troubled thee, Helen, that thou sittest on thy jennet as mute as the merlin on thy wrist? Art thou wrath thyself for chiding the young Lord Devereux from thy bridle rein? or—alack that a knight so lately from the gay court of France should know so little how to construe a fair maiden's wishes when her words say one thing and her looks another!—is that same Arthur Devereux fallen into disgrace for the too readily obeying thy behests? What aileth thee, sweet cousin, thou the heiress of these broad lands; for whose fair grace the champion strives in the lists, and the minstrel at the board; thou to hang drooping over thy saddle-bow, as sad as a turtle dove that hath lost her mate—whilst I, thy poor kinswoman, and thy very bower maidens, Margaret, and Cicely, are as blithe as so many larks? Fie on thee, sweet cousin! This wayward humour is flat treason against thy happier destiny! Betrothed too to the man whom thou best lovest! at the king's command! and with thy lord and father's approval!

"Why there it is!" responded the fair Helen, suddenly reigning in her palfrey, and turning towards her cousin with an air of desolation that contrasted strongly with the sprightly demeanour of her young kinswoman. "Have I not cause enow for melancholy, think'st thou, to be bestowed by the king's behest upon the Lord Devereux, so that love me, or love me not, he must needs espouse me? And to be the daughter and heir of a wealthy baron, into whose ear all men seem bounden to pour false feignings! oh! that I were as little in debt to fortune as thou art, Agnez, that I might for once hear words of truth!"

And the pretty spoiled child sighed; and it may be—for I suspect that the sad rogue called Human Nature played beauties and heiresses the same tricks in the days of bluff king Hal as in the reign of our sovereign lady, Victoria—it may be that she really thought she would prefer flattery, even from the lips of the Lord Devereux.

Her cousin smiled with some archness. Perhaps she perceived, or thought she perceived, that what the fair heiress really wanted was praise in a newer and more piquant form.

"Nay, an thy melancholy have no deeper root than a lover's courtesy, sweet coz, I'll gage my velvet hood against thy broidered wimple, that I find thee a medicine. Hearken, Helen,'—This brisk October wind is gathering to a tempest. The golden leaves of this close beechen alley are falling about our ears; and the clouds gathering above our heads as though the very blessed skies were part and parcel of our council. The rain that admonisheth us to seek shelter, will drive the falconers from their sport by the mere. Put thy steed to his full pace, dearest! We must win afore these gallants to the great hall of Beau-Repaire; and there thou must hide thee behind the warder's great carved chair. No! no! Sit thee down there, as though overwrought by the sport and the riding and fall asleep; that were the cunninger device; and then when the Lord Devereux espyeth his lady and mistress, as he and my varlet, Philip Poynings, pass through with their hawks, mark an he speak not as soothfastly as if thou wert thy poor penniless kinswoman with no dower but her merry heart, instead of the rich heiress of the Lord Scrope."

"So said; so done. The fair cousins rode as for life and death; and not only reached the goodly mansion of Beau-Repaire before the party from the lake, but had plenty of time to adjust the Lady Helen's costume and position, so that she could enact the part of the Sleeping Beauty as naturally and becomingly as possible. That the attitude was natural, she had satisfactory proof after Agnez and her waiting woman had retired. Her old nurse, passing accidentally that way, having testified a nurse-like anxiety on the score of her catching cold, and even evinced some disposition to awaken her by way of averting the danger; whilst the good baron, her father, happening also to cross the hall, and seeing his darling, as he believed, asleep, took incredible pains to mitigate his iron tread, and stifle, as far as possible, the jingling of sword and spur, lest he should disturb her slumbers. In short, so admirable was the counterfeit, that the only person (except those in the secret) not taken in, was the baron's favourite mastiff, Wolf, who looked up in her face with an expression which seemed at once to detect the counterfeit, and to wonder, like an honest animal, as he was, what could be the possible motive for such a deceit.

At last, according to Agnes's prediction, Lord Devereux and Sir Philip Poynings entered the hall, and after some talk of the falcon flown and the game taken, of jesses and lures, and a certain beagle called Donzelle, and a riding palfrey hight, Lancelot, the good knight appeared suddenly to perceive the fair lady who filled so drowsily the warder's chair.

"Ha! Thy bonnibelle!" said he in a low voice

Although her eyes were closed, Helen felt with absolute certainty that Lord Devereux glanced towards her, and she also felt, she knew not how, that he smiled.

"She looketh well asleep!" continued the knight

"Indifferent well!" rejoined his companion in a voice as chilling as his words.

"She's a fair damsel," quoth Sir Philip

"Indifferent fair!" was the response

"And hath a light foot in a coranto."

"Indifferent light."

"And a sweet voice in a virelai."

"Indifferent—"

"Nay," interrupted the knight, "thou art a very heretic in the matter of beauty, an Infidel, a Pagan. Thy very blood is frozen, that thou speakest thus of one of the fairest maidens of King Henry's court. If the Lady Helen be not a beauty where will you find one?"

"The damsel is indifferent fair," replied the Lord Devereux quietly. "But the Lady Catharine Sandys hath a finer shape, and the Lady Piercy a prettier foot. And, for a virelai or a coranto, commend me to the bright eyed Provencale, the burgher's wife of Lyons. Beauty quotha! Thou talkest like the squire of dames in the legend. Ha! the rain pours down amain. Come and I'll show thee a suit of Milan armour fit to have figured at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, or we'll have a bout with the rapiers, or what you will! There's a good hour yet to dinner. Thou'lt beat me at the rapiers. I have not tried my weapon against one so well-skilled as thyself this half year. Come, it lacks an hour of noon, we shall have time to breathe ourselves." And off the Lord Devereux marched, just soon enough to save his betrothed from the imminent danger of proving her admiration of frank speaking, and her severe love of truth, by an explosion of tears, or of scolding—or, by our Lady, inflicting upon the cheek of her lover such a slap from her fair hand as, half a century later, was no uncommon act of grace from good Queen Bess to her more favoured courtiers!

Poor Helen! from this risk she was happily saved; and when they met at the banquet the recusant had nothing worse to encounter than cold monosylables and averted eyes. The storm still continued to rage without, and in spite of his lady love's declaration that she was ill at ease, both Lord Devereux and Sir Philip Poynings followed the damsels to the large low pleasant chamber, with the rich gilding of its pannelled walls, its bay windows and carved chimneys, where the young kinswomen, surrounded by their female attendants, pursued their several avocations at the tapestry loom or the broidery frame.

For the first five minutes a dead silence reigned in the apartment. The lady Helen was what an enemy would have called sullen, and a friend would have dignified by the name of melancholy; and her hand-maidens dutifully followed their lady's example. Agnez was the first to speak, whilst her cousin was now amusing herself with entangling her gold and silver threads under the notion of winding them, and now filling up a rosebud with blue silk and a pansy with crimson.

"Hast thou no French rondelay, or English madrigal to sing or to say, my good Lord Devereux? No minstrel tale, or courtly jest to grace thy lady's bower?"

"Say, how chanced the woomg betwixt Maximillian de Montmorenci, and Marguerite de Bethune?" said Poynings, aiding his fair mistress in her attempts to bring about conversation; "when I left the Chateau of St. Germains, Mademoiselle had taken it into that silly head of hers that the court wooed her for her broad lands, and the more he courted and flattered the more she disbelieved, until at last it was a moot point whether the pretty heiress would not fling herself, and her fiefs and vinevards, olive-grounds and all, into a nunnery, from mere distrust and suspicion What might be the end of that love passage, Arthur?"

"Why the little damsel improved day by day in mistrust and jealousy until, as thou say'st, 'twere a chance but she took refuge in the church from poor Maximillian's luckless courtship. And so it chanced that one fair summer morning, standing beside a close planted bower of rose and woodbine, the Chevalier d'Harcourt and Jules de Montfremer began to banter the count on his misdoubting mistress. 'Tis pity of her,' quoth the chevalier, for of a surety she's the fairest lady in France.' 'Nay,' replied Maximillian, 'Hortense du Plessis hath brighter eyes; and Adine de Beaulieu a sweeter smile; Leocadie de Blondeville hath a finer shape, and for a hand and foot, the young countess'—what name had followed none can tell—for the fair Marguerite darted from the arbour, and Montmorrency, who had known all the while that she was listening, caught her in his arms—ay, even as I shall catch another listener, and said—'Oh fairest, sweetest, dearest,' how may I tell what he said, when I am thinking of none save thee! Of nought save that entire and perfect love which belongeth not to thy father's broad lands, nor even to thy surpassing beauty, but to thine own most dear and precious self'—and catching her in his arms, his lip touched—did it touch?—her snowy brow"

"No, there was no traitor, no treachery," continued he, answer-the half-murmured question which stole forth amidst her blushes and smiles. "I was wending disconsolately among the beechen trees within hearing of my lady love, when mistress Agnes's desire

prompted me into a counter trial of sauciness. But I am pardoned! Full surely I am pardoned, and if ever again thou shouldst mistrust my love or thine own beauty, thou hast but to take a nap in the warder's chair!

The following extracts are from Lady Chatterton's Rambles in Ireland, lately published:

DARRYNANE ABBEY AND SCENERY.

"Darrynane house is situated in a beautiful spot, facing the south, and overlooking a little bay, where the waves came rolling upon the smooth sands. The plantations near seem to thrive, well protected, as they are, from the northern blast, by a fine range of rocky heights. The house is an irregular pile of building, having received various additions at different times; the interior is most comfortable, and affords the extensive accommodation which the hospitality of its proprietor renders necessary. The drawing-room is a spacious apartment, on each side of which is a row of windows commanding beautiful views. It is well furnished, and adorned by a fine bust of the owner's lovely daughter. The tables are covered with the latest publications, and numerous good prints, and caricatures. Near this room is the library, full of well-chosen books. The walls of the dining-room are covered with family portraits; and on a slab at the end opposite the fire-place, are some old spear and hatchet heads, of a mixed metal, which were dug up not far from Darrynane. The next morning I took a delightful walk before breakfast, on the sand hills, at whose base the house is situated, and whose slope, covered with fine grass, forms the grounds beyond the plantation. The view over the bay is beautiful: its fine sandy beach—the rocky mountain which forms its western boundary—the magnificent sea breaking in heavy billows against it—the indented shore of Darrynane—the islands at its entrance, and ocean beyond, create a splendid landscape. The enjoyment of such a scene was rendered perfect by the sunshine and brilliancy of the finest day we have had this year."

"Short and sweet," and very completely to the purpose, are the following verses on

THE BLARNEY STONE.

"We went up to kiss the far-famed stone—

There is a stone there,
That whoever kisses,
Oh! he never misses,
To grow eloquent.
'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a member
Of Parliament:

A clever spouter,
He'll sure turn out, or
An out and outer,
'To be let alone,'
Don't hope to hinder him,
Or to bewilder him;
Sure he's a pilgrim
From the Blarney stone!

I had neglected to kiss this stone on my previous visit, because the important ceremony could not be performed without the risk of falling headlong down a height above a hundred feet; but in these days of marching intellects, and diffusion or confusion of knowledge, even the privilege of being able to pay extravagant compliments is made of easy attainment."

A CARPENTER'S FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH TREES.

"I heard to-day an anecdote, which shows how apt we are to be afraid of what is new. A young carpenter came here for employment, from Kilkee, a delightful sea-bathing place on the western coast, abounding in ocean scenery, but where there are no trees—literally none. The highest growing plants usually seen by the inhabitants of that place were the 'praites.' The astonishment of the poor fellow at the first sight of a tree, cannot be described. He looked timidly at the roots; then, with an expression of the greatest alarm and wonder, slowly raised his eye up the stem, and, when it arrived at the upper branches, his terrour, lest the stupendous mass should fall upon him, was extreme. He could never be persuaded to go home at night along a road which unluckily was bordered by a row of his gigantic enemies, without having some one to accompany him; and even then used often to exclaim, in dismay, before encountering the walk, 'How do I know now but some of them big, tall craythurs will be down upon me before I know what I am about?' It was winter when he first went to the country, and all the larger trees were, of course, leafless. When summer came, and he saw these fearful giants become more and more massive every day, and all those large formidable leaves flapping about in the wind, the poor fellow's astonishment knew no bounds."

"Extremes meet," says the proverb. When a jovial Irish widow sets about being worldly wise, the following is the style in which she does it; contriving even to make prudence hereditary, as far as the next generation; and in what a manner! Pray admire the dispassionate and beautifully divided political opinions of her sons, Teigue and Donough:

PRESERVATION OF THE O'BRIEN PROPERTY.

"There is a romantic traditionary story told of the manner in which the O'Brien property has been preserved amid the revolutions in Irish affairs. Conner O'Brien is said to have been the only gentleman in the county of Clare, who, after the commonwealth party was triumphant, refused to make terms with Ireton; and Ireton is believed to have caused him to be assassinated, having despatched a party of five of his best marksmen, in the disguise of sportsmen, for the purpose. Connor O'Brien's wife, Mary-ni-Mahon, informed her sons, Teigue and Donough, of the murder of their father, and, at the same time, advised them to offer no further opposition to the dominion of the English regicides. The assassin, however, was taken and hanged; and, immediately after his execution, the widow of Connor O'Brien ordered her carriage to be prepared. Dressing herself in a superb suit of blue and silver, she travelled, with six horses, towards Limerick, which then was the head-quarters of Ireton, and where he soon after died. It so happened that, on the evening of her arrival, there was a large entertainment at the general's quarters. Upon demanding, at the door, to see Ireton, she was refused admission by the sentinel. A discussion followed, which, it would appear, was of so noisy a character that it attracted the attention of Ireton, who, coming to the door, inquired the cause of the sentinel's violent conduct, and why he refused admittance to a lady of noble appearance; asking, at the same time, the name of his fair visiter. 'I was,' she replied, 'the wife of Connor O'Brien, but I am now his widow.' Ireton hesitated to believe her; but the disconsolate widow convinced him that she was free, by offering to marry one of his officers. He assented to the proposal, and she was married to an officer named Cooper. By this marriage the O'Brien property was saved from forfeiture. Her sons, Teigue and Donough, finding that a political struggle was again likely to occur in Ireland, in the contest between James II. and William III., and that their property would be again endangered by their decidedly espousing either party, they consulted together, and determined that one should take the Jacobite, and the other the Orange side of the question. The first choice was made by Teigue, as the eldest brother, who determined to follow the cause of James, his lawful king. Donough became a partizan of William's, and the possessor of the property."

MRS. HEMANS.

The powers of her memory were so extraordinary, as to be sometimes made the subject of a wager, by those who were sceptical as to the possibility of her achieving what she would, in the most undoubting simplicity, undertake to perform. On one of these occasions, to satisfy the incredulity of one of her brothers, she learned by heart, having never read it before, the whole of Heber's poem of *Europe*, in one hour and twenty minutes, and repeated it without a single mistake or a moment's hesitation. The length of this poem is four hundred and twenty-four lines.

She had also great talents for drawing and music, and was a proficient in nearly all the modern languages; and she added to all this indomitable energy in the acquisition of information.

Her eagerness for knowledge of every kind was intense; and her industry may be attested by volumes, still existing, of extracts and transcriptions, almost sufficient to form a library in themselves. The mode of her studies was, to outward appearance, singularly desultory, as she would be surrounded by books of all sizes, in divers languages, and on every variety of topic, and would seem to be turning from one to another, like a bee flying from flower to flower; yet, whatever confusion might reign without, all was clear and well-defined within. In her mind and memory, the varied stores were distinctly arranged, ready to be called forth for the happy illustration, the poetic imagery, or the witty comparison.

It was interesting to observe the manner in which any new idea, accidentally suggested in the course of her reading, would take hold of her imagination, awakening, as with an electric touch, a whole train of associations and developments. Most truly, in her case, was exemplified Mr. Wordsworth's observation respecting poetic sensibility, in which he says, that "the more exquisite it is, the more wide will be the range of a poet's conceptions, and the more will he be incited to observe objects, both as they exist in themselves, and as reacted upon by his own mind."

The practice of keeping a faithful record of transient images and suggestions, need not be commended, since everybody knows how quickly these slight visions of fancy flit away, and how utterly impossible it is to recover them, if they be not seized and shaped into words at the instant. A few specimens of these interesting notes are highly emblematic of the tone of Mrs. Hemans' mind, and the general character of her poetry.

"A traveller, sleeping on the banks of the Oronoco, has heard the mysterious sounds of the *Lazas de musica*. He wakens his Indian guide, and tells him they are the voices of his departed friends from the regions of the dead, giving him assurance that they are happy, and that they watch over him; that he need not now fear the paw of the tiger, nor the bite of the serpent, for he is thus protected; but far happier are they who thus guard him."

"A scene of surpassing beauty in Switzerland, with a cottage, inhabited by the wife of a chamois hunter. Soliloquy of a wanderer, who imagines that no human passion can ever have disturbed the repose of that solitude.—The chamois hunter is brought in dead."

"The maid before the wizard's glass—her mind wearied with the excitement of its scene, turns in joy to the green fields and the skies."

"On leaving a church full of sculpture, and coming into the open air. The blessing of those feelings which withdraw us occasionally from thoughts too high and awful."

Early in the summer of 1830, Mrs. Hemans published her volume of *Songs of the Affections*, which was dedicated to her revered friend, Sir Robert Liston. In the month of June, of the same year, she accomplished a project which she had long had at heart, of making a visit to the lakes of Westmoreland. Her tremulous health, which had undergone many vicissitudes during the winter, needed repose and refreshment; her spirit was wearied out with the "glare and dust of celebrity," and she longed to "flee away and be at rest," for a season, amongst the green hills, and beside the still waters. More than all, she was attracted to that lovely land by the yet stronger spell exercised over her mind, by the prospect of immediate communion with Mr. Wordsworth, of whom she was daily becoming a more zealous disciple, and whose invitations had been kind and reiterated. Her son Charles was her companion on the journey to Rydal Mount; and the two other boys joined her as soon as she was established in a temporary abode of her own.

No words but those of her own letters can do justice to her impressions of society and scenery, which, by those who have once enjoyed them, can never be forgotten.

"My nervous fear at the idea of presenting myself to Mr. Wordsworth, grew upon me so rapidly, that it was more than seven o'clock before I took courage to leave the inn at Ambleside. I had, indeed, little cause for such trepidation. I was driven to a lovely cottage-like building, almost hidden by a profusion of roses and ivy; and a most benignant-looking old man greeted me in the porch. This was Mr. Wordsworth himself; and when I tell you that, having rather a large party of visiters in the house, he led me to a room apart from them, and brought in his family by degrees, I am sure that little trait will give you an idea of considerate kindness which you will both like and appreciate."

LITERARY NOTICES.

England, and other Poems. By William Marsh. New-York. Printed for the author.

This is an extraordinary work, by an extraordinary man, and deserves at our hands an extraordinary notice: we shall, therefore—avoiding the customary manner of reviewers—begin with the end, and end with the beginning of the volume, though we confess the result of our critical observations will be precisely the same as if we followed the usual mode; for so artfully and elegantly has Mr. Marsh woven his verses together, that whether they are read backwards or forwards, the sense is equally apparent.

We do not believe—and we say it with all sincerity—that there has ever been published, either in this or any other country, a volume of original poems that could *justly* be compared with this; we may say this with no little feeling of national pride, for although Mr. Marsh is descended in a sinuous line from

"Richard who robbed the lion of his heart,
Fighting the bloody wars of Palestine,"

yet he is an American, and was born in the vicinity of Boston, where he is most favourably known as the "Swan of Apple Island." Apple Island lies in Boston harbour, and is now made classic ground, being the subject of our author's poem entitled, "My Island Home."

Mr. Marsh belongs to no school—he is no servile copyist—no dealer in second-hand thoughts and fancies, but like all the great bards who have gone down to the grave before him—like Homer and Dante, Shakspeare and Milton, "who darkened nations when they died," he sends out to the world nothing but pure coin wrought out of the solid and inexhaustable ore of his own mind, and purified by the alembick of his own brain. Mr. Marsh is evidently a deep thinker—he writes not for the multitude—*Ad captandum vulgus* forms no part of his motto, but he says with Milton, "Fit audience let me find though few." In some of his serious compositions Mr. Marsh reminds us of the author of *Paradise Lost*; we feel sure that he will take no offence at the comparison; for although Milton's style is sometimes heavy and scholastic, it must be confessed he occasionally reaches the highest point of sublimity. But let us no longer detain the reader with prefatory remarks, the poet shall speak for himself. On the last page our author bids farewell to his muse in four verses, but takes leave to inform her in the most delicate manner possible, that he intends to return to her "Parnassian bower." Farewells are always painful, and this, but for the encouragement held out of a return, would be particularly so. On page one hundred and six we find *A medley, addressed to the eminent bards of New-York*, of which the lover of epigrammatic wit will not fail to catch the point—we know of nothing similar in the whole Greek anthology. The poem on *slander* is very powerful, though not altogether to our taste; we regret that we have not room for the whole of it: we give the last three verses, remarkable for pathos and sublimity:

"See yon maiden whose pale thin cheek
That so late in rosy health did bloom,
Whose once bright eyes no more will brighten
Nor can joy again that heart relume.

For slander has breathed upon that form,
And all that's lovely is blighted there.
Now fast sinking to an early tomb,
Whilst thou, mocking, laugh at her despair

Think ye then, reptile, thy glory's gained,
From whose deathly grasp none can sever,
Yes!—e'en now fiends for thee are howling,
Thy hideous name they'll howl for ever!"

We must make room for the opening lines of the poem "Addressed to the ladies of New-York on New-year's day." The subject alone would claim our attention, and the admirable handling of it makes it irresistible:

"Know ye this day how each bosom will swell
With joys to some and with some a farewell
Of joys fleetly passed brought sadly to mind
By loved ones departed, false ones unkind.
Then, if the heart be o'ershadowed with gloom,
Let hope on it smile, and pleasure will bloom,
And feuds and estrangements forgotten will be,
As they breathe, New-year's morn, welcome to thee:
And may matron and maid in gladness shine,
And sparkle their eyes as sparkles the wine."

The following gem may be found on page thirty-three:

"Dear girl! I love thee yet
As in that joyful time
Which I can never forget
While memory is mine.
When fades the cheering light
Upon the world and thee,
I dream of thee by night,
And you may dream of me!"

We have italicised the last line for the extreme beauty of its simplicity. Like Shakspeare or Wordsworth, Mr. Marsh, by the power of his genius, makes the simplest objects in nature serve as suggestive agents to his muse—*exempli gratia:*

"The spring time of our youth,
The sports that never tired,
When hope and love and truth
Went hand in hand inspired;
Thus soon life's morning *skips* away
The brightest sunshine of our day."

Who does not at once see that the poet was indebted for the word *skips* to the eccentric movements of that interesting little insect, the *flea?* It is curious and instructive to trace the rise and progress of thought in great minds: in all probability, some adventurous flea, taking advantage of the poet's reverie, while he was composing the foregoing lines, skipped upon the paper before him, and to this simple circumstance the world may be indebted for

"Thus soon life's morning *skips* away."

In our critical capacity we have searched diligently for faults, as well as beauties. The following is the third line of the poem "England"

"Where all the polished arts refulgent *reigns*."

And, in the "Maid of Venice," we find this couplet:

"For now the winds are fresh and free
That *wafts* me o'er the boundless sea."

We would suggest, though with no little diffidence and timidity, that the letter *s* might, with propriety, be omitted from the italicised words, in a second edition.

Every poem in the volume is characterized by a high moral tone. Mr. Marsh has a heart inferior only to his head. This is clearly manifested by his writings, which remind us as much of the fragments of the pure and tender-hearted Simonides as of anything else; and if the lament of Danaë, the daughter of the king of Argos, should have preserved the name of its author to the present time, we see no reason why Mr. Marsh may not safely congratulate himself upon, at least, an equal immortality.

The work is dedicated to Philip Hone, Esq., and, in his dedication, the author says the volume is inscribed to him "as a small token of the esteem in which he is held *by the community*."

The Token and Atlantic Souvenir. A Christmas and New-Year's present. Edited by S. G. Goodrich. Boston: Otis, Broaders and Co. Pp. 304.

The volume of this beautiful and long-established annual for 1840 is a decided improvement on that of the last year; but it is still hardly worthy of the reputation it once enjoyed. The engravings form the principal attraction of the work, and many of them are in no respect remarkable. The vignette titlepage, engraved by Cheney, is very beautiful, and so is the plate entitled "The Nibble," from a design by that admirable artist, Chapman. The "Haunts of the Sea-Fowl," by Dick, is well engraved, but the subject is old. The same may be said of "The Politician," by Pelton. The literary department of the volume is not of a superior order. Miss Sedgwick furnishes a tale of considerable interest, and there is a good article by the authoress of the "Three Experiments of Living," entitled, "Ancient Reminiscences," which we have copied. We do not find much among the poetry which calls for our especial admiration—although there are several very clever pieces by the editor, and others from the pens of Miss Gould, Grenville Mellen, the author of "Miriam," James T Fields, Miss M. A. Browne, R. C. Waterston, Mrs. Sigourney, Tuckerman, Thatcher, and other writers favourably known to the public.

Memoir of the Life and Writings of Mrs. Hemans. By her Sister. Philadelphia Lea and Blanchard. One volume. Pp. 317.

In another part of our paper we have alluded to this new memoir of the sweetest of modern poetesses It is a compendious and interesting biography, and gives a most engaging view of the estimable character of the lamented subject. Mrs. Hemans was a woman of undoubted genius, and to her belongs the credit of striking out a new style or vein of poetry. From many interesting passages in the work before us, we select the following from the diary of the poetess, in relation to Walter Scott:

"July, 1829.—I walked with Sir Walter Scott through the Rhymour's Glen. He showed me the site of a little hamlet, which had been deserted on account of the supposed visits of a spirit. He described to me some extraordinary cavern scenes he had explored in his voyage round the northern coasts and isles of Scotland; mentioned his having sometimes heard the low, rolling murmur of storms in the air along those dreary coasts, for hours before the bursting of the tempest; told me of a friend of his, a man of by no means an imaginative mind, who had heard the Wild Huntsman in the air at night, at Valenciennes. So persuaded was this gentleman that a real chase was sweeping past him through the streets, that he turned aside into the porch of a church, in order to make way for it. Nothing, however, was visible; and he at last became affected with feelings of supernatural fear. On mentioning the circumstance to the people with whom he lodged, they were much awestruck, and told him it was fortunate that, heretic as he was, he had sheltered within the shadow of a catholic church. Sir Walter repeated, with much animation, part of the Spanish ballad of 'Dragut,'—(see Lockhart's Collection)—

'Row, row, my slaves, quoth Dragut,' etc.

"He gave me a thrilling description of a scene which had been witnessed by a friend of his at Ehrenbreistein—the German army of liberators crossing the Rhine after their victories. Upon the first gleam of the noble river, they burst forth into the song of 'Am Rhein, am Rhein!' They were two days crossing, during which the rock and the castle rang out to the peal of this gallant strain; and even the Cossacks, as they passed over, caught the national enthusiasm, and, with the clash, and clang, and the roar of their stormy war-music, swelled out the chorus of 'Am Rhein, am Rhein!'"

The Ladies Companion. A monthly publication. W. N. Snowden, Fulton-street, New-York.

The last number of this widely-circulated journal contains a handsome steel engraving, entitled "The Young Reefer." The contents are various and spirited. The following, from the pen of Frances Sargent Osgood, would do no discredit to the pen of Campbell:

THE TRIUMPH OF SONG.

An anecdote of John Howard Payne, Esq.

Far from his own beloved land,
Within a western wood,
Seized by a rude barbarian band
The minstrel rover stood.

Sad dreams of home were in his mind.—
Hark!—echoing to the thought,
"Home! home!—sweet home!" the forest wind
Softly that burden brought

Then flashed the poet's lifted eye,—
And proudly rose his tone;
Warm glowed his cheek,—his heart beat high—
"That song!—it is my own!"

"Thine!—Thine!" they dash with eager hand
The fetters from his frame,—
And mutely reverent, round him stand
In sorrow and in shame

And safe and free they bade him part,
The bard whose gift it is,—
To trace in every other heart
The song he sends from his!

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

If Florio *will turn to the page of Shakspeare, he will find a most satisfactory reply to his question:*

"Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But when they mean to sink you."

Several contributions from musical correspondents shall receive the earliest attention.—We must decline G.'s *elaborate criticism upon the Richelieu of Mr. Forrest. We differ with him entirely in regarding it a failure. The play was certainly well received, and Mr. F. did ample justice to the part of the Cardinal, as portrayed by Bulwer. We have already expressed the opinion that this play is of too heavy and undramatic a character to retain possession of the stage; and, on witnessing its representation, we were confirmed in our views.—We must respectfully decline the articles signed* Phid.as, R. X., Philo-Tattler, Index, *and* O. F.—*We have no disposition to become a partizan in the controversies of other journals.*

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1839.

Twelfth annual fair of the American Institute.—This anniversary celebration of industry and the arts will take place at Niblo's Garden, the seventh of the next month The competition will, we learn, be greater than on any previous occasion. Among the novelties will be a variety of new agricultural implements and machines—a full display of American silk in all forms, from the cocoon to the finished fabric—specimens of beet sugar—new machinery for the spinning of flax—iron castings—and fine specimens of all the innumerable branches of manufacture in the country. The objects of this institution are so praiseworthy, that we always take a lively interest in its success, and it is with gratification we learn that its condition is flourishing and its prospects flattering. The following paragraph we extract from the circular of the committee:—"At each of the eleven preceding fairs, the exhibition-rooms have uniformly, at an early hour, been adorned with the delicate and tasteful productions of female ingenuity and skill, and the gaiety, fashion and beauty displayed through the day and evening by the fair visiters, have always been among the strongest attractions of the celebrations. They have shown that our Institute is their favourite institution. It has not been the gay tinsel and the glare of unsubstantial show, or unmeaning curiosity, that have moved them. It is a portion of that diffusive patriotism and pride of country which they have imbibed, and which every real American experiences, from the proud reflection that the triumphant displays are the exclusive products of their own native America. They are respectfully solicited to honour the twelfth annual fair by a continuance of their exhibitions, and with their accustomed cheering presence and approbation. At the four last fairs, there were awarded as premiums, one hundred and twenty gold medals; six hundred silver medals; and about fifteen hundred diplomas—solely at the expense of the Institute. The managers do not intend to diminish the appropriations for rewarding merit, whilst the liberality of the public confers the power to bestow them. The determination of the merits of the respective articles entered for competition, will be submitted to competent and disinterested judges."

Conversation in Wall-street.—"How are you, B.? What's the news? Do you know how stocks sold to-day?"—"I only know that I bought none. Have you got five hundred dollars you could let me have till next Wednesday?"—"No, have you?"—"No. Why doesn't the Great Western come along?"—"I can't say. I wonder if the Bank of England has suspended specie payments." "Nonsense. How is cotton?"—"Bad. We are a ruined nation. I have a great mind to put G. T. T. on my cards, and clear out for Texas. By the way, have you been to the opera, lately?" "Yes; glorious, isn't it, and no mistake?"—"Will you go to-night?"—"With all my heart."—"Meet me at Blancard's at five; we will take a frugal dinner, and go together. What do you think of Kean?"—"Capital actor. Great in many of his characters. His Sir Giles is magnificent."—"Well. Don't forget five o'clock Egad! It is half-past two, and I have a note to take up before the bank closes. I'm off. Remember five."—"Assuredly. Good-by."

Foreign musical items.—A young composer, who promises to become a rival of Bellini, has excited considerable attention in Messina. His name is Laudano. He has produced an opera, entitled "*Ettore Fieramosca*," with the most decided success. His style is that of true music—graceful and touching melody, constructed upon the purest and most scientific harmony.—M. Auber has been appointed director of the private band of King Louis Philippe, which post had become vacant by the decease of Paer.—Rossini's new opera is nearly ready.—Donizetti has lately written the music to an opera by Scribe, entitled "*Polyeucte*"

Grace Darling.—The name of this modern heroine is familiar to all who take an interest in the passing events of the day. We perceive that Ackerman, the great London publisher, is about getting up an engraving worthy of the thrilling event of which she was the moving genius. Subscriptions will be received by Colman, Broadway, where an etching from the plate may be examined.

Pleasant occupations.—In Paris there is a class of men, who make it a business to get run over by carriages for the purpose of recovering damages. Some libeller of the sex adds, that in this country there is a class of young ladies, who suffer themselves to be engaged in order to sue for breaches of promise.

The approach of autumn.—Our forests are fast putting on their splendid autumnal hues.

The painting of Boissy D'Anglas.—One of the most extraordinary works of art ever exhibited in this country is now open for public inspection at Clinton-Hall. It is a painting by Vinchon, twenty feet high and thirty feet long, representing a remarkable scene, which took place in the hall of the National Convention of France in the third year of the republic, on the twentieth of May, 1795. This wonderful picture is of itself a history of the origin and character of the French Revolution. You see upon canvass the very fiends who instigated the excesses of that period of massacre and blood. The mob have broken into the hall of legislation. Boissy d'Anglas, then a young man of thirty, takes the president's chair, which Dumont had just vacated. Deputy Feraud, a young man, at the head of several of his colleagues and some national guards, twice repels the invaders; but on a third attack, he is overpowered. The majority of the deputies, under the protection of some few guards, take refuge upon the upper benches of the chamber. Feraud is wounded by a pistol shot at the very instant he steps forward to defend the president. In that situation he is transported to the Hall of Liberty; but no sooner is he there, than his head is cut off by a young woman, Aspasia Meglli, and stuck upon a pike. Aspasia soon after re-enters the chamber, marching before the head which is borne in, yet streaming with blood. She has on the scarf of the murdered deputy, and she carries the bloody knife in her hand. Disorder is at its height. A young officer, the son of Deputy Mailly, pierced with three blows, falls at the foot of the tribune: It is all over with the representation. But in vain do the people threaten President Boissy d'Anglas! In vain do a thousand arms brandish their weapons upon him. In vain is the bleeding head of Feraud presented to daunt him. He is firm, self-possessed, undismayed. He bares his head, and bows reverently to the head of his martyred colleague, and he cries aloud to the people. "Take mine too." But he refuses to re-open the session of the chamber broken up by violence, and to put the question upon the measures clamoured for by the factions, the pillage of provision-stores, and the desecration of private domiciles, by the visits of rapacity and brutality. This last scene, so tragic and full of the most thrilling interest, Vinchon has traced with the hand of a master on canvass. The grouping is remarkably spirited; and the expression of the different faces are at the same time animated and various. Nothing can be finer or more natural than the countenance of Boissy d'Anglas, uniting as it does strong moral firmness and control, with a slight indication of physical agitation. Not a muscle quivers; but the eye, while it is full of the energy of a high determination, is yet not blind to the danger of the scene and the wrath of the infuriated wretches, who have their daggers at the throat of the president. We strongly recommend our readers to examine this noble painting. It will not disappoint their expectations.

The theatres.—Having no skill in prophecy, we cannot as yet undertake to say which of our principal theatres is to bear away the palm of success the present season, which commenced brilliantly at the National with the performances of Mr. Forrest, undoubtedly the most eminent native actor that has ever appeared, and, in our judgment, the best representative of Othello living. His engagement has been followed by that of Mr. Charles Kean, of whom we shall take a more particular notice in our next Mr. Vandenhoff and daughter will succeed Mr. Kean—tragedy enough in all conscience—and then comes the ever-delightful opera, with Miss Sourreff, Wilson, and, we hope, Seguin. After them, we trust Wallack, the *manager*, will engage Wallack, the *actor*, for a few nights. We will endeavour in our next number also to say something of the opera at the Park, in whose cause much admirable musical talent has recently been enlisted. There are many novelties forthcoming at Old Drury, not among the least of which is that irresistible, mirth-provoking and capital fellow, Power. The principal attraction at the Bowery, has been the "long, low, black piratical schooner." This, with Giafar al Barmeki, has drawn the people "up town" in multitudes. While noticing the theatres, we should not forget the Hungarian singers, who ought forthwith to be engaged at the Eagle Theatre, where, we are confident, they would prove an attraction of the first description, and where the public would have an opportunity of gratifying their curiosity in larger numbers than could be accommodated at the Apollo—an unsuitable place for the display of such peculiar and inimitable qualities as these four brothers possess.

Aurora borealis.—There was a splendid Aurora the other evening The whole vault of the heavens seemed like an illuminated rotunda, and from the centre of its roof streamed down rays of all the colours of the rainbow. The coruscations from the northern horizon were remarkably luminous, and the shifting lights that played across the zenith were so translucent, that the stars glittered through them unshorn of their lustre. We have never witnessed a more beautiful aerial display.

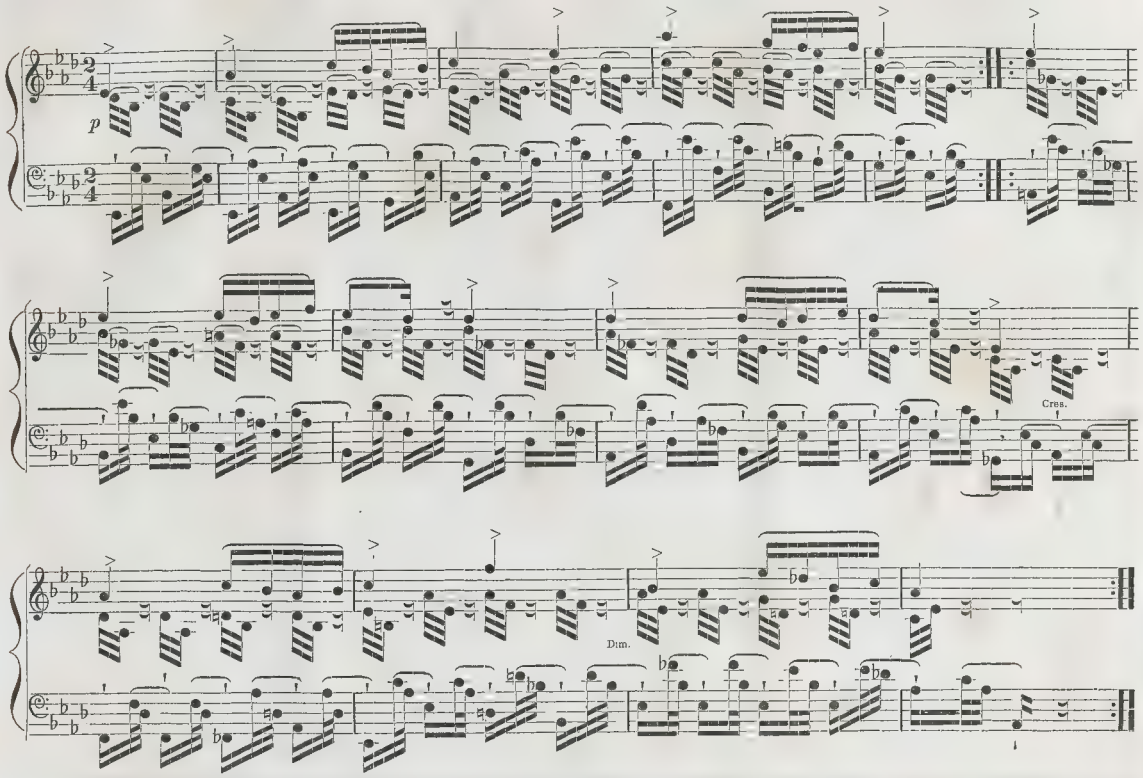
Baths.—The bathing establishment of Messrs. Leonard and Steel, 600 Broadway, combines all the recent improvements and conveniences that have been invented in this department of the animal economy. It is remarkably well ordered and arranged.

Old Trinity.—The walls of old Trinity are at last razed to the ground, and the spot where thousands have annually assembled to worship, is now cumbered with the *debris* of brick and mortar. We trust that a noble structure, worthy of the society and of the site, will be erected in its place.

Nix's Mate.—This is the title of a new novel by Rufus Dawes, in the press of Samuel Colman. It will be published in a week or two. From the specimens that have appeared, public expectation has been favourably excited in regard to it.

FIFTH VARIATION TO THE ANDANTE.

COMPOSED AND DEDICATED TO JOHN CRAMER, BY THE LATE DANIEL SCHLESINGER.



MISCELLANY.

THE following was never more appropriate than at the present time:

A SONG OF THE SEASON.

"Out of my way, sir! or I will knock you into the middle of next week."—"My dear sir, you couldn't possibly do me a greater favour, for how in the devil I am to take up my notes, and get safely over Saturday, is more than I can tell."—*Colloquy in Wall-street.*

The last day of summer is one of regret,
The first one of winter a harder day yet;
But another there is to which these shall appear,
Like the sunniest noons in the spring of the year.

On this day we number, with sorrow, the hours,
Which, however they hasten, dance not upon flowers.
"One fatal remembrance" the minutes embrace,
That this day of dismay, is the last one of grace.

"A note signed by you for four hundred to-day
Becomes due, and the same you're requested to pay."
—The sugar plum lines on my card-rack appear,
Signed by one who writes better, i. e. the cashier.

To an idler, his time is a bore and disaster;
I can tell him a secret will make it move faster:
Let him sign a few notes—the agreeable things—
His wits will have work, and his time will have wings.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.—When the American troops were quartered at Newbury, at the close of the revolutionary war, and the soldiers were stirred up to rebellion against the government by the famous anonymous letters, which, it has since been ascertained, were written by General Armstrong, then a major in the army, General Washington convened the officers for the purpose of addressing them on this subject, and calming the tumult which was beginning to rage in their bosoms. He held a paper in his hand on which the remarks he intended to make were written—and then it was, that finding himself unable to read without assistance—as he was drawing his spectacles from his pocket that unpremeditated expression broke from him—one of the most pathetic that ever fell from human lips—"*Fellow-citizens,*" said he, "*you perceive I have not only grown gray—but blind in your service.*" The effect of this remark was electrical. No bosom—no eye was proof against it.

BACKWOODS MORALITY.—In Illinois, recently, an elderly man discovered several of his own horses, which had been stolen, tied to a tree in the woods. Determined on punishing the thief, he laid in ambush, with his rifle, to shoot whoever might come to feed the horses. At length a person approached, and was shot down. The thief proved to be his own son, who confessed the crime, and gave to his father about three thousand dollars, which he said he had acquired by horse-stealing. He gave information of fourteen confederates in the vicinity, twelve of whom have since been taken into custody and sixty stolen horses recovered.

FIRST-RATE BUSINESS.—A doctor in Vermont had a son who studied his father's profession, removed to a distant state, married, and went into practice. After a lapse of about three years, the father visited his son, and during his visit he requested the latter to take him around his "ride," that he might see the extent of his son's practice. During the excursion the old gentleman remarked two new meeting-houses with grave-yards attached, which the younger informed him had both been erected since his residence there. He also told his father that he had very frequent calls to a distance from his regular circuit. Upon the old gentleman's return home, his wife asked him "how Fred. was doing." "Well—very well—first-rate," he replied; "he has already filled one grave-yard full, another nearly so, and is doing a pretty fair chance business all about in other parts of the country."

A PUZZLER.—Among a number of amusing interrogatories, put by the Philadelphia Gazette, to an enthusiastic astronomer and mathematician, some time since, was the following:—"If the apple which William Tell shot from the head of his son gave liberty to Switzerland, how many bushels of the same size would it have taken to make a barrel of cider, from the same orchard!"

DEAR JOKE.—The secret of Dante's struggle through life was in the reckless sarcasm of his answer to the prince of Verona, who asked him how he could account for the fact, that in the household of princes, the court fool was in greater favour than the philosopher. "Similarity of minds," said the fierce genius, "is over all the world a test of friendship."

SOLITUDE.—Solitude, it has been well said, makes its votaries particularly fond of their dinner. They have no other event wherewith to mark their day—they think over it, they anticipate it, they nourish its soft idea with their imagination; if they do look forward to anything else more than dinner, it is—supper!

PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS.—Aristotle says of painters and sculptors, that they teach and recommend virtue in a more efficacious and powerful manner than philosophers by dry precepts, and are more capable of amending the vicious than the best moral lessons without such aid.

A TEMPERATE DIVINE.—A certain reverend, who is not a member of the temperance society, being lately asked by a dealer to purchase some fine old Jamaica, dryly answered—"To tell you the truth, Mr. ——, I canna say I'm very fond o' rum; for, if I take mair than six tumblers, it's very apt to gi'e me a headache."

A HINT.—"The evidence of a good tavern," a contemporary remarks, "is in being well supplied with newspapers and periodicals." Let that fact be remembered. Observation will confirm the assertion.

HOGARTH'S OPINION OF GENIUS.—"I know of no such thing as genius," said Hogarth to Mr. Gilbert Cooper; "genius is nothing but labour and diligence."

BOOK-KEEPING.—"You're a good *book-keeper*," as the librarian said to the man who wouldn't return a hired book.

A WEALTHY CONVERT.—The late Baron de Rothschild left two daughters. Each have a fortune of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, dependent on the consent of their brother, Baron Lionel de Rothschild, to their marriage. One of them, I believe, is married to Montfiore, late sheriff of London, a Hebrew gentleman of great wealth and respectability. The Rothschilds move in the very first circles in London, and thus Miss Rothschild became acquainted with young Fitzroy. He was formerly in the army. When her father was alive, a young Austrian nobleman, private secretary to Prince Esterhazy, made proposals of marriage to her, but her father declared she should marry none but one of the Jewish faith. When Miss Rothschild determined to marry Mr. Fitzroy, she went to see the archbishop of Canterbury, and told him that she wished to become a Christian. His grace inquired into particulars, and then very properly told her that he did not consider a love affair sufficient reason for her abandoning her religion. She is said to have assured him that it had long been her intention to become a christian, and that her family were well aware of it. On this, the archbishop said that, if it appeared her sincere desire to become a Christian, from conviction, he had no alternative but to accept and baptize her. He communicated with her family, and it appears that she had informed them of her intention. The marriage was private, and unattended by any of her family. Her brother has the power of withholding the fortune left to her by her father, but is not expected that he will do more than have it so settled upon herself and her children as to prevent the chance of her husband squandering it. It is expected, also, that her family will shortly receive her. Should she become a British peeress, as it is likely in the course of time, she will be the first Jewess who has ever been in a like situation

MATRIMONIAL ADVICE.—The following short sentence of advice by William Penn, should be kept in mind by all young persons who are thinking of committing matrimony:—"*Never marry but for love, and see that thou love what is lovely.*"

A SOUND SLEEPER.—"Do you snore in your sleep, marm?" "Not as I knows on. Do you?" "Well, I can't say, I never lays awake long enough to find out."

A MILLIONAIRE.—The editor of the New-Orleans Picayune calculates that he is bitten by two millions of musquitoes every night.

POETRY.—Pouring out the soul's devotion to the cook by moonlight, supposing her to be one's mistress

WELLERISM.—"The preservation of liberty requires eternal vigilance," as the thief said when he was dodging the officer

"Anything to please the child," as the nurse said ven she let the baby crawl out at the third-story window.

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VOLUME SEVENTEEN. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1839. NUMBER THIRTEEN.

TALES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE SISTER THERESE.

BY H. F. GOULD.

The following little story is drawn, as a fine silver thread, from among the many of a sadder and more fearful hue, that make up the crimson cord of the history of that bloody period, the reign of terrour in France. It is given in the writings of a French author of veracity, concerning the events of that day, from whom it is here rather recounted than translated.

Among the unfortunate persons who were cast into the prisons of Bourdeaux to await their turns at the guillotine, should it please those inhuman monsters in the human form, Robespierre and his associates in cruelty, to find them guilty of opposing their designs, by standing in their way to rule, was Henri Delorbe, an inhabitant of the city, and a young man of birth and fortune.

In the person of Delorbe, a striking beauty of face and form, and a noble bearing and winning grace of deportment, were united with a richly-endowed mind and high-toned virtuous principles. The horrours of his situation and impending fate preying on his spirits, and the miasma of the prison infusing poison into his frame with every breath, proved too much for his physical energies to resist. "The spirit of a man may sustain his infirmities, but a wounded spirit who can bear?" Nature's forces in the constitution of Delorbe, sapped by his accumulated ills, were made for a while to succumb. He was brought low in sickness, and thought near to death. In this state of prostration and languishment, it was permitted him to be removed from his prison cell to the hospital, where the devout sisters of charity lent their truly benevolent and Christian services, attending on the sick, relieving their wants, and closing the eyes of the dying.

It fell to the lot of Delorbe to have his ministering angel appointed in the form of the young Sister Thérèse; a fair, compassionate, self-sacrificing girl, who, having renounced "the world," and the two other persons of that federal head of wickedness, which, occupying the human heart, is the nucleus of so much evil, felt only a single desire to carry out the principles of her profession into action, while she watched over the suffering, endeavouring to soften their pains, and to keep up the faint and flickering flame of life, or, when it must be so, smoothed the pillow of the dying

The gentle nun had never heard of the history of Cupid and Psyche, and their near alliance; nor, though she owned that she had a heart "desperately wicked," had she suspected it of having a vulnerable spot, where a random arrow from the little, busy archer, reaching her unawares, might strike and enter, and bury itself beyond the power of extraction.

The pleasing external of the young stranger had at first won her notice and drawn out her sympathy towards him in his suffering state. But, as his character disclosed itself, and he recounted to her his misfortunes and his fears, compassion completed what a tender interest had begun in the bosom that had never suspected itself of being susceptible to any but a heavenly love; while Thérèse resolved to do all within her power to restore him to life and health, and then to effect his escape from confinement and peril, if the wits of a nun could devise the means. And she had not only "charity, which hopeth all things," but also, ingenuity to "seek out many inventions."

Her faith and works were at length blessed in manifest signs that the disease had run to its limits, and was giving way, subdued by the superiour powers in the constitution of her patient. But her own heart had become agitated by a strange uneasiness—the seat of a new malady, which the physicians do not reckon with the self-limited diseases, or number among those within the sphere of their medical practice; and about which the metaphysical talk very clearly and wisely, while they can neither solve its nature, calculate its duration, prescribe an antidote, nor resist its attacks. Yet, among her most earthly thoughts, Thérèse admitted not the possibility of her ever seeing Delorbe beyond the walls which then enclosed them, should he recover, and regain his liberty. She only wished that he might go forth to life and liberty, while she remained behind, dead to the world, but alive to memory and self-denying beneficence, to think of him; and, if this were sinful, to repent, get absolved, and then go on and sin again. Yet, at the same time, like a good little nun, she shuddered at the thought of letting her consecrated heart run so far astray, as to fasten its heaven-devoted strings on an earthly object. Nor did she let the secret of her bosom escape in word, or deed, or look She kept her sentiments to herself, and gave her attentions to her duties and her charge.

Meantime the soft sensibilities of the *malade* had not been deadened or idle under the care of his gentle nurse. "Patience," says one student of the human affections, "is the art of hoping." This was confirmed in the diligent endeavours of Thérèse to revive the object of her kindness, and set him free. "Hope," says another, "is the dream of a waking man." This also might have been pronounced true concerning the invalid, could his thoughts have been read as they passed unuttered through his mind. Strange as it may seem to those who do not understand how wildly and perversely the wayward heart will sometimes take it upon itself to act independently of the reasoning head, while Delorbe was yet uncertain whether he was virtually a beheaded man or not, but certain that his benefactress had renounced the world and professed herself dead to earthly attachment, his heart had warmed as with new vitality beneath her care; and was shooting out its young affections after her like the roots of an air-plant, that grow without ground, and live upon the wind that shakes them.

Thérèse had now fixed on a time and a way to bring about his liberation. He was "sick and in prison, and she had ministered unto him," and now would she "throw open the prison-doors to him that was bound;" not forgetting, that, while it was enjoined on her to do one thing, it was also her instruction "not to leave the other undone." But, to do this latter good, it became necessary for her to confide her plan to a third person, and to enlist his assistance in carrying it out to success. This person, as will shortly appear, was the surgeon of the hospital.

In the trying day, she instructed Delorbe to feign fatal symptoms, and then a dying struggle; after which he must sink away as if life had departed, a little while before the usual hour for the attending physician to make his rounds among the patients. Delorbe obeyed; for he saw that she knew well how to combine the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove, while he became her docile pupil. He affected a strong paroxysm, succeeding languor, and, at last, the sleep that has no dream. As was the custom when one had expired, Thérèse spread the sheet up over his face, to signify that he had ceased to breathe; and there he lay like a form of spiritless clay, when the physician entered. Supposing that his patient was beyond the need and the reach of his skill, he made no further investigation, than to ask when he died; and, being told by the nurse how recently his last struggle was over, and how he had sunk away, he then passed on to feel the pulses of others, that beat, no doubt, more feebly than that of the supposed corpse.

In the evening, Thérèse pretended that the body of the prisoner was demanded for the instruction of the pupils, and had him removed into the dissecting-hall. Here the kind surgeon, seeing that the subject was under the influence of a more tender and skilful operator than his own hand and blade, and that the body needed to be clothed rather than dismembered, had made provision against exposure, and furnished a suit of his own garments, in which the pretended dead was hastily habited, and in the disguise passed out, unsuspected, to a place of refuge.

The next day, Thérèse, being questioned, threw herself upon the mercy of her superiours, and confessed the whole truth, as to her stratagem, with so much candour and apparent contrition for the offence, and such protestations of the pity that had led her to take such a course, that she was forgiven, without penalty.

Delorbe had engaged her to meet him once more in his asylum, that he might thank her again for the life she had, in a twofold sense, restored, or saved; and the gentle nun found means and inclination to fulfil her promise. Here Delorbe made a full disclosure of his sentiments, and entreated his benefactress to consent that she would bless the life he owed her, by accepting his hand and fortune, and rendering her destiny henceforth inseparable from his; and proposed that she should fly with him beyond pursuit, where their union might be speedily consummated

The pious sister was at first startled—shocked—and she shuddered at the thought of breaking her religious vows, and returning into the ways of temptation and folly, and the delusions of a wide and wicked world. "For the pearl," thought she, "is pure and safe from blemish, while locked in its shell, though among the monsters of the deep, and the sands and sea-weeds. But, when thrown out among them, how soon must it be rumed by the elements, or lost irrecoverably." Still there was another idea that rose in opposition to this, about the pearl—a thought that it might be brought to light, and set in gold, and shine in the crown of a monarch, whether that monarch were the earthly lord of her happiness, or of a wider sphere of dominion, if indeed one's own concerns and sphere do not comprise more, and assume a wider influence and higher importance, than all the world beside. But still she paused—while her heart proved a traitor to her in the very moment of necessity; and she could not, for her life, rally the arguments of objection, which she thought it was perhaps her duty to raise against her lover's proposal, and a voice within was pleading strongly in its favour. A subtile casuist was operating on her wavering soul; and she reasoned, that, if it were sinful to break her covenant vows and go back to the paths of the worldling, she was already guilty, since the transgression of the heart was the very soul of actual transgression; she should never cease to regret that she had bound herself to the letter of her vow, when in spirit she had broken it, should she let her lover depart without her; and, since her heart had gone into the ways of the wanderer, hand, foot, and all, might as well go with it.

Thus the prudent nun deliberated, balanced, and reasoned; and finally, like the young bird, that, having once found the use of its wings, returns to the nest no more, she resolved to keep clear of the monastic restraints of the sisterhood, and to intrust her fate with him who had rendered a life of seclusion irksome

They made haste to depart, and passed over into Spain, where the narrator, whose purpose was not to make out a long, romantic story about a pair of lovers, but rather to record the facts of Delorbe's imprisonment and liberation, and the noble traits of female character by which the latter was brought about, simply says, *they were married.* Thus, by legerdemain, he wafts them, as on wings, over all the perils, the escapes, the rocks, hills, ravines, roses, thorns, hedges and ditches, that we may suppose upon the way, by an airy and short course, straight to the hymeneal altar. There he discreetly takes leave of them, wisely forbearing to follow them beyond it, to see if the discloistered nun proved any more faithful to her latter than her former covenant; or, carrying out her theory touching *the sins of heart and life* into practice, maintained, that, since she was out in a wicked world, she might "follow the multitude to do evil." Yet, from the moral elements whose strong mutual attraction had drawn them into this sacred union, we judge, that neither Thérèse nor Delorbe ever had cause to wish that her first vow had been kept inviolate, or that his death in the hospital had been a reality instead of a feint.

REMINISCENCES OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THE BETRAYER.

SCENE I.

It was a summer's evening in July, a bright sun was shining on the golden crops of corn, ready for the reaper, and gay groups of village maidens rejoicing in all the light-heartedness of youth, for past sports or anticipated pleasures.

One attached couple had wandered by the side of a river; the maiden looking up to her companion's face with all the confidence of affection, while the tall and even stately form of her companion responded to her look with a kind pressure of the hand, or affectionate glance of the eye

"You will not forget me," said Marion Gray, for so was the maiden named, "when you are mixing with the great world. I hope, nay, I am sure, you will still remember her whose every thought will be devoted to you"

"Doubt it not, dear Marion," was the reply. "Walter Edwards will not forget the fair who has plighted her affection to him truly and faithfully."

"Yet, Walter, there is one thing on which I think with pain. I, who should have no secret from you, good and kind as you are, have that on my mind which I scarcely dare to tell."

"What is that?"

"You have been to me all that I could desire—you have left no wish unfulfilled—yet now, while your vows are ringing in my ears, and your hand is clasped in mine, the thought creeps over me, that—that—dear Walter, will you forgive the past concealment—that our belief is not the same—that we trust to different faiths for our salvation."

She paused. He waited for her to proceed with an air of anxious expectation; but the fair one still hesitated.

"And is it this which has so often made you restless? Nay, then, I wonder not; for there is a fearful penalty hangs over the creed of the heretic; and fear you not that it may fall upon you?"

"I have sometimes been apprehensive that my Bible might be discovered, and that—"

"A Bible—a Bible! and were you really possessed of a Bible? and in the vulgar tongue! But where—where do you conceal it? You know that—"

"An awful penalty awaits those so offending. I do. Death is denounced against those who court the book of life."

And this was then the mournful truth. The spirit of bigotry and vengeance had let loose the furies of the mind. Stern priests believed that they presented a grateful offering to a God of mercy, by destroying their fellow-men for differing from them in spiritual matters, and that, too, while one of the gentle sex sat upon the throne. The emissaries of the exasperated ministers of religion spread themselves everywhere throughout the country in disguise among the people. Fires were blazing in Smithfield—daughters were torn from their parents—brothers from their sisters—the aged husband from her whom he had protected for fifty years, and given to the flames for the very deed which Marion had confessed.

Aware of this, the young man manifested a trembling eagerness to know where this all-important volume could be safely concealed. On this point he questioned Marion very closely, and it was not till she had minutely described the secure hiding-place in which it was deposited, that he seemed moderately at his ease.

"I know," said she, "that there is danger, but greater, more terrific danger still would exist for me were my soul left in darkness; and rather than this, if it must be so, I am ready, if need be, to seal the truth with my blood; and, feeble as I am, the fearful struggle with death would be trifling compared to the thought that you were left to mourn, with none to comfort."

"Speak not thus!"

"Night after night," continued Marion, "ere I retire to rest, do I ponder over the word of God, and the sacred volume placed beneath my pillow, I sleep with more confidence for the knowledge of its presence."

"The sun is sinking," said Walter Edwards hastily. "Ere many hours are over I must be far on my journey to London."

"You will not forget me!"

"Trust to me, Marion farewell!"

They tenderly exchanged adieus, and parted. Walter turned repeatedly to look back on the fair one he promised soon to claim once for all

That period, from the circumstances above described, during the reign of Queen Mary, was a fearful one for England—the blood of her best and most pious sons was poured forth like water. Emissaries, to discover the followers of the new creed, were secretly dispatched to every county in England.

Walter Edwards had come, an unknown man, to the village of Sevenoaks, and had been attracted to Marion by the mildness of her demeanour, and perhaps by the report which was spread about from some unknown source, that she had been converted to the religion of Luther

That she was such we have seen by the conversation recorded, and that he had succeeded in winning the guileless affections of poor Marion is beyond all doubt.

He left for the great city. The mandate of authority soon compelled Marion to follow him.

SCENE II.

In an antique and stately room, of which but few specimens now remain, sate one, whose name had spread terrour over England—Cardinal Pole. Near him was a table, strewed with papers, at which his secretary was writing. Pictures of the saints, and of their mar-

tyrdoms, hung around, excepting on one side, which was concealed by a crimson drapery.

The door opened, and Marion Gray, attended by two guards, entered, and with a firm but subdued demeanour, stood, face to face, with the dreadful man who was the arbiter of her fate. For a space he sternly regarded her, as if surprised to see one so young.

"Know you the crime," he at length said, with a stern calmness, "for which you are this day brought here?"

"I have been told," replied Marion, "that it is for following the true faith, and that," she added, meekly but firmly, "I hold to be no crime."

"How, maiden! that which our church forbids, and which holy men disavow, call you that no crime? Hast thou not broken our sovereign's commands, and held in thy possession a copy of that volume which is forbidden to such as thee?"

"It is true."

"And canst thou, a child, pretend to understand it?"

"It is written there, 'a child shall not err therein,'" said the captive, simply, quoting the divine word. "But who has accused me?"

"Maiden," replied the Cardinal, "thou shalt behold thine accuser."

As he spoke he made a sign to his secretary, who rang a small bell which rested on the table.

At the summons the crimson drapery was moved, and slowly stepping forward, the tall form of Walter Edwards appeared.

"And art thou, too," exclaimed Marion, with a deep sigh, "in the hands of this terrible man? Now, God protect us, for our hopes on earth are few!"

"What mean you?" exclaimed the Cardinal.

"What mean I?" replied Marion, wrought almost to frenzy by the sight. "Could not cruelty be content with the destruction of one over whom scarce eighteen summers have passed? Will not my blood suffice, but must ye slay one who has only sinned by loving me. Spare him and I will bless you."

"Woman, thou art beside thyself. Speak, Walter Edwards, and say how thou didst track this guilty one to her home, and wring from her the secret of her false faith. Say, man," he continued, not heeding the agonizing remorse which passed over Edward's face—"say that thou hast denounced her to the church, and given her to our chastisement. Speak, art thou dumb?"

Gasping for breath the accuser muttered, "Pardon me, my lord—a sudden faintness—it is as thou hast said."

"You do not mean it, Walter; you cannot mean it: the presence of the slayer of God's saints hath turned thy brain. Yet, no," she exclaimed, suddenly; "by the eye which meets not mine—by thy bowed form, and by the quivering whiteness of thy lip, thou hast spoken truly."

"It is even so," in a low voice murmured the accuser

"Horrour, horrour!" exclaimed Marion, now fully comprehending the mighty calamity which had fallen on her. "And from your hands, Walter Edwards!—you, on whom I leaned in all my troubles; you, who seemed to me so kind, so gentle; you! God of my fathers, in this hour of trial, save me and sustain."

"What is thine answer?" demanded the Cardinal.

"I never read the sacred book," said, or rather muttered Marion, utterly disregarding the question, "but his name seemed written there. I never knelt before it, but his name rose to my lips; I never placed it beneath my pillow, but his image rose, blended with peaceful thoughts and earnest prayers. Walter, Walter, 'twas a poor triumph—man's wit against woman's love. Earth hath nothing more monstrous to tell"

"Time presses," said the Cardinal: "thine answer, girl!"

"My answer, Lord Cardinal, is this," and the speaker seemed inspired with unearthly energy as she proceeded, "that of all those whom thy cruelty has laid low—of the hundreds thou hast destroyed, and of the hearts thou hast blasted, none disregard thy punishments or laugh to scorn thy threats more than the despised village maiden now before thee!"

With a stern glance he pointed to the door by which she had entered, and the prisoner was led to the only lodging she was to possess on this side the grave.

SCENE III

In a cell, to which the light of day could scarcely reach, lay Marion Gray. The fiat had gone forth, and on the morrow she was to add another to the list of those who had died for faith. It was midnight, when a noise, as of the grating of a door upon its hinges, aroused her; and, springing from her hard couch, she saw the form, once so dear, of him who had betrayed her He entered with a slow and melancholy step; and there, in that damp cold cell, by the flickering light of a dull lamp, met, for the last time, the betrayer and his victim!

"Marion," said a low melancholy voice.

"What would you, Walter, with one who has done with the world?"

"I have come to implore your pardon," was the answer, in a voice almost choked by tears

"Ask it of God, Walter—I am at peace with all the world!"

"Within this week, Marion," said Edwards, "I have suffered the anguish of years. Look on this furrowed cheek on this wasted brow—and on these hollow eyes."

"You have cause for bitterness. I am doomed by you. Is my face as fresh as when you first sought me? Is it nothing to die in the spring-time of youth! Is it nothing to feel that a terrible death awaits me?" said Marion, touchingly.

"Oh, Marion, would you but consent to live! Recant in time. You may yet be saved. For your repentant lover's sake renounce your heresy."

"Peace, Walter."

"If you could but say the word, and worship your God in a different form, happiness would await us. In a distant land you might teach me that which you have learned, and on a foreign shore might our bones rest, peacefully and calmly in the same grave, with but one hope, one faith, and one God!"

"Walter, Walter! you trouble me, yet you plead in vain. Weak and frail as I am, I am content to die in the faith I have avowed, for the Deity I worship will give me comfort in the hour of affliction. And now farewell,—I would gather strength in sleep for my last trial."

He renewed his importunity, but in vain; and at length despairingly passed from her presence, and Marion Gray fell on her knees and prayed long and earnestly for divine assistance; and, strengthened by that power on whom she leant in all her troubles, fell a victim to the fierce intolerance of the times.

Of Walter Edwards little is known, save that, from that time, his name is no more found among those "who went about like roaring lions seeking whom they might devour."

INDIAN TALES AND LEGENDS.

THE RED HEAD.

BY HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

As spring approaches, the Indians return from their wintering grounds to their villages, engage in feasting, soon exhaust their stock of provisions, and begin to suffer for the want of food. Such of the hunters as are of an active and enterprising cast of character, take the occasion to separate from the mass of the population, and remove to some neighbouring locality in the forest, which promises the means of subsistence during this season of general lassitude and enjoyment.

Among the families who thus separated themselves, on a certain occasion, there was a man called Odshedoph Waucheontongah, or the Child of Strong Desires, who had a wife and one son. After a day's travel he reached an ample wood, with his family, which was thought to be a suitable place to encamp. The wife fixed the lodge, while the husband went out to hunt. Early in the evening he returned with a deer. Being tired and thirsty, he asked his son to go to the river for some water. The son replied that it was dark, and he was afraid He urged him to go, saying that his mother, as well as himself, was tired, and the distance to the water was very short. But no persuasion was of any avail. He refused to go. "Ah, my son," said the father at last, "if you are afraid to go to the river you will never kill the Red Head."

The boy was deeply mortified by this observation. It seemed to call up all his latent energies. He mused in silence. He refused to eat, and made no reply when spoken to

The next day he asked his mother to dress the skin of the deer, and make it into moccasins for him, while he busied himself in preparing a bow and arrows. As soon as these things were done, he left the lodge one morning at sunrise, without saying a word to his father or mother He fired one of his arrows into the air, which fell westward. He took that course, and at night coming to the spot where the arrow had fallen, was rejoiced to find it piercing the heart of a deer. He refreshed himself with a meal of the venison, and the next morning fired another arrow. After travelling all day, he found it also in another deer. In this manner he fired four arrows, and every evening found that he had killed a deer. What was very singular, however, was, that he left the arrows sticking in the carcasses, and passed on without withdrawing them. In consequence of this, he had no arrow for the fifth day, and was in great distress at night for the want of food. At last he threw himself upon the ground in despair, concluding that he might as well perish there as go farther. But he had not lain long before he heard a hollow, rumbling noise, in the ground beneath him. He sprang up, and discovered, at a distance, the figure of a human being, walking with a stick. He looked attentively and saw that the figure was walking in a wide beaten path, in a prairie, leading from a lodge to a lake. To his surprise this lodge was at no great distance. He approached a little nearer, and concealed himself. He soon discovered that the figure was no other than that of the terrible witch, Wok-on-kahtohn-zooevah-pee-kah-hatchee, or the little old woman who makes war. Her path to the lake was perfectly smooth and solid, and the noise our adventurer had heard, was caused by the striking of her walking-staff upon the ground. The top of this staff was decorated with a string of the toes and bills of birds of every kind, who, at every stroke of the stick, fluttered and sung their various notes in concert

She entered her lodge and laid off her mantle, which was entirely composed of the scalps of women. Before folding it, she shook it several times, and at every shake the scalps uttered loud shouts of laughter, in which the old hag joined. Nothing could have frightened him more than this horrific exhibition. After laying by the cloak she came directly to him. She informed him that she had known him from the time he left his father's lodge, and watched his movements. She told him not to fear or despair, for she would be his friend and protector. She invited him into her lodge, and gave him a supper. During the repast, she inquired of him his motives for visiting her. He related his history, stated the manner in which he had been disgraced, and the difficulties he laboured under. She cheered him with the assurance of her friendship, and told him he would be a brave man yet.

She then commenced the exercise of her power upon him. His hair being very short, she took a large leaden comb, and after drawing it through his hair several times, it became of a handsome feminine length. She then proceeded to dress him as a female, furnishing him with the necessary garments, and decorated his face with paints of the most beautiful dye. She gave him a bowl of shining metal. She directed him to put in his girdle a blade of scented sword-grass, and to proceed the next morning to the banks of the lake, which was no other than that over which the Red Head reigned. Now Pah-hah-undootah, or the Red Head, was a most powerful sorcerer, and the terrour of all the country, living upon an island in the centre of the lake.

She informed him that there would be many Indians on the island, who, as soon as they saw him use the shining bowl to drink with, would come and solicit him to be their wife, and to take him over to the island. These offers he was to refuse, and say that he had come a great distance to be the wife of the Red Head, and that if the chief could not come for her in his own canoe, she should return to her village. She said that as soon as the Red Head heard of this, he would come for her in his own canoe, in which she must embark. On reaching the island he must consent to be his wife, and in the evening induce him to take a walk out of the village, when he was to take the first opportunity to cut off his head with the blade of grass. She also gave him general advice how he was to conduct himself to sustain his assumed character of a woman. His fear would scarcely permit him to accede to this plan, but the recollection of his father's words and looks decided him.

Early in the morning, he left the witch's lodge, and took the hard beaten path to the banks of the lake. He reached the water at a point directly opposite the Red Head's village. It was a beautiful day. The heavens were clear, and the sun shone out in the greatest effulgence. He had not been long there, having sauntered along the beach, when he displayed the glittering bowl, by dipping water from the lake. Very soon a number of canoes came off from the island. The men admired his dress, and were charmed with his beauty, and a great number made proposals of marriage. These he promptly declined, agreeably to the concerted plan. When the facts were reported to the Red Head, he ordered his canoe to be put in the water by his chosen men, and crossed over to see this wonderful girl. As he came near the shore, he saw that the ribs of the sorcerer's canoe were formed of living rattlesnakes, whose heads pointed outward to guard him from enemies. Our adventurer had no sooner stepped into the canoe than they began to hiss and rattle, which put him in a great fright. But the magician spoke to them, after which they became pacified and quiet, and all at once they were at the landing upon the island. The marriage immediately took place, and the bride made presents of various valuables which had been furnished by the old witch.

As they were sitting in the lodge surrounded by friends and relatives, the mother of the Red Head regarded the face of her new daughter-in-law for a long time with fixed attention. From this scrutiny she was convinced that this singular and hasty marriage augured no good to her son. She drew her husband aside and disclosed to him her suspicions: This can be no female, said she, the figure and the manners, the countenance, and, more especially, the expression of the eyes, are, beyond a doubt, those of a man. Her husband immediately rejected her suspicions, and rebuked her severely for the indignity offered to her daughter-in-law. He became so angry, that seizing the first thing that came to hand, which happened to be his pipe-stem, he beat her unmercifully. This act requiring to be explained to the spectators, the mock bride immediately rose up, and assuming an air of offended dignity, told the Red Head that after receiving so gross an insult from his relatives he could not think of remaining with him as his wife, but should forthwith return to his village and friends. He left the lodge followed by the Red Head, and walked until he came upon the beach of the island, near the spot where they had first landed. Red Head entreated him to remain. He pressed him by every motive which he thought might have weight, but they were all rejected. During this conference they had seated themselves upon the ground, and Red Head, in great affection, reclined his head upon his fancied wife's lap. This was the opportunity ardently sought for, and it was improved to the best advantage. Every means was taken to lull him to sleep, and partly by a soothing manner, and partly by a seeming compliance with his request, the object was at last attained. Red Head fell into a sound sleep. Our aspirant, for the glory of a brave man, then drew his blade of grass, and drawing it once across the neck of the Red head, completely severed the head from the body.

He immediately stripped off his dress, seized the bleeding head, and plunging into the lake, swam safely over to the main shore. He had scarcely reached it, when looking back, he saw, amid the darkness, the torches of persons come out in search of the newmarried couple. He listened till they had found the headless body, and he heard their piercing shrieks of sorrow, as he took his way to the lodge of his kind adviser.

She received him with rejoicing. She admired his prudence, and told him his bravery could never be questioned again. Lifting up the head, she said he need only have brought the scalp. She cut off a small piece for herself, and told him he might now return with the head, which would be evidence of an achievement that would cause the Indians to respect him. In your way home, she said, you will meet with but one difficulty. Maunkah Keesh Woccaung, or the Spirit of the Earth, requires an offering from those who perform extraordinary achievements. As you walk along in a prairie, there will be an earthquake. The earth will open and divide the prairie in the middle. Take this partridge and throw it into the opening, and instantly spring over it. All this happened precisely as it has been foretold. He cast the partridge into the crevice, and leapt over it. He then proceeded without obstruction to a place near his village, where he secreted his trophy. On entering the village he found his parents had returned from the place of their spring encampment, and were in great sorrow for their son, whom they supposed to be lost. One and another of the young men had presented themselves to the disconsolate parents, and said, "Look up, I am your son." Having been often deceived in this manner, when their own son actually presented himself, they sat with their heads down, and with their eyes nearly blinded with weeping. It was some time before they could be prevailed upon to bestow a glance upon him. It was still longer before they recognized him for their son; when he recounted his adventures they believed him mad. The young men laughed at him. He left the lodge and soon returned with his trophy. It was soon recognized. All doubts of the reality of his adventures now vanished. He was greeted with joy, and placed among the first warriours of the nation. He finally became a chief, and his family were ever after esteemed and respected.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

HUMOURS OF A GERMAN STUDENT.

From "Morton's Hops," published by the Harpers.

The next morning I lounged up the Weender Strasse. The day was fine, and the streets were thronged with more than the usual number of students and Philistines. As I got near the end of the street, I saw one or two small boys, and half-a-dozen house-maids, looking with wonder at a strange figure, preceded by a strange dog, that was passing along the side-walk.

On looking at him at first, at a short distance, I took him for a maniac, escaped from the lunatic asylum. He wore a cap embroidered in crimson and gold, shaped like a shaving-bason, and of the sort usually denominated beer-caps, a dressing-gown of many colours, strapped tightly about his loins with a leathern girdle, in which were thrust two horse-pistols, and a long basket-hilted "schläger," or duelling-sword, and on his feet a pair of red Turkish slippers. His neck was open, and his legs bare from the ankle to the knees. In one hand he brandished an oaken cudgel, and in the other he held a small memorandum-book. He was preceded by a small dog of the comical breed called "Deckel," a kind of terrier, which considerably resembles the English turnspit. The individual one which now presented itself, was, like all his class, as ugly as a dog can well be. His body was very long, and his legs very short; his colour was a mixture of black and a dirty red; his tail curled itself as gracefully as a pig's, his knees were bowed parenthetically outwards, and he turned out his toes like a country dancing-master. In order to heighten the effects of these personal charms, his master had tied a wreath of artificial flowers round his neck, and decorated his tail with fancy-coloured ribands.

Attired in this guise, the dog and his master proceeded gravely down the street, apparently without heeding the laughter of the admiring spectators. There seemed to be no students in the immediate vicinity, and the Philistines were beneath his notice. As I approached him, I observed something familiar in his countenance,

and, immediately afterwards, the singular individual caught me by the hand, and kissed me affectionately on both cheeks. It was Rabenmark, my Leipzig acquaintance. He invited me to accompany him to his rooms, and smoke a pipe. I complied, and turned about with him; and we continued our walk down the street. I was not sufficiently intimate with him to expostulate with, or to interrogate him with regard to the peculiar costume in which he had thought proper to array himself, and I accordingly took his arm as gravely as if he had been the burgomaster of the town, in his holiday suit. We had not gone far, before I perceived a group of students approaching. I was curious to observe if he would treat their animadversions with the same indifference as he had done those of the town's-men. The terrier was about a rod in advance of us, and on his passing the students, there was a universal laugh. Rabenmark hastened toward them. They were four stout fellows, in blue-and silver caps, and on observing the absurd appearance of my companion, they all began to laugh the louder.

"What the deuse are you laughing at?" said Rabenmark, ferociously, with his arms a-kimbo; "I see nothing to laugh at!"

"I was laughing at your dog," said the first student.

"I was laughing at his master," said the second.

"And I—" "And I—" said the third and fourth.

"Have the kindness to tell me your names?" said Rabenmark to the second, third, and fourth.

"Pott,"—"Kopp,"—"Fizzleberg," answered the three.

"Your address?" continued Rabenmark.

The addresses were given, and Rabenmark wrote them all carefully down in his note-book.

"Now," said he, "allow me to observe, Messrs. Pott, Kopp, and Fizzleberg, that you are all three stupid boobies, (dumme Jungen!")

This epithet, "dumme Jungen," like the "drole," in French, is an insult, or a "touche," and requires a duel of twelve rounds (Gange) to revenge it. There is, however, another insult, which is a grade beyond it, and which is about equivalent to the pleasing epithet, in English, of "infamous scoundrel." This may be retorted, and the consequence is a challenge of twenty-four "gangs," from the opposite party.

"*Your* name?" demanded the second student.

"Van Rabenmark," answered my companion.

"You are an infamous Hundsfott!" said Pott.

"You are an infamous Hundsfott!" said Kopp.

"You are an infamous Hundsfott!" said Fizzleberg.

"Very well, gentlemen," said Rabenmark: "very well, indeed: all perfectly in order. You shall hear from me this afternoon, or to-morrow morning," and he politely touched his cap, as if it was the most agreeable thing in the world to be called an infamous Hundsfott.

"As for you, sir," continued Rabenmark, turning to the first student, "our quarrel is not so easily settled. I care not so much for insult to myself, because I can defend myself: but an insult to my dog, to little Fritz, is cowardly; for Fritz, according to the 'Comment,' cannot resent the injury. Fritz, sir, as you perceive, bears the name of the immortal hero of Prussia, 'Frederick *the only*'—a monarch for whom I have the most profound respect, and I request you instantly to apologize to Fritz."

The student laughed in his face.

"Your name?" said Rabenmark.

"Weissbier," said the student.

"Well, Mr. Weissbier, I request you instantly to repair with me to my apartment. Choose either of your three friends for your second; here is mine," said he, pointing to me; "and we will settle Fritz's quarrels with these instruments, at three paces, and no barrier," he concluded, touching his pistols.

Weissbier began to look serious.

"What a devil of a renommist," said Pott, shaking his head.

"Shocking!" said Kopp and Fizzleberg, shaking theirs.

"I shall accept no such challenge," said Weissbier; "I do not feel myself bound thereto by any code of honour. I will fight you with sabres, without caps or duelling-breeches, if you choose. I will accept no other challenge."

"Ah, you are not fond of gunpowder. I am sorry you met Fritz this morning. He is, perhaps, foolishly strict on this point. I am not near so exacting myself; but Fritz is inexorable. I am sorry, sir, but I shall be obliged to post you publicly: you will be expelled from your club;" and Rabenmark was moving away.

"Stay—" said Weissbier, looking very pale and very foolish, "if there is no alternative—but how am I to apologise to your cursed dog!"

"Ah, now you are beginning to be reasonable; and I shall be very happy to assist you in your endeavour to appease Fritz's wounded honour. You will readily understand that it would be of little consequence to apologise to him in words, because he would not understand you. There is, however, a very simple method. Fritz is fond of jumping—he is fond of a companion in his sports; and if you will have the kindness to afford him your company, his anger will be extinguished at once. Here, Fritz—Fritz!" cried he, calling to the terrier.

The dog came to his whistle, and Rabenmark held his stick, a foot's distance from the ground.

"Hopp, hopp!" said Rabenmark, and the dog jumped over the stick.

"Now, sir," he continued, "if you will have the kindness to place yourself on all fours, and jump over the stick in like manner, I pledge my honour to you that Fritz will be perfectly satisfied."

"Thousand Donner Wetter!" roared Mr. Weissbier, in a rage, "what upon earth do you take me for, Mr. Von Rabenmark?"

"A coward, sir—only a coward! If you are willing, however, to prove I am mistaken, I shall be very happy to show you the way to my rooms; but really I must request you to hasten your decision, for time presses, and I have many things to attend to."

I believe that Wiessbier thought he had really got hold of the devil. He had become very pale, and his teeth began to chatter.

"In the name of heaven, is there no way of getting out of this infernal scrape!" said he, looking round in despair.

His companions turned their backs upon him.

"Well, well, I cannot have my brains blown out for this miserable dog. Hold out your stick, Mr. Von Rabenmark, if it be heaven's will."

So Mr. Von Rabenmark, as it was heaven's will, held out his stick—down plumped the miserable Weissbier on his hands and knees.

"Hopp—hopp!" said Rabenmark—over jumped the detected bully, and, jumping up again, fled rapidly up a narrow lane.

"Good morning, Mr. Weissbier," said Rabenmark:—"good morning, Messieurs Kopp, Pott, and Fizzleberg. You shall hear from me this afternoon;" and so saying, he gravely continued his promenade.

THE EGLINTOUN TILTING MATCH.

A London paper says:—"The most splendid and magnificent specimen of ancient armour, to be worn on this interesting occasion, is generally considered to be that recently brought from the armoury of the baronial hall of Hylton Castle, near Sunderland, Durham. This princely and gorgeous suit is made of pure Milan steel, burnished blue, decorated with gold studs or rivets, curiously inlaid with the same costly metal, and elaborately wrought in arabesque. The casque or helmet alone weighs nearly forty pounds, and the bars of the vizor are of solid gold. This warlike specimen of the olden time is in beautiful preservation, and is said to have cost one thousand guineas nearly five hundred years ago, when it was worn by the then Baron of Hylton at the victorious battle of Cressy. The total expenses of this grand and chivalric display will, it is supposed, exceed fifty thousand pounds. We have been informed that the grand tournament at Eglintoun Castle will take place on the twenty-eighth of August, and we understand that the list of knights and esquires exceeds the number originally intended. The tilting and other chivalrous sports will occupy three days. The procession to the lists leaves the castle about noon each day, and will comprise the knights, their esquires and retainers, the king of the lists and the lord of the tournament, the queen of beauty, and the other principal personages who will figure in this revival of the glories of other days. The encampments of the knights, strictly copied from ancient authorities, and painted in the colours and decked with the emblazoned banners and crests of their martial occupants, will be an interesting sight; and when the gothic galleries surrounding the lists are crowded with the beauty and fashion of the three kingdoms, and the steel-clad champions rush to the encounter, we can easily imagine the splendour of the spectacle. The sports will be concluded with banquets, balls, and masques, given to the assembled *élite* by the noble holder of the festival. Their royal highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge are likewise expected to be guests of Lord Eglintoun during the tournament, with many amongst the most distinguished of our own and foreign noblesse, in gorgeous costumes of the middle ages. The Ayrshire archers, headed by their captain, Claude Alexander, Esq., clad in a brilliant and characteristic costume, will muster in great force and add to the attraction of the spectacle.

The following anecdote will be perused with some interest:

Lord Eglintoun is descended in a direct line from Roger de Mundegumbrie, since changed to Montgomery, who followed William of Normandy at the time of the conquest. One of the family afterwards settled in France, early in the reign of Francis the First, and his son John de Montgomery, better known by the title of Captain of Lorraine, was renowned for his address in all kinds of warlike exercises, which, however, did not prevent his wounding with a burning brand, Francis the First, in the forehead, during a mock siege, given for the entertainment of the court at the Hotel Saint-Pol.

This gentleman's son, Salnel de Montgomery, was also a great admirer of tournaments, and had the misfortune in one given in the Rue St. Antoine, to wound mortally King Henry the Second, who was his adversary. After a life of great vicissitude, caused by his involuntary regicide, he was taken prisoner in 1574, shut up in one of the towers of the Conciergerie, and had his head cut off by order of Catherine de Medicis, who thus avenged her husband's death twenty-four years after. It is singular enough, that two ages and a half after, his descendant should again exhibit marks of the same inclination for tournaments.

General Putnam.—During the war in Canada, between the French and English, when General Amherst was marching across the country to Canada, the army coming to one of the lakes which they were obliged to pass, found the French had an armed vessel of twelve guns upon it. The general was in great distress, his boats were no match for her, and she alone was capable of sinking his whole army, in the situation in which it was placed. While he was pondering on what should be done, General Putnam came to him, and said, "General, that ship must be taken." "Ay," says Amherst, "I would give the world she was taken." "I'll take her," says Putnam. Amherst smiled, and asked how? "Give me some wedges, a beetle (a large wooden hammer or mallet used for driving wedges.) and a few men of my own choice." Amherst could not conceive how an armed vessel was to be taken by four or five men, a beetle, and wedges. However, he granted Putnam's request. When night came, Putnam, with his materials and men, stole quietly in a boat under the vessel's stern, and in an instant drove in the wedges behind the rudder, in the little cavity between the rudder and the ship, and left her. In the morning, the sails were seen fluttering about, she was adrift in the middle of the lake, and being presently blown ashore, was easily taken.

Coronation of Queen Victoria.—Martin, so celebrated for his illustrations of Milton, and various other paintings, in which extensive grouping is essential, has completed a grand picture of the "Coronation of Queen Victoria." It contains upwards of one hundred and twenty portraits, and is distinguished for the representation of an incident which took place on the occasion. During the "homage" it is stated that the venerable Lord Rolle stumbled, in ascending the steps of the throne, and that her Majesty instantly rose and presented her hand to the aged peer. The painter has taken advantage of this, and, instead of the stiff and hard exhibition of a Queen merely sitting in state, has given this anecdote life on the canvass, and thereby given the picture a tenfold value as a work of design. Martin is an artist in copper, as well as canvass, and is therefore able to imbody the spirit of his paintings in his very exquisite mezzotints.

Blanche of Navarre.—Mr. G. P. R. James has produced a drama. It is called "Blanche of Navarre," and the critics seem to be nearly unanimous in their opinion concerning it. The dialogue is spirited, and the poetry good; but in his desire to save the plot from the charge of heaviness, he has heaped on his incidents in too crowded a manner. The piece bears marks of hurry, the author not having allowed himself time to trim the passages. How few are they who excel at once in narrative and in dramatic action!

Shakspeare.—In Shakspeare one sentence begets the next naturally; the meaning is all inwoven. He goes on kindling like a meteor through the dark atmosphere; yet, when the creation in its outline is once perfect, then he seems to rest from his labour, and to smile upon his work, and tell himself that it is very good. You see many scenes and parts of scenes which are simply Shakspeare's disporting himself in joyous triumph and vigorous fun after a great achievement of his highest genius.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

A CHILD'S SONG, FROM A MASK.

I have a garden of my own,
Shining with flowers of every hue;
I loved it dearly while alone,
But I shall love it more with you;
And there the golden bees shall come
In summer time, at break of morn,
And wake us with their busy hum,
Around the Siha's fragrant thorn.

I have a fawn from Eden's land,
On leafy buds and berries nursed,
And you shall feed him from your hand,
Though he may start with fear at first.
And I will lead you where he lies,
For shelter in the noon-tide heat,
And you may touch his sleeping eyes,
And feel his little silvery feet.

Evening scenes on the St. Lawrence.—From the moment the sun is down, everything becomes silent on the shore, which our windows overlook, and the murmurs of the broad St. Lawrence, more than two miles immediately before us, and, a little way to the right, spreading to five or six miles in breadth, are sometimes for an hour the only sounds that arrest our attention. Every evening since we have been here, black clouds and splendid moonlight have hung over, and embellished this tranquil scene; and on two of these evenings we have been attracted to the window, by the plaintive Canadian boat-song. In one instance, it arose from a solitary voyager, floating in his light canoe, which occasionally appeared and disappeared on the sparkling river, and in its distant course seemed no larger than some sportive insect. In another instance, a larger boat, with more numerous and less melodious voices, not indeed in perfect harmony, passed nearer to the shore, and gave additional life to the scene. A few minutes after, the moon broke out from a throne of dark clouds, and seemed to convert the whole expanse of water into one vast sheet of glittering silver; and, in the very brightest spot, at the distance of more than a mile, again appeared a solitary boat, but too distant to admit of our hearing the song, with which the boatman was probably solacing his lonely course.

Imitators.—It is the fate of literary men whose style is peculiar, to have their effusions besmeared with the trash of imitators. The Rasselas of Johnson was followed by somebody's Dinarbas; the witty and eccentric Sterne has had his legion of followers; Scott has been imitated by a myriad of pseudo-novelists, and Byron has had an ample share of literary disciples. The style of the Don Juan, in particular, which is really most difficult to hit in all its characteristics, has been unhappily considered a facile one for untried scribblers, and numerous enormities have consequently been perpetrated therein. But the most atrocious attempt is one which has recently appeared under the title of "Don Juan Junior," by "Lord Byron's Ghost!" The writer deals largely in licentious ribaldry, and shows "a plentiful lack" of wit, poetry, and the knowledge of poetical numbers. In short, it is an impudent intrusion into the world of letters.

On the study of languages.—Though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet if he had not studied the solid things in them as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man, as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only. Hence, appear the many mistakes which have made learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful: and we do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year.

Flattery.—Sensible women have often been the dupes of designing men, in the following way:—they have taken an opportunity of praising them to their own confidante, but with a solemn injunction to secrecy. The confidante, however, as they know, will infallibly inform her principal, the first moment she sees her: and this is a mode of flattery which always succeeds. Even those females who nauseate flattery in any other shape, will not reject it in this; just as we can bear the light of the sun when reflected by the moon.

Death.—Death is the great treasure-house of love. There lies buried the real wealth of passion and of youth; there the heart, once so prodigal, now grown the miser, turns to contemplate the hoards it has hidden from the world. Henceforth, it is but the common and petty coins of affection that it wastes on the use and things of life.

True religion.—If St. Paul were again to appear on earth, since all the multifarious denominations of Christians would claim him, which would he choose? The apostle himself shall answer: "Pure religion, and undefiled before God, and the Father, is this—to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

Secrets of comfort.—Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.

The bird-messenger.—The imagination never conceived a more exquisite picture of beauty, than the dove of the ark gliding towards Ararat with the olive-branch, over the still, solitary, measureless surface of the waters, gazing down upon its own shadow, and listening to the music made by its own wings.

The cheap defence of nations.—Dr. Franklin said, "Where I see a house well furnished with books and newspapers, there I see intelligent and well-informed children; but if there are no books or papers, the children are ignorant, if not profligate."

Pride.—It has been well said, that the thing most likely to make the angels wonder, is to see a *proud man*. But pride of birth is the most ridiculous of all vanities—it is like the boasting of the root of the tree, instead of the fruit it bears.

History.—If men could learn from history, what lessons it might teach us! But passion and party blind our eyes; and the light which experience gives is a lantern on the stern, which shines only on the waves behind us!

Time.—Time is the cradle of hope, and the grave of existence. It deprives beauty of its charms, while it transfers them to her picture.

Original.

THE KING OF THE WIND.

BY MISS ELIZA COOK.

He burst through the ice-pillar'd gates of the north,
And away on his hurricane-wings he rush'd forth—
He howled with delight in his strength and his speed—
He mock'd at the lion, and taunted the steed;
The arrow and eagle were laggard behind,
Alone in his flight sped the King of the Wind.

He swept o'er the earth—the tall battlements fell,
And he laugh'd as they crumbled, with maniac yell;
The broad oak of the wood dared wrestle again,
Till wild in his fury he hurl'd it in twain;
No power could brave him, no fetter could bind—
Supreme in his sway, was the King of the Wind.

He career'd o'er the waters with death and despair,
He wreck'd the proud ship, and his triumph was there;
The cheeks that had blench'd not at foeman or blade,
At the sound of his breathing turn'd pale and afraid,
And he shriek'd in his glory, "Where, where will you find,
One so great or so free as the King of the Wind!"

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

A COMPLAINT AGAINST CONVENIENCE.

BY A MAN BORN OUT OF SEASON.

The world is getting far too convenient. I, for one, have watched the progress of improvement for some time past, in silent indignation; but it is really time to speak out.

A plague of new-fangled inventions! We are making a god of machinery, and in doing so, we are making that which will, in time, unmake us. The sparrow hatched the cuckoo's eggs, and then the young cuckoos put the old sparrow out of the nest, as a reward for her officiousness! So are we bringing into existence prodigious creatures, who, in due time, will take this nest of ours—the earth—out of our care and keeping, and look after it themselves.

True, man, with his usual shortsightedness and self-sufficiency, talks very largely about machinery being his servant—doing his work for him—the mere creature of his will—and such bombastic stuff. Tush! a precious servant, truly, that will snap his master's head off for the slightest undue interference! Already are there a host of overbearing monsters running, puffing and blowing, over all the level land in the country, in most domineering fashion; and if man, that used to be lord paramount, chances to meet one of them, and does not skip out of its way, with most undignified alacrity, he is forthwith reduced to the consistency of a pinch of snuff, and the "servant" pursues "the even tenour of its way," with as much indifference as if it had merely passed over a pumpkin!

And in such a case what is the course pursued? Is the creature laid hold of and brought to justice? No such thing. Even in the most barbarous times there was a parade or show of this article, when blood was shed or brains knocked out; but now, in this, our nineteenth century, man's life is of too little moment to cause the slightest interruption to business, and the next day the destroyer is seen openly pursuing the same track, defying opposition, and threatening all who presume to obstruct its path with a similar fate!

Servants, forsooth!

Meanwhile a few fellow-imbeciles gather up the "master's" powder, sneak into a small out-of-the-way room, and deprecatingly call the affair an "accident." Should the case happen to be marked by circumstances of peculiar atrocity, perhaps they summon resolution enough to levy a paltry "deodand" upon the monster. As if such an overbearing bully cared a whit for their deodands!

There is another class of these servants, who, do not hold their heads quite so high, and who do an immensity of work, if humoured and attended to, carrying hundreds of their self-styled lords hundreds of miles, and thinking it no trouble. This is all very well; but only let the smallest slight be passed upon them; let the most trivial neglect take place, even supposing it is merely forgetting to hand them a drink of water, at regular intervals, and straightway they begin to fume and fret, and, if not pacified in time, a prodigious "blow-up" ensues, and any quantity of their employers are sent skimming through the air in every diversity of position and attitude, without the slightest previous warning.

Servants, i'faith!

The truth is, we make machinery, and machinery is fast making machines of us. As Hamlet says—"This was sometime a paradox, but now the times give it proof."

I mentioned those matters to an acquaintance of mine—a great admirer of the present improved state of affairs.

"Look at the despatch—the expedition," quoth he.

"No question," quoth I;—"a few dozen fine fellows—lovely women—blooming children, full of life, health, hope, and all the pleasant anticipations of a joyous existence, sent whizzing from one world to another in the fraction of a second. No question at all about the expedition!"

"Casualties, my dear sir,—casualties will occur."

"Casualties!—Zounds!—The web of life of hundreds so frequently and so rudely torn—loves, joys, affections scattered—ties sundered—wives widowed, children fatherless, hearths desolate; and all for the sake of a little extra speed!—Casualties!—murders!—massacres!———"

My friend took me gently by the hand. He smiled benignly upon me, as we may suppose a superior intelligence to smile upon an inferior, shook his head, and said he truly lamented to find me so much behind the "spirit of the age"—advised me to take the "Railway Magazine"—and concluded by exclaiming, impressively, as he left me—"Speed, my good friend, speed is everything!"

"I don't think so," bawled I after him.

"You are an eccentric," retorted he, from the opposite side of the street.

An eccentric! Precious times we live in, when a man is charged with eccentricity merely for disliking the chance of being reduced to powder or blown into fragments!

But it is in vain reasoning with these sort of people. They have a quiet self-sufficiency—a calm conceit about them—that is impenetrable. Solomon said, two thousand years ago—"Show me a man that is wise in his own conceit; there is more hope of a fool than he;" and what Solomon said is a truth that has received the confirmation of four and twenty centuries. You might as well attempt to reason with a "quick train." They have an idea that the present age is immeasurably superior to any that has preceded it, and that they, as appertaining to it, are greatly above all who have gone before them. They will tell you Archimides was a pretty ingenious fellow, but had no idea of eighteen miles per hour by water, and thirty by land.

But were even our improvements and conveniences physically safe, are they not objectionable in a moral point of view?

I deprecate man becoming a secondary object on the earth. I have nobler views of the creature. I stand up for his primary rights and privileges. It is too bad for him to be crowed over by the work of his own hands. Not that a primitive or patriarchal state of existence is altogether to be advocated, but we are getting over-improved—over-civilized—over-regulated. Our mechanical propensities are introducing fatal habits of rule and method. We will have no fancies, outbreaks, whims, or vagaries soon. Punctuality will be the great virtue. It will be recorded on men's tombstones, as the acme of human perfection, that they were as regular as chronometers. Indeed, some leading utilitarians are scarcely to be distinguished from pieces of mechanism already. They are wound up with a certain quantity of motives and duties in a morning, go through the day with unvarying precision, and, when run down at night, come home and go to bed, not being able to do without sleep as yet; though doubtless some substitute for that time-spending habit will be discovered one of those days.

These sort of folks are truly what Wordsworth calls,

"Reasoning, self-sufficient things."

Ask one of these people his opinion of "Collins's Ode on the Passions," and he will tell you the passions belonged to the ancients—that he is no antiquarian, and sees not the utility of wasting his time about the irrationalities of a past age.

This is a truth. Many people are already as methodical and passionless as if they were actually in the course of transmutation into metallic substances; and there can be little doubt that flesh and blood is tending that way. A process of petrifaction is undoubtedly going on.

I have myself noticed an extreme rigidity in the *feel of* young children of the rising generation; and more especially in those that are swept into an Infant School in a morning, in order to be out of the way of their parents for the rest of the day.

This is alarming.

And what, if these things go on—if materialism continues unchecked—what will become of that humanizing spirit of the universe—divine Poesy! Without doubt, in a brief time they will be making a tunnel through Parnassus! They will water their locomotives at the fount of Helicon!

Poesy, it is true, has been leading rather a city life of late, and has become somewhat sophisticated. She is more polished, but has lost somewhat of her moor and mountain freshness. But, however, she will have to abscond. She cannot exist in the state to which society is tending She will have to take up her abode, as of yore, with the herdsman in his hut and the shepherd in his shealing. She will have to pace the rugged glen, and climb the heath-clad hill, and be thankful that there are still uneven portions of ground of which surveys have not been made and levels taken.

But she will have to exist upon the sorrows and sufferings of the past. There will be no new materials of which she will be able to avail herself. True, there will be wholesale death and destruction enough, and consequently sorrow and suffering, but it will all come under the commonplace heads of "accidents" and "casualties." From her crags and peaks she will look down upon a mercenary and utilitarian generation who have forsaken her worship, and betaken themselves almost exclusively to the manufacturing and boiling of huge kettles of water. She will see old ocean traversed by creatures all but independent of the elements, and voyages performed from distant land to land with the greatest facility and amidst the most derogatory comforts and conveniences—"Ah! the brave old voyagers!" she will exclaim

And when she looks landward, how much will her prospects be bettered! She will perceive the verdant, undulating, and picturesque old world hacked and levelled in all directions—the smiling valley filled up, the gentle eminence cast down, the majestic mountain bored through, and the hoar forest felled to the earth; and in her more sequestered and rural domains, in place of gazing complacently on some young votary—some incipient Burns, guiding his plough

"In joy and glory on the mountain side,"

she will have the pleasure of witnessing a patent steam-ploughing machine stalking solitarily and monotonously over the furrows from the rising to the going down of the sun. And when the sun does go down, she will have reason to be thankful if instead of rosy-cheeked, light-hearted damsels "lilting" and milking the kine in the "gloaming," she does not chance to find wooden dairy-maids with wash-leather fingers officiating in their place!

It is well that the "Tempest," and the "Midsummer-Night's Dream," and such fine fancies have been secured to us. There would have been small chance of their being engendered or quickened into vitality amidst the fume and vapour of this generation. Everything must now be either lucrative or useful. Speed, profit, utility, and convenience are the idols of the age. The spiritual and visionary is trampled under foot as not paying sufficient interest for the capital invested; and were it not for the exertions of the missionaries, and the unflinching determination to discover the North Pole, we might well suppose that enthusiasm had evanished from the earth. Such men (the Pole-seekers and the missionaries) are the salt thereof, and are to be reverenced for their brave unworldiness and contempt for the beaten tracks of society. It will be one of the things to be envied in our prosaic times when the Arctic or Antarctic voyages succeed in their object, (as they will do,) startle the bears with their uproarious cheers, and feel at length

"They are the first, that ever burst
Into that silent sea."

All other voyages are getting commonplace. The vague and remote corners of the world have been visited and eulogized. There are gin-shops in Otaheite; they drink London porter in Ceylon; and they have got a steamboat upon the waters of one of the rivers that run through Eden!

This is not to be deprecated or found fault with, because it has resulted from the glorious spirit of enterprise; but it is plain and evident that we are getting too accurate a knowledge of our planet. There will be nothing left to dream about.

Oh! we are crammed with information—suffocated with facts and statistics.

So it is with discoveries and explorations. The topography of the earth is pretty well settled. Lake Tchad, and the river Niger, the interiour of the country of convicts and kangaroos, with a portion of the Celestial Empire, alone are left to stimulate expiring curiosity. And if a gentleman, by any rare marvel has the good-fortune to find himself in a place that has never been visited before, he dare not entertain us with a few amusing incredibilities on his return, as his footsteps are sure to be followed the next year by whole parties of pic-nics. This is a hardship.

No—the days of Mendez de Pinto are gone—and for ever! The privileges of a traveller are extinct!

But to return to our improvement and conveniences. There is one thing morally certain, and that is, that our improvements will not improve us, and that our conveniences will be no comfort. We will deteriorate. Our bodies will dwindle—our minds will dwarf. The characters of our bold forefathers were formed by trial and tribulation—by rough and perilous adventure—by confidence in their individual energies—in the clear head, the true heart, and the strong arm. Everything now-a-days is performed by "Joint Stock Companies." In this mechanical age the spiritual portion of man is fast falling into desuetude; and as for the physical part of his apparatus, it will be so nursed and pampered by small and manifold artificialities, that he will gradually lose the use of a great proportion of his faculties

There are fearful indications that the time is fast approaching when a gentleman will have little else to do than sit with his feet on the fender and his hands in his pockets, watching the manoeuvres of a self-acting poker stirring a self supplied fire

And when that time arrives there will be a toss up between the man and the poker. C.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN SCENERY.

THE VALLEY OF THE MERRIMAC.

BY CALEB CUSHING

NUMBER THREE.

Of the numerous lovely points of view in the fine old town of Newbury, where the beauties of hill and dale, of stream and land, of sky and ocean, are spread out beneath the eye, go with me to this, a gently rising hill by a bend of the Merrimac, with laurels and blue-bells bedecking its base and sides, and admire the exquisite prospect around you. To your left, on the opposite bank, is the village of Amesbury, relieved on the back-ground of Powwow Hill, the streamlet of the same name winding, like a silver thread, in the dell near at hand; behind you are the hills of Haverhill, Bradford, and West Newbury, vanishing into the horizon; to the right is a wide expanse of hill and valley and plain, rich in its waving corn-fields, and sprinkled with clumps of woodland, reaching northwardly into Byfield and Georgetown and Rowley; at your feet is the broad current of the Merrimac, meandering along between the steep pine-clad cliffs at Deer Isle, united by a bold bridge of chains stretched across the dizzy steep from Newbury to Salisbury; and before you, in the distance, is the long extent of Belleville and Newburyport, stretching on by the bank of the river to the sea—their white houses and church-spires looming up to the eye, amid their green trees and gardens—while the harbour, and the bright-sailed vessels winging their flight along the glittering surface of the water—the white towers of that long bridge spanning across

it—and the yellow sands of Salisbury and Hampton Beach, and of Plum Island, with its lofty light-houses, cutting along like a line betwixt the green meadows and the blue sea—are closed in to the east by the waters of the great Atlantic, with the sun just rising from its bosom, to add the feature of sublimity to a scene otherwise of unrivalled beauty and magnificence. Welcome to that glorious orb!

The sun! the sun! he mounts yon airy steep
Below the line that bounds the rolling deep!
The beauteous orient kindles at his face;
Fast flee the shades to give his glory place.
Day's herald-star, that lingered like a tear
On morn's dark eye-lash, as the sun draws near,
Sinks in her blushing cheek before his power,
Gone as a dew-drop buried in a flower.

Now his warm beams are twinkling on the waves,
Hail him, great ocean, from thy deepest caves!
Give thy grand organ's bold, majestic swell;
Send the glad mermaid from her pearly cell,
Up the green islet in the soft, light air,
To hymn the sun, and spread her amber hair!
Bid all the dwellers in thy crystal coves
Come forth to greet him, through thy coral groves,
Lifting their various powers to catch the streams
Of morning glory pouring from his beams!
Behold, he shines upon thy watery hills!
Thy deep green dells his flowing raiment fills.
Thy little billows from their cradles leap
For crowns of light; then play themselves to sleep.

Drear wast thou, ocean, to the lonely bark,
When brooding night sat on thee thick and dark,
White sound, nor shape, nor shadow from the shore,
Nor cheering ray, the pathless waste stole o'er!
Then with thy rolling dirge thou seem to be
A dismal, restless, round eternity,
Whose awful mysteries yet unopened lay;
Foretokened only by a fiery spray,
And deep, unearthly voices, as they came
All dissonant, in strangeness, all the same!
More solemn this, than that primeval night
Before thy Maker said, "Let there be light."
For then no human fear—no human thought,
With fancy's colours, on the blackness wrought
The past or future: they were yet confined
To one clear present—the Eternal mind.

But now, transfigured by the radiant sun,
Thy face is brightness from that glorious one.
Thy mighty heart within thee seems to burn,
With rapture glowing, at his blest return.
Touched by the rays that played on Memnon's lyre,
Thy voices melt to music with their fire,
For higher, holier notes than this, to be
Poured in the noble anthems of the sea.

Hail! thou great luminary! Sun, all hail!
* * * * * * *

Pure type of his unbounded light and love,
Who fills the earth, and all the world above
How great, how good, how glorious must he be
Who gives his brightness shadowed forth in thee!
Sun in thy beauty, ocean in thy might—
Winds in your freedom—heavens in your height:—
Dark must the spirit be, the vision dim,
That could not here look through you all to HIM!—
H. F. GOULD

How many a memory lingers in how many a spot of all which that hill-side view exhibits to the eye! There, in that green wood, shall the soul have music which no art can minister:

FOREST MUSIC.

There's a sad loneliness about my heart—
A deep, deep solitude the spirit feels
Amid this multitude. The things of art
Pall on the senses—from its pageantry
My weary eye turns off; and my ear shrinks
From the harsh dissonance that fills the air.
My soul is growing sick—I will away
And gather balm from a sweet forest walk!
There, as the breezes through the branches sweep,
Is heard aërial minstrelsy, like harps
Untouched, unseen, that on the spirit's ear
Pour out their numbers till they lull to peace
The tumult of the bosom. There's a voice
Of music in the rustling of the leaves;
And the green boughs are hung with living lutes,
Whose strings will only vibrate to his hand
Who made them, while they sound his untaught praise!
The whole wild wood is one vast instrument
Of thousand, thousand keys; and all its notes
Come in sweet harmony, while Nature plays
To celebrate the presence of her God!—H. F. GOULD.

And there again is a sheltered vale, which tells of the careless hours of childhood:

MY OWN WILD BOWER.

I stood in the halls where wealth and state
Their glittering robes displayed;
Vice, Vanity, Folly, Ambition and Hate
Assembled in masquerade.

From the trappings of fashion, the pomp of pride,
The wiles and deceit of art,
A child of nature, I turned aside,
With a chilled and a sickening heart.

I sighed to return to the hill and the glen,
The scenes of my earliest hours—
To breathe in my native air again,
As it swept through the sweet wild flowers

I longed to recline on the violet bed,
Close down by the murmuring stream,
Where oft I have pillowed my infant head,
And sunk in a blissful dream.

Then my moments of life were rapid and bright
As the rivulet sparkling there;
And the hearts that surrounded me true as light,
And pure as the woodland air.

The velvet couch and the gilded hall,
Gay visions of pomp and power,
Art, fashion and show, I would give you all
For a seat in my own wild bower!

And yet another of riper days, beyond that graveyard of the old time, and that church, with its tall spire pointing the beholder's eye to heaven, where the meadows slope off to the river's bank and the sea, the fit scene of the following:

THE SABBATH BELL.

How sweetly, through the lengthened dell,
When wintry airs are mild and clear,
Floats chiming up the sabbath bell,
In softened echoes to the ear!
"Come, gentle neighbours, come away!"
So doth the welcome summons say;
"Come, friends and kindred, 'tis the time!"
So seems to peal the sabbath chime.

Done are the week's debasing cares,
And worldly ways and worldly will;
And earth itself an aspect wears
Like heaven, so bright, so pure, so still!
Hark, how by turns, each mellow note,
Now low, now louder, seems to float,
And falling, with the wind's decay,
Like softest music dies away!

"And now," it says, "where heaven resorts,
Come, with a meek and quiet mind;
Oh, worship in these earthly courts,
But leave your earth-born thoughts behind."
And, neighbours, while the sabbath bell
Peals slowly up the winding dell,
Come, friends and kindred, let us share
The sweet and holy rapture there.—G. LUNT.

And that other, where a green carpet of verdure, by the rocks, overhangs the river, the scene of the following:

THE GROUND LAUREL.

I love thee, pretty nursling
Of vernal sun and rain;
For thou art Flora's firstling,
And leadest in her train.

When far away I found thee,
It was an April morn;
The chilling blast blew round thee;
No bud had decked the thorn.

And thou alone wert biding
The mossy rocks between,
Where, just below them gliding,
The Merrimac was seen.

And while my hand was brushing
The seary leaves from thee,
It seemed that thou wert blushing
To be disclosed to me.

So modest, fair and fragrant,
Where all was wild and rude,
To cheer the lonely vagrant
Who crossed thy solitude.—H. F. GOULD.

Or that other, by the Mall, and its grass-bounded pond, as the twilight of a fair summer's day dissolves in the dews of evening, to walk and muse, and study "the bright leaves of the poetry of heaven."

TO THE EVENING STAR

O bright and beautiful, that all alone,
Sitt'st queenlike on the deep blue arch of even,
And seem'st thyself a drop of golden heaven,
Before the stars surround thy burning throne;
Lo, if the lady of my love be now
Gazing upon thy beauty, be, O star,
The mirror of my heart, and from afar
Let her behold my truth, and from her brow
Fair as thyself, and from her soft blue eye
(Like heaven new lighted by a summer moon)
And from her pure young heart bring me a boon,
A token of her love; so shall no sigh
Or tear disturb my peace, but I will rest
Content until once more I fold her to my breast.—G. LUNT.

Or if sea-side musings the rather attract:

HAMPTON BEACH

Again upon the sounding shore,
And oh how blest, again alone!
I could not bear to hear thy roar,
Thy deep, thy long majestic tone;
I could not bear to think that one
Could view with me thy swelling might,
And like a very stock or stone,
Turn coldly from the glorious sight,
And seek the idle world, to hate and fear and fight

Thou art the same, eternal sea!
The earth hath many shapes and forms,
Of hill and valley, flower and tree;
Fields that the fervid noontide warms,
Or winter's rugged grasp deforms,
Or bright with autumn's golden store:
Thou coverest up thy face with storms,
Or smil'st serene,—but still thy roar
And dashing foam go up to vex the sea-beat shore

I see thy heaving waters roll,
I hear thy stern uplifted voice,
And trumpet-like upon my soul
Falls the deep music of that noise
Wherewith thou dost thyself rejoice;

The ships, that on thy bosom play,
Thou dashest them about like toys,
And stranded navies are thy prey,
Strown on thy rock-bound coast, torn by the whirling spray.

As summer twilight soft and calm,
Or when in stormy grandeur drest,
Peals up to heaven the eternal psalm,
That swells within thy boundless breast;
Thy curling waters have no rest,
By day and night, the ceaseless throng
Of waves that wait thy high behest,
Speak out in utterance deep and strong,
And loud the craggy beach howls back their savage song.

Terrible art thou in thy wrath,—
Terrible in thine hour of glee,
When the strong winds, upon their path,
Bound o'er thy breast tumultuously,
And shout their chorus loud and free
To the sad sea-bird's mournful wail,
As heaving with the heaving sea,
The broken mast and shattered sail
Tell of thy cruel strength the lamentable tale.

Ay, 'tis indeed a glorious sight
To gaze upon thine ample face;
An awful joy,—a deep delight!
I see thy laughing waves embrace
Each other in their frolic race;
I sit above the flashing spray,
That foams around this rocky base,
And, as the bright blue waters play,
Feel that my thoughts, my life, perchance are vain as they.

This is thy lesson, mighty sea!
Man calls the dimpled earth his own,
The flowery vale, the golden lea;
And on the wild gray mountain-stone
Claims nature's temple for his throne!
But where thy many voices sing
Their endless song, the deep, deep tone
Calls back his spirit's airy wing,
He shrinks into himself, where God alone is king!—G. LUNT.

And again.

SEA-SIDE MUSINGS

O, let me go down, all alone,
And sit by the side of the sea!
The sounds of its voice give my spirit a tone,
That hushes her murmur, and quiets her moan,
Till woes that have pierced me are dreams that have flown,
Or drowned in the glory to be.

Each billow, that mounts to my sight,
And sinks for another to rise,
Adoring its God, in its moment of light,
And owning his power in its fulness of might,
To him gives a smile by a gleam from its height,
And calls on his name as it dies.

He holds the wild waters! they curl
And sing in his hand to my heart:
The gems they roll o'er points my thoughts to the pearl,
Which clasping, my spirit her pinions would furl,
To rest where no blast of the tempest can hurl
The soul and her treasure apart.

My wishes, that vainly would roam
And fasten on bubbles of air,
Are chid by the wave—by the hiss of the foam,
And drop of the spray!—they are bidding me home!
Home, to my country beyond the blue dome!
My Father's bright mansion is there.—H. F. GOULD.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

SPIRIT OF THE PARISIAN JOURNALS.

Translated for the New York Mirror.

RECOLLECTIONS OF TALMA.

TALMA was but only nine years old, and I seven, when we entered the school of M. Lamaignière, at Chaillot. Talma had just returned to France from London, where his father practised as a dentist. Our teacher was passionately fond of the drama, and used to make us rehearse parts of good tragedies and comedies every season. The second year we were there, a tragedy was got up, called *The Son of Tamerlane.* The young tragedian performed his part with great applause. As for myself, a severe fit of sickness prevented my performing my character, which was that of a Mogul general, who had, in all, about thirty lines to deliver, and deprived me of the pleasure of boasting that, for once at least, I had played with the greatest of actors. The instinct of the stage was already so marked in him, that, at the age of twelve, he composed a short play, in which our teacher saw indications of decided talent.

After we left school, I was separated from him for some time. When I saw him again, he was eighteen years of age, and had already the reputation of being one of the most pleasing young men in Paris. His figure was fine, his manners elegant without stiffness, his wit ready, his mind well stored with various information, he had besides a pleasing voice, sang with much taste, and was well read in the literature of France and England. No wonder that he was well received. His friends feared, indeed, that he would be led to neglect serious pursuits and give himself up to a life of pleasure. He was intended by his family for his father's profession, that of a dentist, and he pursued his studies with docility, yet with indifference Under these circumstances we thought that it would be of service to him to revive his fondness for the drama, as a means of giving employment to his mind, and preventing his degenerating into a mere man of pleasure. We used to take him with us to the *Theatre Francois,* especially when standard tragedies were performed. It

was the play of *Œdipe* that first incited his passion for the stage Lauvè performed the hero, and was rapturously applauded. Talma alone did not share in the general enthusiasm. When the play was over, he merely said, "He does not understand the part. If it was mine, I should play it very differently." The very next day he communicated to an old friend his desire of adopting the stage as a profession. This step was a painful one to him. With all his seductive qualities, his principles were high, and his religious sentiments strong. He was, therefore, agreeably surprised when he heard himself—not blamed, but encouraged. "It is much better," said his judicious friend, "to be a good actor, than to run the risk you do now, of leading the miserable existence of an idle man of pleasure." Encouraged by this advice, he studied some subordinate characters, and soon announced to us that he was to make his first appearance in the character of *Séide* in *Mahomet*. He told us—"You must all of you come and see me, for I depend chiefly upon your judgment. You are familiar with the stage, and can tell whether I comprehend my part, and produce any effect on the audience. Unless you think I have in me the materials of a great actor, I will stop, for I am not willing to be lost in the ordinary crowd. I ask of you then, as my friends, to tell me frankly, whether you think, that by time and study, I can raise myself to the first rank. Your opinion will decide my future career in life."

We all went to see our friend's *début*, about the end of 1783, if I remember rightly. His success was unexampled. Unluckily, however, we were not of the same opinion with the audience. We came there, in fact, with a prejudice against Talma, arising from the vivid recollection of his great predecessors. His acting produced no impression on us; we remained cold and unmoved: and when we met to compare opinions, after the play, we agreed unanimously, "that Talma had all the qualities necessary to success, except the most important one, the inspired fire of genius." This opinion was made known to him with all the frankness he had insisted on. Talma, mortified, but placing too much confidence in our judgment, and sincere in the want of self-confidence he had expressed, gave up all idea of the stage, and resumed his studies as a dentist.

Three years elapsed before I saw Talma again. In the latter part of 1787, happening to meet his cousin, I learned that he had been induced by the advice of several distinguished actors, to appeal from our sentence of condemnation and pursue again the theatrical career. He was to make his first re-appearance that very evening. I must confess, that I was sorry to hear this. I felt a sincere friendship for my old schoolfellow, and as I feared the result, I determined not to be present. After a few days, hearing his acting highly praised by the best judges, I resolved to see him. This time, there was no coldness or indifference on my part. I soon recognized the "inspired fire of genius." After the play was over, I went into his box. When he saw me, he made an exclamation indicative of uneasiness I saw that he was thinking of our former ill-judged condemnation. Grasping his hands, I congratulated him most warmly on his success, but he still seemed to doubt my sincerity; at last I told him—"You know me well, and may be certain that I should not have called on you unless I could offer you perfectly sincere congratulations." These anecdotes may seem trivial, but I mention them to show the candour, simplicity and honesty of his character.

The affection constantly shown towards him by Napoleon is well-known. The tragedian had known, loved and even obliged him, when he was only General Bonaparte. Talma told me one day, that he had been invited to breakfast with the emperour the morning after he had appeared, by his orders, in the *Death of Pompey*.

"You played the part of Cæsar very well," he said, "but on his entrance, where he says to Pompey,

"Know'st thou not Cæsar, to accost him thus?"

you gave him the tone of an orator at one of the clubs. You should remember that Cæsar had nothing of the Jacobin about him, that he was speaking in the presence of his officers, and that what he said was *official*." Then getting warm, added—"Besides, what *such people* say (Cæsar, Mahomet and myself) is always so different from what they think!"

Then passing to the actor who played Ptolemy, he criticised his manner, blaming him for having given too contemptible a character to the part.

"I know very well," said he, "that Corneille does not make the prince use very elevated language—he offers Cæsar his crown—he believes himself forced to do it; but even with his humble language, there ought to be a certain air of dignity about him. He is a monarch, and a monarch, whatever he says, is always dignified in attitude and expression."

The play reminded him of the Egyptian expedition. In the course of conversation, he mentioned, that when he first set foot on that celebrated shore, which had been trodden by Alexander and Cæsar, looking down at the sand, he saw something lying in it. Picking it up, he noticed with surprise, that it was an antique cameo, and that the head upon it was a striking likeness of himself.

PETTY DEBTS.

Make two large debts sooner than one small one. These petty, trifling, clamorous, troublesome, vexatious little debts, crush them in the egg, my dear young friends; despise them, defy them, pay them! In point of fact, these debts have no real existence. They slip through your fingers like an eel, just when you think you have hold of them—when you want to discharge them, your purse, the moment before well filled, is suddenly found to be empty. There is something supernatural about it! Happy is the man that can make petty debts with impunity, thrice happy he who makes none!

From these petty debts arise daily thousands of ingenious expedients, sublime sacrifices, stoic privations.

For instance, most young men of the present day, rich or poor, have no money for the necessaries of life, while they always have enough to waste on its most frivolous indulgences. They are lavish of everything that is got on credit, saving of all that must be paid for in cash. Thus a student or a fashionable man about town, or any other spendthrift, takes far greater care of his hat than of his coat.

There is logic in this. The enormous profits of the tailor make him in his very essence a *crediting* tradesman, while the small gains of the hatter make him the most obstinate of all dealers for cash only.

Many a young man offers to the admiring eyes of the fair dazzling waistcoats, overpowering cravats, diamond shirt-pins, a whole shop-window of jewelry, who, very probably, has no stockings on. There is a reason for this too. The hosier don't trust.

You are walking, one balmy summer's evening, with the pretty widow hanging on your arm, who is soon to make you a present of her fair hand, with all the lands, houses, tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto appertaining. While you are talking about love and happiness, and also about economy and a well-regulated household, a gaunt hideous monster crosses your path. He has something wrapped up in a coloured handkerchief, which he thrusts at you. It is your tailor—and his bill. Farewell, to the fair hand of the pretty widow, with all the lands, houses, tenements, etc.

To sum up all in one word—run in debt for a hundred thousand francs sooner than for a hundred.

POOR KINGS.

Alas! for the good old days when the dignity of the king was worth having! when there were no newspapers, no opposition, no discussions on the budget! Then, monarch and people had but one purse between them, which the latter took care to fill, and the first to empty—an agreeable division of labour. No popular movements, no petitions, no insurrections! If trouble arose, it passed over in silence, and some fine morning the old oaks of Plessis were seen with a crop of insurgents hanging at their branches instead of acorns. Alas, for the good old times! Then, my dear friends, then it would have been a fine thing to be a king! what a glorious one I should have made! I would have been as brave and generous as the good Henry IV., who is praised as a model of honour and openness, and who changed his religion twice; first for fear, afterwards to save his crown, and who wanted to set all Europe by the ears because his cousin, the prince of Condé, would not give up his wife to him. I should have been as magnificent as the great Louis XIV., who governed France for sixty years, and was governed himself by Colbert, Louvois, Madame de Maintenon, and his confessor, and whose statue we see crowned with laurel, because he gained twenty battles, while all the time he never went outside the walls of Versailles. These halcyon days are gone, never to return. Kingship is but a poor trade now-a-days. Once the people knelt before their king, now the king bows low to the people. Poor creatures, how I pity you! Rain or shine, you must stand with hats off, smiling and bowing, as your sovereign throws up his cap, and utters his greasy hurrahs. Don't be impatient, it will be over in five hours, or so, only five hours of smiling and bowing, and then you shall have permission to go home and get your dinners, and exclaim, as did England's young queen, unused as yet to the miseries of royalty, "Oh, mother, mother, thank heaven it's over!"

I regret it, with all sincerity. I love monarchs: I view them with pity and respect, as unhappy beings, branded by destiny, and condemned to live in splendour, on the charity of the public. I accordingly never meet a king, but I bestow on him the alms of a bow or a hurrah. Kings or queens, absolute, legitimies, chartist and constitutional, I embrace them all in my affection. I hear, all around me, the same cuckoo complaints of despotism, ambition, treachery. "Why don't he dismiss his ministers?" screams one. "Why don't he follow the advice of the opposition?" yells another. You are right, gentlemen, no doubt; the ministry might be a better one; but—was it never your own luck to have careless or awkward servants? The opposition gave most excellent advice, I admit, which was not followed; but do you always follow the advice of your wife, the standing domestic opposition? Allow a monarch to be mistaken sometimes; remember that he is a man, after all, and that the walls of a palace are four or five feet thick, so that it is hard for them to hear what is going on out of doors. Witness poor Charles X., who was very coolly playing whist on the evening of the twenty-eighth July, without suspecting that his crown had been just knocked off his head. I repeat these arguments continually, but without effect; so that all I can do is to continue to pity monarchs; especially when I remember that it is not their fault if they are so.

Hiss a poor actor, if you will, a hesitating counsellor, a deaf man that plays on the piano: I have no objection; the poor fools chose to be actors, lawyers, or musicians; but it is not so with a king. Chance chose him; even if he is deaf and dumb, he must make speeches, and act the king: if he happens to be a fool—which may very well be the case—it is ten times worse for him. Twenty trumpets—that is, twenty newspapers—proclaim, every morning, to the whole world, all his sacred majesty's follies, and fifty post-coaches start off at full speed, every morning, to spread the news. Better be a cow-herd or a country sexton! To think that your most trifling actions will survive you, engraved on tablets of brass—that your name will go down to posterity with the epithet of *simple* or *cruel* attached to it—that your vices, your faults, and your absurdities will one day form a part of a common school education, and that little boys will be flogged to the end of time, for not learning them by heart—that your successors will found colleges, in order to teach them to youth, and that an antiquary will one day be made a member of the academy for having brought to light one of your previously undiscovered failings. Who would not weep to think that it might have been his lot to have been a king himself!

If all the monarchs of the world could live their lives over again, I am much mistaken if they would not, every man, choose some other mode of existence. Charles V. would be a watchmaker, his son a sexton, Louis XV. a cook, another, perhaps, a blacksmith, like my honest neighbour Pierre, whose ringing hammer awakens me every morning before cock-crowing. Let no one be offended at the comparison. Pierre is an excellent man, and a capital workman, only he is a little jealous, and quick to anger. Yesterday I heard an unusual noise in the shop—I regret to say it, but Pierre was beating his wife. All the neighbours put their heads out of the windows; but everything was soon quiet again, and went on happily; and even the very gossips of the neighbourhood had forgotten the blacksmith and his quarrel. Happy man, happy condition! where anger is but a transient flash, and a piece of scandal forgotten in a moment

Let a king beat his wife once, and you shall see.
Poor kings! poor kings!

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

PARISIAN ON DITS.

Some persons have spoken of inviting the king to a fete in the galleries of the wooden edifice in which the exhibition of the products of French industry has taken place The difficulties in the way of this intention are two-fold—arising, first, from the unwillingness of the exhibitors to invite his majesty; and next, from their determination of speaking, should the banquet take place, on the actual wants and position of French industry. As yet, a vote of thanks has merely been passed to the magistrates of the Hôtel de Ville for the kindness they have exhibited. Many persons object to the periodical expenditure of raising a wooden edifice, which is to remain in existence but sixty days. It is proposed now to erect a large and handsome structure at the expense of the state. It ought to be divided into sections for the various objects of industry, and the passages would serve for a promenade during the inclement season of winter. I think it exceedingly probable that this plan will eventually be carried into effect.

The new hobby of the Parisians is the improved malle-postes. For the last fortnight a crowd of well-dressed persons is collected in the court of the hotel from whence they start. They are lighter carriages in their construction than the former rough machines, and are very elegantly fitted up inside. The imperial is removed, and the numerous robberies, which formerly took place so easily during the noisy progress of the vehicle, will now be prevented. They are of a deep brown colour, are drawn by four horses, and have a postillion with a large coat, in place of the jacket hitherto worn. This appears to be anything but an improvement. There are looking-glasses in the interiour, and a deep seat, with arms, is softly spread for the traveller. Four of the great public roads of France have been provided with these new carriages, and similar ones will speedily be ready for the other four roads.

Paris is now perfectly quiet, notwithstanding that the trial of the prisoners may be said to have terminated. The inhabitants are opposed to more blood-shedding. Sometimes a single fact paints the physiognomy of a city more than a laboured description. Let me give an example of what I mean:—Last week, at Tivoli and at the Jardin-Turc, fireworks were let off, and in the crowd of the display several reports as loud as that of a musket took place. Well, in ten minutes the whole city, inhabitants, police, garrison, and Garde Nationale, were on the alert; rumours of *émeutes* immediately began to fly about, and half the world would not believe that the other half were unhurt. Since then the fireworks are ordered to go off without noise. The Comte de Paris is a remarkably stout fellow—the latest refinement introduced into his bringing up, is to place in his nursery cherry-trees growing in large cases, that he may gather them himself whenever he pleases. He shows great aptitude, it is said, at this ingenious pastime.

The annual meeting of the *Orphéon* took place since my last at the Sorbonne. This is the union of the fifty schools for singing, which have sprung up under the paternal guidance of M. Wilhem. Singing is now part of the system of instruction given at the Paris schools; and if a doubt exists of the possibility of making musicians of illiterate workmen or children, the exhibitions at the annual meeting would set the matter at rest. There were about four hundred children present last week and two hundred men. The latter were common workmen, and the former the children of the poor. Yet they sang admirably the music of Cherrubini, Spontini, Boieldieu, and Caraffa. Two pieces of M. Wilhem's composition were exceedingly applauded; one *La Romanesca*, a piece of the sixteenth century, and the other a barcarole, forming a solo and chorus. The lad who gave the solo has a voice of wonderful flexibility and power. His name is Montmand, and he is the son of a labourer. The salle of the Sorbonne was crowded, and the applause was most enthusiastic. As I am speaking of music I may mention that you are shortly to have in London an M. Petosa, who is the projector of a musical lottery, by means of which he asserts, any person, though not knowing a note of music, may compose four hundred thousand quadrilles and one hundred thousand waltzes. This gentleman, during an exile of seven years in Siberia, invented this lottery, formed of five hundred and seventy-six fragments of musical measures, each differing from the other. They are enclosed in a box, and the even numbers, destined to compose quadrilles, are red, whilst the odd ones, intended for waltzes, are black. These pieces are taken out by chance, and are arranged according to the letters on the back, on a desk marked A, B, C, etc. They, when thus arranged, form a piece. As the projector is about to proceed to London, you will probably hear more of this strange plan.

We have had three new pieces here this week, but not one of them is worth remark, except to speak of their excessive stupidity. Yet M. de Rougemont, the author of one of them, *Il faut que Jeunesse se passe*, is decidedly a man of talent. Indeed he showed it, in getting his piece performed at the Theatre Francais. How the good judges, generally found at that theatre, could allow themselves to be imposed on by this stupid piece, is inconceivable. They excuse themselves by saying that the author read so well, that the piece seemed excellent.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"Travels in North America, during the years 1834, 1835, and 1836 Including a summer residence with the Pawnee tribe of Indians, and a visit to Cuba and the Azore Islands." By the Hon. Charles Augustus Murray. In two volumes. New-York: Harper and Brothers.

ALREADY has this work been received in a most flattering manner by the American public. We like it; not because it presents a favourable view of our people and their institutions, but because it is truly an interesting book—a fair and candid transcript of the author's adventures and impressions. There is an absence of that carping and fleering spirit, that preposterous assumption of superiority, which characterise the works of Hamilton and Marryat. The author does not introduce a sneer for the sake of giving piquancy to a sentence or truckling to the senseless prejudices of a great mass of his countrymen. He writes with the candour, impartiality and sincerity of a young man whose vision is clear and unobstructed. There is nothing like bigotry or egotism in his speculations. His style is florid and animated, and many of his descriptions are remarkably spirited. We cheerfully make room for a few extracts, at the same time recommending the work to our readers as rich in entertaining matter:

A PAWNEE DANDY DESCRIBED.

I have seen some dandies in my life—English, Scotch, French, German, ay, and American dandies too; but none of them can compare with the vanity or coxcombry of the Pawnee dandy. Lest any of the gentry claiming the distinction, and belonging to the abovementioned nations, should doubt or feel aggrieved at this assertion, I will faithfully narrate what passed constantly before my eyes in our own tent; namely, the manner in which Sa-ni-tsa-rish's son passed the days on which there was no buffalo hunt. He began his toilet, about eight in the morning, by greasing and smoothing his whole person with fat, which he rubbed afterwards perfectly dry, only leaving the skin sleek and glossy; he then painted his face vermillion, with a stripe of red also along the centre of the crown of the head; he then proceeded to his "coiffure," which received great attention, although the quantum of hair demanding such care was limited, inasmuch as the head was shaved close, except one tuft at the top, from which hung two plaited "tresses." (Why must I call them "pigtails?") He then filled his ears, which were bored in two or three places, with rings and wampum, and hung several strings of beads round his neck; then, sometimes painting stripes of vermilion and yellow upon his breast and shoulders, and placing armlets above his elbows, and rings upon his fingers, he proceeded to adorn the nether man with a pair of moccasins, some scarlet cloth leggins fastened to his waist-belt, and bound round below the knee with garters of beads four inches broad. Being so far prepared, he drew out his mirror, fitted in a small wooden frame, (which he always, whether hunting or at home, carried about his person), and commenced a course of self-examination, such as the severest disciple of Watts, Mason, or any other religious moralist, never equalled. Nay more, if I were not afraid of offending the softer sex by venturing to bring man in comparison with them in an occupation which is considered so peculiarly their own, I would assert that no female creation of the poets, from the time that Eve first saw "that smooth watery image," till the polished toilet of the lovely Belinda, ever studied her own reflected self with more perseverance or satisfaction than this Pawnee youth. I have repeatedly seen him sit for above an hour at a time, examining his face in every possible position and expression; now frowning like Homer's Jove before a thunder-storm; now like the same god, described by Milton, "smiling with superiour love;" now slightly varying the streaks of paint upon his cheek and forehead, and then pushing or pulling "each particular hair" of his eyebrows into its most becoming place! His toilet thus arranged to his satisfaction, one of the women or children led his buffalo horse before the tent; and he proceeded to deck his steed by painting his forehead, neck and shoulders, with stripes of vermilion, and sometimes twisted a few feathers into his hair. He then put into his mouth an old-fashioned bridle, bought or stolen from the Spaniards, from the bit of which hung six or eight steel chains, about nine inches long; while some small bells, attached to the reins, contributed to render the movement of the steed as musical as those of the lovely "Sonnante," in the incomparable tales of Comte Hamilton. All things being now ready for the promenade, he threw a scarlet mantle over his shoulders; thrust his mirror in below his belt, took in one hand a large fan of wild goose feathers, to shield his fair and delicate complexion from the sun; while a whip hung from his wrist, having the handle studded with brass nails. Thus accoutred, he mounted his jingling palfrey, and ambled through the encampment, envied by all the youths less gay in attire, attracting the gaze of the unfortunate drudges who represent the gentler sex, and admired supremely by himself.

COURTSHIP AMONG THE PAWNEES.

When the lover wishes to break the ice, he comes to her fathers' tent, uninvited, and sits on the corner of the mat for a considerable time and then goes away without speaking. This is the preliminary step, answering, perhaps, to the first gentle pressure of the hand—the first blushing hesitation in address—the first mutual glance of understanding. After a few days the young man returns wearing his buffalo-robe with the hair outward, and again sits down silent in the corner of the tent. This is a proposal—a regular "popping of the question." If the father is determined to reject him, nothing is placed for him to sit on, and no meat is offered him; but if he approve of the match, these rights of hospitality are observed. Feasts are then given by the respective parties, in order to obtain the consent of their relatives. If both feasts terminate favourably in this respect, the young man presents himself once more before his bride at the door of her tent, and then turns round and walks slowly off towards his own—she rises and follows him—the marriage is then complete. If she remains sitting, it is a sign that her family decline the match. All this is done without a word passing between the intended bride and husband that is to be. But the most extraordinary part of the affair is, that having married an elder sister, he has a right to marry all the younger ones as they successively attain the age of womanhood. The author adds, "I have seen several chiefs who have in this manner married a whole family; the eldest wife being the greatest drudge, and the youngest being generally the favourite Sultana, and consequently doing the least work."

The first volume of Mr. Dunlap's long-expected "History of New-York," has been issued. We shall notice it in our next.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We publish to-day an extract from a new American novel, soon to be published by the Messrs. Harpers, entitled "Morton's Hope." It will, if we are not mistaken, be very popular.—O.'s "Thoughts on Literary Men" *shall have a place.*—*A correspondent, whose address we have lost, is informed that we cannot pay for selections.*—*The verses by* "H. T. T." *were put on file for insertion. If not published his request shall be attended to.*—*The verses to Miss Poole are very good, but hardly worthy of the subject.*—"C.'s" *criticism on Miss Maywood's performances is quite out of date. It would have answered a month ago.*—J.'s "Walk on the Battery" *is a little too long. We fear that his readers would be quite as much fatigued as he.*—*A correspondent inquires if any farther communications from the "scenery and properties" of the Park Theatre have been received. No. We suspect they are too far gone to write.*—*We have not seen the work criticised by* "X." *We do not doubt it is very good, but would like to have ocular evidence of the fact. The annuals put forth by the same publishers are well deserving of all that* "X." *says in their behalf.*—*We shall have no occasion for the contributions of* "Phiz," "Y. R. L. N. R" *and* "Rockaway."—"*Sister Therese,*" *which will be found on the first page, is copied from the Boston "Token and Atlantic Souvenir," for 1840.*

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1839.

John Bull and Brother Jonathan.—A writer in Blackwood's Magazine, for August, commences his lucubrations with the following compliment to the good people this side of the great pond: "When we told you, some few months back, O gentle reader! that, (to borrow a phrase from Brother Jonathan, *about the only thing, by the way, which our occidental relative possesses worth the lending,*) beyond all the beasts of the field, a dog '*went a-head*' in our affections, we intimated, at the same time, that our heart" (should you not have said your head?) "had many corners for many other animals" If the intelligent person who gives utterance to this philosophic remark as to the poverty of our resources, will but look at Bentley's Miscellany for the last year, and other British periodicals, he will find that some of his countrymen have practically shown their dissent from his opinion. Nearly one-fourth of the articles in many of these literary journals are made up of pieces "borrowed," without credit, from the New-York Mirror, the Knickerbocker, and other American works. Now we do not object to being robbed by England of our literary productions, so long as this country returns the compliment, with interest; but we do enter our protest against being insulted for our poverty, at the same time that we are plundered, and compelled to see our pilferers flaunting in "borrowed" finery. Fair play is a jewel, Mr. Bull.

Audubon, the ornithologist.—We learn that it is the intention of this distinguished artist and ornithologist to enter upon a new field of investigation, and that he will shortly commence a history of the quadrupeds of this country—very copious and elaborate *data* for such a work having already been obtained by him in the course of his other labours and researches. We learn from the Gazette, that Mr. Audubon, who is now in the city, has in his possession the original drawings of all the plates in his magnificent work upon the birds of America They are said to be as much superiour to the coloured engravings as any other original picture is to the copies from it, however ably and faithfully taken. We agree with our contemporary, that Mr Audubon neither does justice to himself nor to his countrymen if he refuses to permit these masterpieces to be publicly exhibited.

New painting of the Queen by an American.—A letter from a friend in London says: "You may have heard, ere this, that your countryman, Leslie, is engaged upon a picture of the coronation of Victoria No sooner did the queen hear of his intention than she ordered a room to be assigned him in the palace, and extended all the facilities which could promote his object. The artist has chosen a most felicitous position for his principal figure—taking her at the moment when the sunshine streamed in upon her person, and played upon the splendid jewels of the crown. The queen has even complimented the artist so far as to order the picture for herself, in anticipation, telling him to fix his own price. Of course, out of regard to her majesty, Leslie ought to put a high valuation upon her picture."

The Madison papers.—We learn from the National Intelligencer, that this valuable work will be published early in November. Much unexpected delay has been occasioned by the state of the manuscript, and the necessity of explaining many allusions familiarly made, at the time of writing, by Mr. Madison, but which a lapse of sixty years had rendered obscure. Mr. H. D. Gilpin, the Solicitor of the Treasury, to whose superintendence the work was committed by the committee of Congress, has taken much pains to elucidate these passages, having added some hundreds of notes in explanation of the text. Mr. Sparks, also, has lent his assistance for the same object. The work is all stereotyped, and will make three volumes instead of two, as originally announced. It is printed in a large and handsome type, and will be got up altogether in a style worthy of the subject.

A new and beautiful song.—On our fourth page will be found an original poem, by Miss Eliza Cook, an English lady, whose productions are making their way wherever the English language is spoken. It forcibly reminds us of Mackay's "Wind of the Winter Night," with which it will bear a not unfavourable comparison. It has been set to music by William L. Phillips, and will be sung by Mr. Giubelei, and published by Messrs. Davis and Horn, 367 Broadway.

Miss Sterling.—This accomplished pianist has removed to No. 7 Carroll Place, Bleecker street, where she continues to receive pupils in music.

The Park and Fidelio.—Notwithstanding the universal cry of "hard times," the theatres do not appear to share in the depression. Never, since the appearance of the elder Kean, (if we except the occasion of the benefit given to Mr. Simpson in September last,) has the Park presented so much sterling attraction and genuine talent upon the same evening. So great has been the array of stars, that the services of a portion of the stock company appear to have been dispensed with. Mrs. Martyn, Miss Pool, Mr. Manvers, Mr. Martyn, Mr. and Mrs. Giubilei, and Mons. and Madame Taglioni—a noble opera and a brilliant ballet on the same evening—is certainly an attraction of no ordinary character, and deserves to be noted as an epoch in the theatricals in New-York. The opera of *Fidelio*, by Beethoven, has been performed in a manner highly creditable to the skill of all concerned in its production. Mrs. Martyn, in one of the most difficult parts in the whole range of the operatic drama, showed powers fully adequate to her task, and won the admiration of all the judicious lovers of music. The scena, which she executes in the second act, was delivered with wonderful effect and sweetness. Mr. Giubilei, though the part of Pizarro was a most ungracious one, and the opportunities for display were limited, gave the audience a very favourable idea of his powers, and was warmly applauded. His personal appearance is remarkably fine. Miss Pool is, we do not doubt, destined to become a favourite. She plays the part of "Marcelline" with inimitable archness and grace, and her vocal powers are of a superiour description. We hope to see her in a part more worthy of her versatile talents. Mr. Manvers, the tenor, made a decided hit in the part of Florestano. We never listened to a burst of applause more spontaneous and flattering, than that which greeted him after his execution of the exquisite solo at the beginning of the third act. Mr. Martyn acquitted himself very acceptably, and was spirited and correct throughout. In noticing the performers in *Fidelio*, we should not omit to mention that Mr. Placide, by his admirable personation of the aged prisoner, in the chorus in the jail-yard, drew tears from many an eye by the silent pathos of his movements. It was a most artist-like picture. Mr. Edwin is also deserving of mention. The parts allotted to him were sung in good taste and with clearness and precision. If the decision of those, whose musical attainments entitle their opinions to respect, be correct, *Fidelio* has triumphed signally.

Charles Kean.—After an absence of seven years from the country where his earliest laurels were won, Mr. Charles Kean has returned, backed by an European reputation, and appeared several nights at the National Theatre. His first appearance was in the part of Hamlet, and though evidently labouring under extreme hoarseness, he proved to the satisfaction of all, that report had not exaggerated his merits. We have not witnessed so spirited and impressive a delineation of the character since the days of his father. The new readings which he introduced, were, in general, judicious and apposite. His delivery of the soliloquy was quite successful; and he produced a startling effect in the scene where he starts up from the feet of Ophelia, upon the discovery of his uncle's emotion. The whole performance was loudly cheered throughout, and at the fall of the curtain Mr. Kean was called for, and made a pertinent address. In Othello and Sir Giles Overreach, Mr. Kean developed new powers, and gave additional indications of that high histrionic genius which he has matured by assiduous practice and study. The tempestuous scenes in the last act of the latter play were rendered with extraordinary effect. The manner in which he sprang across the stage with every limb quivering, when he gives the lie to Wellborn, was a most thrilling piece of acting. Indeed, the whole scene was inimitably fine. We regret that Mr. Kean has been prevented from appearing several nights in consequence of hoarseness. We hope that he will cease temporarily from his exertions, rather than incur the risk of heightening his illness—notwithstanding the disappointment which may ensue.

Copyright law in France.—A judgment, interesting to authors, and more particularly to writers of novels and romances, has just been pronounced by the Tribunal de Premiere Instance. Several authors have long made claims upon the theatres for a participation in the profits of pieces formed by dramaturgists out of the plots and incidents of their works. No concession being made to them, M. Paul de Musset, author of a tale published in the *Revue de Paris*, under the title of "M. Coislin," and which had been converted into a vaudeville, and performed at the Theatre du Palais Royal with the same title, resolved to try the question. He brought his action against the authors of this piece for a piracy, and the court has awarded him three hundred francs damages.

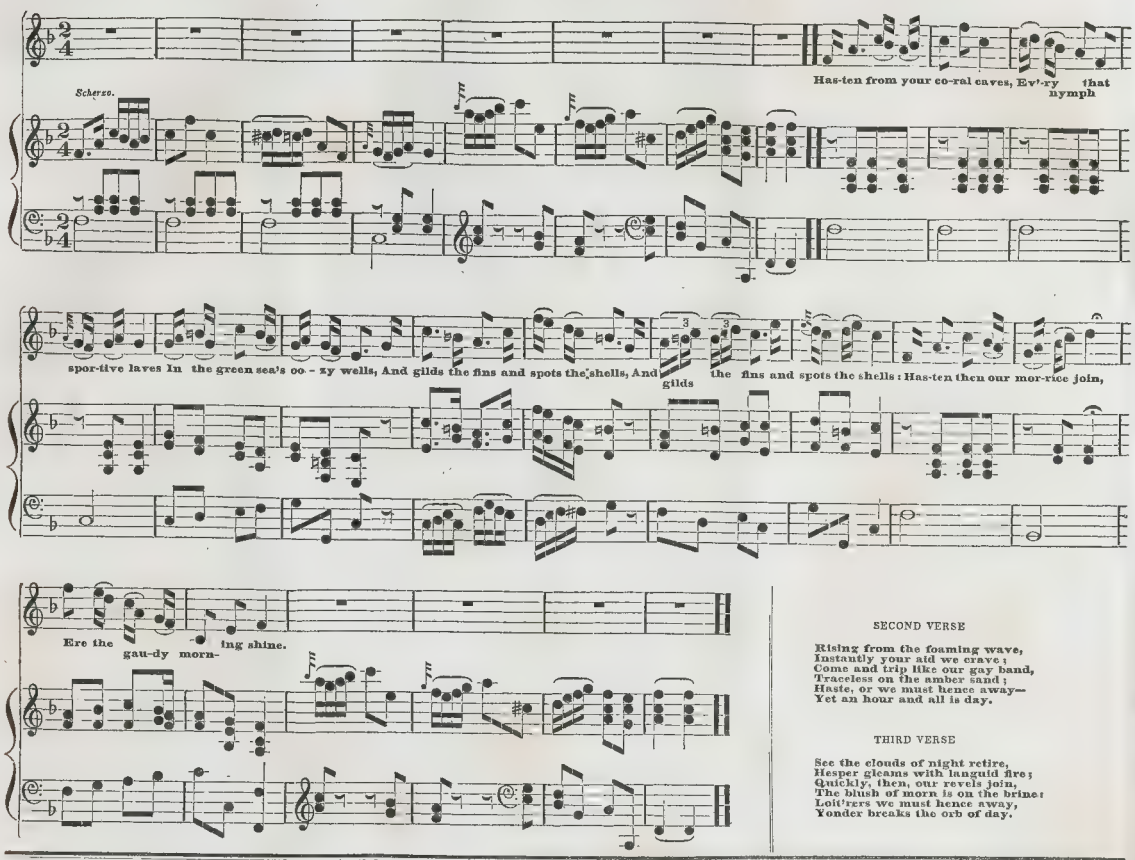
The Bowery Theatre.—Celeste has, as usual, drawn crowded houses at this establishment. It is stated that she receives for twelve nights' performances four thousand dollars. The cultivation of the heels would seem to be more profitable than that of the head. Marsh, in all probability, will not receive two thousand dollars for "England and other Poems," although they cost him the labour of months instead of weeks. Ought such disparity to exist?

New Chatham Theatre.—This establishment opened on the eleventh instant, to a well-filled house. An eloquent address from the pen of H. F. Harrington, Esq., was spoken on the occasion. The theatre has been doing a respectable business with Barnes, J. R. Scott, the Ravel Family, and a very fair stock company. The interiour appearance of the building is neat and graceful.

Wooden pavements.—The wooden pavement in Broadway, between Bleecker and Fourth streets, is the admiration of all who have seen it. The contrast between the rude jolting of the pavements and the "smooth sailing" one experiences on this level floor, is indeed remarkable.

HASTEN FROM YOUR CORAL CAVES.

COMPOSED BY W. GRANTHAM.



SECOND VERSE

Rising from the foaming wave,
Instantly your aid we crave;
Come and trip like our gay band,
Traceless on the amber sand;
Haste, or we must hence away—
Yet an hour and all is day.

THIRD VERSE

See the clouds of night retire,
Hesper gleams with languid fire;
Quickly, then, our revels join,
The blush of morn is on the brine:
Loit'rers we must hence away,
Yonder breaks the orb of day.

SCRAPS FROM THE GERMAN OF LANGBEIN.

Translated for the New-York Mirror.

THE HERMIT, A FABLE.—A pious hermit, who lived in the solitude of the forest, far from the noise of men, was once wandering through the woods in search of a few wild fruits and berries to make up his frugal meal. He heard a moaning in the grass, and looking down saw a fox, both of whose fore-legs were broken, writhing like a snake on the ground, and apparently starving. The good hermit was about to seek some food for the helpless creature, when an eagle appeared, soaring high overhead, and suddenly let a fowl fall from its talons directly at the feet of the fox. The starving animal seized greedily on the precious prize, and soon made a hearty meal on it. "Ah," exclaimed the pious enthusiast, "this is the finger of God. Why did I distrust his providential care, and wander over hill and dale to seek for my daily food? He who brought food to the mouth of this helpless animal, will surely never forget his servant. Henceforth, I will take no more thought for my body's sustenance, but trust to his goodness, and devote all my time to meditation." True to his resolution, he returned to his cell, and neither plucked the fruits that hung on the trees around him, nor went down to the brook to quench his thirst. Three whole days he lived thus, and was wasting away to a shadow, in the vain hope of a direct interference of heaven. On the evening of the third day, just as he sunk into slumber, thunder rolled through the cave, he saw a form of angelic beauty, and heard a sweet but solemn voice that spoke thus—"Mortal, how feeble is thy understanding! Couldst thou thus misinterpret the lesson contained in the eagle's conduct? Thou art not lame and helpless as was the fox, but art strong and active, like the eagle that gave him food. Him thou wert to imitate, in going about and doing good to others; for know that idleness, even if accompanied by constant prayer, is odious in the sight of the Almighty."

A COQUETTE.—When I hear of a coquette's marriage, I am reminded of the doge's custom of marrying Venice to the sea, which, spite of the ceremony, is as free to all flags as before.

BRIBERY.—Do not blame a judge if he sells justice. It is too rare a commodity to be given away for nothing.

UNDUE SENSIBILITY.—A woman who is always shedding tears must have a good deal of water in her head.

THE COURT POET.—An eastern tale informs us that Alexander the Great had a court poet, whose vanity was fully equal to his talents, as is apt, by the way, to be the case with the votaries of the muses. The poet sought one day the presence of his sovereign, and addressed him thus—"Mighty sovereign, thy fame extends from pole to pole, and thy exploits have been made known in the farthest corners of the habitable globe. But remember, that tradition is fleeting and uncertain, and he who trusts his fame to the tongue of man, will soon be forgotten. Let me celebrate thy exploits in strains worthy of my theme, which may carry down thy name and fame to all ages. Only, as the sons of Phœbus are subject to the same wants as meaner mortals, let me know what thou wilt give me, if I fulfil my task?" The monarch smiled at the mercenary eagerness of the poet, and after a moment's thought, told him that he should have a piece of gold for every good line, and a blow for every bad one. The laureate accepted the conditions, full of confidence that it would rain gold and not blows. But when the work was read, although he got here and there a good many gold pieces, the blows predominated so fearfully, that before he got through the sixth canto, he was a dead man.

THE POLYGAMIST.—The story runs, that once, in the dark ages, a young man was brought before the authorities, charged with having married several wives. When called upon for his defence, "It is true," said he, "most learned judges, that I have married several women, but judge for yourselves whether my object in so doing was not praiseworthy. A man has surely a right, if he buys an article for good, and it turns out to be bad, to reject it. Now I found that the first wife I married was ill-tempered, the second lazy, and the third false, and so forth. All I want is to get a good one, and I shall be satisfied." The bench were puzzled at first at this novel defence, but after a short consultation decreed, that as it would be impossible for the defendant to find a perfect wife, except in the other world, he should be immediately put to death, to enable him to look for one.

AVARICE.—How absurd is avarice in an old man! It is like a man scraping money anxiously together to pay his turnpikes, after he has got to the end of the road.

AMATEUR AUTHORS.—Some dilettanti authors profess that they write and publish only for their own amusement. This is perfectly correct, for it certainly is not for other people's.

LUTHER AND THE DEVIL.—We are told, that when Luther was busy on his version of the Psalms, the Devil came to trouble him, but the reformer flung his inkstand at him, and the fiend flew away Now a-days, it is not the Devil that gets bespattered with ink, but worthy men and good citizens.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.—Falsehood flies swift as the wind, and Truth creeps behind her at a snail's pace But Falsehood makes so many twistings and turnings, that Truth, keeping steadily on, looking neither to the right nor the left, overtakes her before long.

HARSH JUDGMENTS.—If you must form harsh judgments, form them of yourself, not of others; and, in general, begin by attending to your own deficiencies first. If every one would sweep up his own walk, we should have very clean streets.

METAPHYSICIANS.—The speculations of some of our metaphysical writers are as fine and delicate as spiders' webs; like them, too, unfortunately, they catch nothing but flies.

SELF-PRAISE.—When you hear any one making a noise about himself, his merits and his good qualities, remember that the poorest wheel of a wagon always creeks the loudest.

THE WISE MEN OF GREECE —All Greece, populous, refined, and cultivated as it was, could boast of but seven wise men: now-a-days, you can find as many as that in every coffee-room

CONTENTED POVERTY.—Do not sigh for this world's goods, nor lament thy poverty. Out of the meanest hovel thou canst get a sight of heaven.

EXPERIENCE —Experience is the most eloquent of preachers, but she never has a large congregation.

THE GOLDEN AGE —We live not in the golden age indeed, but in an age of gold, for it is all-powerful

ADVERSITY.—We never read of any saint in heaven, who did not have to endure sorrow and suffering in this life

GENERAL POPULARITY.—Never aim at universal popularity, for know, that fools, like nobody but a fool, like themselves.

SILENCE —A fool that holds his tongue is almost a wise man.

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ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

THE ROMAUNT OF THE PAGE.

After the manner of the olden time.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

"The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy
That ever master had."—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

A KNIGHT upon a battle-steed,
And a page on a steed beside,
From the holy war in Palestine,
As slow and thoughtful ride,
As each were a palmer, and told for bead
The dew of the eventide.

"O young page," said the knight,
"A noble page art thou;
And fearing not to steep in blood
The curls upon thy brow
Anon in the tent, and anon in the fight,
Didst ward me a mortal blow!"

"O brave knight," said the page,
Awhile since talkëd we
In tent and field; and then we talked
Of the deadly chivalry;—
But I have not a breath of that battle-rage
To breathe betwixt grass and tree!

"Our friends are far behind;
The calm is very new;
Our steeds, with slow grass-muffled hoofs,
Tread deep the shadows through;
And from leaf to leaf the soul o'the wind
Is sliding with the dew.

"Twice, when a pause was won,
I heard my mother pray!
I heard, sir knight, the prayer for *me*,
Wherein she passed away:
And I know the heavens are leaning down,
To hear what I shall say!"

The page spake calm and high,
As of no mean degree;
Perhaps he felt in nature's broad
Full heart his own was free!
And the knight looked up to his lifted eye,
Then answered smilingly:

"Sir Page, I pray your grace;
Certes, I meant not so
To cross your pastoral mood, Sir Page,
With the crook of the battle-bow:
But a knight may speak of a lady's face,
If the grasses die or grow!

"And this I meant to say—
My ladye's face shall shine,
As ladyes' faces used, to see
My page from Palestine;
Or, speak she fair or prank she gay,
She is no ladye of mine!

"And this I meant to fear—
Her bower may suit thee ill;
For, sooth, in that same field and tent,
Thy *talk* was very still;
And fitter thine hand for my knightly spear,
Than thy tongue for my ladye's will."

Slowly and thankfully
The young page bowed his head;
His large eyes seemed to muse a smile,
Until he blushed instead:
And I ween no ladyê in her bower
Could blush more sudden red!
"Sir Knight, the bower of thy ladyê
Will suit me well," he said.

Beati, beati, mortui!
From the convent on the sea,
Which they pass not very nigh,
Swells the dirge as clear and high,
As over brake and over lea
Bodily the wind did carry
The great altar of St. Mary,
And the fifty tapers burning o'er it,
And the Lady Abbess dead before it,
And the nuns she yesterweek did bless,
Chanting with their steady breath,
Palely chanting because less
They think upon the dead than death!
Beati, beati, mortui!
Now they wander back—away—
The uplands will not let them stay
To dark the western sun—
Mortui! away at last,
Or ere the page's blush is past!
And the knight heard all, and the page heard none.

"A boon, thou noble knight,
If ever I servëd thee;
Though thou art a knight, and I am a page,
Now grant a boon to me!
Now tell me sooth, if dark or bright,
If little loved or loved aright,
Be the face of thy ladyê."

Gloomily looked the knight;—
"As a son thou hast servëd me;
And oh that I never had granted boon
To another saving thee!
For haply then I should love aright,
For then I should know if dark or bright
Were the face of my ladyê.

Yet ill befits it knightly tongue,
To mourn that granted boon!
For her baron-sire avenged the wrong
To the fame of mine, sepulchred long,
By a lying caitiff done—
Who lookëd up the minster nave,
And *dared* to lie; for my father's glaive
Was changed from steel to stone.

The baron's glaive was steel,
(Wo's me that I did not wear it!)
And dashëd unto death the mouth
That wronged his friend anear it.
But as the slanderer fell thereby,
He used the dagger for the lie;
Yea, heart-stabbed by the slanderer sent
To speechless dust, th' avenger went
To join th' avenged's spirit.

"Wail shook the baron's house—
"His true wife shed no tear—
She lay upon her bed as mute
As the baron on his bier:
Till 'Ride, ride fast,' she said at last,
'And bring th' avenged's son anear!
Ride fast, ride free, as a dart can flee,
For white of ble, with waiting for me,
Is the corpse in the next chambère!'

"I came—I knelt beside her bed;
Her calm was sad as strife:
'My husband, for thy father dear,
Hath given, when thou wert not near,
His own, and eke my life.
A boon!—of that sweet child we make
An orphan for thy father's sake,
Make thou, for ours, a wife.'

"I said, 'My steed neighs in the court,
My bark rocks on the brine;
And the warriour's vow, I am under now,
To free the pilgrim's shrine:
But fetch the ring, and call the priest,
And call that daughter of thine;
And rule she wide from my castle on Nyde,
While I am in Palestine.'

"In the dark chambère, if the bride were fair
Ye wis I could not see;
But the steed thrice neighed, and the priest fast prayed,
And wedded fast were we:
Her mother smiled in her bed,
As at its side we knelt to wed—
When the bride rose from her knee,
She kissëd the smile of her mother dead,
Or ere she kissëd me.

"My page, my page, what grieves thee so,
That the tears run down thy face?"
"Alas! what if my own sistêr
Was in thy ladye's case!
But *she* lay down the silks she wore,
And followed him she wed before,
Disguised as his true servitor,
To the very battle-place."

And wept the page, and laughed the knight,
A gay laugh laughëd he:
"Well done it were for thy sistêr,
But not for my ladyê!
No woman bright, my loves requite,
Unwomaned if she be."

The page wept not—he smilëd cold—
"Some wisdoms may declare
That womanhood is provëd best
By golden brooch and glossy vest,
The mincing ladies wear.
Yet almost is it proved as well,
By truth,—or by despair."

No more he smiled, no more he wept,
But passionate he spake,—
"Oh, womanly she prayed in tent,
When none beside did wake!
Oh, womanly she paled in fight,
For one belovëd's sake!

And her little hand defiled with blood,
Her tender tears of womanhood,
Most woman-pure did make!"

"Well done it were for thy sistêr,—
Thou tellest well her tale;
But for my lady she shall pray
I, the kirk of Nyderdale—
No dread for me, but love for me
Shall make my lady pale—
No casque shall hide her woman's tear—
It shall have room to trickle clear
Behind her woman's veil."

"But what if she mistook thy mind,
And followed thee to strife;
Then kneeling asked thee for love,
As Paynims ask for life!"
"I would forgive; and evermore
Would love her as my servitor,
But little as my wife.

"Look up—there is a small bright cloud
Alone amid the skies!
So high, so pure, and so apart
A woman's glory lies."
The page look'd up—the cloud was sheen—
A sadder cloud did rush, I ween,
Betwixt it and his eyes.

And so, his eyes did drop away
From welkin unto hill—
Hà! who ride there?—the page is 'ware,
Though the cry at his heart is still!
The page seeth all, and the knight seeth none,
Though banner and spear do fleck the sun,
And the Paynims ride at will.

He speaketh calm, he speaketh low,—
Now ride, my master, ride;
Or ere within the broadening dark,
The narrow shadows hide!"
"Yea fast, yea fast, my zealous page,
And keep thou at my side."

"Now nay, now nay, my master dear,
Thy faithful page precede—
For I must loose, on saddle-bow,
My battle casque that galleth so
The shoulder of my steed;
And I must pray a vowëd prayer
For one in bitter need.

"Ere night I shall be near to thee—
Now ride, my master, ride!
Ere night, as parted souls are near
The thrice beloved they lovëd here,
I shall be at thy side."
The knight smiled free at the fantasy,
And down the dell did ride.

Had the knight looked up to the page's face,
No smile his words had won;
Had the knight looked up to the page's face
I ween he had never gone:
Had the knight looked back to the page's geste,
I ween he had turn'd anon!
For dread was the wo in the face so young,
And wild was the geste wherewith he flung
Casque, sword, to earth,—and downward sprung,
And stood,—alone, alone.

He clench'd his hands, as if to hold
His soul's great agony;
"Have I renounced my womanhood,
For wifehood unto *thee*—
And is this the last, last look of thine
That ever I shall see!

"Yet God thee save,—and mayst thou have
A ladye to thy mind—
More woman-proud, not faithfuller,
Than one thou leav'st behind!
And God me take with HIM to dwell,—
For HIM I cannot love too well
As I have loved my kind."

She looketh up in earth's despair,
The hopeful heavens to seek—
There floateth still the little cloud
Whereof her love did speak!
How bright the little cloud appears!
Her eyelids fall upon the tears,
And the tears fall down her cheek.

* * * * * * * *

The stroke of hoof, the flash of steel—
The Paynims round her coming!
The sound and sight have made her calm,
False page, but truthful woman;
She stands amid them all unmoved—
The heart once broken by the loved,
Is strong toward the foeman

"Ho! Christian Page! art keeping sheep,
From pouring wine-cups, resting?"
"I keep my master's noble name,
For warring, not for feasting.
And if that here Sir Hubert were,
My master brave, my master dear,
Ye would not stay to question."

"Where is thy master, scornful page,
That we may seize and bind him?"
"Now search the lea, and search the wood,
And see if you can find him!
Nathless, as has been often tried,
Your Paynim heroes faster ride
Before him than behind him."

"Give smoother answers, lying page,
Or perish in the lying."
"I trow, an if the warriour brand
Beside my feet, were in my hand,
'Twere better at replying."—
They cursed her deep, they smote her low,
They cleft her golden ringlets through,—
The loving is the dying!

She felt the cimiter gleam down,
And met it from beneath
With smile more bright in victory
Than any steel from sheath,—
Which glanced across her lip serene,
Most like the spirit-flash between
The darks of life and death!

Ingemisco, ingemisco!
From the convent on the sea!
As over wood and over lea,
Bodily the wind did carry
The great altar of St. Mary,
And the fifty tapers paling o'er it;
And the Lady Abbess stark before it,
And the weary nuns with hearts that faintly
Beat along their voices saintly.
Ingemisco, ingemisco!
That dirge for Abbess laid in shroud,
Sweepeth o'er the shroudless dead
With the dews upon her head,
All as sad, if not as loud.
Ingemisco, ingemisco!
Is ever a lament begun
By mourner underneath the sun,
Which, ere it end, will suit but *one!*

INDIAN TALES AND LEGENDS.

THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR.

BY H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

There once lived an Indian in the north, who had ten daughters, all of whom grew up to womanhood. They were noted for their beauty, but especially Oweenee, the youngest, who was very independent in her way of thinking. She was a great admirer of romantic places, and paid very little attention to the numerous young men who came to her father's lodge for the purpose of seeing her. Her elder sisters were all solicited in marriage from their parents, and one after another went off to dwell in the lodges of their husbands, or mothers-in-law, but she would listen to no proposals of the kind. At last she married an old man called Osseo, who was scarcely able to walk, and was too poor to have things like others. They jeered and laughed at her, on all sides, but she seemed to be quite happy, and said to them, "It is my choice, and you will see in the end who has acted the wisest." Soon after, the sisters and their husbands and their parents were all invited to a feast, and as they walked along the path, they could not help pitying their young and handsome sister, who had such an unsuitable mate. Osseo often stopped and gazed upwards, but they could perceive nothing in the direction he looked, unless it was the faint glimmering of the evening star. They heard him muttering to himself as they went along, and one of the elder sisters caught the words, "Sho-wain-ne-me-shin-nosa." "Poor old man," said she, "he is talking to his father, what a pity it is that he would not fall and break his neck, that our sister might have a handsome young husband." Presently they passed a large hollow log, lying with one end toward the path. The moment Osseo, who was of the turtle totem, came to it, he stopped short, uttered a loud and peculiar yell, and then dashing into one end of the log, he came out at the other, a most beautiful young man, and springing back to the road, he led off the party with steps as light as the reindeer. But on turning round to look for his wife, behold, she had been changed into an old, decrepit woman, who was bent almost double, and walked with a cane. The husband, however, treated her very kindly, as she had done him during the time of his enchantment, and constantly addressed her by the term of ne-ne-moosh-a, or my sweetheart.

When they came to the hunter's lodge with whom they were to feast, they found the feast ready prepared, and as soon as their entertainer had finished his harangue, (in which he told them his feasting was in honour of the Evening, or Woman's Star,) they began to partake of the portion dealt out, according to age and character, to each one. The food was very delicious, and they were all happy but Osseo, who looked at his wife, and then gazed upward, as if he was looking into the substance of the sky. Sounds were soon heard, as if from far-aff voices in the air, and they became plainer and plainer, till he could clearly distinguish some of the words.

"My son—my son," said the voice, "I have seen your afflictions and pity your wants. I come to call you away from a scene that is stained with blood and tears. The earth is full of sorrows. Giants and sorcerers, the enemies of mankind, walk abroad in it, and are scattered throughout its length. Every night they are lifting their voices to the Power of Evil, and every day they make themselves busy in casting evil in the hunter's path. You have long been their victim, but shall be their victim no more. The spell you were under is broken. Your evil genius is overcome. I have cast him down by my superiour strength, and it is this strength I now exert for your happiness. Ascend my son—ascend into the skies, and partake of the feast I have prepared for you in the stars, and bring with you those you love.

"The food set before you is enchanted and blessed. Fear not to partake of it. It is endowed with magic-power to give immortality to mortals, and to change men to spirits. Your bowls and kettles shall be no longer wood and earth. The one shall become silver, and the other wampum. They shall shine like fire, and glisten like the most beautiful scarlet. Every female shall also change her state and looks, and no longer be doomed to laborious tasks. She shall put on the beauty of the star-light, and become a shining bird of the air, clothed with shining feathers. She shall dance and not work—she shall sing and not cry."

"My beams," continued the voice, "shine faintly on your lodge, but they have a power to transform it into the lightness of the skies, and decorate it with the colours of the clouds. Come, Osseo, my son, and dwell no longer on earth. Think strongly on my words, and look steadfastly at my beams. My power is now at its height. Doubt not—delay not. It is the voice of the Spirit of Stars that calls you away to happiness and celestial rest."

The words were intelligible to Osseo, but his companions thought them some far-off sounds of music, or birds singing in the woods. Very soon the lodge began to shake and tremble, and they felt it rising into the air. It was too late to run out, for they were already as high as the tops of the trees. Osseo looked around him as the lodge passed through the topmost boughs, and behold! their wooden dishes were changed into shells of a scarlet colour, the poles of the lodge to glittering wires of silver, and the bark that covered them into the gorgeous wings of insects. A moment more, and his brothers and sisters, and their parents and friends, were transformed into birds of various plumage. Some were jays, some partridges and pigeons, and others gay singing-birds, who hopped about displaying their glittering feathers, and singing their songs. But Oweenee still kept her earthly garb, and exhibited all the indications of extreme age. He again cast his eyes in the direction of the clouds, and uttered that peculiar yell, which had given him the victory at the hollow log. In a moment the youth and beauty of his wife returned; her dingy garments assumed the shining appearance of green silk, and her cane was changed into a silver feather. The lodge again shook and trembled, for they were now passing through the uppermost clouds, and they immediately after found themselves in the Evening Star, the residence of Osseo's father.

"My son," said the old man, "hang that cage of birds, which you have brought along in your hand, at the door, and I will inform you why you and your wife have been sent for." Osseo obeyed the directions, and then took his seat in the lodge. "Pity was shown to you," resumed the king of the star, "on account of the contempt of your wife's sister, who laughed at her ill-fortune, and ridiculed you while you were under the power of that wicked spirit, whom you overcame at the log. That spirit lives in the next lodge, being a small star you see on the left of mine, and he has always felt envious of my family, because we had greater power than he had, and especially on account of our having had the care committed to us of the female world. He failed in several attempts to destroy your brothers-in-law and your sisters-in-law, but succeeded at last in transforming yourself and your wife into decrepit old persons You must be careful, and not let the light of his beams fall on you, while you are here, for therein is the power of his enchantment; a ray of light is the bow and arrows he uses."

Osseo lived happy and contented in the parental lodge, and in due time his wife presented him with a son, who grew up rapidly, and was the image of his father. He was very quick and ready in learning everything that was done in his grandfather's dominions, but he wished also to learn the art of hunting, for he had heard that this was a favourite pursuit below. To gratify him, his father made him a bow and arrows, and he then let the birds out of the cage, that he might practise in shooting. He soon became expert, and the very first day brought down a bird, but when he went to pick it up, to his amazement, it was a beautiful young woman with the arrow sticking in her breast. It was one of his young *aunts*. The moment her blood fell upon the surface of that pure and spotless planet, the charm was dissolved. The boy immediately found himself sinking, but was partly upheld, by something like wings, till he passed through the lower clouds, and he then suddenly dropped upon a high, romantic island, in a large lake. He was pleased on looking up, to see all his aunts and uncles following him in the form of birds, and he soon discovered the silver lodge, with his father and mother, descending with its waving barks looking like so many insects' gilded wings. It rested on the highest cliffs of the island, and here they fixed their residence. They all resumed their natural *shapes*, but were diminished to the *size* of fairies, and, as a mark of homage to the king of the Evening Star, they never failed, on every pleasant evening, during the summer season, to join hands, and dance upon the top of the rocks. These rocks were quickly observed by the Indians to be covered, in moonlight evenings, with a large sort of Puk Wudj Ininees, or little men, and were called Mish-in-e-mok-in-ok-ong, or turtle spirits, and the island is named from them to this day. Their shining lodge can be seen in the summer evenings when the moon shines strongly on the pinnacles of the rocks, and the fishermen, who go near those high cliffs at night, have even heard the voices of the happy little dancers.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

LORD BYRON.

I have seen Lord Byron; and am disappointed. But so it ever is, when we have heard exaggerated accounts of a person; or when, worse still, we have formed a *beau idéal* of him. Yet most people would be more than satisfied with Byron's appearance, and captivated by his manner; for the first is highly prepossessing, and the second is graceful, animated, and cordial. Why then has he disappointed my expectations? and why is it, that on thinking of those portions of his writings that have most delighted me, I cannot figure the man I have seen as their author. No, the sublime passages in "Childe Harold," and "Manfred," cannot be associated, in my mind, with the lively, brilliant conversationist that I this day saw. *They* still belong, in my fancy, to the more grave and dignified individual, that I had conceived their author to have been; an individual resembling Phillips' portrait of Byron, but paler and more thoughtful. I can imagine the man I saw as the author of "Beppo" and "Don Juan." He is witty, sarcastic, and lively enough for these works; but he does not look like my preconceived notion of the melancholy poet. Well, I never will again allow myself to form an ideal of any person I desire to see; for disappointment never fails to ensue. And yet there are moments when Byron's countenance is "shadowed o'er with the pale cast of thought," and, at such moments, his head might well serve as a model for a sculptor or painter's ideal of a poet; but, in an instant, an arch smile replaces the pensive character of his countenance, and some observation, half fun and half malice, chases the sombre and more respectful feelings, which were beginning to exist for him. His head is peculiarly well-shaped, the forehead high, open, and highly indicative of intellectual power; his eyes are gray and expressive, one is visibly larger than the other; the nose looks handsome in profile, but in front is somewhat clumsy; the eyebrows are well defined and flexible; and the mouth is faultless, the upper lip being of Grecian shortness, and both as finely chiselled, to use an artist's phrase, as those of an antique statue. There is a scornful expression in the latter feature that does not deteriorate from its beauty, and which is not assumed, as many people have supposed, but is caused by the peculiarity of its formation. His chin is large, but well shaped, and not at all fleshy, and finishes well his face, which is of an oval form. His hair has already much of silver among its dark brown curls; its texture is very silky, and although it retreats from his temples, leaving his forehead very bare, its growth at the sides and back of his head is abundant I have seldom seen finer teeth than Lord Byron's, and never a smoother or more fair skin, for though very pale, he is not the pallor of ill health, but the fairness peculiar to persons of thoughtful dispositions. He is so exceedingly thin, that his figure has an almost boyish air; and yet there is something so striking in his whole appearance, that could not be mistaken for an ordinary person.

This description is perfectly exact, and would convey the impression of more than usual personal attractions, which Lord Byron may certainly claim; and yet his appearance has, nevertheless, fallen short of my expectations. I do not think that I should have observed his lameness, had my attention not been called to it by his own visible consciousness of this infirmity—a consciousness that gives a *gauncherie* to his movements: yet, even now, I am not aware which foot is the deformed one. His are the smallest male hands I ever saw; finely shaped, delicately white, and the nails, *couleur de rose*, showing pearly half moons at the bottom, and so polished, that they resemble those delicate pink shells we find on the sea-coast. He owes less than any one of my acquaintance to his toilet, for his clothes are calculated to disfigure, rather than to adorn him, being old-fashioned and fitting ill. His voice and accent are particularly clear and harmonious, but somewhat effeminate; and his enunciation is so distinct that, though his general tone in speaking is low, not a word is lost. His laugh is musical, but he rarely indulged in it during our interview; and when he did, it was quickly followed by a graver aspect, as if he liked not this exhibition of hilarity. Were I asked to point out the prominent defect of Byron's manner, I should pronounce it to be a flippancy incompatible with the notion we attach to the author of Childe Harold and Manfred; and a want of the self-possession and dignity that ought to charactertize a man of birth and genius. Notwithstanding this defect, his manners are very fascinating—more so, perhaps, than if they were dignified; but he is too gay, too flippant for a poet.

He was very indignant at some attacks against him, copied into Galignani's journal from an American newspaper. How strange it seems to me that a mind like his could be thus moved by such attacks! When did celebrity ever escape similar assaults? and why not attribute them to their true source, envy, and jealousy of that mental superiority, which, not admitting the possibility of being doubted, is in general fated to be an object of hostility. This susceptibility to annoyance under attack from such frivolous sources, is the most striking instance of weakness that I have observed in this gifted and remarkable man; and is, I think, to be attributed to the state of nervous excitement to which he has reduced himself by severe abstinence and mental labour. I have endeavoured to convince him, that by allowing his feelings to be wounded by anonymous enmity, proceeding as it always must from some contemptible adversary, he leaves his peace of mind open to all scribblers, who, jealous of his fame, or vindictive against his politics, adopt this mode of venting their spleen. Byron is very partial to the Americans, and was consequently the more piqued by the censure on him conveyed in one of their newspapers; foolishly imagining the ill-natured comments of some unknown, and probably obscure writer, to be the opinion of the mass of the people.—*Lady Blessington's Idler in Italy.*

ETHIOPIAN WISEACRES.

Sam Jonsing and Pete Gumbo were walking up Camp-street last evening; on passing the old Camp-street theatre their eyes were suddenly arrested by the handbill of the new grand lottery stuck in front of the theatre. As reading and writing were branches not taught in the school where they got their "educate," the darkies at once concluded the old place was about to open.

"Whooh! look dar Sam Jonsing," said Pete; "I declar if dey haint opened de Camp agin."

"Well, so dey has, Pete—dats a fack. I wonder wat dey plays to-night, kase I's a notion ob gowin?"

"Dat's more'n I can say. I rader 'speck, howeber, dars a good deal ob scenery and decoration about him, kase I see so much small print in de bill. If dey'd only print him wid larger letters I could catch de hang ob de piece a good deal better. You sees dey neber larn us de use ob de small print war I went to school."

"Ya, ya, ya! no, guess not, nor de big kind eider; needn't try to fool dis child wid your larnin'. But, I say, I'd like to find out wat dé performances is dis ebning. Dar's Stebe Banjo; he's got de adwantage ob an illiberal edmucashun. P'raps he can gib us some items."

"Well, so he can; he's jes de child," said Pete. "Look heer, Stebe, I say, can't you jes explanify to us what de play is to-night?"

"Wat de play is dis ebenn?" said Steve.

"Ezackly," returned Pete

"To-night you has reverence to?" continued Steve, working his capacious mouth, and trying to spell some of the large letters which adorn the head of the bill and looking very sagacious all the while.

"In course, to-night," returned Pete.

"Well, I guess it is," said Steve, trying to gain more time.

"Is wat?" said Sam Jonsing, who now began to grow inquisitive.

"Wy, wy—yes, dat's it—its de farce ob de Lottery Ticket, wid seberal oder pieces too teedyous to mention. Wen I sees de small bills I'll let you know more about him."

Perfectly satisfied, all parties now turned their way homewards.—*New-Orleans Picayune.*

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

From the German of Uhland.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

"Hast thou seen that lordly castle,
That castle by the sea?
Golden and red above it
The clouds float gorgeously.

"And fain it would stoop downward
To the mirror'd wave below;
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening's crimson glow.

"'Well have I seen that castle,
That castle by the sea,
And the moon above it standing
And the mist rise solemnly.'

"'The winds and the waves of ocean
Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers
The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?

"'The winds and the waves of ocean
They rested quietly,
But I heard on the gale, a sound of wail,
And the tears came to my eye.'

"And sawest thou on the turrets
The king and his royal bride?
And the wave of their crimson mantles?
And the golden crown of pride?

"Led they not forth in rapture
A beauteous maiden there?
Resplendent as the morning sun
Beaming with golden hair?

"'Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow, in weeds of wo,
No maiden was by their side!'"

BEAUTIES OF SAM SLICK.

DIGBY.—Digby is a charming little town. It is the Brighton of Nova Scotia, the resort of the valetudinarians of New-Brunswick, who take refuge here from the unrelenting fogs, hopeless sterility, and calcareous waters of St. John. About as pretty a location this for business, said the clockmaker, as I know on in this country. Digby is the only safe harbour from Blomedown to Briar Island. Then there is that everlastin' long river runnin' away from the wharves here almost across to Minas Basin, bordered with dykes and interval, and backed up by good upland. A nice, dry, pleasant place for a town, with good water, good air, and the best herrin' fishery in America.

THE FINE ARTS.—Poetry is the music of words; music is the poetry of sounds, and paintin' is the poetry of colours: what a sweet, interestin' family they be, ain't they? We must locate, domesticate, acclimate, and fraternate them among us

FASHIONABLE LIFE.—There were mirrors and vases, and lamps, and pictures, and crinkum crankums, and notions of all sorts and sizes in it. It looked like a bazaar a'most, it was filled with such an everlastin' sight of curosities. The room was considerable dark too, for the blinds was shut, and I was skear'd to move for fear o' doin' mischief. Presently in comes Ahab, slowly sailin' in, like a boat droppin' down stream in a calm, with a pair o' purple slippers on, and a figured silk dressin' gound, and carrying a'most a beautiful bound book in his hand.

BOOKS OF TRAVELS.—All they got to do is, up Hudson like a shot, into the lakes full split, off to Mississippi and down to New-Orleans full chisel, back to New-York and up killock and home in a liner, and write a book. They have a whole stock of notes. Spittin'—gougin'—lynchin'—burnin' alive—steamboats blowed up—snags—slavery—stealin'—Texas,—state-prisons—men talk slow—women talk loud—both walk fast—chat in steamboats and stage-coaches—anecdotes, and so on. Then out comes a book.

THE TOOTH BUSINESS.—The tooth business, said I; what is that? Do you mean to say you are a dentist? No, said he, laughing; the tooth business is pickin' up experience. Whenever a feller is considerable cute with us, we say he has cut his eye teeth, he's tolerable sharp; and the study of this I call the tooth business.

ANNAPOLIS.—I'll gist ask ax to-morrow all about her, for folks have pretty cute ears in Annapolis; there ain't a smack of a kiss that ain't heard all over town in two twos, and sometimes they think they heer 'em even afore they happen. Its most a grand place for news, like all other small places I ever seed.

GOOD EXAMPLE.

The emperour of China determined, if possible, to put a stop to the opium trade, which it appears has been carried on for a long time by the English merchants, greatly to the injury of his subjects, having committed greater ravages upon health, morals, property, and lives in China, than ardent spirits have in this country; has finally empowered a man by the name of Linn to proceed to Canton, clothed with power adequate to any emergency. In order that he may be understood and properly appreciated, this man was furnished with an imperial seal, which invests the holder with all the despotic power of the emperour, and which has been seldom intrusted to high officers of state The following paragraph, from the New-York Journal of Commerce, will enable our readers to judge as to the final result of the mission, which if fully carried into effect, as it no doubt will be, will prove a great blessing to the Chinese people. "The amount of opium given up to the Chinese government was no less than twenty thousand two hundred and eighty-three chests, valued at three millions of pounds sterling, or near fifteen millions of dollars! This includes the opium belonging to the subjects or citizens of other nations than Great Britain, and we presume they made clean work. Both in a commercial and moral point of view, the event is of great importance. The next arrival from Canton will be awaited with much interest. The foreign residents appear to have been still in confinement at the date above mentioned."

THE OGNUM TORUM WRIT.

In 1827, when North Mississippi was cleared of the Indians partially, the whole of this country was then called Yazoo county, extending over one hundred and fifty miles square. The law had not taken effect for want of organization, except in the militia. One Colonel Casson commanded in his regiment the whole country, and he was all the officer, either civil or military, that lived in that whole tract of country. The country, as was to be expected, was filled up with a horde of trifling fellows, and thieves, and the like. About this time there were missing two horses in the neighbourhood, and Colonel Casson called a meeting of the citizens generally, to consult on the best measures in relation to it. Accordingly, a large collection met at the house of the colonel, on Big Black, (where Holmes' county now is) and called the colonel to the chair. Suspicion soon fell upon a young man by the name of Dobson, who was not present. After consulting and discussing on the subject, pro and con, it was agreed that Dobson should be brought forward for trial. An old gentleman, rather more intelligent than his contemporaries, asked if the meeting could hold him? Colonel Casson drew down his eyebrows in a dignified manner, as if casting about in his mind previous to giving "the opinion of the court," and said, "Gentlemen, I will issue an Ognum Torum Writ, and have him corporally before me." "But what kind of a writ is that, colonel?" said the old man, with caution. "It is a writ," said the colonel, gravely, "to take him as well where he aint, as where he is, and have him corporally before us." This was satisfactory to the meeting, and six men were despatched with this awful writ, who returned in about an hour with the renowned Dobson in strings. He was arraigned—witnesses sworn—but no evidence of a secondary nature could be obtained; yet after taking the vote, a majority found him guilty. The colonel then put on an awfully solemn visage, and said, "Isaac Dobson! by authority of the ninth section of laws in these cases, I pass sentence of death upon you—to be hung by the neck till you are dead, *dead*, DEAD: not for stealing horses, but that horses may not be stolen." That evening Dobson was led to a black-jack, and hung according to the sentence of "the court," admitting that he had stolen the horses, and that he intended to have taken them to Red River Raft, and acknowledged the justice of his sentence. This country is now well settled, and divided into twenty counties; but, the old colonel was heard the other day to say, "These are shocking times—a man must be tried three or four days for stealing and the like, then get clear by some quirk in the law, when he stole the horse as plain as the nose on my face—I will go to Texas, and git among civilized folks"

THE COMMANCHES OF TEXAS.

The Commanches claim to be the lineal descendants of the empire of Montezuma, and the only legitimate owners of the whole Mexican country. The chief said, that when Cortez landed in Mexico, he found the country torn to pieces by internal factions, and was enabled, by employing the disaffected, to raise a force to seize upon the capital. Those chiefs believed, if they could destroy the power of Montezumá, they could easily despatch the Spaniards, and have the control of the country in their own hands. But too late they ascertained that they had introduced a harder master, and that unconditional servitude was all they had to expect. They were required to change their ancient religion, and thousands of them were sent off to work in the mines, from which they rarely ever made their escape. A great proportion of them bound their neck to the conqueror, and became serfs and slaves to the Spaniards; but a few, the best and noblest part, preferred exile to servitude, and set out on a pilgrimage to the north, in hopes to find a land where they could enjoy their ancient institutions in peace.

They travelled for many weeks, and at last came to the great river of the north, the Rio Grande, where they encamped, and sent out twenty chosen men to examine the adjacent country. They crossed the great river and ascended one of the highest peaks of the mountain, which overlooked the adjoining plain. The prairie was covered with buffalo, deer, and antelopes, and they thought they had reached the happy hunting ground, and the word Tehas! Tehas! Tehas! burst from every tongue. It was decided unanimously that it should be their future home, and the country should go by the name apparently furnished them by the Great Spirit.

Tehas is the Commanche name for the residence of the happy spirits in the world where they shall enjoy an eternal felicity, and have plenty of deer and buffalo always at hand. By taking the sound as they pronounce it, and giving it the Spanish orthography, it gives us the word "*Texas*," which is the "*Happy Hunting Ground*;" or the "*Elysium*" of the Commanches. This is a true history of the name, as derived from Isowacany himself.

ILLINOIS PRAIRIES.

Prairie is a French word signifying meadow, and is applied to any description of soil, destitute of timber and clothed with grass. The great peculiarity of the prairies is the absence of timber, in other respects they present all the varieties of soil and surface that are found elsewhere: some are of inexhaustible fertility, others are of hopeless sterility: some spread out into vast, unbounded plains, others are undulating or rolling, perhaps broken by hills. In general, particularly in Illinois, they are covered with a luxuriant growth of grass.

Those strips of prairie that occur along the margins of watercourses are commonly denominated alluvial or wet prairies. They are for the most part of a black, deep and very friable soil of exhaustless fertility, and contain evident marks of having been the most recent deposits of running water. A strip of land along the eastern bank of the Mississippi, below the mouth of the Missouri, known as the American bottom, is perhaps the most remarkable specimen of such a prairie. For most agricultural purposes, these are considered the best of soils, but are ordinarily too tender for the cultivated grasses. Yet the height and luxuriance of their native grass impresses the beholder with astonishment.

Another kind of prairie, covered with hazel and a great variety of flowering shrubbery, is commonly termed the healthy or bushy prairie. These present a broken and uneven surface, and abound in springs of water. They usually are met with along the skirts of timbered lands. In point of fertility, they are among the choicest portions of soil. Nowhere are flowers of the gayest hue and sweetest fragrance to be found in richer profusion.

Such tracts seem peculiarly adapted to the culture of the vine.

But by far the most extensive tracts are the dry and undulating prairie.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

ENTRANCE INTO LIFE.

IT is doing a service to mankind to destroy the prejudice which is generally entertained, that youth is educated, when some care has been taken of their infancy. This prejudice, besides other bad effects of it, suspends the zeal of that small number of individuals in the middle rank of life, who wish to give their children the best education they possibly can. From a false notion that the minds of young persons are formed at a very early period, they suffer them to be their own masters at a time when they stand most in need of a guide, to direct them in the course of the most important period of their education, by the wisdoms of his counsels, the gentleness of his insinuations, and the force of his example. Few persons, in their infancy, learn the art of employing and governing themselves; and it is very difficult to learn it till the faculties of the mind are full blown, and the character has taken its true bias. When young persons, therefore, are entering upon the tempestuous ocean of human life, then is the time when they must be taught the pilot's art, the manner of steering their course, so as to avoid rocks and quicksands. A philosopher might begin to take the charge of education, at a time when the vulgar think it finished. Many persons are capable of educating children in the ordinary method; there are few, very few, who are capable of *forming men*.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

Madame Necker relates the following anecdote of M. Abauret, a philosopher of Geneva:—"It was said of him that he never had been out of temper: some persons, by means of his female servant, were determined to put this to the proof. The woman in question stated that she had been his servant for thirty years, and she protested that during that time she had never seen him in a passion. They promised her a sum of money if she would endeavour to make him angry; she consented, and knowing he was particularly fond of having his bed well made, she on the day appointed neglected to make it. M. Abauret observed it, and the next morning made the observation to her, she answered that she had forgotten it; she said nothing more, but on the same evening she again neglected to make the bed; the same observation was made on the morrow by the philosopher, and she again made some such excuse in a cooler manner than before. On the third day he said to her, 'you have not yet made my bed; you have apparently come to some resolution on the subject, as you probably found it fatigued you. But after all it is of no great consequence, as I begin to accustom myself to it as it is.' She threw herself at his feet and avowed all to him."

SLEEP.

There is a kind of sleep that steals upon us sometimes, which, while it holds the body prisoner, does not free the mind from a sense of things about it, but enables it to ramble as it pleases. So far as an overpowering heaviness, a prostration of strength, and an utter inability to control our thoughts or power of motion, can be called sleep, this is it; and yet we have a consciousness of all that is going on about us, and even if we dream, words which are really spoken, or sounds which really exist at the moment, accommodate themselves with surprising readiness to our visions, until reality and imagination become so strangely blended that it is afterwards almost a matter of impossibility to separate the two. Nor is this the most striking phenomenon incidental to such a state. It is an ascertained fact, that although our senses of touch and sight be for the time dead, yet our sleeping thoughts, and the visionary scenes that pass before us, will be influenced, and materially influenced, by the *mere silent presence* of some external object which may not have been near us when we closed our eyes, and of whose vicinity we have had no waking consciousness.

REMORSE

We need be careful how we deal with those about us, for every death carries with it to some small circle of survivers thoughts of so much omitted and so little done; of so many things forgotten, and so many more which might have been repaired, that such recollections are among the bitterest we can have. There is no remorse so deep as that which is unavailing; if we would be spared its tortures, let us remember this in time. Men who look on nature and their fellow men, and cry that all is dark and gloomy, are in the right; but the sombre colours are reflected from their own jaundiced eyes and hearts. The real hues are delicate, and require a clear vision.

DEATH.

Alas! how few of Nature's faces there are to gladden us with their beauty? The cares, and sorrows, and hungerings of the world change them as they change hearts, and it is only when those passions sleep, and have lost their hold for ever, that the troubled clouds pass off, and leave heaven's surface clear. It is a common thing for the countenances of the dead, even in that fixed and rigid state, to subside into the long-forgotten expression of sleeping infancy, and settle into the very look of early life; so calm, so peaceful do they grow again, that those who knew them in their happy childhood kneel by the coffin's side in awe, and see the angel even upon earth.

PUBLIC OPINION.

When a nation changes its opinion and habits of thinking, it is no longer to be governed as before: but it would not only be wrong, but bad policy, to attempt by force what ought to be accomplished by reason. Rebellion consists in forcibly opposing the general will of a nation, whether by a party or by a government. There ought, therefore, to be in every nation, a method of occasionally ascertaining the states of public opinion, with respect to government.

FATE.

Misery is thine agent, and affliction is thy messenger; but as night is succeeded by day, and cold by warmth, so hath every evil a twin blessing.

THE REALLY IGNORANT.

He that does not know those things which are of use and necessary for him to know, is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

ON THE DECAY OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

BY A MAN BORN OUT OF SEASON.

A GREAT outcry is made now-a-days by many self-satisfied and pseudo-scientific folks about how sensible and well-informed we are as compared with our ancestors, whom they ungratefully look down upon as ignoramuses, steeped to the lips in barbarism and superstition.

This is not modest.

Every state of society has its good and its evil—its evil and its good. There is never any *complete* change for the better. We never make a great gain but we lose a little. We may be, and are, a great deal better off than those who have gone before us in many respects. We are clear of feudalism and all its pleasant accompaniments of dungeons, chains, gibbets, and other implements of high-handed oppression; yet our frame and constitution of society has its plague-spots as well as theirs. We may be wiser—and again, a great portion of our self-styled knowledge may be little better than foolishness.

There was a time when the world was full of strange marvels. Earth, air, and fresh water swarmed with the supernatural, and the salt was full of mermaids. Gnomes laboured in the dark mine, and sylphs floated like motes in the sunbeam. Witches danced upon the "blasted heath," and at eventide the tinkling of fairy bells was heard on the green hill-side, and the gambols of the "elfin folk" were dimly visible in the gray of morning or the uncertainty of twilight. Demons walked the dark forest, and kelpies haunted the sullen pool; and hill, and stream, and glen, and greenwood, had its appropriate unearthly existences. Sadly beset, in those days, were belated wights with other spirits than whiskey; and maidens fair, in addition to the ordinary assaults of deceitful men, were sore troubled and perplexed by the guiles and wiles of beings who were not of "the earth earthly." Wicked old women left the "gude, gudeman" asleep in his quiet cottage, mounted their broomsticks, had a carouse with the warlocks of Lapland, and were back ere day-break; and the spirits of the departed glided in the wan moonlight around the scene of their wrongs and sufferings, pointing to where blood had been shed, or ill-gotten gold concealed.

Spectacles were invented. People put them on, looked closer into matters, and found those things were not so.

"We are much wiser than our ancestors," quoth they—"a very great deal wiser."

But knowledge is not all clear gain. They robbed themselves, did those wise folks, of many spirit-stirring legends, and wild, and fanciful, and pleasant illusions, by their impertinent habits of investigation.

And, after all, they found they could not do without the beliefs, falsely called vulgar—for in nine cases out of ten there was no vulgarity about them—of the past. Though they discarded them as facts, and burned or drowned no more old women on hypothetical evidence, they were obliged to retain them to a certain extent, and give them at least a poetical credence: and in all lands, east, west, north, and south, wherever those beliefs have been most rife, poetry has most abounded, not only in the expression of the gifted few, but in the general prevalence of the sentiment hallowing the popular mind.

And in good truth, viewing it in a moral, rather than a poetical point of view—if the two can be easily separated—it may gravely be questioned whether the decay in the faith of local and national superstitions has been *altogether* productive of good, more especially in uninformed minds where the place of that faith has not been supplied by higher and purer spiritual views. Knowledge, like medicine, ought to be carefully administered. When retailed in small portions, particularly if it be almost exclusively of a mechanical or purely scientific character, it generates a self-complacency and hardness of mind in the recipients that is anything but satisfactory. This is a good deal the state in which society is at present, and to which it is in a still greater degree tending. The supernatural existences of old are exploded as the gross beliefs of a dark and ignorant age—the various phenomena of nature are explained to half-understanding minds by "cold, material laws," and where a belief in the spiritual, based on safer and surer grounds has not been inculcated, a vulgar incredulity, most anti-poetical, immoral, and unamiable, is almost sure to be the result. People do not choose to believe anything but what can be demonstrated. They are too knowing to be taken in, forsooth! Witches and goblins have been proved to be fabulous, why not all spiritual existences, whether of good or evil? Far more frequently now than of yore does the loquacious mechanic, and the ale-inspired ploughman, make the city tavern and the village inn ring with the coarse and

> ———"Ruffian boast,
> That he believes in neither God nor ghost."

The good of this is not at all perceptible. A belief in the most absurd superstitions is preferable to this villanous skepticism.

They had their salutary effects too, those antiquated notions; the more especially in a wild and unsettled state of society, where the visitation of crime by legal justice was extremely problematical. In such a state, where the comparatively uncurbed and vindictive passions of men were called into frequent and furious action, and the chance of immediate punishment was but small, it was most salutary that a powerful though undefined feeling of retributive justice should pervade the mind. It was well that ghosts were thought to walk the earth, waiting for, or pointing the way to vengeance; that the stain of blood was judged ineffaceable; that the corpse of the murdered bled afresh at the approach of the murderer; that the spirits of evil unceasingly dogged the homicide to destruction; in short, that the feeling universally prevailed which Macbeth so fearfully expresses:

> "*It* will have blood; *they say*, blood *will* have blood:
> Stones have been *known* to move and trees to speak;
> Augurs, and understood relations, have,
> By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
> The secret'st man of blood!"

They, therefore, who amuse themselves by laughing at the absurd and ridiculous superstitions of the past, laugh unthinkingly, or, if not unthinkingly, unwisely. The superstitions were well fitted for the *then* framework of society; and could any learned and scientific body of Solomons have had the power of removing them before that society was gradually changed, evil would have come of it instead of good.

And what good is it to us of the present pragmatical and self-sufficient generation that such beliefs *have* existed? We are hard, and cold, and unimaginative animals enough as it is; but what would we have been without the lays and legends and traditions and romances of the past. Where would have been *our* poets?—for it is by being fed with such mental nutriment that nearly all true poets are made. Where would have been Shakspeare and two-thirds of the old dramatists? Where would have been Coleridge, and more especially where would have been Scott? And there would have been no translation of the Arabian Nights! We would have been a parcel of thoroughly mercenary and contemptible fellows,

> "Crawling between heaven and earth,"

with our eyes unceasingly bent towards the latter, instead of occasionally glancing towards the former. With the heavy pressure of mechanical science upon those our times, it requires all the imaginative sustenance we can possibly get to prevent matter from predominating over mind, and save us from retrograding and descending in the scale of intellectual being.

In most nations the quantity and quality of their poetry in general, and their romantic poetry in particular, is in fair proportion with the dearth or abundance of the popular superstitions of their ancestors. Look at the dreamy, and apparently heavy and stupid Germans; what glorious legends have they furnished with their fire-kings—their wood and water spirits—their wild yagers—their demons of the Hartz, and nymphs of the Rhine! and cross that Rhine, to quick, volatile, and airy France, and where, on the European continent, do you find a land, of the same extent, so destitute of old beliefs and gray traditions, and, at the same time, a people making such high pretensions to intellectual superiority, with such a paucity of anything worthy the name of poetry?—a land, in fact—

> "Whose creaking lyre
> Is whetstone to the teeth—monotony in wire!"

France *might* have furnished Congreves in abundance, but there could never have been a French Shakspeare, a French Scott, or a French Goethe.

Spain, it is true, had not many national superstitions; but Spain, perhaps, of all European countries, could best afford to do without them in the formation of a poetical character. For centuries, from the defeat of Don Roderick to the discovery of America, her career was a splendid romance. Her every-day life was a romance. Her ordinary state of society was as the grouping of a picture or the arrangement of a drama. The Moorish invasion gave rise to spirit-stirring actions and emotions innumerable, which found their natural vent in legend and song. Antagonist principles were unceasingly in operation in the born and inbred hatred of two distinct and jealous races to each other, at the same time that the strong under-current of human feelings and affections not unfrequently broke down all barriers of birth and faith, and placed the various actors in the shifting scenes in most picturesque and dramatic contact. The two nations fought for power, for the land they trod, and for the supremacy of the crescent or the cross. This was the main plot or design of the great drama or epic; while branching from it were episodes without number, of the most intense interest. The Christian knight was found at the lattice of the Moorish lady, and the gallant Moor at the feet of the Spanish Donna. The course of true love, perhaps, never ran less smoothly, and thousands of perilous adventures and hair-breadth escapes, mingled with noble courtesies and generous actions, were the consequence. There was small fear of a prosaic tameness settling on such a land as this, and therefore, despite the absence of what may be called a common-life mythology, Spain maintained, and maintains, a high station as a land of song.

England, as far as romantic poetry is concerned, is, it must be admitted, flat and commonplace, in comparison with her misty mountain neighbour, to whom she has been largely indebted for this species of composition, as well as to Ireland. Popular superstitions never took such a hold in her level and fertile soil as amid the wilds and fastnesses of the land of the "mountain and the flood;" and the lower orders of her people, at this day, are inferior in poetic susceptibility to those of either Scotland or Ireland.

America, too, is sadly lost in this respect. As a nation, she has not emerged from the shadowy past. She sprang from an advanced state of society, and reached maturity without ever having known an intellectual infancy. She has, it is true, the superstitions and traditions of her noble tribes of Indians, at second hand, but even of those her writers have not sufficiently availed themselves.

England and America being, then, both somewhat deficient in the materials for a romantic order of poetry, and being, at the same time, the greatest manufacturing and commercial nations in the world, instead of derding and lightly laughing at the superstitions and traditions of the past, ought to nurse and cherish them, and by all means to encourage a love for the romantic in poetry, as the best counterbalance to the flat and practical modes of thinking likely to be generated by their triumphs in mechanics. The supernatural, at least in poetical belief, ought to be cultivated as a balance to spinning-jennies and locomotives; else it may happen, in course of time, that we may become a cold, skeptical, mercenary, money-making, money-scraping set of fellows, going round in the ordinary routine of business like a blind horse in a mill—wedded to the near and present—without even a desire for the intellectual and the natural—or without a thought that we are each the possessor of a spirit that belongs to another world besides that on which we eat our dinners and keep our accounts.

Wordsworth has finely expressed his sense of even our at present state society, in one of his noble and indignant sonnets—

> "The world is too much with us; late and soon,
> Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
> Little we see in Nature that is ours;
> We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
> The sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
> The winds that will be howling at all hours,
> And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
> For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
> It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather
> *Be a Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;*
> So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
> Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
> Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

C.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

LETTERS ON THE NORTHERN MYTHOLOGY.

> "The mighty Usas, and their feud
> With Istunhem's gigantic brood,
> The deeds in valorous frenzy done
> By Usa—Odin's dauntless son,
> Valhalla's glories, Loke's guile
> And Freia's all-resistless smile,—
> From ancient Runes, time honour'd caught,
> If theme like this may please ye aught,
> Then listen," etc.—*Oehlenschlager.*

C———a, August 3d, 18—

MY DEAR ———: At your request I resume a purpose, for some time laid aside—that of initiating you into the mysteries of that venerable lore known commonly as the "Northern Mythology," but to which the name of "Celtic" is now better applied, inasmuch as (it is universally admitted) its tenets, with some unimportant variations, obtained no less in Britain, Germany and Gaul, than in Scandinavia or "The North."

Aware, as I am, of the little estimation in which this curious relic of antiquity is generally held, perhaps my first step shall be to make you sensible of the weighty claims it possesses on your regard. I might descant upon the wide extent of territory within which it obtained, and which, taking into account the immeasurable regions of Asia from which it originally sprung, far exceeded in Europe alone the dominion of the Greek and Roman institutions; I might tell of the many points of beauty it presents to any other than a careless or prejudiced observer; and which makes rich amends for the rude and extravagant conceits that deform some of its fables. So I might point out its inestimable value, considered as matter illustrative of British antiquities, of British popular usages, legends, traditions and superstitions. But this would lead to a long and tedious disquisition concerning the origin of nations; would bring us back among the Scythians, Goths, Celts, and heaven knows how many other savage and demi-savage people, ages ago "gathered to their fathers," and whose ashes, no less for our own sake than for theirs, it were best should rest in peace; would, in a word, launch us into an ocean of doubts and difficulties, of cavils and conjectures, where many more sea-worthy intellects than yours or mine have foundered; or, taking wrong *observations*, have gone astray. Without, therefore, venturing upon so perilous an expedition in search of arguments, I shall content myself, at present, with testing the claims of the "Northern Mythology" to your attention, upon the single and incontrovertible fact that some knowledge of its tenets is as necessary to you, in the prosecution of your Danish studies, as an intimacy with their godships of Olympus is to the right enjoyment of the literature of the South.

These things premised, and trusting that enough has been said to inspire you with that holy awe which it is proper you should feel upon approaching the moss-grown altars of Odin and his peers, I proceed to show the way.

We are indebted for all we know of the religious and philosophical dogmas we are about to consider (a few detached hints furnished by the *Iagus*, traditionary tales of the primitive Scandinavians, excepted) to the zeal and industry of one individual, who deserved to be immortalized, as affording a rare example of a liberal and enlightened spirit, in an age of darkness and fanaticism. When about the year one thousand of our era, the Christian religion was first established in the remote island of Iceland, the last stronghold of the ancient superstitions, the majority of its votaries evinced the same intemperate and intolerant zeal which, in the other countries where that venerable system had once obtained, had so successfully laboured to destroy every monument that might perpetuate its very memory. But their efforts were rendered here abortive by an unlooked-for accident. *Sæmund Sigfusson*, though a convert, and even a minister of the true religion, was, at the same time, fortunately, a *Scald* or bard, and however desirous, in common with others of his order, to destroy the influence of the ancient superstitions of his country, as a system of religious faith, he was no less solicitous to preserve their memory, as containing a body of poetical imagery, the preservation of which was not only necessary to the right understanding of the effusions of the long line of *Scalds* that graced the annals of Iceland, but of the very existence

of that order, whose extinction in a country deemed, par excellence, the land of bards, would have been little short of a national calamity. He laboured, therefore, assiduously, to collect the fragments of the Sacred Odes, through which the tenets of that faith had been inculcated, and which yet survived in the memories of (the aged particularly) his contemporaries. These fragments he compiled into a work which has been named "*The Elder*—or *Metrical*—or *Sæmund's Edda*," in order to distinguish it from "*The Prose*, or *Younger Edda*," a later work, of which *Snorra Sturleson* was the author, and of which the object was, to render more easily intelligible those ancient and obscure effusions, and serve as a sort of manual of the art of poetry, for the use of the young aspirants to the honours of Scaldship. In what is to follow, we shall consider these two works as constituting one complete system of Northern Mythology, and shall refer to them indifferently under their common name of "*Edda*."* It is this we shall consider as our text, availing ourselves, however, upon all intricate and knotty points, of the aids afforded by later works, and in particular by the "Edda doctrine and its origin" of Professor Magnuson; a work of deep research, in which the affinity between the Mythology of Scandinavia, and that of Germany, *Britain*, etc., and their common derivation from Asia,† are demonstrated.

I have now done—conducted you to the portal of *Odin's* venerable temple, where I shall leave you for a while to recover breath, and to collect courage for the encounter with dwarfs, demons, giants, and

"Those of horrible and awfu'
Which (now) to name wad be unlawfu'."

ORIGINAL TALES FROM THE GERMAN.

THE LORD OF THE HILLS.

BY J. A. MUSAEUS.

In the deepest recesses of the Silesian mountains, there lived in former days, and yet lives, if the old women in the neigbourhood are to be believed, a gnome or mountain-spirit, known by the title of Lord of the Hills, or more commonly by the familiar nickname of Rubezahl. He dwells in the centre of a huge cliff, and it is given to no mortal eye to detect the entrance to his palace. Here he is surrounded by countless treasures, a part of which sometimes falls to the share of a favoured mortal, when he happens to meet the Lord of the Hill in a good humour. For be it remarked, our gnome, like many a rich old bachelor among ourselves, is somewhat capricious and humoursome. Most especially does he dislike the nickname of Rubezahl, and seldom fails to read a sharp lesson of politeness to any one who is ill-bred enough to use it in his hearing. We may hereafter notice some of the tricks played by him in his fits of ill-humour, but our present story is one in which his spiritual lordship will appear in a more favourable light.

A rich old hunks, who lived near the mountains, once deprived his poor neighbour of his only wealth, his house and little farm, by legal robbery. The land went to the plaintiff, the stock was taken by the officers of the court to pay their fees, and he had nothing left in the wide world but a sickly wife and half a dozen crying children. It pierced his very heart when he heard them moaning and begging for bread. "If we had only a hundred dollars," said he to his wife, "we should not suffer. We could leave this place and hire a good farm somewhere else. You have more than one wealthy relation the otherside of the mountains; I will go to them at once, and tell them our pitiful situation, perhaps some one of them will be kind-hearted enough to lend us the sum we want." His feeble, broken-spirited wife did not share in these hopes, but agreed to her husband's plan, as she had none better to offer. Her husband, by break of day, girt his loins for the journey, and took the crust of his last loaf to satisfy his hunger on the road. Weary and faint under the heat of the day he crossed the ridge, and at nightfall reached the village where his wife's wealthy kinsmen resided, but not one of them would recognize him or give him shelter for the night. When he complained of his miserable condition, the only consolation he got was, "wilful waste makes woful want," or some proverb equally charitable. He had no money to pay for a bed at the inn, and was forced to spend the night in the fields. Here he lay and watched for the break of day, to resume his sad journey.

As he clambered toilesomely up the mountain, grief and want pressed upon him so sorely, that he was almost desperate. "Two days wages lost," thought he, "broken down by hunger and travel, and no hope left, none! What wilt thou say to thy wife and helpless little ones, when they stretch out their hands when they see thee coming, and cry, give us bread! Let me die at once rather than meet them empty-handed!" Saying thus, the poor man flung himself down on the grass, and wept as though he never would cease. But as hope is always highest in our greatest extremity, so a ray of light beamed on his darkness of mind. He remembered that he was in the dominions of the Lord of the Hill, and called to mind all the wild stories he had heard of his great wealth and capricious bounty. He knew that the powerful spirit liked not to be called by his nickname, but he knew of no other to give him, so he began to shout at the top of his voice, Rubezahl! Rubezahl!

Soon a figure appeared before him, in shape like a brawny charcoal-burner of the mountains, with a red beard that reached down to his girdle, fixed and fiery eyes, and armed with a club like a weaver's beam, which he poised in the air, as though he meant to crush with it the rash mortal who had dared to insult him. "Pardon me, Sir Rubezahl," said Veit, with the boldness of despair, "excuse me, if I did not call you by your right name, only hear what I have to say, and then do as you please with me." The sadness of the man's address somewhat soothed the anger of the spirit, who let his club sink to the ground, and asked him, "Worm of the earth, how darest thou to disturb me? Knowest thou not that thy life must pay the forfeit of thy rashness?" "Sir," answered Veit, "necessity drove me to you. I have a favour to ask of you, which you can easily grant me. Lend me a hundred dollars, and I will pay them back in three years, with lawful interest, as true as I'm an honest man." The spirit exclaimed, "Fool! do you take me for an usurer, that lends out his money at interest? Go to thy fellow-men, and borrow of them what you need." "Alas!" sighed Veit, "there is no fellowship longer among men," and then he told him the whole story of his poverty and troubles, in so moving a manner as to excite the compassion of the spirit, who besides found the man's straightforward request for a loan so new and strange, that it tickled him. He told Veit to follow him, and led the way through the woods to a perpendicular mass of rock. Here he found a narrow entrance, hidden by the bushes, into which he plunged, not without fear and trembling. As he crept on, the opening enlarged, and finally opened into a spacious cavern, lighted by a self-fed flame that hung unattached in mid air. But what pleased him most was to see a huge iron chest standing against the wall, filled to the brim with silver dollars. "Take whatever thou needest," said the spirit, "and give me an acknowledgment of the debt." Veit counted out his hundred dollars honestly, while Rubezahl brought out writing materials from a corner. He wrote a promise to pay him the money in three years, with interest, in the best form he could, which the gnome deposited in his huge chest. "And now, my friend," said he, "go thy ways, and make a good use of thy money. Do not forget that you are my debtor, and take good note of the entrance to the cavern. At the end of the third year I shall expect to be paid principal and interest; I am strict in all my dealings, and if I am not paid, will demand my money roughly." Veit promised to make punctual payment, and went on his way rejoicing.

The heavy weight of silver he carried in his pockets seemed to make him lighter instead of heavier. With a joyful heart he hurried homewards, and reached his hut just at nightfall. His starving little ones moaned when they saw him approach, and cried, bread! bread! and his wife, who sat weeping in a corner, had no heart to go to meet him. He bade her to make fire and prepare supper, and flung one of the spirit's dollars on the table. Like a prudent husband, he did not judge it fit to share so strange a secret with his wife, but told her that the money came from her relatives, who had received him with the utmost kindness, and lent him enough to begin the world anew with. The good dame felt no little pride in the liberality of her kinsmen, and took good care to make it known among her neighbours. Veit listened in silence, and only thought of making a good use of his unexpected treasure. He hired a little house and garden, and worked early and late. There must have been magic in Rubezahl's money, for everything he touched turned to gold. In less than three years he was the owner of the house he had hired, and of many a good acre besides, he also rented a large farm in the neighbourhood; in a word, he was already looked up to in the village as a man well-to-do in the world.

Meantime, the day of payment arrived. Veit had so much cash lying by him, that he could easily spare the amount of the debt. He counted it carefully out, principal and interest, and tied it up in a neat little bag. Next he told his wife to put on her bran-new Sunday kirtle, which she had never yet worn, and to dress the children in their best, and get ready for a ride in the wagon. His better half did not understand the meaning of all this preparation, and was curious to know where he meant to take them, so he told her he was going to visit her kinsmen beyond the mountains, and to pay his debts to the kind friend who, three years before, had relieved them in their necessities. She was delighted at the idea of showing off her wealth to the relations who had known her poverty, dressed herself out in all her finery and little ornaments, and a team of stout horses carried them rapidly along the road to the mountains. When they came to an ascending side-path, about half way up, he stopped the horses, descended and bade his wife and children to do the like, and ordered his servant to drive slowly up the hill, and wait for them at the top. He then plunged into the wood and seemed to be looking about him for some landmark. He found it at last, and gathering his family around him, told them for the first time that they were indebted for their good fortunes not to her hard-hearted and unfeeling kinsmen, but to the spirit of the mountain, who lived in that rock, and who would expect to receive his money that day. The woman trembled when she heard the name of the much-dreaded spirit, and begged her husband with tears not to venture a second time into the cavern. The children, too, wept and hid behind their mother, and begged papa not to let Rubezahl catch them. Veit was, however, a man of his word, and forced his way through the thick underwood to the place where he had entered the cavern. He found the old blasted oak that marked the spot three years before, but no signs of any opening, nothing but a dead wall of rock. He tried to effect an entrance by every means in his power; he took up a stone and knocked heavily against the rock, pulled out the bag of money and rattled the dollars, laughed, and shouted at the top of his voice, "Spirit of the hill, here is thy money," but Rubezahl was neither to be seen nor heard. He was uneasy in mind, that he was thus prevented from paying his debt punctually, and sat down on a stone by the roadside, thinking what was best to be done. He remembered his first interview with the spirit, and determined to call on him again by his odious nickname, and shouted Rubezahl! Rubezahl! but all in vain. Nothing remained but to return to their homes, and father Veit paced the road in perplexity and disappointment. As they trudged along, a gentle breeze came from the woods, which chased the acorns and brown leaves along the road, and raised the dust in little eddies. This delighted the children, and they ran off in pursuit of the leaves and sticks that were blown about by the wind. A piece of paper was wafted out of the woods along with them, to which one of the little ones gave chase, and caught, as he would a butterfly, by flinging his hat over it. He handed it to his father, who found that it was the paper he had given Rubezahl; at the foot of it was written, "Received payment in full." Veit would have given more than the debt for an opportunity to thank his generous benefactor for all his goodness, but as he obstinately persisted in remaining invisible, he could only thank him in heart. He returned home joyfully, laboured and prospered, grew rich and honoured, and remained an honest man to the day of his death.

D.

* Commentators differ as to the precise meaning of this word. The most probable conjecture seems to be, that the word signifies *great grandmother*, and was applied to the works in question to denote the high antiquity of their contents.

† It is supposed, to wit, that, as early as five hundred years before Christ, a band of emigrants issued from the countries situated between the Caspian and Black seas, and, having traversed Germany, and a part even of Russia, and established colonies at various points of their progress, settled finally upon the shores of the Baltic. That after an interval of four hundred and fifty years, or about fifty years before Christ, another swarm, issuing from the same hive, followed the track and usurped the possessions (in the north mainly) of their predecessors: and that the various Gothic, Teutonic, and Celtic tribes (of which the primitive inhabitants of Britain were one) were the offspring of the former emigrants; the Scandinavians more strictly of the latter.

GAIETIES AND GRAVITIES.

A CHAPTER OF EPIGRAMS.

Dr. Johnson defines an epigram as "a short poem terminating in a point." The word is derived from the Greek language, and signifies to inscribe or write upon; hence we are to understand that epigrams derive their origin from those inscriptions placed by the ancients on their statues, temples, pillars, triumphal arches, and the like. They were very short at first, being sometimes no more than a single word; but afterwards increasing in length, they were composed in verse, that they might more easily be retained in the memory. This short and convenient method of expressing a thought or sentiment soon ceased to be confined to what it was, strictly speaking, an inscription, and came at last to be used upon any occasion or subject; hence the name of epigram now-a-days has a most extensive signification. The fact is, that according to the definition given, nearly the whole of Pope's and Young's poetry, and a great part of the verses of the eighteenth century, consists of a series of epigrams neatly dovetailed into one another, and which, while together they form a harmonious whole, taken separately make good sense, and can be read with pleasure. The last century was indeed the golden age of epigram; but the latter part of the seventeenth was probably the period of our literary history most distinguished for this species of composition. The characteristics of this sort of poem ought to be brevity, beauty, and point; the latter consisting of a sharp, lively, unexpected turn of wit or thought, which concludes the piece. Such was the practice of the famous epigrammatic poet Martial. The following may be taken as a specimen of this writer:

"Great Pompey's ashes Egypt's triumphs swell;
His sons in Europe and in Asia fell:
What wonder that those three so distant died!
So vast a ruin could not spread less wide."

There is sublimity as well as fancy in the last line. Others exclude the point, and require the thought to be equally diffused throughout the whole poem, which is the practice of another Roman poet, Catullus, who imitated the Greeks. There is extant a collection of Greek epigrams by several poets, under the name of Anthologia. These, for the most part, consist of fine thoughts expressed with delicacy, ease, and simplicity. They have nothing pungent in them; but if they do not bite, they sometimes tickle, and always please.

A copy of the first collection of epigrams that appeared in English, has lately fallen under our notice. It is above a century old, and contains so many really very clever short poems, not generally known, that we have selected some of the best for the amusement of our readers. The original, of which the following is a good imitation, although not strictly speaking a translation, is considered one of the neatest little pieces of poetry in the French language. It was addressed to Cardinal Richelieu, who, upon reading the last line, answered very smartly, *Nothing*. Here we find the point, the wit of an epigram, like the sting of a bee, lies in its tail. Louis XIII. is the monarch referred to in the second verse:

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. MAYNARD

Sick of a life, possessed in vain,
I soon shall wait upon the ghost
Of our late monarch; in whose reign
None, who had merit, missed a post.

Then will I charm him with thy name,
And all your glorious wonders done;
The power of France—the Spaniard's shame—
The rising honours of his son.

Grateful the royal shade will smile,
And dwell delightful on your name;
Sweetly appeased his griefs beguile,
And drown old losses in new fame.

But when he asks me in what post
I did your wished commands obey,
And how I shared your favour most—
What would you please to have me say?

The impolicy of war is happily satirized in two lines. This epigram bears a resemblance to the well-known anecdote of the lawyer, who gave an oyster-shell to each of his clients, and took the fish to himself:

THE BALANCE OF EUROPE.

Now Europe's balanced, neither side prevails,
For nothing's left in either of the scales.

We can now afford to laugh heartily at the ideas which Englishmen entertained of Scotland a century ago, and even much later Witness Churchill's poem, "the Prophecy of Famine," and John-

son's many sarcastic remarks. Multitudes of smaller creatures also made it the butt of their clumsy ridicule. We select the following piece chiefly on account of its brevity:

SCOTLAND.

Had Cain been Scot, heaven would have changed his doom,
Not forced to wander—but condemned to home.

The industry of seventy years, passed under favouring circumstances, has, we suspect, disqualified our country, in some measure, for being a fit residence for a first murderer. The Welsh were also favourite subjects of ridicule with the Sessenach. The venom in the sting of what follows is not very virulent:

A Welshman and an Englishman disputed,
Which of their lands maintained the greatest state;
The Englishman the Welshman quite confuted,
The Welshman would not yet his vaunts abate.
"Ten cooks," quoth he, "in Wales, one wedding sees;"
"Ah," quoth the other, "each man toasts his cheese."

Of all the men ever blasted with poetic fire, Sir Richard Blackmore was the one most persecuted for his verses. He was absolutely like a person in the pillory; all sorts of unclean things were thrown at him by all sorts of persons He must have been a man of the most doubtless courage, and have stood always on the very best terms with himself, else he never could have sustained such a furious bombardment of lampoons, epigrams, and all that kind of thing. The publication of his dismal epic of "King Arthur," seems to have thrown the whole herd of versifiers into a sort of phrenzy. They appear entirely at a loss for terms of abuse sufficiently gross to pelt the unhappy author with "Prince Arthur," in ten books, was his first offence; "*King* Arthur" in twelve, more than doubled the provocation, and a "Satire on Wit" carried it beyond all bounds of endurance. The malignity of the wits of that day rose to a pitch of delirium unprecedented in the history of literature, and, led on by Dryden, his professed adversary, the assault was terrific. But Sir Richard did not live in a glass house. The envenomed shafts recoiled harmless from the brazen armour of self-esteem by which he was most fortunately protected. We select not the best, but the least objectionable, of the many epigrams of which he was the subject. It is well known that Blackmore was a physician:

TO SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE

I charge thee, knight, in great Apollo's name,
If thou'rt not dead to all reproach and shame,
Either thy rhymes or physic to disclaim.
Both are too much one feeble brain to rack,
Besides, the bard will soon undo the quack.
Such shoals of readers thy cursed fustain kills.
Thou'lt scarce leave one alive to take thy pills.

Colley Cibber was another unhappy victim of lampoon. Many were the shafts levelled at his devoted head, which was adorned with the laureate wreath of the day. That a person so utterly divested of political talents should have been elevated to that dignity, was certainly no ordinary provocation, but was the reward of what was deemed great service done to government. It was the "Nonjuror," a play directed against the Jacobites, by which he acquired the place of poet laureate, and the enmity of Pope, who enthroned him monarch of the empire of Dullness in his Dunciad. But the other qualities of Cibber were not such as to entitle him to this "bad eminence." His comedy of the "Provoked Husband," written in conjunction with Sir John Vanburgh, will live as long as there is a stage to act it upon. From a formidable accumulation of epigrams on him, we select two.

ON COLLEY CIBBER.

In merry old England it once was a rule,
The king had his poet and also a fool;
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for fool and for poet.

AGAIN

What different effects does the laurel produce,
In its bough there is honour, but death in its juice;
Since Cibber has humbled its honour so low,
He should taste of the juice, for abusing the bough.

It is well known why Pope gibbeted so many literary small deer in his immortal satire: he had himself suffered in various ways from lampoons, epigrams, and libels, of every form and name. His personal defects were a broad mark; so was his toryism. Not content, however, with these subjects as food for ridicule, his enemies attacked him in his intellectual and moral capacity. But here he was invulnerable. The following is a specimen of the skirmishing which he sustained:

ON MR. POPE.

Pride is his pity, artifice his praise,
A mask his virtue, and his fame a blaze;
Insult his charity, his friendship fear,
And nothing but his vanity sincere.

With these calumnious lines, let the following very clever poem pair off. The last verse is eminently happy:

TO POPE.

While malice, Pope, denies thy page
Its own celestial fire;
While critics, and while bards, in rage,
Admiring, wont admire;
While wayward pens thy worth assail,
And envious tongues decry,
These times, though many a friend bewail,
These times bewail not I.

But when the world's loud praise is thine,
And spleen no more shall blame;
When with thy Homer thou wilt shine,
In one established fame:
When none shall rail, and every lay
Devote a wreath to thee:
The day (for come it will) that day
Shall I lament to see.

Pope was made of "penetrable stuff," and quivered beneath the lash of censure, however contemptible the person might be who administered it. But his friend, the dean, was all armed in panoply of tempered steel, from which the darts cast by the small wits of Queen Anne's day rebounded like hailstones from a rock.

THE ANGLER'S INVITE.

Come when the leaf comes, angle with me,
Come when the bee hums over the lea,
Come with the wild flowers—
Come with the mild showers—
Come when the singing bird calleth for thee!

Then to the stream side gladly we'll hie,
Where the gay trout glides silently by;
Or in some still place
Over the hill face
Hurrying onward drop the light fly.

Then when the dew falls, homeward we'll speed
To our own loved walls down on the mead;
There, by the bright hearth,
Holding our night mirth,
We'll drink to sweet friendship in need and in deed.

"THEY."—A great many excellent people have had their worldly prospects entirely destroyed, and hundreds, nay, thousands, have had their hearts wrung with anguish in consequence of the slanders of the family of "*They*." If a man repeats a slander in the street, and he is asked who told him so, his answer is, "*They* said so." "*They* ought to be hooted out of society; for "*They*" have done more mischief in the domestic and social circles than any other family under heaven. How easy it is for a slander to be propagated, which, perhaps, may ruin a young man's prospects for ever; and it must be borne in mind that "*They*" are always implicitly believed. An example by way of illustration: A friend meets another in the street, and asks if he has seen Mr. Q. that morning. His answer is no; that he heard that he had been gambling all night. The response is—It is impossible, for he drank tea with me last evening, and did not leave until ten o'clock; who told you so? "*They*" told me so, is the answer; and, as he desired a favour of me to-day, I shall not grant it until I know the truth of the business, for I don't intend to assist gamblers. So poor Mr. Q., who had always borne a good character—who drank tea with his neighbour, and who, on his return to his residence, retired to rest—and, withal, never saw a gaming-table in his life, is branded with the title of *gambler*, because "*They*" said so A slander is like dust; it finds its way into the most remote recesses, and spreads, like the clouds, over the whole face of the heavens. We close this little essay by advising our readers to place very little or no confidence in any story, whose propagator is "*They*." "*They*" should never be believed in religion, morals, politics, or in any matter pertaining to social life.

PROGRESS OF IMPROVEMENT.—A correspondent of the New-York American, writing from Utica, says:—"Fifty years ago, the spot where Utica now stands, was the end of the world in this direction. In those days, John Jacob Astor, and Peter Smith, (father of Gerrit,) travelled the ground from Schenectady to Utica on foot, purchasing furs at the Indian settlements on the route. The Indians aided them in carrying the furs back to Schenectady. Returned from their perilous adventure to "the far west," they opened a little shop in New-York city, and sold the skins at retail. When their stock was exhausted, they again penetrated the lonely forests of the frontier, and replenished their store. Astor continued the business many years, but Smith commenced the purchase of land. Summers went and came, and wave after wave of emigration rolled up the long defile of the Mohawk. Mark the change. Two years since, Smith died at Schenectady, leaving millions of acres to his heirs. Astor still lives, one of the wealthiest untitled commoners in the world. Judge Smith lived to travel the route from Schenectady to Utica, in four hours. And to-day when the sun's evening rays shall hide from the undimmed eyes of John Jacob Astor behind the blue hills of Jersey, its vertical beams will be falling on the fur traders of our now Ultima Thule, the mouth of the Oregon. Bishop Berkley never dreamed of such changes when he penned the line—

"Westward the star of empire takes its way."

THE YANKEES OUTDONE.—There is an old law of Tennessee, which grants a bounty of three dollars and fifty cents from the state treasury for every wolf scalp taken over the age of six months. One of the papers of that state, the Hamilton Gazette, says a man in that county, wishing to do "the state some service," took pains to catch a couple of breeding wolves, took them home, and has succeeded after some years, in rearing a progeny of that interesting wild beast, which as they "came of age," he puts to death and receives the state premium for their scalps! There is a thrift in this operation which fully warrants the Hamilton paper, in heading his article "Tennessee Yankeeism." Whether the operator is or is not a Yankee from the genuine Yankee land, he very well deserves to be considered a Yankee by brevet, at least.

GALLANTRY.—A young chap from "the bush," a short time since, thought he must show his gallantry and take his dulcinea to the city of notions, whither he had never been. As he was passing a restaurateur, he espied some bucks drinking of soda. So in steps Sam, with his lady, and says, "Less have some of that are." Kish—siz—ker—went the soda, which soon found its way to the stomach of the beau all full of effervescence as it was. Setting the glass on the stand, the *buck* turned round to his *deer*, (who had modestly retired a pace,) and said, as he wiped his mouth on his coat sleeve, "I'll tell you what it is, Sal, that are soddy is darn'd good—*why don't you buy some?*"

FELLOW-SOLDIERS.—At the siege of Capella, 1650, by the French, a Spaniard learnt that his friend had been thrown into the trench by a musket ball. He instantly flew to his succour, but found him stretched on the ground and dead. He threw himself on the body of his friend, embraced him, pressed him for some time to his palpitating breast, and overwhelmed with grief, he expired almost instantly. The archduke, informed of this event, gave orders to bury in the same tomb those two friends, whom death itself could not separate. Their bodies were carried in great pomp to Avesnes, where a marble mausoleum was erected to their memory. It was the monument which sensibility erected to friendship.

EMBALMING.—It is stated in a French print, that an artist of Paris has succeeded in preparing a chemical compound, that he calls Anti-Sceptic Fluid, which preserves animal bodies from corruption more perfectly than the ancient practice of embalming. The mode in which it is applied is very simple. All that needs be done is to inject the fluid into the carotid artery, or any other of the great vessels. Bodies thus preserved look more like waxen figures, without having any external corrosion or disfigurement. In birds the plumage, and in beasts the colour, skin and hair, are retained in all the freshness and beauty of life.

WHISKERS.—The Lady's Book—authority in such matters—thus speaks of the very ridiculous dandy custom of wearing long, bushy whiskers:—Doubtless it is one of the most desirable objects with young ladies and gentlemen to appear amiable in the eyes of each other; but it is quite as evident that they often mistake the proper course for the attainment of that object. Let us take, for example, those beaux who labour so assiduously to cultivate huge whiskers, Boz locks, and mustaches. Could the suffrages of the ladies generally be taken, we incline to think that these fancied improvements would be voted quite objectionable. For besides the immense waste of bear's grease which results from a taste for these ornaments, they so effectually conceal the countenances of the wearers, that young ladies are sometimes unable to distinguish their own brothers and cousins. Persons who carry their faces behind a mask of this sort, cannot be supposed to possess clear consciences; for honesty and fair dealing have no motives for any such concealment. Ladies, if it's true, are sometimes fond of lapdogs, cats, and kittens, and these have whiskers, and it may be that this circumstance caused the introduction of these appendages among the beaux. But a *sheep*, notwithstanding all that has been said about its simplicity, is a superior animal to any of those just mentioned, and a sheep wears no whiskers. And if a sheep had any choice in the matter, it would probably reject every addition of that kind which might be produced on its visage by such means as are employed among those of our own species; namely, the application of bear's grease, etc. In short, we may venture to offer it as a general remark, that there is no really valuable animal whose face is disfigured by such additions, either natural or artifical. And, if our authority is worthy of anything, such ornaments are by no means attractive to the more judicious portion of the female observers

DEFINITION OF THE WORD HUMBUG.—It has been remarked that humbug is that mighty principle which controls, and, as it were, conducts the operations of mankind. It may be said to be "the air we breathe." The whole town is infected with it; it flies from house to house—darts, like the electric fluid, hither and thither—through the key-hole, down the chimney, along the bell-wires. It arrests us in the streets, takes us by the button, overwhelms us, sends us home choking. Persons the least addicted to humbugeousness are found discharging on others the subtle elements with which they have themselves become unconsciously filled. The truthful and mendacious alike uphold the battery of falsehood—those at the negative, these at the positive end of the lie. The electric chain of humbug is perfect—every knave in communication—every fool a conductor. Humbug is less, and yet more than a lie. A he is the root—humbug the flower of falsehood Humbug is a he in its practical development. We sometimes hear of such a thing as "a he with circumstances"—humbug is this circumstantial part of a lie; it is the general country or province of which *Lie* is the capital. Aware that illustration is the best part of definition, we would proceed to throw new light on the meanings of the word *humbug*, by examples drawn from every-day political rumours; but though these are sufficiently promising, they are, perhaps, hardly ripe for gathering. It is unquestionable that a vast amount of humbug *in posse* exists at this time. Lies, in the *egg state*, it is suspected, have been deposited to an immense extent by political insects of the *humbugeous* class, and only wait the proper time to break the shell and swarm to life. The moral of all this need hardly be pointed—it *is* pointed. The man, whose understanding its point is not keen enough to penetrate or to pain, deserves to continue all his life what he is—the dupe of faction—*i. e. humbug*.

HAPPINESS.—The contemplation of human affairs will lead us to this conclusion, that among the different conditions and ranks of men, the balance of happiness is preserved in a great measure equal, and that the high and the low, the rich and the poor, approach, in point of real enjoyment, much nearer to each other than is commonly imagined. In the lot of man, mutual compensations, both of pleasure and of pain, universally take place. Providence never intended that any state here should be either perfectly happy, or entirely miserable. If the feelings of pleasure are more numerous and more lively in the highest departments of life, such also are those of pain. If greatness flatters our vanity, it multiplies our dangers. If opulence increases our gratifications, it increases, in the same proportion, our desires and demands. If the poor are confined to a more narrow circle, yet within that circle he most of the natural satisfactions, which, after all the refinements of art, are found to be the most genuine and true. In a state, therefore, where there is neither so much to be coveted on the one hand, nor to be dreaded on the other, as at first appears, how submissive ought we to be to the disposal of Providence! How temperate in our desires and pursuits! How much more attentive to preserve our virtue and to improve our minds, than to gain the doubtful and equivocal advantages of worldly prosperity.

DEXTERITY OF THE INDIANS WITH THE BOW.—While the men were packing the horses, after breakfast, I was again engaged with my Indian friend. I took his bow and arrows in my hand, and remarked that the latter was smeared with blood throughout. Upon my expressing surprise at this, he told me, by signs, that they had passed through the body of the buffalo. I assumed a look of incredulity: the countenance of the savage brightened, and his peculiar and strange eyes actually flashed with eagerness, as he pointed to a dead antelope lying upon the ground, about forty feet from us, and which one of the guard had shot near the camp in the morning. The animal lay upon his side, with the breast towards us: the bow was drawn slightly, without any apparent effort, and the arrow flew through the body of the antelope, and skimmed to a great distance over the plain.

LOVE-LORN MANIAC.—A few miles from Florence, a lady of singular beauty and exquisite symmetry was found dead beneath a tree. She held fast in her lifeless hand the miniature painting of a gentleman, and upon her breast was pendant a paper, inscribed with the following words: "O! you who have hearts susceptible of sympathy and compassion! if ye find the remains of a woman who lost her reason for love, do not disdain to fulfil her desire. and perform the last sad office of affording her a coffin and a grave. Would you open her bosom, which in all the events and vicissitudes of chekered fortune remained chaste and pure, you will find therein a heart the victim of suffering and wo."

A PRESENTMENT.—In Henry the Fifth's time, the clergy, in their convocation, ordered that three in every parish should make presentment upon oath of such persons as are defamed for heretics, in obedience, whereunto, there was a presentment made by some of the parish of St. Mary Overies, in these words, viz.:—"Item, wee saine that John Stevens is a man wee cannot tell what to make of him, and that he hath books we do not know what they are."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Blanche of Navarre. A play. By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of "The Gentleman of the Old School," "The Huguenot," "The Gipsy," "The Robber," etc. New-York: Harper and Brothers. Pp. 74.

Mr. James has displayed a total contempt for all dramatic rules and proprieties in this play. It is evidently a hurried effort. The incidents of weeks are confusedly crowded together in a single act, in a manner wholly inconsistent with the principles even of that "chartered libertine," the English drama. There are some effective incidents in "Blanche of Navarre;" but to us it seems more like a dramatized novel or tale, than a well-wrought play. Perhaps the author wrote it with no view to its representation upon the stage. We select some passages, which will convey a favourable idea of the style:

Count.—Speak, father! speak! you argue like a soldier.
Priest.—Once I was one. Now, then, mark well, my son.
See you that mighty host, led on by one
All kingly in his mien, with air, and words,
And habit of command; follow'd by troops
Brilliant and glittering, golden arms, and steeds
Beating the eager ground?
Count.—Nay, I see naught!
But yet I comprehend.
Priest.—Search your own bosom!
Now, see that scanty troop upon a hill,
Plain in their armour, homely in their guise,
Firm, though not boastful, stern, though calm they stand.
Count.—And they shall win the day! Such are the men
That conquer!
Priest.—Yes! They conquer if they will.
No power shall force them from that mighty rock;
No light-heel'd charge shall shake their firm array;
No brawling trumpets move their hearts with fear.
But lo! where lies the cause of strife between
Those meeting hosts? A castle claim'd by each;
The one from long possession, though usurp'd,
And by the other from an innate right.
Now from the calm bold spearmen on the hill
Goes down a herald to demand admittance!
Mark how he speaks! "Give entrance to your lord,
To save you from yon tyrant's coming power!
We offer peace, tranquillity, and calm
Domestic love, and the bright exercise
Of all sweet charities, hope, trust, and safety!"
The other herald comes and cries, "Fling wide
Your gates! Make room for Joy! The walls we'll keep
With revelry; the doors we'll close with mirth;
Nor sigh, nor tear, nor groan from those without,
Shall e'er disturb our sports. We'll scatter gems—
Youth, purity, and innocence—like dust.
The flowers we tread on shall be human hearts,
Which, when they wither, we will cast away
Fling wide! fling wide the gates! and let us in,
Or we will force the walls and spoil the place!"
Count, (*vehemently*.)—By heaven, they shall not!
Priest.—Nobly said, my lord!
You're pledged and sworn, henceforth for evermore,
For heaven's high King, captain and governour
Of that besieged fort! Look to it well;
See that no treason enter; guard the walls
With wakeful vigilance; watch gate and bridge;
And, ever ready with a hero's care,
Start into arms to meet the foe's assault.
That castle is your heart, the foe is vice;
Honour and armed truth are friends at hand.
God's soldier are you! Go and do your duty! [*Exit suddenly*.
Count, (*musing*)—Yes, I will do it! Yes, if there be strength
In any human resolution. Still,
I doubt myself; and doubting argues weakness.
Returning health may bring returning evils.
It may be sickness tames the heart—or love?
Ay, love, perhaps! Such themes ne'er cross my mind
Without her image rising up therewith
Most beautiful; yet gentle, too, as pure.
How often I have talk'd of love! 'Tis strange!
I would not bring one stain on that bright being
For all imagination's wildest dream
Could picture, or earth give!

Oxford Tracts. New-York: Louis Sherman's Protestant Episcopal Press, 142 Fulton-street.

These papers have, perhaps, created a more important movement in England than any other theological writings of the age. They are from the pens of the most eminent Oxford scholars, and form a distinguished portion of the literature of the day. Their object is to bring back the church to the discipline of the earlier times succeeding the Reformation, and to enable it to rest on a basis independent of the state. Great and, we believe, unmerited censure has been cast upon them by some who have not read them with proper attention; for, besides their exalted christian character, they are not only harmless, but edifying in the extreme. They are now in the course of re-publication in this city, and are exciting great interest among all denominations of christians.

History of the New Netherlands, Province of New-York and State of New-York, to the adoption of the Federal Constitution. In two volumes. By William Dunlap. Vol I. New-York: Printed for the author, by Carter and Thorpe, Exchange-place.

The first volume of this valuable work, embellished with a fine engraving of Governour Stuyvesant, is now for sale. Its typographical appearance is remarkably neat, and it is enriched with several interesting maps and plans illustrative of the early topographical history of the city and state. Mr. Dunlap has thus far executed his task in a manner honourable to his industry of research, as well as to his literary ability. We shall take a more extensive notice of his labours, so soon as the second and concluding volume shall appear. In the meantime we commend the work to the public as answering, in every respect, the high expectations which have been raised in regard to its execution.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have placed the contribution of "E. W. F." on file for insertion.—Among the new works upon our table we find the United States Military Magazine for July. This journal is published in Philadelphia by Huddy and Duval. It is beautifully embellished with coloured prints, and contains much interesting matter. It is deserving of the attention of all who take an interest in the progress of our army and navy.—The "Rose of Sharon" is the title of a new annual published in Boston, edited by Miss S. C. Edgarton. It is handsomely printed, and for sale in this city by P. Price, 130 Fulton-street.—We know nothing of Mr. Askincellos, nor have we heard the particulars of his rencontre with Mr. Finn. Perhaps our friend of the Boston Morning Post can enlighten our inquisitive correspondent.—We have not been informed as to the probability of Nobla's opening his little opera-house for the winter season.—The remarks of "Crito" upon the management of the New Chatham Theatre are, we apprehend, of very little concern to the public.—We must decline the communications of "A. R.," "Silvia," "Y. X." "Claude," and "Dramaticus."—The fair correspondent to whom we are indebted for the "Letters on the Northern Mythology," is requested to render the chirography of her communications a little more legible.—In the last number of the Mirror, in the notice of Mr. Kean, the word Othello *was accidentally substituted for that of* Lear, *in a part of the edits*

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1839.

The copyright question.—The friends of the international copyright law cannot be too early in the field, as the session of Congress is near at hand. It would constitute an era in American literature if this important measure could be carried. At present, our publishers being permitted, without "let or hindrance," to prey at large upon English authors, have little or no inducement to pay for native productions. Of course we have no right to expect it of their patriotism to extend an encouragement inconsistent with their interest. The publisher, like other tradesmen, has a right to judge of the value to him of the wares offered; and it is absurd for an author to fly into a rage because his book is rejected. But we would have it made consistent with the interests of publishers to give priority to works of American manufacture; or, at least, to place them on the same footing with English books. The rapid communication with Great Britain, by steam, has made it more than ever desirable and important that an international copyright-law should be established. The system of plunder practised by the publishers of this country, and now retaliated by those of England, is truly disgraceful. We hope that Mr. Clay will renew his praiseworthy efforts, at the coming session of Congress, to put a stop to the evil. The measure is due to the interests of American literature, and to the just claims of British authors.

Whittling.—In his late work upon this country, Marryat makes the following remarks upon the Yankee habit of whittling:—"I may here just as well mention the custom of whittling, which is so common in the eastern states. It is a habit, arising from the natural restlessness of the American, when he is not employed, of cutting a piece of stick, or anything else, with his knife. Some are so wedded to it, from long custom, that, if they have not a piece of stick to cut, they will whittle the backs of the chairs, or anything within their reach. A Yankee, shown into a room to await the arrival of another, has been known to whittle away nearly the whole of the mantelpiece. Lawyers in court whittle away at the table before them; and judges will cut through their own bench. In some courts they put sticks before noted whittlers to save the furniture. The Down Easters, as the Yankees are termed generally, whittle when they are making a bargain, as it fills up the pauses, gives them time for reflection, and, moreover, prevents any examination of the countenance; for in bargaining, like in the game of brag, the countenance is carefully watched, as an index to the wishes."

Champagne and Cigars.—It is quite a notorious fact, that much of the champagne drunk in this country is manufactured in New-Jersey, out of the juice of apples and pears, combined with more deleterious ingredients. It may not be so generally known that there are large manufactories of "Spanish" cigars in Massachusetts and Connecticut. The editor of the Northampton Courier, taking a drive lately through the southerly part of Amherst and Hadley, was surprised to find extensive fields of tobacco under cultivation. It is a profitable crop, but highly exhausting to the soil. This tobacco is sent down the river to cigar manufacturers in Connecticut. There it undergoes an important transmutation, being changed from a Yankee weed to a delicious "Havana" or "Principe." The inside is principally made up of American tobacco; but an outer covering of genuine tobacco is given, just to deceive the eye, and beguile thousands, who imagine they are luxuriating upon the fragrance of a delicious Spanish cigar. Why should we awaken them from their blissful ignorance?

Astor House.—We notice in the daily papers an advertisement of the lessees of this house, offering to make arrangements with private families, or for single rooms, for the winter. We agree with a contemporary that there is no establishment in the country which combines more of the elements of comfort, convenience and luxury than the Astor House. The order, the attention, the spirit of accommodation, and politeness, which distinguish the heads of the establishment, pervade all the departments, and render it, in all respects, a most agreeable and desirable residence.

Boz.—A new work, "on an entirely new plan," is announced by Mr. Charles Dickens; the first number to appear in March. "Nicholas Nickleby" is nearly completed, and we are glad to see that the last number is to contain a portrait of the popular author from the pencil of Maclise, and engraved by W. Finden. Genius and talent, illustrated by genius and talent, are always acceptable.

The opera at the Park.—No better evidence could be given of the advanced state of musical science in this city than is afforded in the triumphant success of Beethoven's "Fidelio" at the Park. This beautiful opera has been produced night after night to good houses, and with increased applause. Mr. Manvers and Mr. Giubelei have become decided favourites, and Miss Poole and the prima donna, Mrs. Martyn, have won the hearty approbation of large and judicious audiences. Mrs. Martyn's enactment of the part of "Fidelio," so admirably represented by Malibran and Schroeder-Devrent—is above all praise. This lady is an artist in the truest sense of the word, and completely enters into the spirit of her part in its dramatic and musical sense. She interprets Beethoven's beautiful traces of feeling, and imbodies in her performance all those sentiments her position may be imagined to inspire. But this is not all. She forgets herself entirely, nor seeks to display the charms of her voice at the expense of the dramatic flow of the piece. Without an attempt at artificial grace—she sings the part, and nothing but the part, with her whole soul. But the connoisseur, as he listens to her magnificent descents in the diminished seventh, recognizes a talent far surpassing that of most of the singers we have known here. That pathos of voice, and purity of *method*, that perfect intonation and accuracy require far more artistical talent than trill and roulade, and vocal burst. The one is as much physical as the other is an emanation from the true sentiment of the part.

On which side?—The following, from the American, alludes to a question which was originally started in the Mirror some years since, and which, we regret to perceive, is still far from being decided. Suppose we submit the case to Victoria for arbitration, she being the most distinguished lady equestrian of the day.—"The awfully important question, on which side shall the attendant cavalier of a lady place himself when riding? is daily becoming of greater importance, and we expect to see that several of our contemporaries who have expressed themselves with a positiveness, which will render it very difficult for them to back out, in case they should think it necessary to change sides. The right-siders are wrong-headed. The left-siders have left their wits behind them. There is now an excellent field for the agency of some great compromiser. A similar kick-up agitated the community some time since. Both sides broke loose, and fury was running away with judgment, when a sober old nag suggested a return to the respectable fashion of olden time, when the gentleman rode on neither side of the lady, but before her, she on a pillion behind him, her arm necessarily clasping his waist for her greater security. Both sides thought this delicious, and thus the controversy was amicably settled."

Silhouette likenesses.—The apartments of Monsieur Edouard in Broadway, nearly opposite the Apollo Gallery, are well worth a visit. The rapidity with which the artist executes full length, characteristic profiles, is truly astonishing. In two minutes, he will cut you a likeness that shall be generally recognized by your acquaintances. Among his collection will be found some capital outlines of Edward Irving, the eccentric preacher, representing him in all the various attitudes, in which he was accustomed to address his audience. Likenesses of Sir Walter Scott, and many of the most distinguished characters in England may also be seen in the exhibition.

An imperial attribute.—Our foreign papers inform us, that one of the most curious ceremonies, incidental to the accession of the young Sultan to the throne of Turkey, was the solemn shaving of his chin for the last time. This once done, no razor is thenceforth allowed to approach his face, the beard being one of the attributes of supreme power, which must be suffered to grow without being touched by any kind of instrument. One meets a number of young exquisites in Broadway, who, if their beards could qualify them, would be Sultans. Why don't they take a trip to Constantinople?"

The Richmond Theatre.—Mr. George Jones has re-opened the Avon Theatre in Richmond for the season. We learn with pleasure that his management gives general satisfaction, and that his success has thus far been most encouraging. He has engaged a respectable company—Mrs. Jones herself constituting no small attraction. She is a lady of remarkable talent, and we learn from a competent judge, that she promises to attain the highest rank in her profession. Cannot one of our New-York managers offer her an engagement.

Architecture in Broadway.—A correspondent finds fault with the architecture of the new building in Broadway near Leonard-street, erected to contain the New-York Society Library. We cannot deny that the good taste of the red sand-stone columns is somewhat questionable. They support nothing, and are quite as useful and ornamental to the building as would be a fifth wheel to a coach. When will our artists abandon this grotesque and anomalous style of architecture?

The National Theatre.—The appearance of Mr. Vandenhoff and his daughter at this Theatre will, doubtless, give a new impulse to its prosperity. Mr. Hill, the excellent personator of Yankee character, will also prove an attraction. We perceive, by the London papers, that his engagements in that city have been quite successful.

The Bowery Theatre.—This establishment has been doing a thriving business during the past month. The house was filled to overflowing on the nights of the benefits of Mrs. Shaw, and of Hamblin and Barry. A new piece, entitled the "Roman Captive," in which Mr. Hamblin and Mrs. Shaw appear, is announced.

Mrs. Butler.—It is rumoured that a new work from the pen of Mrs Fanny Kemble Butler, may soon be expected; but whether it is to be a romance, a book of travels, or a play, we have not been informed.

MY BEAUTIFUL RHINE!

A CELEBRATED SWISS BALLAD—MUSICK COMPOSED BY HERR HELSTIG—ADAPTED BY G. W. REEVE.

MODERATO SCHERZANDO.

How sweet 'tis to wan-der, When day-beams de-cline, And sun-set is gild-ing My beau-ti-ful Rhine, And sun-set is gild-ing My beau-ti-ful Rhine. Du li a, Du li a, Du li a, Du li a, Du li a, Du li a, Du li a, Du li a, Du li a, ho li du li i du du du li a li o, ho li a du ho du li u ho li du li o.

2

This heart, wildly throbbing,
In silence must pine,
Like the depths of thy waters,
My beautiful Rhine,
Like the depths of thy waters,
My beautiful Rhine.
Du li a, du li a, etc.

MISCELLANY.

JUST MARRIED.—A PICTURE.

She stands down-looking on the sparkling tide
Of the bright river, half in bashful fear,
Half bounding joy to find herself a bride;
Her blue eyes glistening with an infant tear,
Her lips apart,
Her colour raised—and you may almost hear
Her beating heart.

He sits beside the river's bank; his eyes
Upturn'd to her sweet face, with looks so full
Of admiration, as if earth supplies
To him no object half so beautiful:
One ringlet fair
Has left its sister curls, and nestling lies
In his dark hair.

It is the twilight of a summer eve;
A crimson flush just tips the western trees,
As though the lingering sun beams sighed to leave
That loving couple fair, sweetening the breeze
With honey words,
'Mid flowers and rippling streams, low humming bees,
And singing birds.

TESTIMONY.—A witness being called to give evidence in a court in Connecticut, respecting the loss of a shirt, gave the following: "Mother said, that Ruth said, that Nell said, that Poll told her, that she see a man that see a boy run through the street with a streaked flannel shirt, all checker, checker, checker; and our gals won't lie, for mother has whipped them a thousand times for lying."

A RUMOROUS COBBLER.—A cobbler in one of the eastern cities thus announces his calling:—"Surgery performed here upon old boots and shoes, by adding to the feet, making good the legs, mending the broken, healing the wounded, mending the constitution and supporting the body with soler."

A GOOD MAN.—The influence of the good man ceases not at death; he, as the visible agent is removed, but the light and influence of his example still remain; and the moral elements of this world will long show the traces of their vigour and purity; just as the western sky, after the sun has set, still betrays the glowing traces of the departed orb.

WILBERFORCE.—The late Mr. Wilberforce's income, when he came of age, is stated to have been ten thousand pounds a year, one-fourth of which he was in the habit of giving away in charities of various kinds. His liberality to all who stood in need, and his profuse expenditure in the promotion of the most praiseworthy objects, appear, however, to have had an effect upon his once ample fortune; so that in the decline of life he became straightened in his circumstances. A few years before his death he sustained great loss by a milk company, into which, it is suspected, his family were duped. He had himself no personal concern in the affair, but, as having given guarantees for his sons; but his loss, it is said, was not less than forty or fifty thousand pounds, to meet which his Yorkshire estate was sold. He was obliged to live his last years with two of his sons, one of whom was presented, unsolicited, to a living by Lord Brougham, when lord chancellor.

GREATNESS OF MIND.—A Corsican, the leader of a gang of banditti, who had been famous for his exploits, was at length taken and committed to the care of a soldier, from whom he contrived to escape. The soldier was tried, and condemned to death. At the place of execution, a man, coming up to the commanding officer, said, "Sir, I am a stranger to you, but you shall soon know who I am; I have heard that one of your soldiers is to die for having suffered a prisoner to escape; he was not at all to blame; besides, the prisoner shall be restored to you. Behold him here—I am the man. I cannot bear that an innocent man should be punished for me, and I come to die myself." "No," cried the French officer, who felt as he ought the sublimity of the action, "thou shalt not die, and the soldier shall be set at liberty. Endeavour to reap the fruits of thy generosity: thou deservest to be henceforth an honest man."

QUITE NEAR.—"I say, Harry, you were at the battle of Bunker Hill?" "Not *exactly*, Tom, but then my daddy says he knew a man that told him that he saw an old friend of his that had an uncle who often affirmed that a great grandfather, by the mother's side, belonged to a regiment of foot, in which there was a man who said that a daddy of his told him that a mercantile uncle met a man one day who said he had seen General Washington about those diggings one day afore breakfast! Were you ever any closer?" "Not quite as near, gosh! as that, I think you."

CANINE TROOPS.—An attack was recently made by robbers on the celebrated convent of Mount St. Bernard. The fraternity finding argument and religious exhortation ineffectual, let loose eighteen of those dogs, which they are known to keep principally for the benevolent purpose of saving the lives of bewildered travellers. Eleven of the robbers were killed, and several wounded so severely that all the skill of the pious brotherhood can hardly avail to the saving of their lives. Several of the dogs were also killed.

SIR S. GARTH.—Many amusing anecdotes are recorded of this eminent poet and physician. On one occasion, when he met the members of the celebrated Kit-kat club, he declared that he must soon begone, having many patients to attend; but on some excellent wine being placed on the table, and the conversation becoming interesting and animated, the doctor soon forgot his professional engagements. His friend, Sir Richard Steel, however, thought it his duty to remind the doctor of his poor patients. Garth immediately pulled out his list upon which was fifteen names. "It's no matter whether I see them to-night or not," said he, "for nine of them have such bad constitutions, that all the physicians in the world can't save them; and the other six have such good constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't kill them.

ORIGIN OF TARRING AND FEATHERING.—The Duke of Brunswick and his army coming before a rich monastery, into which the country people had carried all their goods and cattle, the duke desired the overseer of it to send out some provisions for his army, and he would give them his protection and see them repaid, but they peremptorily refused. "Well," says the duke, "as fair means will not do other means shall," so they fed to battery and they yielded; there was an infinite store of provisions given to the soldiers. The duke took two of the friars and daubed them all over with tar and pitch, and then made them tumble themselves in feathers, so that they looked like two African monsters; he next sent them home to tell their father he had sent him two fledged owls for his dinner.

THE TITHE SYSTEM.—A clergyman in Ireland lately concluded his sermon with the following words:—"Brethren, next Friday is my tithe day, and those who bring their tithes, which are now due to me, shall be rewarded with a good dinner; but those who do not, may depend that on Saturday they will dine on a lawyer's letter."

EFFECTS OF SPECULATION.—A speculator at the West recently said to a friend—"When I first came to Chicago I had not a *rag* to my back, and now I am covered with rags."

BAD THINGS.—An unfaithful servant, a smoky house, a stumbling horse, a scolding wife, an aching tooth, an empty purse, an undutiful child, an incessant talker, hogs that break through enclosures, a dull razor, mosquitoes, a fog, and *a subscriber that don't pay for his paper*

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ORIGINAL PARISIAN NOUVELLETTES.

THE TUSCAN VASE.

IN TWO PARTS. PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

An introduction—a character.

AUGUSTE St Clair was not popular in society, and with reason; for he sought to please only where he liked. Some he courted, others he took pains to avoid. He was indolent and abstracted.

One night as they were leaving the Theatre Italien, the Marchioness of A . . asked him how Mademoiselle Sontag had sung? "Yes, madam," replied St. Clair, with one of his most agreeable smiles; thinking of anything but the lady's question. This could not be laid to his diffidence, for he would chat with a wit, a nobleman, or even a fashionable woman, on terms of the most perfect equality. So the marchioness decided that St. Clair was a prodigy of impertinence and folly

Auguste dined one Monday with Madame B . . . , and on leaving her, declared that he had never met with a more agreeable lady. Madame B . . gathered wit abroad for a month, and lavished it in one evening at home. St. Clair met her on Thursday of the same week This time he was a little ennuyé. A second visit determined him never more to enter her house. Madame B . . . gave out that St. Clair was a young man decidedly unfashionable, and of abominably bad manners.

He was born with a disposition tender and affectionate, but at an age when we too easily receive impressions that are to last through life, his intense sensibility had excited the ridicule of his companions. He was haughty, ambitious, and obstinate as a child Henceforward he made it a study to conceal every outward indication of what might appear an unworthy weakness. His end was attained, but the victory was dearly bought. He could disguise from others the emotions of his own too tender heart, but in shutting them within himself, he only added to their intensity. In the world, he bore the reputation of an insensible and unfeeling creature; in retirement, his restless imagination conjured up a thousand disquietudes, the more tormenting because he could not impart them. How true—that it is difficult to find a friend!

Difficult! Is it possible? Have two beings ever lived who kept no secret from each other? St. Clair was not a believer in friendships, and the world knew it. He was uniformly cold and reserved with young men in society. Never did he busy himself with their secrets; but all his thoughts and most of his actions were to them mysteries. The French love to talk about themselves, so St. Clair was, in spite of himself, the depository of a great many secrets. His friends, and this word designates those whom we see twice a week, complained of his want of confidence; in fact, one who without our asking, imparts his secret, is commonly offended if we fail to impart our own. He seems to think that there should be a reciprocity of indiscretion.

"He is close-buttoned up to his chin," said the gallant Captain Alphonse de Thémines; "I never could have the least confidence in that devil of a St. Clair"

"I believe him half a Jesuit," observed Jules Lambert, "some one swore to me the other day that he had twice met him coming out of St Sulpice's. Nobody knows what he is thinking about. For my own part, I never feel at ease in his presence."

They separated. Alphonse met St. Clair on the Boulevard Italien, walking with his head down, taking notice of no one Alphonse stopped him, took him by the arm, and before they had reached the rue de la Paix, he had given him the whole history of his amours with Madame . . . , who is tied to such a jealous and cruel husband.

That evening Jules Lambert lost his money at ecarté. He attempted to dance. In dancing, he jostled a gentleman, who had also lost his money, and was of course in a very ill humour himself. Sharp words ensued; a meeting was arranged. Julius begged of St. Clair to serve as his second, and at the same time took occasion to borrow some money of him, which he forgot to repay.

After all, St. Clair was well enough as the world goes. His faults annoyed only himself He was obliging, often amiable, seldom tiresome He had travelled much, and read much, and never spoke either of his books or his travels except on compulsion Besides, he was tall and well made; his face was noble and intellectual, almost always too grave, but his smile was full of beauty.

I had forgotten one point. St Clair was attentive to the sex, and affected their society more than that of men. Had he loved? That it is difficult to say. But if this insensible being was capable of love, the world knew that the pretty Countess Mathilde de Coursy was the object of his preference. The countess was a young widow, at whose house he continually visited. In proof of their intimacy the following were conclusive presumptions: In the first place was a politeness almost amounting to ceremony from St. Clair towards the countess, and *vice versa*; then, his affectation of never mentioning her name in society, or, if it were necessary, never with the least commendation Again, before St. Clair was introduced to her, he had been passionately fond of music, and the countess had quite as strong a taste for painting Since they had become acquainted, their tastes had entirely changed. In conclusion, when the countess left for the Springs the last year, St Clair set out six days after her departure.

CHAPTER II.

More of the widow.

It was a fine night in July, and so late as to be almost morning, perhaps not much more than an hour from sunrise. At this moment the park-gate of a country-seat silently opened, and some one glided out of it in a very stealthy fashion. This country-seat belonged to Madam de Coursy, and this somebody was St. Clair A lady, enveloped in a pelisse, accompanied him to the gate, and followed him with her eye till he had reached the end of the path, which ran along by the wall of the garden. St. Clair stopped, cast about him a watchful glance, and waved his hand as a signal for his companion to return. The clearness of a July night enabled him still to distinguish her pale figure, motionless in the same position. He retraced his footsteps, approached, and pressed her tenderly in his arms. He wished to prevail on her to return; but he had still a thousand things to say. Their conversation lasted about ten minutes, when they heard the voice of a peasant who was going out to labour in the fields. A kiss was given and received, the gate closed, and St. Clair at a bound reached the end of the path.

He followed a road which appeared familiar to him. Sometimes he almost leaped for joy, and ran along striking the bushes with his cane; again he would stand still, or walk along slowly, gazing upon the sky, which had begun to put on its orient purple. By his actions one would have thought him a lunatic, overjoyed with having escaped from his cage. After half an hour's walk, he reached the gate of a little solitary mansion, which he had hired for the season. He had a key; he entered; then he cast himself on a splendid couch, and there, his eyes fixed, his lips curved with a gentle smile, he mused—he fell into a waking dream. His imagination visited him only with thoughts of happiness.

"How happy am I!" said he, every moment, to himself. "At last I have met with a heart that can comprehend my own! Yes, it is my ideal that I have found! I have at once a *friend* and a mistress! What a character!—what an impassioned soul! She has loved no one before myself—and she will never love but me!" Vanity always mingles itself with the affairs of this world. "She is the most beautiful woman in Paris," thought St. Clair; and his imagination repainted all her charms. "She has selected me from all others She numbered among her admirers the elite of society. This colonel of huzzars—so handsome—so gallant—and not so very much of a coxcomb; this young author who makes such pretty acrostics, and is so clever at an epigram; this Russian Lovelace, who has seen the Balkan, and has served under Diebetsch; and, above all, Camille D . . , who has wit certainly, fine manners, an attractive sabre-wound on his forehead . . . . . All these she has rejected. And I!" Then came the old burthen. "How happy I am!—how very, very happy!" He rose and opened the window, for he could not breathe now he walked about the chamber, now tossed restlessly upon his couch.

A fortunate lover is almost as great a bore as an unhappy one. A friend of mine, who not unfrequently found himself playing the one or other of these characters, knew no other mode of enlisting my attention than by giving me a capital breakfast, during which he was at liberty to speak of his amours; the coffee swallowed—and the subject was changed.

As I cannot give a breakfast to all my readers, I will, at least, spare them the love-sick reflections of St. Clair. Besides, we cannot always live in the clouds. St Clair was wearied out; he yawned, stretched his arms, and saw that it was broad day: he must needs think of sleep. When he woke, he found by his watch that he had hardly time to dress and hurry to Paris, where he was to make one at a young men's dinner-party.

CHAPTER III.

A dinner-party and a discovery.

They had just finished another bottle of champagne; the reader must divine the number of it. Let him be satisfied with knowing that the moment had arrived—an early moment at a dinner of youths—when all the company tries to speak at once, and the good heads begin to be solicitous for the bad ones.

"I wish," cried Alphonse de Thémines, who never lost a chance to speak of England, "I wish it were the fashion in Paris, as it is in London, for each one to toast his mistress. In this way, we would find out the charmer that St. Clair is sighing for:" and in speaking thus, he fills his own glass, and those of his neighbours.

St. Clair, a little confused, was on the point of replying, when Jules Lambert anticipated him. "I approve the custom," said he, "strongly;" and, raising his glass—"To all the milliners of Paris! excepting the lame, blind, and the thirty-year-old."

"Hurrah! hurrah!" cried the English-mad youths.

St. Clair rose, his glass in hand. "Gentlemen," said he, "I have not a heart so vast as that of my friend Jules, but it is more constant; and my constancy is the more to my credit, as I have for some time been separated from the mistress of my thoughts. I am sure, however, that you will approve my choice; if, indeed, you are not already my rivals. To Judith Pasta! gentlemen!—May we soon welcome back the first tragic actress of Europe!"

Themines wished to criticise the toast, but the acclamations prevented him. Having parried this thrust, St. Clair thought himself at rest for the day.

Conversation now turned upon theatricals. The dramatic censorship served as a transition to political From the Duke of Wellington they got upon English horses, and passed, by a natural association of ideas, to English women: as for young people, the two most desirable objects in life are, a fine horse and a pretty mistress

Then they discussed the means of obtaining these much-courted objects. Horses could be bought, women could be bought also; but the subject is a delicate one, we will drop it. St. Clair, after having modestly pleaded his want of experience on this tender topic, concluded that the first condition of pleasing a woman is to make oneself *marked*—to be different from other people. But is there any general rule for this difference? He thought not.

"So, in your view," said Jules, "a lame person or a hunchback is more likely to please than a straight man, made like other people."

"You carry things to the extreme," replied St. Clair, "but I adopt, if necessary, all the consequences of my proposition. For instance, if I were hump-backed, I would not worry myself about it, but would busy myself with making conquests. I would address myself to two classes of women only—either to those really possessed of sensibility, or to the many who make pretensions to singularity, or *eccentricity*, as they call it in England. To the first I would paint the horrour of my situation, the cruelty of nature towards me. I would try to interest them in my fate; to make them believe me capable of a passionate love. I would wound one of my rivals in a duel, and poison myself with a very moderate dose of laudanum. At the end of a few months my hump would vanish, and then it would be my cue to watch the first glimmer of sensibility. As to women who pretend to originality, the conquest is easy. Only persuade them that it is a duly established rule, that a hunchback was never fortunate in love; and they will not rest easy till they have given the rule an exception."

"What a Don Juan!" cried Jules.

"Let us cut off our legs, gentlemen," said Colonel Beaujeu, "since we are so unfortunate as to have been born without humps."

"I am quite of the opinion of St. Clair," said Hector Roquantin, who was only three feet and a half high; "we see, every day, the most beautiful and fashionable women connecting themselves with men that you handsome youths would never imagine to be at all in your way."

"Hector, get up, I beg of you, and ring for some more wine," said Thémines, with the simplest air in the world.

The dwarf rose, and every one smiled as he thought of the fox in the fable who had lost his tail. "For my part," said Thémines, taking up the conversation, "the more I have seen, and the more I see, a passable figure"—casting a complacent glance at the mirror opposite—"a passable figure, and good taste in dress, are quite irresistible, with the most cruel;" and with a fillip he knocks off a crumb of bread that had attached itself to the inside of his coat.

"Bah!" cried the dwarf, "with a pretty figure, and a coat of Staub, we may get women that we would be faithful to for a week, and who would bore us at a second appointment. Something more is necessary to make us love—that is, what we call—*love!* We want ."

"Hold!" interrupted Thémines, "do you desire a conclusive example. You have all known Massigny, and you know the sort of man he is In manners like an English groom; and in conversation like his horse; but he was beautiful as an Adonis, and tied his cravat like a Brummel. To say every thing in a word, he was the most ultra bore I ever knew."

"He expected to bore me to death," said Colonel Beaujeu. "Only imagine that I was obliged to travel two hundred leagues with him."

"Do you know," asked St Clair, "that he caused the death of poor Richard Thornton, whom you all knew?"

"But," rejoined Jules, "do you not know, then, that he was assassinated, by brigands, near de Fondi."

"True, but you must know that Massigny was at least an accomplice of the crime. Many travellers—and among them Thornton—had arranged to journey in company to Naples, from fear of the brigands. Massigny wished to join the caravan. As soon as Thornton knew it, he set out in advance, from a horrour, I believe, of having to pass two days with Massigny. He set out alone; and you know the rest."

"Thornton was no fool," said Thémines, "and of two deaths he chose the pleasantest. Any one in his place ought to have done the same thing." Then, after a pause: "You will allow, then, that, when alive, Massigny was the most tiresome man on earth."

"Agreed!" They carried it by acclamation.

"We wrong no one," said Jules; "we make an exception in favour of . . .; especially when he talks polite."

"You will readily admit further," pursued Thémines, "that Madame de Coursy is a lady of talent."

There was a short pause. St. Clair hung his head, and imagined that all eyes were fixed upon him.

"Who doubts it!" said he at length, bending over his plate, and examining, with a very minute curiosity, the flowers painted on the porcelain.

"I maintain," said Jules, "raising his voice, "I maintain that she is one of the three loveliest women in Paris."

"I knew her husband," said the colonel; "he has often shown me very charming letters from his wife."

"Auguste," interrupted Hector Roquantin, "introduce me to the countess. They say that you make the rain and sunshine of her house."

"Towards the close of autumn," murmured St. Clair, "when she returns to Paris. I—I believe that she does not receive company in the country."

"Do you intend listening to me?" cried Thémines. Silence was restored. St. Clair sat as uneasy upon his chair as a culprit at the bar of the assizes.

"You had never seen the countess three years ago. You were then in Germany, St Clair," replied Alphonse de Thémines, with a provoking *sang froid*. "You cannot form an idea of what she was then: beautiful, fresh as a rose, lively withal, and gay as a butterfly. Well! know you, among her numerous worshippers, whom she honoured with her favour! Massigny! The greatest dunce and coxcomb in the world—he turned the head of the most spiritual of women. Do you believe that a hunchback would have done as much? No, no, believe me, have a good figure, and a good tailor, and fear nothing."

St. Clair was in a cruel situation. He was about giving the lie direct; but a fear of compromising the countess withheld him He would have wished to say something in her favour, but his tongue was frozen. His lips trembled with rage, and he sought in vain for some out-of-the-way means of getting up a quarrel.

"What!" cried Jules, with an air of surprise, "Madame de Coursy surrendering to Massigny! *Frailty, thy name is woman!*"

"A woman's reputation is of so little consequence," said St. Clair, in a dry and scornful tone, "that it is well worth while to press it into the service, when one would make a display."

While speaking, he remembered, with horrour, a certain Tuscan vase, which he had seen a hundred times on the mantel-piece of the countess, at Paris. He knew that it was a present from Massigny on his return from Italy; and—a most suspicious circumstance!—this vase had been carried from Paris into the country. And every evening, on taking off her bouquet, Mathilde placed it in the Tuscan vase.

The word died upon his lips; he saw nothing, he thought of nothing—but the Tuscan vase!

A conclusive proof! the critic will cry: to suspect his mistress for such a trifle! Have you ever been in love, master critic?

CHAPTER IV.

A new comer—Fresh from Egypt.

Thémines was in too pleasant a mood to take offence at the tone in which St. Clair had addressed him. He replied with an air of lightness and good-humour.

"I only repeat what all the world says. The story passed for true when you were in Germany. As for the rest, I have very little acquaintance with Madame de Coursy; it is now eighteen months since I have been in her house. It is possible that people have been deceived. To return to what we were talking about, if the example I have just mentioned should be false, I should not be the less correct. You all know that the most intellectual woman in France—she whose works——"

The door opened, and Theodore Neville entered. He had just returned from Egypt.

"Theodore! and just returned!" He was overwhelmed with questions.

"Have you brought back a real Turkish costume?" asked Thémines. "Have you an Arabian horse and an Egyptian groom!"

"What sort of a man is the pacha?" said Jules. "When does he make himself independent? Have you seen him cut off a head at a single blow of the sabre?"

"And the dancers?" said Roquantin. "Are the women beautiful at Cairo?"

"Have you seen General L . . .?" asked Colonel Beaujeu. "How has he organized the army of the pacha? Has Colonel C . . . given you a sabre for me?"

"And the pyramids! And the cataracts of the Nile! And the statue of Memnon! Ibrahim Pacha! etc. etc. etc. . . . ." All spoke at once: St. Clair was thinking only of the Tuscan vase.

Theodore having seated himself on his crossed legs, a habit that he had formed in Egypt, and had not yet laid aside in France, waited till his querists were tired, and spoke as follows, fast enough not to be easily interrupted.

"The pyramids! On my word it is a *regular humbug*. It is nothing so high as people think Why the Minster at Strasbourg is only four metres less. But don't talk to me of antiquities. I am tired of them. The very sight of a hieroglyphic would make me faint. There are so many travellers who busy themselves about these things! But my chief end has been to study the faces and manners of all that strange population, which throngs the streets of Alexandria and Cairo; such as the Turks, Bedouins, Copts, Fellahs, and Mŏghrebins. I took some hasty notes whilst I was at the lazaretto. An infamous place this lazaretto. I hope that none of you believe in contagion! I have smoked my pipe tranquilly in the midst of three hundred infected patients. Ah! colonel, you would see there a fine cavalry—splendidly mounted. I will show you the superb arms which I have brought home. I have a djerid which belonged to the famous Mourad Bey. Colonel, I have an ataghan for you, and a khandjan for Auguste. You shall see my *Metchla*, my *Bournens*, my Hhaik. I talked much with the pacha; he is a man of mind, by Jupiter! and perfectly unprejudiced. You have no idea how well he understands our affairs. On my word he is acquainted with the most petty secrets of our cabinet. I have derived, from his conversation, some very valuable ideas on the state of parties in France. He is, at present, very much engaged in our statistics. Do you know that he is a thorough Bonapartist! He talks of nothing else but Napoleon. Ah! what a great man is this *Bounabardo!* said he to me. Bounabardo, it is thus that they call Bonaparte!"

"*Giourdana, that is to say, Jourdain,*" murmured Thémines, in a low voice

"At first," continued Theodore, "Mohamed Ali was very reserved with me; you know that all the Turks are distrustful. He took me for a spy, the devil! or for a jesuit. He has a great horrour of jesuits. But, in the course of a few visits, he ascertained that I was a traveller, without prejudice, desirous of informing myself on the customs, manners, and politics of the east. then he unbuttoned, and spoke to me with his heart open. At my last audience, it was the third that he granted me, I took the liberty of saying to him, 'I cannot conceive why your highness does not render yourself independent of the Porte.' 'By heaven,' he replied, 'I should like it well; but I am afraid that the liberal journals, which are all-powerful in your country, would not sustain me if I should declare the independence of Egypt.' He is a fine old man, with a beautiful white beard—and he never laughs. He gave me some excellent sweetmeats; but, of all that I gave him, nothing pleased him so much as a collection of the costumes of the Imperial Guard, by Chalet."

"Is the pacha romantic?" inquired Thémines.

"He occupies himself very little with literature; but you are aware that the Arabian literature is all romance They have a poet named Melek Aqatalnefons-Ebu-Esraf, who has published *Meditations*, compared with which those of de La Martine appear classical prose. On my arrival at Cairo I took an Arabian master, with whom I set about reading the *Coran*. Before I had taken many lessons, I saw enough to comprehend the sublime beauties of the style of the prophet, and to know how bad all the translations are Hold—do you wish to see some Arabia writing? This word in golden letters is *Allah*, that is to say, God." While thus speaking, he displayed a very dirty letter which he had taken from a purse of perfumed silk.

"How long did you remain in Egypt?" asked Thémines

"Six weeks"

And the traveller went on to describe everything, from the cedar to the hyssop.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

MANTACCINI, THE CHARLATAN.

MANTACCINI, the famous charlatan of Paris, was a young man of good family, and having, in a few years, squandered a large estate, and reduced himself to beggary, he felt that he must exercise his ingenuity, or starve. In this state of mind, he cast his eyes round the various devices which save from indigence, and are most favoured by fortune. He soon perceived that charlatanism was that on which this blind benefactress lavished her favours with most pleasure, and in the greatest abundance. An adroit and loquacious domestic was the only remaining article of all his former grandeur; he dressed him up in a gold-laced livery, mounted a splendid chariot, and started on the tour under the name, style, and title of "the celebrated Dr. Mantaccini, who cures all diseases with a single touch, or a simple look."

Not finding that he obtained as much practice as his daring genius anticipated, he determined to resort to still higher flights. He left Paris, and modestly announced himself at Lyons as "the celebrated Dr. Mantaccini, who revives the dead at will." To remove all doubt, he declared that, in fifteen days, he would go to the common churchyard, and restore to life its inhabitants, though buried for ten years This declaration excited a general rumour and murmur against the doctor, who, not in the least disconcerted, applied to the magistrate, and requested that he might be put under a guard, to prevent his escape, until he should perform his undertaking. The proposition inspired the greatest confidence, and the whole city came to consult the clever empiric, and purchase his *baume de vie*. His consultations were most numerous, and he received large sums of money. At length the famous day approached, and the doctor's valet, fearing for his shoulders, began to manifest signs of uneasiness. "You know nothing of mankind," said the quack to his servant; "be quiet." Scarcely had he spoken these words, when the following letter was presented to him, from a rich citizen:—'Sir, the great operation which you are going to perform, has broken my rest. I have a wife buried for some time, who was a fury, and I am unhappy enough already, without her resurrection. In the name of heaven do not make the experiment. I will give you fifty louis to keep your secret to yourself." In an instant after, two dashing beaux arrived, who, with the most earnest supplications, entreated him not to raise their old father, formerly the greatest miser in the city, as, in such an event, they would be reduced to the most deplorable indigence. They offered him a fee of sixty louis, but the doctor shook his head in doubtful compliance. Scarcely had they retired, when a young widow, on the eve of matrimony, threw herself at the feet of the quack, and, with sobs and sighs, implored his mercy. In short, from morn till night, the doctor received letters, visits, presents, fees, to an excess which absolutely overwhelmed him. The minds of the citizens were differently and violently agitated, some by fear, and others by curiosity, so that the chief magistrate of the city waited upon the doctor, and said, "Sir, I have not the least doubt, from my experience of your rare talents, that you will be able to accomplish the resurrection in our churchyard the day after to-morrow, according to your promise; but I pray you to observe that our city is in the utmost uproar and confusion, and to consider the dreadful revolution the success of your experiment must produce in every family; I entreat you, therefore, not to attempt it, but to go away, and thus restore tranquility to the city. In justice, however, to your rare and divine talents, I shall give you an attestation, in due form, under our seal, that you can *revive* the dead, and that it was our own fault that we were not eye witnesses of your power." This certificate was duly signed and delivered, and Dr Mantaccini left Lyons for other cities, to work new miracles. In a short time he returned to Paris, loaded with gold, where he laughed at the popular credulity.

SHAKSPEARE AND BEN JONSON.

The following sketch of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson is from Aubrey's Manuscripts, preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford:

"William Shakspeare's father was a butcher, and I have been told heretofore, by some of the neighbours, that when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade; but when he killed a calf he would do it in a *high style*, and make a speech. This William being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London, I guess about eighteen, and as an actor at one of the play-houses, and did act exceedingly well. (Now Ben Jonson was never a good actor, but an excellent instructor.) He began early to make essays in dramatique poetry, which at that time was very lowe, and his playes took well. He was a handsome well shaped man, verie good company, and of a very ready and pleasant, and smoothe witt. The humour of the constable, in *A Midsummer Night Dream*, he happened to take at Crendon, in Bucks, (I think it was midsummer night that he happened to be there,) which is the road from London to Stratford; and there was living that constable about 1642, when I came first to Oxon. Mr. Jos. Howe is of the parish, and knew him. Ben Jonson and he did gather humours of men wherever they came. One time, as he was at the taverne at Stratford, Mr. Combes, an old usurer, was to be burryed; he makes then this extemporary epitaph upon him.—

'Ten in the hundred the Deville allows,
But Combes will have twelve, he sweares and he vowes;
If any one aske who lies in this tombe,
Hon! quoth the Deville 'tis my John O'Combe!'

"He was wont to go to his native county once a yeare. I think I have been told that he left neare three hundred poundes to a sister. He understood Latin pretty well, for he had been in younger years a school master in the country."

ST. HELENA.

The climate of St. Helena is, perhaps, the mildest and the most salubrious in the world, and is remarkably congenial to the human feelings. Neither too hot nor cold, it preserves, throughout the year, that medium temperature which is always agreeable. This temperature, however, varies considerably, according to the elevation of the land.

From thunder and lightning this climate may be said to be wholly exempted. In the course of sixty years only two flashes of lightning are recollected; and these, I believe, were unaccompanied with thunder: neither is it subject to those storms and hurricanes which occasionally afflict and desolate many other tropical islands. The trade winds generally blow with uniform steadiness; very seldom increasing beyond what is called a fresh breeze. There are many copious springs of pure and wholesome water. These generally issue from the highest lands. The quantity usually discharged at James' town was found to be six hogsheads in a minute, or two thousand one hundred and sixty tons in the twenty-four hours, after the absence of rain

PUNISHMENT OF SOBRIETY.

Against the door-post of Haddon-Hall, in England, is fixed a kind of hand-bolt, consisting of an iron ring, by which a man's wrist could be secured as high as he could reach above his head, said to have been used in former times as a mode of punishment among the domestics. One of the purposes to which this instrument of correction was applied, was thus described:—Any servant or retainer then, who refused to take his horn of six pints of liquor in turn, or committed other offences against the laws of conviviality, might be confined in the manner just mentioned, while a pail of cold water was poured down the sleeve of his doublet. Rather at variance with this, is the sharp resolution which appears to have been reserved for the punishment of drunkenness. There is still remaining in the hall a portrait of John Ward, who in 1627 was deer-keeper to Sir John Manners, of Haddon, afterwards earl of Rutland. This John Ward, as stated by the attendant expositor, was turned out of the family no less than six times for drinking to excess; but it seems that neither punishment nor kindness could reclaim him, for this incorrigible toper at length "died drunk." "He was found dead on a table." The Spartans encouraged their children to steal, but punished them when detected. Was it in imitation of their practice that the authorities at Haddon-Hall compelled the domestics to drink largely, and dismissed those who were seen intoxicated?

THE YOUNG GREEK GIRL.

A young Greek girl, whose lover, smitten with plague, was conveyed to the temporary hospital at the Seven Towers, had no sooner ascertained whither they had carried him, than without saying a word to her parents, who would, as she well knew, have opposed her design, she left her home, and presented herself at the portal of the infected fortress, as the nurse of the young Greek who had been received there on the previous day. In vain did the governor, imagining from her youth, and the calm and collected manner in which she offered herself up an almost certain victim to the pestilence, that she was not aware of her danger, endeavoured to dissuade her from her project. She was immovable; and was ultimately permitted to approach the bed side of the dying sufferer.

Not a tear, not a murmur escaped her, as she took her place beside his pillow, and entered upon her desperate office. In the paroxysms of his madness, as the poison was feeding upon his strength and grappling at his brain, he spoke of her fondly—he talked to her—he stretched forth his hand to clasp her—and he thrust her from him as he yelled out in his agony, and his limbs writhed beneath the torture of the passing spasm.

And she bore it all unshrinkingly; and even amid her misery, she felt a thrill of joy as she discovered that pain and madness had alike failed to blot her image from his memory. But there were moments less cruel than these, in which reason resumed her temporary sway, and the devoted girl was pressed to the fevered bosom of her fated lover; and in these, brief as they were, she felt that she was overpaid for all.

But the struggle even of youth and strength against the most baneful of all diseases could not last long. The patient expired in the arms of his devoted mistress, and as he breathed his last, bequeathed to her at once his dying smile and the foul poison which was coursing through his veins. She saw him laid in his narrow grave; and then she turned away with the conviction that she, too, was plague-smitten!

She did not return to her home; but she stood a few paces from one of the companions of her youth, and bade her bear to her aged parents her blessing and her prayers; this done, she fled to the mountains, and sought out a solitary spot wherein to die. None knew how long she lingered, for she was never seen again in life; but her body was found a few days afterwards beneath a ledge of earth, in a doubled up position, as though the last spasm had been a bitter one

She who had sacrificed herself to soothe the last hours of him whom she had loved, perished alone, miserably, in the wild solitude of the Asian hills; and her almost Roman virtue has met with no other record than the brief one in which I have here attempted to perpetuate the memory of her devotion and her fate.—*Miss Pardoe*

A STUDENT'S DUEL AT HEIDELBERG.

It happened in the course of a few weeks that a student, who had rooms in the same house with ourselves, was engaged as principal in a duel. An English gentleman, without my knowledge, asked him to give him an *entree* into the room to himself, with two other friends; but, probably from a dislike to run the risk of a defeat in the presence of so many strangers, he would not consent. On the morning, however, appointed for the encounter, Mr. —— came to our lodgings, and "If you like," said he, "and will venture to go without any introduction at all, we will walk to the rendezvous, and take the chance of being sent away." As we were not likely to have another opportunity, we immediately sallied forth into the road, and loitered along the valley, till we saw a sure sign that the play was just going to begin. As soon as this indication (which was neither more nor less than the doctor) made us certain that there would be no delay or "fault" in the proceedings, we turned up a mountain road, and kept along it nearly half a mile, when we suddenly turned off through a garden, at the end of which stood a small inn. Passing through the house, we found ourselves in a large room, about fifty feet long by thirty wide. There were already ten or a dozen students assembled, two of whom were engaged in measuring out and chalking the floor, to mark the precise distance at which the combatants should be placed from each other. We took no notice of them, nor they of us; but seeing a bench in the corner of the room, we walked across and took a seat upon it Presently our hero came in, without coat or waistcoat, looking very fierce; and as soon as he saw us, he made towards us. We rose and bowed, and Mr. —— explained to him that we were come in the hope that he would have no objection to our remaining, when actually on the spot; and that of course, if he still had any, we should immediately retire. He, however, made no difficulty whatever, and left us to resume our seats. By this time the weapons had been brought in and ranged against the wall; and the students, whose numbers had now been much increased, were making the air whistle with trying their hands at making hits. The blades they use are of a beautifully inlaid manufacture, and I believe are as sharp as they can be made. Whilst we were observing these manœuvres, a student made his appearance from a little anti-chamber, leading a most grotesque figure into the room. Nearly the whole length of the leg, and the front of the body up to the breast bone, were encased in sword-proof quilted armour, fastened by straps behind. Once, I suppose, it had all been yellow and clean, but now it was of a dirty dark hue, and partly from great stains of blood. The right arm, too, up to the muscle of the shoulder, was covered with the same; and the left arm was slung behind, with the hand fixed in a leathern purse. The weight and tightness of this leathern coat of mail are, I imagine, so considerable, as to cause some disagreeable sensation, from the check of the circulation, or other cause, if the arm is suffered to hang down; for the conductor of each man held his friend's sword-arm aloft, supporting it in a horizontal position, as they passed round the gloomy long room. In the course of a few minutes the seconds came in, each having his sword-arm protected, up to the shoulder, with a covering of strong scales of leather, and girt round the body with a sword-proof belt, about a foot and a half in width, striped according to the colours of their respective fatherlands. A few more turns round the room, and the little doctor made his appearance, having been admiring, probably, mine host's vines, or his wife's flowers, or any other little amusement in keeping with his "civil" employment. At the same moment a little girl brought in a basin, towel, and jug of hot water—a sight rather adapted to act upon the nerves of the champions than to encourage them. It was amusing to see the little girl retire, but scramble up to an opening outside, whence she could see the fight. All things being now ready, the doctor lighted a fresh segar, took a lump of chalk in his hand to mark the rallies, and all was hushed and mute. The umpire took his place. The combatants, having a thick stock and a cloth cap now added to their accoutrements, are placed on the chalk line. They then receive from their seconds their gleaming swords, and bend them over the shoulder till the signal is given. "Bindet de klingen," cries the umpire, and the blades are crossed. "Loss" follows almost in the same breath, and away they go, round and round within their limits, the seconds whirling round with the principals, with swords interposed between the combatants, ready to strike up their blades when a palpable hit is given. The clashing is horrible for a few seconds or a minute. A hit is made. "Halt!" shouts the umpire; and in the twinkling of an eye the four swords meet; and if the seconds succeed at once in stopping the ardour of their men, the first rally is over. Again they are placed, after a moment's breathing time, on the chalked line, and again (and in all the twelve or twenty-four times) the same ceremony is gone through. The number of the rallies increases in proportion to the intenseness of the wrong to be redressed; but they seldom exceed twenty-four. The duel which I am now describing was one of that number; and exactly so many times were the champions brought together for the fight. About the thirteenth or fourteenth time, the less vigorous of the two (who had, however, hitherto defended himself, and even taken the offensive sometimes, with great spirit,) seemed suddenly to flag; an opportunity which his opponent instantly availed himself of to push him harder. In two successive attempts he succeeded in inflicting two cuts on his adversary's right side, where a defenceless space is left, between the armpit and the armour. I should not have known it from any other symptom than two long red streaks on the white shirt, which showed in an instant the extent and situation of the wounds. No notice was taken of it by any one; the battle was not delayed a minute; nor did the doctor even deign to take the segar from his mouth. It was continued to the last without any further result; and the two gentlemen were then rapidly stripped of their accoutrements, in order that another pair might be clothed therewith.

EVERYDAY LIFE.

We hope that when news is scarce, we shall now and then stand excused in the eyes of our readers, if we present them with a select passage or so, from the most celebrated works now issuing from the press In the last number of Nicholas Nickleby, we find the following eloquent and natural series of reflection upon this chequered life:—"And even now, as he paced the streets and listlessly looked around on the gradually increasing bustle and preparation for the day, everything appeared to yield him some new occasion for despondency. Last night the sacrifice of a young, affectionate, and beautiful creature to such a wretch and in such a cause, had seemed too monstrous to succeed, and the warmer he grew the more confident he felt that some interposition must save her from his clutches But now, when he thought how regularly things went on from day to day in the same unvarying round—how youth and beauty died, and ugly griping age lived tottering on—how crafty avarice grew rich, and manly, honest hearts were poor and sad—how few there were who tenanted the stately houses, and how many those who lay in noisome pens, or rose each day and laid them down at night, and lived and died, father and son, mother and child, race upon race, and generation upon generation, without a home to shelter them, or the energies of one single man directed to their aid—how, in seeking, not a luxurious and splendid life, but the bare means of a most wretched and inadequate subsistence, there were women and children in that one town, divided into classes, numbered and estimated as regularly as the noble families and folks of great degree, and reared from infancy to drive most criminal and dreadful trades—how ignorance was punished and never taught—how jail doors gaped and gallows loomed for thousands urged towards them by circumstances darkly curtaining their very cradle's heads, and but for which they might have earned their honest bread and lived in peace—how many died in soul, and had no chance of life—how many who could scarcely go astray, be they vicious as they would, turned haughtily from the crushed and stricken wretch who could scarce do otherwise, and who would have been a greater wonder had he or she done well, than even they, had they done ill—how much injustice, and misery, and wrong there was, and yet how the world rolled on from year to year, alike careless and indifferent, and no man seeking to remedy or redress it: when he thought of all this, and selected from the mass the one slight case on which his thoughts were bent, he felt indeed that there was little ground for hope, and little cause or reason why it should not form an atom in the huge aggregate of distress and sorrow, and add one small and unimportant unit to swell the great amount."

CONSTANTINOPLE.

The Sultana Validé daily extends her influence, and on the troops receiving their pay she has added from her own purse an additional month's pay to each soldier. She is a frequent attendant at the council, and entered there lately unveiled, observing to the ministers it was right they should know the features of their sovereign's mother. The sultana, wishing to give the Messieurs Duz, administrators of the mint, a proof of her esteem, invited their ladies to witness the ceremony of the sultan's entrance into the interiour of the seraglio. Those ladies say that the author of the "Arabian Nights" is most unjustly accused of exaggeration in describing the magnificence of a sultan's seraglio. The walls were hung with rich brocades, and the floor covered with the richest cashmeres The young sultan reposed in a superb chair, embroidered with pearls, rubies, and emeralds. The Sultana Validé having blessed her son, the Sultana Isma presented him with a beautiful young slave. The Sultan appeared much pleased with his aunt's present, and requested the slave to seat herself by his side. A thousand then prostrated themselves before the sultan and kissed his feet, while beautiful young Circassians showered handfulls of sequins amongst them, until the whole apartment was ankle deep with them. After the beauteous recluses of the harem had done homage to the sultan, the same ceremony was gone through before the young person who has become his companion. After the distribution of costly presents all retired. The Sultana Valide, according to the Mahomedan rule, is almost considered holy, and every mussulman has the right of appeal to her. Even the wives of the sultan are compelled to treat her with veneration, and to kiss the hem of her garment whenever she appears. She has a deliberative voice in the council of the state, and all true Mussulmans are accustomed to pay a blind obedience to her. She is said to be an ambitious and capricious woman, and to have already interdicted access to the palace to twelve hundred persons. The sultan appears in public almost daily, visiting all the places his father took delight in.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE ANNIVERSARY.—BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

A year hath lingered through its round
Since thou wert with the dead;
And yet my bosom's careless wound
Still bleeds, as then it bled.
All now without is cold and calm—
Yet o'er my heart its healing balm
Oblivion will not shed;—
If day beguiles my fond regret,
Night comes—and how can I forget?

For mute are then the sounds of mirth
I loathe, yet cannot flee;
And thoughts in solitude have birth,
That lead me back to thee.
By day, amidst the busy herd,
My soul is like the captive bird
That struggles to be free;
It longs to leave a world unblest,
To flee away, and be at rest.

Rest! how, alas! shall mortal dare
Of rest on earth to dream—
The heritage of ceaseless care
May better far beseem
The child of sin—the heir of wo.
And what if mutual love may throw
A joy-imparting beam
O'er life's wide waste?—'Tis quickly gone,
And we must wander on *alone*.

It was no charm of face or mien
That linked my heart to thee;
For many fairer I have seen,
And fairer yet may see
It was a strong though nameless spell
Which seemed with thee alone to dwell,
And this remains to me;
And *will* remain—thy form is fled,
But this can e'en recall the dead.

Thine image is before me now,
All angel as thou art;
Thy gentle eye and guileless brow
Are graven on my heart;
And, when on living charms I gaze,
Memory the one loved form portrays—
Ah! would it ne'er depart!
And they alone are fair to me
Who wake a livelier thought of thee.

Oft, too, the fond familiar sound
Is present to mine ear;
I seem, when all is hush'd around,
Thy thrilling voice to hear:
Oh! could I dream thou still wert nigh,
And turn as if to breathe reply,
The waking—how severe!
When on the sickening soul must press
The sense of utter loneliness!

A year hath pass'd—another year
Its wonted round may run;
Yet earth will still be dark and drear,
As when its course begun
I would not murmur or repine—
Yet, though a thousand joys were mine,
I still must sigh for *one*;
How could I think of her who died,
And taste of joy from aught beside?

Yet, dearest! though that treasured love
Now casts a gloom o'er all;
Thy spirit, from its rest above,
I would not now recall
My earthly doom thou canst not share,
And I in solitude must bear
Whate'er may yet befall;
But I *can* share thy home, thy heaven,
All griefs forgot, all guilt forgiven.

INFLUENCE OF CHILDREN.

I cannot but think that this constant presence of human nature, pure and happy, of simple and innocent enjoyment, exerts a great though little-noticed influence on this whole great fighting family of man; and that each member of it foregoes somewhat of his selfishness, abates something of its fury, after every such contemplation of something happier than himself, which never yet regarded *self*, never was infuriated by passions. No wonder that the greatest of men have mostly evinced a passionate fondness for children; neither is it surprising that in some persons, not otherwise of weak character, such fondness should even rise to excess. In our mourning over a lost child, the very sources of our comfort bear in them an embittering venom for our grief. The same purity of soul which assures us of its acceptance in the bosom of God, also renders the memory of its vanished prettiness and graces more intolerable by the exemption of every, even the least, drawback on our love, from failings or offence. To the busy world, what indeed is the death of a child? It forwarded, it retarded no human aim; it stood an insignificant little alien by the side of the mighty and dusty arena of life. Not so to the parent. To him its smile and play were the invigorating spirit that nerved him in the conflict; and the very apathy of the whole world besides, its utter want of sympathy with him in his (to their feelings) trifling loss, becomes itself an added source of poignant, lonely, heart-consuming misery.

THE LOVE OF FREEDOM.

None can love freedom heartily but good men; the rest love not freedom, but license, which never hath more scope, or more indulgence, than under tyrants. Hence it is, that tyrants are not oft offended by, nor stand much in doubt of, bad men, as being all naturally servile; but in whom virtue and true worth most is eminent, them they fear in earnest, as by right their masters; against them lies all their hatred and suspicion.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE INFANT SUFFOCATION WITH KNOWLEDGE SYSTEM.

BY A MAN BORN OUT OF SEASON.

"Oh! the sunny, sunny hours of childhood,
How soon—how soon they pass away!"

VERY! There *was* a time when we had children. That time is past, or is fast passing. The boys are premature mockeries of men—the girls, something between a doll and a stunted woman The schoolmaster is abroad, also the schoolmistress, besides tutors and governesses.

Shortly after the children are weaned, they commence educating them. While the brain is yet in a soft, pulpy state, they load it with heavy facts and hard names, to its serious detriment during the remainder of its mundane existence. The ancient Grecian commenced with carrying a calf upon his back a few hours every day, so that when the calf gradually grew into a bullock, he carried the bullock with as much ease as he had done the calf. This is now the education principle. They lay a few leaves of Cyclopædia or Encyclopædia on a child's tender brain, and keep adding thereunto day by day, expecting that when he is a man, he will carry the thirty volumes with perfect ease, without considering that in the attempt they may crush all sap and freshness out of that brain, rendering it as flat as a pancake, and "dry as the remainder of a biscuit"

Now is this wholesome—is it natural? Is it fair—is it humane, that a child should be cheated out of its childhood, and sent to learn the "use of the globes" before it has learnt to play at marbles? Or is it to be expected that this early forcing and hot-bed system can produce as healthy plants as if they had been allowed to grow in the free air and open sunshine? Oh! in place of sending a child to school at three or four years, let it enjoy three or four more years of healthy ignorance Curb not its young freedom; abridge not its first holidays; cage not the pretty bird too soon! Change not the free air of heaven for the pent-up atmosphere of the "seminary;" the gentle murmur of the winds for the dull hum of the prison-house. We were children ourselves once. Let us have a fellow-feeling for the young rogues. Let kind dame Nature nurse them a few years longer. There will be fewer ricketty limbs and ricketty intellects.

And does a child learn nothing because it has not its primer in its hand? Certainly it does. Every hour of its little life it is learning; it cannot help it. The flower that blows, the springing grass, the withered leaf, the running water, the birds that hop across its path, and the thousand sights of the fields and woods, or even the squares or suburbs of a city, cause it to think and to question. The wind as it blows, the falling rain, the fleecy snow, the sharp frost making firm the unstable water, the thunder peal, the sun that shines by day, and the moon that steals into the dark sky at night, all and each arouses its infantile wonder and young curiosity Let it then have a few years of pleasant natural education before it commences its painful artificial one. Let it, as St. Paul says, when it *is* a child, "think as a child, and act as a child," and in due and proper season, no doubt of it, it will "put away childish things."

But we are bent upon doing too much. No time has to be wasted. We cannot be content with healthy natural children, possessed of information proper to their years, we must have prodigies—or parrots Miss prates of planetary systems whilst her fingers itch to make doll's frocks, and Master is taught philosophy (heaven save the mark) before he has learned to curb his appetite for plum-pudding. And what are the precious results? A breed of pert precocious things for foolish mammas and dunder-headed papas to exhibit after dinner before their silently-enduring, but inwardly blaspheming guests.

A fine way it is to learn a child humility, to cram its little head with hard, dry names, dates, and facts, which, though its memory may retain, its yet weakly intellect cannot by any possibility digest or turn into knowledge, but which names, dates, and facts it is very likely to discover full-grown people know nothing about, having never known, or having long since forgotten them. A very pretty way But it is not your dull or ordinary children, who simply learn to babble about a multitude of things they do not understand, that are so much to be pitied. It is the naturally fine, apt, intelligent child that is the most inhumanly victimized *It* is quick to learn, and its quickness is praised. The craving after knowledge enters its young breast, and instead of being repressed or carefully regulated, it is excited and fed by the wonder and approbation of all who come in contact with the juvenile prodigy. To add to the evil, more pains are taken with it by its teachers than with ordinary children; it is better than an advertisement to them; a living proof of their efficiency as instructors. its gratified parents are grateful for their assiduity, and, with the best intentions on their part, its little brain is daily and hourly stimulated with mental brandy, no less hurtful to that organ, according to the best medical authorities, than the spirit itself would be. Such children are generally of a delicate constitution—

"So wise so young, they say do ne'er live long,"

and some fatal disease, proceeding from that poor o'erwrought brain, carries it off amid the tears and lamentations of its well-meaning destroyers. Or, if it does live, ten to one that its maturity fulfils the promise of its childhood. Commonly its intellect waxes feeble instead of gradually strengthening and expanding, and it is often outstripped in after life by far duller, and therefore less abused children

And of what use to them is two-thirds of the (so called) knowledge with which they are burdened to the ruin of health and exclusion of enjoyment. A young girl, for instance. Of what utility to her in after life is the smattering of geography, astronomy, botany, zoology, ornithology, or any other ology which she may pick up. Is it not a more interesting fact to her that her pet dove is the emblem of true love, than that it is of the genus *Columba*, and she can derive pleasure from the beauty and fragrance of flowers, endeared to her by their common name and associations, and feel their moral purity, without botherng her little head about the cramp titles with which Linnæus and others may disguise them. Is she ever likely to call the "Forget-me-not" by its Latin name? And what to her is the use of the globes, without her lover be a sailor, and then she probably mistakes latitude for longitude and longitude for latitude? What to her is the planetary system, that caused her so many hours of trouble and perplexity, unless she affects a soldier, and has a curiosity to know when Venus and Mars are likely to come into conjunction; and what again to her is the ring of Saturn in comparison with one of much smaller dimensions? With the signs of the zodiac give her any idea of the fashions? and what cares she now about the distance of Georgium Sidus from the earth she treads? These things were troublesome to her when she was a girl at school; they cheated her of her ball, and skipping-ropes, and scampered in the garden: but that is over now. She is a woman—*she has done with them*

And are not our boys equally taught too early and too much? They are poring over the rudiments of learning when they should be bracing their young limbs with healthful exercises, and they are studying the fragments and tail-ends of sciences (soon to be forgotten) when they should be imbibing the rudiments of learning. Why should we be in such a haste to inflict the pains of education and the penalties of imprisonment upon the young varlets? It dulls or overtaxes their brain, and checks the healthful current of their blood They must learn, but let it be in due season. It makes one sad to see a fine little fellow sent to study Euclid at the age he should be reading Robinson Crusoe; and it equally does a man good to see such a one enjoying his young existence in an appropriate manner. Few there are who cannot enter into the feeling so finely given in the very beautiful lines of an American poet, commencing—

"There's something in a noble boy,
A brave, freehearted, careless one,
With his unchecked, unbidden joy,
His dread of books and love of fun,
And in his clear and ready smile,
Unshaded by a thought of guile,
And unrepressed by sadness—
Which brings me to my childhood back,
As if I trod its very track,
And felt its very gladness"

Then let the children have their play out. C.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

GOETHE'S FAUSTUS.

FIRST NOTICE.

NUMEROUS translations have been made, in prose and verse, of this masterpiece of German literature. Many of its most remarkable passages have been rendered in English an hundred times, with various success. By far the best translation of the entire work, however, is that by John Anster, of Trinity College, published in London in 1835. It has never been reprinted in this country, and but few copies of it have yet crossed the Atlantic. We are confident that we can in no wise render a more acceptable service to our readers, than by presenting a few of its choice passages of poetry and eloquence, with such comments as they may suggest in the perusal

We must plead guilty to having opened Faustus as a new work In former days, with the aid of grammar and dictionary, we have toiled through a portion of the original; as a well thumbed relic of our boy-library I attest for us. But, with the entrance into the busy competitions of life, the German of the young scholar too often goes the way of his Greek; and if he can hold on by a little of his Latin, and of the languages allied with the noble tongue of imperial Rome, it is as much as the most diligent can hope to compass. We came to Faustus, therefore,—in all humility we speak it—as a new work; and we have been indebted to Mr. Anster's translation of it for an enjoyment which we are satisfied the most familiar reader of the German has seldom derived from the original

In first running through the volume before us, it will be with the view of selecting the more striking passages of poetry, rather than of presenting an analysis of the characters, or a development of the plot These we reserve for a future article Of the dedication of the work, it will be remembered by our readers, we published a translation in the first number of our present volume, from the pen of Mr. Halleck; and we deem it high praise of Mr. Anster's version to say that it is in no wise inferiour.

The poem, for we cannot consider Faustus as a drama, opens with a prelude at the theatre, between the manager, the dramatic poet, and Mr. Merryman. The manager calls upon his two friends for advice and assistance. His booth is up, his stage erected, and his audience collecting, and he invokes the poet to minister to their eager and excited curiosity. To which the poet replies:

Oh, tell me not of the tumultuous crowd,
My powers desert me in the noisy throng;
Hide, hide me from the multitude whose loud
And dizzy whirl would hurry me along
Against my will; and lead me to some lone
And silent vale—some scene in fairy land,
There only will the poet's heart expand,
Surrendered to the impulses of song,
Lost in delicious visions of its own.
Where Love and Friendship o'er the heart at rest,
Watch through the flowing hours, and we are blest!
Thoughts by the soul conceived in silent joy,
Sounds often uttered by the timid voice,
Tried by the nice ear, delicate of choice,
Till we at last are pleased, or self-deceived,
The whole a rabble's madness may destroy,
And thus, when after toil of many years,
Touched and retouched the perfect piece appears,
To challenge praise, or win unconscious tears,
As the vain heart too easily believed;
Some sparkling, showy thing, got up in haste,
Brilliant and light, will catch the passing taste.
The truly great, the genuine, the sublime,
Wins its slow way in silence; and the bard,
Unnoticed long, receives from after time
The imperishable wreath, his best, his sole reward!

Point out to us than this a more magnificent expression of the great truths here embodied. Mr Merryman, however, treats the poet's notions as mere cant and humbug, and ridicules the idea of squandering exertion on the unborn, at the expense of the pleasures of the living. The manager follows up the suggestion of his friend, and lectures the poet on the need of a variety of action in the drama, and enough of it; that every spectator may find something to hit his fancy, or excite his astonishment. The poet rebels at this writing to order, for the whims of the many-headed multitude; when the manager pursues his argument by analyzing for him the elements of an audience, setting them before him in the boxes, pretty much after the same fashion in which we can find them any night in the week at the Park or Bowery. Goethe's manager, we must confess, seems to understand his trade, and though we are ourselves disposed to respect the scruples of the poet, we apprehend that he would have been but lightly estimated among the knowing ones. The poet replies.

Go, and elsewhere some fitter servant find:
What! shall the poet squander then away,
And spend in worthless, worse than idle, play,
The highest gift that ever nature gave,
The inalienable birthright of mankind,
The freedom of the independent mind,
And sink into an humble trading slave?
Whence is his power all human hearts to win,
And why can nothing his proud march oppose,
As through all elements the conqueror goes?
Oh! is it not the harmony within,
The muse which hath for its dwelling-place
His own rich soul—the heart that can receive
And hold in its unlimited embrace
All things inanimate, and all that live?
When Nature, like a tried and stupid sloven,
Twists with dull fingers the coarse threads of life,
When all things, that, together interwoven,
In happy concord still agreeing,
Should join to form the web of being,
Are tangled in inextricable strife!
Who then can cheer life's drear monotony,
Bestow upon the dead new animation,
Restore the dissonant to harmony,
And bid the jarring individual be
A chord, that in the general consecration,
Bears part with all in musical relation?
Who to the tempest's rage can give a voice
Like human passion? bid the serious mind
Glow with the colouring of the sunset hours?
Who in the dear path scatter spring's first flowers,
When wanders forth the ladye of his choice?
Who of the valueless green leaves can bind
A wreath—the artist's proudest ornament—
Or, round the conquering hero's brow entwined
The best reward his country can present?
Whose voice is fame? who gives us to inherit
Olympus, and the loved Elysian field?
The soul of MAN sublimed—man's soaring spirit
Seen in the POET gloriously revealed

We know not where to look in the classics of the last two thousand years, and more particularly in those of the "fast-anchored isle," with which we claim to be not unfamiliar, and where one of any reasonable appetite may find food for a life-time without even the desire of so much foreign cookery as a French ragout—we know not where to look in the whole range and compass of English poetry for a passage that describes so glowingly and so appreciatingly the calling and the power of the poet as does this glorious extract from the prelude to Faustus. Read and re-peruse it till you have extracted all its deep meaning, and become familiar with its minute and hidden harmonies—for it is musical as are the spheres!

Mr. Merryman proceeds to further commentary on the popular drama, and exhorts the poet to present those scenes of familiar life, which all can understand, and with which all can sympathize. These in their various and shifting pictures will fix attention and excite admiration, and, above all others, the admiration and attention of unspoiled, unformed youth. On this hint, the poet bursts out in the following brilliant invocation, which looks as little like a translation as a passage from Wordsworth's inimitable "Ode on the Recollections of Childhood:"—

Give me, oh! give me back the days
When I—I too—was young,
And felt, as they now feel, each coming hour
New consciousness of power.
Oh, happy, happy time, above all praise!
Then thoughts on thoughts and crowding fancies sprung,
And found a language in unbidden lays;
Uninterrmitted streams from fountains ever flowing,
Then, as I wander'd free,
In every field, for me,
Its thousand flowers were blowing!
A veil through which I did not see,
A thin veil o'er the world was thrown,
In every bud a mystery;
Magic in everything unknown.—

The fields, the grove, the air was haunted,
And all that age has disenchanted
Yes! give me—give me back the days of youth,
Poor, yet how rich!—my glad inheritance
The unmixing unstable love of truth,
While life's realities were all romance.
Give me, oh! give youth's passions unconfined—
The rush of joy, that felt almost like pain,
Its hate, its love, its own tumultuous mind;—
Give me my youth again!

Mr. Merryman rebukes this prattle and sighing for youth; and the manager terminates the discussion with some good practical advice, which proves him an adept in his vocation, and by which the dreaming bard might, not unreasonably, profit. Briskly interrupting the colloquy of his friend and the poet, he thus brings the prelude to its conclusion:

Come, come, no more of this absurd inventory
Of flattering phrases—courteous—complimentary.
You both lose time in words unnecessary,
Playing with language thus at fetch and carry;
Think not of tuning, now, or preparation,
Strike up, my boy—no fear—no hesitation,
Till you commence no chance of inspiration.
But once assume the poet—then the fire
From heaven will come to kindle and inspire
Strong drink is what we want to gull the people,
A hearty, brisk, and animating tipple;
Come, come, no more delay, no more excuses,
The stuff we ask you for at once produce us.
Lose this day loitering—'twill be the same story
To-morrow, and the next more dilatory;
The indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting ever days
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute—
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it,
Boldness has genius, power and magic in it.
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated—
Begin it, and the work will be completed!
You know our German bards, like bold adventurers,
Bring out whate'er they please, and laugh at censurers;
Then do not think to-day of sparing scenery,
Command enough of dresses and machinery;
Use as you please—fire, water, thunder, levin,
The greater and the lesser lights of heaven.
Squander away the stars at your free pleasure,
And build up rocks and mountains without measure.
Of birds and beasts we've plenty here to lavish,
Come, cast away all apprehensions slavish—
Strut, on our narrow stage, with lofty stature,
As moving through the circle of wide nature,
Hurry with speed more swift than words can tell,
Rapid as thought—from HEAVEN—through EARTH—to HELL.

We believe that Hamblin caught his tact and inspiration as a manager from a study of Goethe's prelude; for he seems to emulate the same lavish use of fire, water and thunder, birds and beasts, larger and lesser lights, that is inculcated by his illustrious predecessor *Giafar al Barmeki* is surely constructed on the principles here set down, for the captivation of the multitude; and thus we see the far-reaching philosophy of the poet stooping to the vulgar realities, the trade aspects of his art, and familiar with them as with the whereabouts of the "highest heaven of invention."

But we must close the volume. We have thus far listened only to the overture of the magnificent opera. We stand as yet upon the threshold of the temple

EXTRACTS FROM WORKS IN THE PRESS.

THE following is an extract from "The Damsel of Darien," a new novel by Mr. Simms, author of "Guy Rivers," etc., now in the press of Messrs. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

A CHAPTER FROM THE DAMSEL OF DARIEN.

Yet the dance lacked nothing of its animation On the contrary, it soon put on an aspect of fearful excitement, as, wrought upon by the intense physical action which the commands of Garabito continued to stimulate, Azuma repeated her efforts, which combined great muscular flexibility with the most nice and wonderful adroitness. At one moment every muscle would seem corded to the utmost point of tension; at the next, relaxing them as by magic, she would seem to sink away into exhaustion, which, in the case of a European, must have soon followed such exertions. But, practised as they were from infancy, the capacity of indulgence among these people in exercises of this sort, was utterly beyond the belief of those not familiar with the spectacle. In the present instance, the fear of Garabito, whose persecutions of the Indians were not only well known to those before him, but had been felt by many if not most among themselves, prompted Azuma to unwonted efforts in her desire to avoid offence. In a little while her features became convulsed—her eyes glared wildly, and seemed starting from their sockets; her long black hair becoming loosed from the grassy string which bound it, now descended to her heels and floated wildly on the air; the thick drops gathered and stood upon her brows, where the veins swelled mouently into ridgy lines, deeply blue, and colouring the almost fair skin around them; and in the swimming and voluptuous whirl which produced these effects, the blood of the spectator bounded in like heat and sympathy. Warmed by the exciting beauty of her movements, their rapidity and grace, and not less by the remembrances of their own past amusements of the girl, her companions set down their burdens, half forgot their cares, and beating time with their hands in air and upon their sides, crowded around her, muttering at forgetful moments, little snatches of their next favourite areytos. The enthusiasm of the elder savages extended to their children, who, accustomed to fewer restraints than their parents, soon began to lose their fear of the stern Spaniard, to skip and shout with unmitigated delight as they beheld the wonderful performances of Azuma

It happened, most unluckily, that the leader of the little urchins on this occasion, had been entrusted with the decorated marmoset already spoken of; who, taught to take a part in all such performances, broke suddenly away from his restraints, and made his first appearance, running among the Indians from shoulder to shoulder and playing a thousand comic tricks as he ran. The mirth of the poor savages grew contagious, and Garabito himself was unable to resist it. With hearty clamour he urged the mischievous little animal on, and helped, in no small degree, by his words and cries of cheer, to increase his natural saucinesss.

The spectators shouted aloud their admiration, and clapped their hands, and danced after the little creature with a delight that threw aside all constraint from their own deportment, and diminished, in some measure, that of the Indians. But the merriment of the latter was arrested by a little incident that soon changed the whole aspect of affairs. The monkey, tired of making free with the heads and shoulders of the poor savages with whom he was in the constant habit of taking such liberties, and encouraged by the open applauses of the sailors, bounced suddenly in among them; and, leaping from head to head, now pulling off their caps, and now twitching the hair beneath with no measured fingers, proved himself quite as much at home among his new acquaintance, as he ever did among the old. The good-natured sailors, with few exceptions, took this intrusion in kind part; and what with their awkward scramblings after the urchin, and their play at cross purposes with each other, in the unavoidable collisions which the sudden movements of the agile creature necessarily occasioned, they found the sport far greater than before. Nobody enjoyed the scene more than Garabito, while his own person remained sacred; but what was the consternation of the Indians when they beheld the monkey dart off in a tangent from the crowd, and suddenly emerge into a conspicuous station, perched on the very apex of the high steeple-crowned hat which the dandy wore. There he commenced a dance not dissimilar to that which Azuma had just finished. The merriment of the savages was ended in an instant They had experience of the danger of trifling with the dignity of such a creature as Garabito. But the sailors had no such fear or thought; and regarding the matter as a continuance of the sport, they were pleased to increase those playful clamours which had provoked so greatly the natural saucinesss of the monkey. The laughter of Garabito was changed to sudden fury, particularly as the quickness of the monkey, leaping from shoulder to shoulder, and to and fro, between back, shoulder and head, contrived to elude all the efforts of the bedevilled Spaniard to relieve himself. The Indian boys, accustomed to manage the creature, came to his assistance; but the whoops, halloos, and commands which he had been taught to obey heretofore, now failed to move him in the slightest manner. He had been, unfortunately, too much encouraged, by Garabito no less than the rest, beyond his usual privileges; and was just in that state of intoxication which, in a man, prompts him to run the full length of his line, though he well knows there is a halter at the end of it. The threat of punishment, which he well understood, occasioned not the slightest heed on his part, and he jigged and bounded aloft upon Garabito's head and shoulders, in spite of all his struggles, which, indeed, were not very direct ones, for having some dread that his fingers might be bitten, he was at no pains to make a hasty use of them. Taking advantage of this fear, which the cunning animal very soon understood, he finally plucked off the hat, upon which he had practised so many gambols, and waved it aloft with one paw. At times the other was permitted to amuse itself familiarly with the well disposed locks beneath him, which he twitched with the most shocking unconcern, bidding defiance the while to all the efforts of the dandy, who, stamping on the earth with fury, shouting and swearing, and throwing up his hands, and leaping from side to side, succeeded only in compelling his tormentor to change his position, but never in expelling him from his perch. The laughter of the crowd added to his fury, which was not a little heightened by the consciousness that the whole scene was witnessed by Vasco Nunez, whom he knew to be approaching. That cavalier, as may be imagined, was excessively amused by the spectacle.

"A brave monkey!" he exclaimed to the astrologer, as they paused in their course to survey the scene. "He hath found his kin, he knows his claim of brotherhood. They are garbed alike, and there is little difference, save in size, between them. Garabito is but the greater ape of the two, let them play awhile together—it is rare sport, the affinity is good."

And in the heart of the speaker there was an unexpressed wish that Teresa Davila might also behold it. His unmeasured laughter reached the ears of Garabito, and increased his frenzy

"I will hang you up, ye villains! one and all—I will hang ye! the red fires shall seize upon ye, dogs, if ye take not this foul creature from my shoulders"

A torrent of oaths accompanied this outbreak, and threats which the Indians well knew were not idly expressed, prompted several of them to come forward, though slowly, and with trembling, to his assistance. The boy by whose neglect the monkey had been suffered to manifest his impertinence, having armed himself with a whip, succeeded better than the rest, in driving him finally from his place of eminence. But the urchin bore off with him the hat of Garabito, as a sort of trophy of his achievement; while the latter, whose very reason seemed to be utterly disordered by the torments and the taunts he had undergone, and having the jeers and laughter of his own countrymen still sounding in his ears, drew his sword and made after the criminal, who now stood upon a little point of rock, and still seemed disposed to chuckle and rejoice in his impudence, though half conscious of the danger which he had incurred. But for his agility, he had paid for his insolence with life; leaping from point to point of the rocks around him, as Garabito approached, the little wretch, still bearing the hat in triumph, mocked at the hostility which he was so easily able to elude, and stretching out his long paws in the manner of a wicked schoolboy, taunted the infuriated dandy to renewed efforts at overtaking him. Meanwhile, the sailors, to whom the whole scene afforded nothing but delight, urged its continuance after their own fashion.

"All sail, Señor Garabito, you shall overhaul the enemy soon. You have but to weather the cape, and the game is certain. The chase slackens sail, and you shall have him at short quarters, close in shore." Such was the language of one. The encouragement of a second was bestowed upon the monkey; while a third lent his counsels to the Indian boy, who, scarcely less active than the marmoset, was pursuing him with the best prospect of success. He sprang up the heights in pursuit—put in practice sundry well-known tricks to persuade him to terms—leaped us daringly from ledge to ledge of the declivity as himself, and at length succeeded in compelling him to restore the hat, which he had continued, with awkward efforts, to confine upon his own head. Finding he could no longer baffle his sturdy pursuer, with such an incumberance, he hauled it to the feet of Garabito, who, exhausted with his efforts, and rendered mad by the ridicule of those around him, stood red and panting, looking emotions which the Indians too well understood to venture to approach him, while under their distracting influence. The hat still lay at his feet, as the boy, whip in hand, leaped down from the little height from which he had chased the monkey. Without speaking a word, Garabito fixed his furious gaze upon the trembling child, and simply pointed with his finger to the hat. The sign was understood, and with slow steps, that seemed to denote a lurking apprehension of danger, the boy approached, and stooping down as to raise the desired object from the earth, was seized by the hair by the vengeful Spaniard; swinging him from his feet with one hand, Garabito lifted his sword in the same instant with the other. The act was sufficiently startling and threatening in the eyes of all who remembered the atrocious notoriety which his former savage deeds had secured to his name. The astrologer was the first to cry aloud to his companion.

"God of the martyrs, Vasco Nunez, strike in and stay his hand; he will slay the child if thou dost not."

Such also was the fear of Azuma, who was the mother of the boy. She bounded forward with a shriek, and with that animation in her fine features now, which she had not worn during the whole of her picturesque performance, threw herself before the Spaniard, grasping with one hand the child, and with the other seconding the piteous prayer, with which she implored his mercy

"He will not—he dare not strike!" said Vasco Nunez, in hoarse accents, but hurrying forward as he spoke, with a degree of haste which belied his confident speech. "He will not use the weapon upon the child—impossible! He is not base enough for that—he dare not, before our eyes!"

But the action of Garabito looked full of the direct purpose. With his fist he spurned the mother from before him, with one hand held the child at the full length of his arm, while throwing back the hand that held the sword, he waved the instrument aloft, in order to give force to its descending sweep.

"Hold, Señor Garabito—hold, Spaniard! wretch, base, cowardly villain, hold back thine arm. Beware, lest I do to thee whatever thou dost to the child."

The words of Vasco Nunez were too late, or only served to provoke and goad the vindictive monster to the commission of the deed. The fatal blow was given at the instant. The keen steel aimed too unerringly, and with all the bitter force of rage, went through the tender neck of the boy, severing flesh, gristle, bones, and life The body of the victim fell quivering upon the shoulders of the mother, who still lay, and grovelled at the feet of the murderer; while the head, hurled from his bloody hands, rolled among the devoted savages, who, apprehensive of like cruel treatment, ready to fly, were huddled together in fear and trembling, at the edge of the rocks.

SKETCHES OF REAL LIFE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PORTRAIT PAINTER.

INTRODUCTORY SKETCH.

THE village of Selworth is decidedly one of the prettiest spots in England. It stands at some distance from the high road, on the bank of a beautiful stream, a tributary to the noble river on which, some ten miles nearer the metropolis, is situated the flourishing town of D——. There it was I first saw the light, and there I trust my body shall at length repose in peace beneath the fresh green sod of the old church-yard. My father was a respectable yeoman of Selworth, and intended that I, his only child, should inherit his fields, and pass my time in their cultivation. Fate decreed otherwise. My father, by unavoidable misfortune, was deprived of the bulk of his property, and the reverse in his affairs broke his heart.

I sit alone in my little chamber, and trace the faint sketch of my life, and the impetuous swelling of the heart, the feverish longings, the gorgeous dreams, which were mine, when, in the ardent days of boyhood, I paced this very room, and, in the vague and undefined visions of my hopes, saw a future before me, ever-changing, but ever glorious! Am I, in truth, the same being? Have I the same heart, the same pulse? Is the Edmund Ashley of sixty-five one with the Edmund Ashley of sixteen? Even so. The same motive is here, but chastened and subdued. Does not this heart still gush over with unutterable tenderness when I listen to the low sweet breath of the wind, or the sweeter music of woman's voice?

The noontide of my life, with its feverish heat and its passionate aspirations, has passed away, but its light still lingers on my mind, and the star of a better hope has arisen, and the quiet dew of heavenly peace has fallen on my spirit I have said I am a painter. I am proud to avow it, though my name be not of those which shall win an immortality on earth. For though the captains of his army know him not—though his name shall pass away, whilst theirs shall be echoed from age to age, the private soldier may bear a heart as loyal as his generals—and so have I been faithful in the ranks, and proud of the banner under which I have toiled.

My life may be called an uneventful one. I have never experienced the lowest depths of poverty, or known the temptations of riches. My mother's small income became mine after her decease, and my own exertions have always secured me a moderate competence. I have no tale of romantic passion to record, and yet I *have loved*, and that tenderly and truly. This feeling was awakened in very early youth, and it was one of my enthusiasms. She I loved is long since dead, and her very memory has probably passed away from all hearts save mine. In mine there is one hallowed spot where her name and her image lie silently treasured, and so must remain while life shall last

A few of my experiences I deem worth recording. The names introduced in these pages must necessarily be fictitious; but with these exceptions the truth of each narrative may be relied on.

THE UNDER TEACHER.

One of the standing annoyances to which a portrait painter is subjected, is that of being perpetually called upon to portray the features of individuals, who, whilst they cannot be called positively *ugly*, are still so far from handsome, and so much farther from the possession of any peculiar expression, good or bad, that it is impracticable to throw any interest into their portraits, save for those who know the originals. Such has been my continual experience ever since, brush in hand, I entered the lists where so many nobler and more gifted competitors than myself are contending for the prize of fame. And yet, paradoxical as the statement may seem, one of the most insipid portraits I ever undertook to paint, was the means of procuring me more genuine pleasure than I have often found in this world of tribulation and vexation.

Miss Georgiana D——was just one of those commonplace, red and white, *unindividualized* girls whom it is a labour to talk to, or paint, either in words or colours. She had one quality, however, which rendered her a person of much consideration in her own circle—she was rich. Fifty thousand pounds has a magic-power which might convert a Hottentot Venus into a divinity; and Miss D—— was not strikingly plain—it would have been something of a relief if she had been so. *Any* expression would have been preferable to the blank, mindless-looking trait of countenance, of whose resemblance I was doomed to make my canvass the recipient.

Miss D—— was a parlour boarder in a fashionable metropolitan school, and the painting of her portrait originated in the fancy of a rich and childless uncle in Bombay, who had the power, if he pleased, to swell the heiress's fortune to three times its present extent. To do Miss D—— justice, I do not think her own vanity would have induced her to sit to me. She was too inert and sleepy to be very vain, and certainly had no innate love of the fine arts, which might have tempted her to patronize one of their votaries. Her exclamation, when she saw the picture on its completion, might have settled *that* question for ever—"Dear, dear! well, I dare say it is like me, though—and I am sure the lace tucker is the very same!" The background and rich drapery, and the flush tints, on which I had expended so much thought and care, were all as nothing to her.

Yet the painting of that portrait is connected in my mind with such sunny and happy recollections—with so much of the romance of real life, that I look back on it as one of the brightest vistas in the image of memory. Another face arises in my dreams beside that inexpressive visage—a face, of which a glimpse might put a man in good humour for a week, and even reconcile him to the task of painting Miss D——! The face of Eleanor Armstrong, the under teacher at Miss Toogood's seminary, always rises to my mental sight amidst the memories of that time as one of the fairest visions that ever blest the eyes of painter.

Miss D—— had favoured me with one or two sittings when Miss Toogood suggested that a companion might be useful in talking to her, as (heaven bless the mark!) I ought to catch the varying expression of my sitter's countenance! I certainly did *not* expect that anything under an earthquake or the laughing gas could induce the heiress to move a muscle; but as I could not decently say so, I assented; and Eleanor Armstrong was forthwith installed in her office of conversationist, and eliciter of expression, where, alas! there was none to elicit. Oh! what a face was that which beamed on me, when, on the third day of my purgatory, I entered the room set apart for my work. There was Miss D——, just as heavy and blank as usual, but beside her sat Eleanor Armstrong—the personification of living loveliness. I suppose I should sadly err from the right way of story-tellers if I omitted to give a description of my heroine; but truly charms like hers are more easily portrayed in colours than in words

She was about nineteen; her height just sufficient to redeem her figure from the charge of petitness, and yet without any approach to the stature of a tall woman. Her complexion was not sickly white, but so transcendently clear, that never might a feeling rise within her heart, but you read an intimation of it on "her cheek, her brow, her lips." Here eyes were soft and dark, and the lashes raven black, but the long curls which fell *in showers* upon her neck (the expression is not original, but no other will fully describe their luxuriance) were of a deep, bright chestnut. Her mouth was small and sweet; and she might have been pronounced the prettiest of the pretty, but for an expansive white forehead which gave too much dignity to her appearance to admit of the application of that term Beautiful, very beautiful, was the Under Teacher. She painted her likeness on the minds of all who looked on her, as effectually as ever the sun painted the features of a landscape in Mr. Talbot's newly discovered *camera obscura*. But this sort of painting did not content me; I longed to paint her portrait. Had I asked permission to do so, I might, perhaps, have been refused; at any rate, such a request would naturally have drawn on the fair damsel the envy of the amiable proprietress of the establishment, of a worthy body of a certain age, who presided over the spelling and the needle-work, and of an old French governess. So I forbore the request, but not the deed. During the very frequent sittings with which I discovered it was indispensably requisite Miss D—— should indulge me, I managed to transfer that lovely face to a miniature canvass, secretly placed in front of the larger one; and, copying this at home on a larger scale, assisted by memory, I managed to make a portrait so striking, that the likeness was almost startling. Poor dear Eleanor! She little guessed the nature of my employment, or of what vast importance to her future happiness that employment was to be.

The portraits were finished. Miss D——'s was to have graced the walls of Somerset House; but as the person who had undertaken to convey it to the Indian Nabob left England earlier than he had intended, it was consigned to his keeping, and from that time to this I have seen and heard no more of it. The other, so secretly wrought, so fairly finished, supplied its place in the exhibition Fresh, and fair, and new, did that sweet face look amongst the resemblances of glowing gentlemen and smirking ladies, by which it was surrounded. Many a loudly expressed burst of admiration, many a whisper of deeper and truer delight were elicited from the groups which crowded round that transcendent portrait; and often might be heard the murmur of disappointment, when the page in the catalogue, eagerly turned to for information, was found to contain nothing respecting the original, save the unsatisfactory words, "Portrait of a young lady."

The season was drawing to a close, and the exhibition-rooms were unusually crowded. I happened to be there, and saw with much pleasure that the gazers on my favourite picture were as numerous as ever. Amongst these was a young man of about twenty-five years of age, of remarkably distinguished appearance, who seemed to regard it with an extraordinary degree of interest. Long did he pause before it, long after the groups around had departed, and he was left alone to survey it at leisure. He paced back and forward before it, looked at it from all points of view, and finally left the room rather quickly, with the air of a man who has formed some hasty purpose, and is determined to lose no time in executing it.

"I shall see that youth again," was the prophetic impression on my mind,—and I was not mistaken. That very evening a servant announced "a gentleman on business," and on the skirts of the announcement, the gazer of the morning entered my apartment.

Long before this time my readers will have anticipated that the young man had been struck by the likeness of the picture to some one in whom he was deeply interested. Such was precisely the case. He came to me for the purpose of ascertaining the residence of the original, of whose identity he had not a moment's doubt; but it is best that I should detail the history I gathered from him, in a somewhat more connected form than it was poured out to me. —Eleanor Armstrong was the only daughter of an excellent clergyman, and distantly related, by the mother's side, to the very noble and very proud Lady Borrodaile. Left an orphan at twelve years old, and very slenderly provided for, pity or pride, or both together, induced the titled dame to extend her protection to the fair young relative, and to receive her under her own roof. This was a piece of virtue which brought with it its own reward, for if ever embodied sunshine were the inmate of an earthly dwelling, Borrodaile Park had such an inmate in the person of Eleanor. Gay, but never noisy, wise as well as witty, loving and amiable, as she was beautiful, Eleanor Armstrong was as a new life and pulse to the somewhat starched inhabitants of the gloomy old mansion. Her light foot sounded strangely pleasant as she tripped over the old oaken floors, so long used to echo nothing but the stately steps of the Lady Borrodaile and her attendants. Her sweet laugh rang like fairy music amongst the arched roofs, and in the broad, quiet corridors Her bright face looked out like a flower with a soul in it—(it *is* a conceit, but it is *so* like her)—from the dark recesses and the Gothic windows. The Lady Borrodaile felt her influence—she could not resist it; and her heart, cold and formal as was the set of its currents, could not but warm into something like attachment to the fair being who was so happy, so cheerful, and, above all, so grateful and dependent.

But if the proud and formal lady almost thawed in the presence of the sweet Eleanor, there was another heart which, naturally warm and ardent in its feelings, fired with a passion of the most enthusiastic and devoted kind, as my heroine changed from a lovely child to a lovelier woman.

Sir Philip Borrodaile was an only child, and had been left under the guardianship of his proud mother, by a very weak and very henpecked father, who died when his son was little more than an infant. Fond of power, which she had exercised with an iron hand over poor Sir Ralph, from the time of his marriage to his decease, and hating to give up her sway over any person until she should reach the extremest point to which it was possible to retain it, she had prevailed on her husband to give her a certain authority over the pecuniary resources of Sir Philip, which he could not shake off until he should have attained his twenty-fifth year.

Had he been a constant resident of Borrodaile Park, his heart might not have been less kind, but his manners might have contracted the dignified coldness of those around him, and the continued presence of his orphan-cousin might have averted the event his mother dreaded; he might have loved her as a sister and no more But fearing the consequences of constant intercourse with one so lovely and so poor, the lady contrived that he should spend much of his time at a distance from home; and whenever he was a visiter at the Park, she never failed to expatiate largely on the horrours of *mesalliances* in general, with a special clause against those which included relationship, however distant, amongst their disadvantages. Certainly, for a wise woman, Lady Borrodaile did a very foolish thing, for her design was immediately seen through; and as Sir Philip was not without a spice of the spirit of contradiction in his nature, he naturally fell in love with Eleanor, with a vehemence and ardour unsurpassed in all the records of romance.

That Eleanor should be indifferent to such a passion was not at all likely. The seclusion in which she lived debarred her from comparing him with any other who could claim the slightest equality with him. In him was her image of perfection embodied, or rather she moulded her ideas of perfection by his standard. How could any young girl, with a heart full of affections, and yearning for sympathy, withstand the love of such a youth as Philip Borrodaile—so frank, so noble, so kind! So the fair Eleanor blushed and sighed, and murmured forth a promise to be his—his for ever; and never thought that his mother's anger would be implacable, nor that she herself would be deemed artful and ungrateful, so entranced was she in the happiness of loving and being loved. But a new light dawned, or rather a new cloud gloomed over her, when the discovery was made (as, somehow, such discoveries always *are* made,) of their mutual attachment. Each was too proud to deny it—each was too much in love to promise to forego it. Of course, both fell under the bann of the old lady's severest displeasure—a displeasure, however, more bitterly expressed against Eleanor than Philip; for a mother's heart, be it ever so chilly, is always willing to find excuses for her own child, even though his crime be the deadly sin of opposition to her will. Nothing could exceed her indignation at the poor orphan—nothing could surpass the terseness and eloquence of her declamations on the subjects of meanness, ingratitude, and low artifice. Poor Eleanor began to feel for the first time that to be dependent is a bitter thing. This state of affairs could not long remain without some change; and Sir Philip left Borrodaile Park, trusting that time would mitigate his mother's anger, and reconcile her to the idea of his marriage with Eleanor But he had to deal with one who, though cold and slow in most of her feelings, was vehement in her wrath, and obstinate in her resolutions. He had scarcely left Borrodaile Park, when she directed against poor Eleanor a series of annoyances, so systematic and so pointed, that the friendless girl, patient and enduring as she was for some time, at last could bear no more. She entreated to be allowed to seek another residence.

"I can surely work!" said she, proudly, though her eyes were streaming with tears "I can surely earn a livelihood somewhere —I can do anything—anything rather than remain under a roof where my presence is no longer welcome!"

"Pray, leave it, then," was the cold reply. "But believe me, Miss Armstrong, you shall not go where you will have the opportunity of disgracing yourself and your friends more than you have already done. You shall be placed in a situation where I know you will be safe, and have no further opportunity of acting in the deceitful manner you have lately done"

A fortnight after this conversation Eleanor Armstrong was installed in Miss Toogood's seminary as under teacher.

Before my heroine quitted Borrodaile Park, she had received a letter from her lover, full of passionate protestations of unalterable love, and entreaties that she would write to him while he remained at the little German village where he purposed passing some weeks She had done so, and waited day after day in anxious expectation of a reply. None arrived, however, and she was compelled to leave the roof of Lady Borrodaile without receiving any assurance that Sir Phillip was aware of her intended change of residence, or the harsh treatment which compelled her to the step she was taking Should she write again? It was a long struggle between pride and love before she could prevail on herself so to do; but, at length, another epistle was written and despatched Weeks passed by, still no letter came; and at length the high spirit began to droop and the light heart to despond. He must be ill—he must be dead, or—no he could not have forgotten her!

But even that bitterest possibility seemed fixed on her belief, when, on taking up a newspaper which had wonderfully found its way through the outer barriers of Miss Toogood's establishment, she read the announcement of Sir Philip Borrodaile's arrival from the continent, and farther on a mysterious *on dit* respecting a projected union between himself and a certain Lady Honoria M——, with whose family he had formed an acquaintance in Italy, and with whom he had returned to England. I need not dwell upon the violence of such a shock to poor Eleanor's feelings She had a long and severe illness, and for weeks small hopes were entertained that she would survive. But a sound constitution and an elastic spirit will bear up marvellously through heavy troubles, and revive again and again from bitter mental suffering Eleanor Armstong had a truly affectionate heart, and she had loved with all the warmth and enthusiasm of which such a one is capable; but still she was not the girl to die of love, or resolve to be miserable because she had known disappointment, especially when she remembered that the object of her attachment had proved himself unworthy of it. She rallied her pride and her spirit—called in the blessed aids of religion and reason, and in a few months the lovely under teacher was as lovely as ever. There was, perhaps, a little more thought on her brow, a little more tenderness in her smile—but she was once more able to perform her duties with attention and energy, and her cheerful resignation and unrepining content won her the love and respect of every being near her whose heart was not utterly sheathed in the frost of selfishness

I do not doubt that if Sir Philip Borrodaile had crossed her path no more she would, in time, have conquered the lingerings of attachment towards him which *would* sometimes rebel in her heart, and even might, at some future day, have practically proved that it is quite possible to love more than once. I say this *might* have happened, but the fates (in compassion to the romantic portion of my readers) had ordered otherwise, and Eleanor Armstrong was doomed to remain a heroine after the most approved fashion

Perhaps Sir Philip may be forgiven for not answering Eleanor's letters, when it is explained that he never received them, and, moreover, was fully convinced of her faithlessness as she was of his. Lady Borrodaile had managed to intercept the first of these missives, and the last did not reach the village to which it was addressed until the traveller had quitted it for another resting-place. True, he had left orders that any letter arriving after his departure should be immediately forwarded to him; but the postmaster was absent, and his wife put the letter in her pocket, where it lay, amongst a curious chaos of other matters, for a full week, and then, in her fright at having caused its delay, the worthy *frow* committed it to the flames Sir Philip, unable to account for his fair one's silence, wandered restlessly from place to place, and at length received a letter from his venerable parent, entreating him to return home, and informing him that Miss Armstrong had chosen to quit Borrodaile Park, but that she would not pain him by detailing any particulars of the affair until his return.

The baronet had contracted an acquaintance, while on the continent, with an English nobleman, to whose party he speedily attached himself, and with them returned to England. His mother was delighted at this accident, for the family of the aforesaid nobleman was an ancient one, and his estates large, and she allowed to herself that the Earl of V—'s only daughter might be almost a sufficiently good match for the heir of Borrodaile Park. It was at her instigation that a newspaper paragraph had insinuated the probability of such a marriage, and by her direction that the paper was placed in the way of Eleanor Armstrong. To her son she was all warmth and affection. The untruths respecting Eleanor's conduct, which she rather hinted at than expressed, were of such a nature as to lead Sir Philip to suppose that his betrothed had acted in such a manner as to place an eternal bar betwixt them. She described Eleanor's departure from her protection as entirely her own spontaneous deed, and even denied any knowledge of her residence or situation. But Sir Philip clung long and obstinately to the memory of his early love; and it was only the very eve of his twenty-fifth birthday that his mother extracted from him a consent to pay a long-delayed visit to the Earl of V——, and if he should find Lady Honoria still as favourably disposed towards him as she once seemed to be, to offer her his hand. For this purpose he went to London. Lady Borrodaile had no fears respecting the possibility of his meeting with Eleanor, for her obsequious *confidante*, Miss Toogood, was carefully apprised of Sir Philip's intended journey, and had orders to keep her fair inmate pretty close during his stay in town

Great was the surprise of Miss Toogood when a gentleman called at the "establishment," and demanded an instant and private interview with Miss Armstrong. Greater still was her consternation when, on entering the drawing room half an hour afterwards in an agony of uncontrollable curiosity, the gentleman announced himself as Sir Philip Borrodaile. Greatest of all was the anger of his lady mother when she was informed of the frustration of her schemes

A fortnight after this memorable visit to the exhibition, Sir Philip Borrodaile kept his twenty-fifth birthday. In three months more a bridal party stood before the altar of St. George's, Hanover-square. Sir Philip Borrodaile was the bridegroom, a bishop pronounced the blessing, I gave away the bride, and that bride was Eleanor Armstrong

The portrait, which plays so conspicuous a part in this faithful narrative, still hangs in the gallery of Borrodaile Park. There are many others around it by far worthier hands than mine—pictures, for which hundreds and thousands have been refused—pictures, that have raised the envy of half the connoisseurs in Europe—but there is not one which the master so dearly prizes as that which made its *debut* at Somerset House, in the humble character of the "Portrait of a young lady"

FLOWERS.—The cultivation of flowers is, of all the amusements of mankind, the one to be selected and approved as one of the most innocent in itself, and most perfectly devoid of injury or annoyance to others; the employment is not only conducive to health and peace of mind, but, probably, more good will have arisen and friendships been founded, by the intercourse and communication connected with this pursuit, than from any other whatever; the pleasures, the ecstacies of the horticulturist are harmless and pure; a streak, a tint, a shade, becomes his triumph, which, though often obtained by chance, are secured alone by morning care, by evening caution, and the vigilance of days; an employ which, in its various grades, excludes neither the opulent nor the indigent, and, teeming with boundless variety, affords an unceasing excitement to emulation, without contention or ill-will.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Hamilton King; or, The Smuggler and the Dwarf. By the Old Sailor, author of "Tough Yarns," etc. In two volumes. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

There is no lack of incident, and of perils by flood and field, in these stirring volumes Indeed the great fault of the work is, that the action is too crowded, the characters too numerous, and the plot too confused and compound. Mysteries, involvements, and desperate adventures, which lead to nothing, and have no dramatic adaptation to the story, follow one another in a whirl, which at last dizzies the attention. Many of the detached scenes are quite graphic, and the style is that of a practised and graceful writer. The following vivid description of a squall at sea is quite artist-like:

"Far as the eye could reach astern, there seemed to be a white foam arising through the dim haze, and spreading into wider expansion as it approached. The curlings of the seas were not to be distinguished from the smoother surface, and there was a blackness hovering over all, that contrasted fearfully with the milky hue of the rolling waves The schooner had carried on to the last moment, and then every thing was let go; her topsail flew from the yards, and passed away a-head, like a cloud borne on the fleet wings of the wind; and her jib, exposed to the fury of the blast, and the sudden lowering of the squaresail, split into ribands, and flattered in mockery of their efforts to haul it down.

"'In sail!' shouted Feaghan; and in a few minutes the Blue Bob was running almost under a bare pole; for the squaresails were taken in, the gaff-topsail stowed at the mast-head, the mainsail lowered, and the boom shifted to the lee-quarter, ready for reefing the sail. Down came the squall, scattering the spray over the decks like a shower of hail stones. The vessel reeled for several minutes, as if in affright at the war of elements; every plank in her quivered; her masts shook like a reed, and the ocean around her seemed to smoke with the friction of her sides, as she rushed on in her headlong course. But all was snugly housed—not a rope-yarn was started, and though Tom Graves did exclaim, "Poor thing!—how she trembles!" Yet the lovely sea-boat rode buoyant over the billows, like a duck at play; the mainsail was double reefed—the foresail set, and there was scarcely a wet jacket among the crew."

Opinions of Lord Brougham, on politics, theology, law, science, education, literature, etc., etc., as exhibited in his parliamentary and legal speeches and miscellaneous writings. In two volumes. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard

The varied acquisitions and versatile powers of Lord Brougham are here exhibited in a most favourable light. The book, as the editor remarks, will be found not only to embody the most brilliant passages from his celebrated speeches and writings, but also to unfold to the reader the gradual development of his lordship's mind, on those great questions in politics, literature, and science, in which learned men of all countries, and all ages, must ever take a lively interest. A succinct and well-written prefatory memoir of Lord Brougham introduces the extracts, which will be found more complete, accurate and elaborate than any that has hitherto appeared.

The Rose of Sharon: A Religious Souvenir, for 1840. Edited by Miss Sarah C. Edgarton. Pp 392. Boston: A. Tompkins and B. B. Mussey.

This work is externally executed in that style of neatness characteristic of the Boston press. Its embellishments are not numerous, but quite respectable. The literary contents are various—many of them displaying no ordinary degree of talent. The poetry does not often rise above the level of mediocrity, although there are three or four striking exceptions to this remark. The work is, we believe, designed for the Universalist denomination of Christians. Mr. Price, of Fulton-street, has it for sale in this city.

First Readers. By S. G. Goodrich. In four volumes.

These school-books are very handsomely got up, and form a favourable contrast to most other school books of the class. The publishers and author seem to have paid to these humble, though important auxiliaries in education, more respect than is usually extended to them. Most of our juvenile recollections of "Readers" are of some ill-printed, dull extracts from speeches and histories, entirely beyond our comprehension or our sympathies. These books before us must come home to the business and bosoms of youth. They are to a considerable degree original, and what is selected is chosen with judgment. They cannot but be favourites with masters and pupils, while they will teach the mechanical art of reading, and they will raise the thinking faculties, refine the manners, and establish good moral principles in the scholar.

The American Journal of Dental Science, with plates. Edited by Eleazar Parmly, of New-York, and Chapin H. Harris, M. D., of Baltimore. New-York: George A Hard. Baltimore. Armstong and Berry. Pp. 48.

This, we understand, is the first magazine devoted to the exclusive interest of dental science ever published in any country. It is handsomely printed, and embellished with illustrations, etc.—The Journal possesses an interest not merely for the practical dentist, but also the physician and the general reader. We heartily wish it all the prosperity to which the ability of its conductors so eminently entitles it.

"Lalla Rookh, an Oriental Romance. By Thomas Moore. From the nineteenth London edition. Illustrated with engravings from drawings by eminent artists, under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath." Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard. One vol. Pp. 397.

This is a very beautiful edition of Moore's celebrated romance—the letterpress of the volume being executed in this country, and the illustrations engraved and, we believe, printed in London. The designs, which are mostly by Edward Corbould, are spirited and appropriate—but the impressions for the American edition are apparently from plates that have seen considerable service. The work, however, forms a very elegant article for a new year's present, and is well calculated to grace the boudoir and the centre-table. We commend it to the attention of all young gentlemen who are looking round for a gift for their ladye-loves.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received numberless communications upon the subject of the recent destruction of the National Theatre; but they are all of too speculative a character for our purposes. We do not doubt that Mr. Wallack will soon have an opportunity of retrieving his fortunes, and of renewing his managerial career, under more flattering auspices than heretofore.—A London correspondent, who signs himself "Ariel," is informed that his "divulgements" are too scandalous for our journal. We are brought so near the mother country now, by steam communication, that we must be more careful than ever what we say of each other. Distance is no longer any palliation for the publication of such personal allusions. It is quite as unsafe now to indulge in personal criticisms upon the dancers at Almacks, as it would be to pasquinade the belles of Saratoga.—Correspondents who send us manuscripts of inconsiderable length, are requested to retain copies of the same, as we cannot undertake, in all cases, to return them.—We must decline the contributions of "A Man About Town," "Stanhope," "Y. P.," "Verona," "X. Q C" "Wacauset," "Pescara," "T.," "L. Y." and "Hudson."—The remarks upon America Vespucci are unfitted for the columns of any respectable journal. We know nothing as to the truth of the writer's intimations.—We have no copies in our possession of the autographs which "A Collector" requests us to obtain.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1839.

Letters of introduction.—A writer in the London Court Gazette, who, after the manner of Captain Marryat and other tourists, has undertaken to recount his experiences in this country, in the course of his remarks cautions all persons visiting the United States, who may be travelling merely for amusement, and not for purposes of trade, to avoid encumbering themselves with what are by courtesy called letters of "introduction" from commercial houses. 'Although,' says the writer, 'such letters uniformly request the good offices of the parties to whom they are addressed on behalf of the unmitated stranger, and conclude by stating that "the usual attentions will oblige," he will find that the usual attentions are considered to have been conferred when the privilege has been bestowed upon him of surmounting a flight of stairs, steep enough for an observatory (the New-York houses being very high, and counting-rooms expensive), whenever it may suit him to drop in, as they obligingly term it, to read the newspapers which "will always be at his service." In fact, letters of introduction, under ordinary circumstances, generally prove useless; when they are presented, the party to whom they are addressed appears to be extremely glad to see you, and expresses his intense desire "to contribute all in his power to render your stay in the country agreeable;" and having asked you "what you think of the United States," to which question, of course, you have returned the most complimentary reply, he pulls a pencil from his pocket, and inquires at what hotel you are staying He then takes you by the hand, grasping the same in the most friendly manner for at least five minutes, pressing it occasionally with his thumb, as if it were a piece of dough; and concludes, by expressing the great delight which he shall experience in calling upon you. A few days afterwards, if he remembers his promise, he selects an hour for this gratification at which he thinks you are sure to be from home, leaves his card (which the waiter never delivers to you), and there the acquaintance drops. I ought to mention, that, in some cases, on presentation of letters at Philadelphia, parties may occasionally be found, who will express a hope that the fortunate holder, as a lottery office-keeper would say, should at some early period favour them with his company at dinner—a wish which they will repeat whenever they may subsequently meet with him; but as they never commit themselves by naming a day, I am afraid that I must class them along with the rest.' So much for our tourist. We do not doubt that instances of this sort of inattention are common in New-York and Philadelphia as well as in the commercial cities of Europe. The absurdity lies in mentioning facts of this kind as characteristic of Americans—as if they were not quite as likely to occur in London. Indeed, we know of hundreds of cases where American gentlemen have taken letters of introduction to England, and derived from them anything but manifestations of courtesy and hospitality—and this, too, when the letters have been addressed not solely to men harassed with commercial cares, but to persons of leisure and of wealth. We could mention one instance, in particular, where a young American of fine attainments, and honourably distinguished among the literary men of his country, took a letter to a well-known English novelist, recently ennobled by the Queen, and who derives no trifling emolument from the publication of his works in this country, who treated his visiter with repulsive coldness upon receiving the letter, and never afterwards extended to him the slightest attention. Cases like this are undoubtedly exceptions to the general custom, as well in New-York as in London; and we should never think of arguing from them, that our English brethren were selfish and inhospitable, and that their authors were ignorant of the common decencies of gentlemanly intercourse. And yet by such inferences would our Cockney commentators apply attributes to the whole American people!

The Greenwood cemetery.—Books have been opened at number eight Wall-street, for signatures for lots in the beautiful grounds appropriated to the purpose of a cemetery on the hills of Gowanus This is no money-making scheme. The charter, procured from the Legislature, giving a permanent existence to the company, is framed in such a way that neither the stockholders nor trustees can derive any pecuniary profit from the undertaking. Whatever money, after the original expense is paid, may arise from the subsequent sale of lots, is to be devoted to the improvement and ornamenting of the cemetery grounds. Every diversion from this specific use of the funds of the company is expressly prohibited.

Park Theatre.—The opera of "Cinderella" has been produced in quite an effective style at this establishment. The machinery and properties are, to be sure, not so perfect as we could wish, but this is a minor defect. Mrs. Martyn was decidedly successful in the part of Cinderella; and in particular passages she was equal to any personation of the character that has ever appeared upon the American boards. She sometimes fails from exhaustion, and her powers do not seem equal to a long-sustained effort. Giubilei, so far as the singing was concerned, is the best Pompolino we have yet had. Manvers played the Prince with spirit, and sang with sweetness and precision. We were a little disappointed in Martyn's Dandini. It was deficient in ease and fun. Miss Poole, as Clorinda, was as graceful and pretty as ever, and proved a great addition to the vocal corps. The whole opera was got up in a creditable manner, and has been repeated with renewed applause.

Singular trial.—A trial of considerable interest has been lately instituted in Paris. The heirs of Napoleon appear against the state—they demand that all the arrears and interest of funded property of seven hundred and fifty francs a year, purchased by the great man when only General Bonaparte, should be paid up. The Treasury opposes the claim on the ground that, by the ninth article of the treaty of Fontainebleau, the emperour gave up all his private property. The curious part of the affair is, that it is impossible to produce the treaty, and no authenticated copy of it can be found in the archives of the hotel of foreign affairs. What has become of it nobody knows; but it is certain that it cannot be found. Still it is feared that the heirs of Napoleon will press their claim in vain.

Van Amburgh in Paris.—A letter from Paris, published in the London Court Journal, says:—"Van Amburgh's success is tremendous. The piece, entitled *La fille de l'Emir*, which introduces him and his playfellows, is mere trash. The first piece was *Victorine;* and so anxious was the audience to see the hero of the night, that they absolutely forced the actors to retire, and the curtain to be let down. He is engaged to appear in Prussia and Russia immediately. The anxiety to see him is far greater than was manifested to behold Martin appear. And yet that brute tamer was just as remarkable a person as the American, and took just as great liberties with his wild beasts Perhaps the popularity of the latter in England may account for the greater desire to see him display here."

Smoking in the streets.—The Post, in alluding to the atrocious practice so prevalent in this city of smoking in the streets, says:—"Little boys make a parade of themselves on the side-walks smoking long nines almost as tall as themselves. It is amusing to see the swagger with which a manakin of three feet high takes his segar between the fore and middle finger, removes it from his lips and blows out a dense cloud of smoke from his distended cheeks. No doubt many of those persons who indulge in their favourite habit in the public streets, do it thoughtlessly, without thinking how offensive it is to others, and would be surprised at hearing that they are guilty of a blackguard practice

Bunker Hill cut up into house-lots. The first great battle-ground of the Revolution has been cut up into lots to suit purchasers, and disposed of at auction! The spot once crimsoned with the life-blood of Warren, may thus become in a year or two the site of a stable or a pig-stye. We shall wonder if the very turf do not cry out against the desecration. Every foot of it is "hallowed ground." It should have been held sacred till the last vestige of that liberty, whose high altar it was, smoking with the incense of human blood—has disappeared.

Sculpture in the west.—A young sculptor named Brackett, only twenty years of age, has just finished at Cincinnati, a statue large as life, of Nydia, the blind girl in Bulwer's Last Days of Pompeii. It is highly commended by the western critics. Cincinnati appears to be prolific in artists in this peculiar department. Power and Clevinger have already made a rapid progress in the profession, and we do not doubt that Brackett will tread close upon their heels. We hope, if he possesses true talent, that it may not remain undeveloped for want of encouragement.

Philosophy.—A German philosopher, Hegel, says, after ample experience:—"Philosophy is utterly useless and fruitless—and for this very reason it is the sublimest of all pursuits, the most deserving of our attention, and the most worthy of our zeal." This definition is not equal to that given by Burton in his character of a tipsy tailor:—"Philosophy," he says, "is like brandy and water—especially brandy."

A fortunate scribbler.—It is confidently stated, with what truth we know not, that Lockhart, the reviewer, is about to marry Miss Angela Coutts, the wealthy heiress of the late Countess of St. Albans. Good business this for the editor of the Quarterly Review. We trust he will be less truculent in his criticisms hereafter.

Paganini.—A French journal states that Paganini had just arrived at the baths of Vernet, so exhausted that he is but a shadow. He has lost his voice, and expresses himself by his eyes and gesticulation.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Sir,—Our old friend, William Dunlap, died this morning at eight o'clock, after a long continued illness, which he bore with great resignation. It is due to the friends and patrons of the "History of New-York," to state, that the manuscript copy of the second and last volume has been for some time completed by him, and that it is now in the press and will appear within a few weeks.

Very truly yours, JOHN W. FRANCIS.

Saturday morning, September 28, 1839.

OH, MY LOVE HATH AN EYE.

ALLEGRETTO.

A tempo.

Oh, my love hath an eye of the soft-est blue, Yet it was not that that won me, But a lit-tle bright drop from her soul was there; 'Tis that, 'Tis that that has un-done me. I might have pass'd that love-ly check Nor per-chance, my heart have left me, But the sen-si-tive blush that came trem-bling there, Of my heart it for e-ver be-reft me, Of my heart it for e-ver be-reft me.

Rall. A tempo. Rall.

SECOND VERSE.

Let me not hear the nightingale sing,
Though I once in its notes delighted,
The feeling and mind that came whispering forth
Has left me no music beside it;
Who could blame had I loved that face
Ere my eye could twice explore her,
Yet it was for the fairy intelligence there,
And her warm, warm heart I adore her.

MISCELLANY.

Anecdote of Domitian.—It is dangerous to jest with monarchs. The favourite amusement of the Emperour Domitian, it is well known, was fly-catching, to which royal amusement he devoted the greater part of his time. Once, while he was thus employed, a stranger presented himself in the ante-chamber, and requested to be admitted to the emperour, asking, at the same time, if he had any other company. "No—not even a fly," answered the officer in waiting, with a smile. Unfortunately Domitian overheard him, and exclaimed in a voice like thunder—"Thy head shall pay for that oke!" and it was cut off within an hour.

What's in a name?—Among the list of prisoners for trial at the late Middlesex and Westminster sessions, were Liberty and his wife, for disorderly conduct; Mary Music, for being drunk and creating a disturbance; "sweet" Ann Page, for threatening to murder Jane Shore; and a fellow who calls himself Dicky Celestina, for an assault.

Taking advice.—An Irish tailor, making a gentleman's coat and vest too small, was ordered to take them home and let them out. Some days after, the gentleman inquiring for his garments, was told by this ninth part of a man, that the clothes happening to fit a countryman of his, he had *let them out* at a shilling a week!

Grace Darling.—The *run* upon this celebrated individual has not yet ceased. Last week Mr. Gordon, a Russian merchant, and his niece, from St. Petersburgh, went off to the Longstone Lighthouse, and presented Miss Darling with a splendid silver salver. This gentleman was accompanied by Mr. Sinclair, of Berwick, whom he has commissioned to paint for him a picture of the melancholy wreck of the Forfarshire steamer, and which is to be taken to St. Petersburgh.

Infirmity of nature.—It is one of the fatal evidences of the infirmity of our nature, that appetite decreases with eating.

Primitive mode of obtaining fire.—The aborigines of India, the Bhil, Kholi, and Goand, had, doubtless, found out the art of cooking their food at a very early period, having a natural tinder box and flint in every bamboo grove, and having only to watch, during a high wind, the emission of flame from the friction of those natives of the hills, to obtain a supply more than sufficient of the devouring element: their sylvan retreats being often burnt over their heads I have witnessed the magnificent spectacle of a forest of bamboo blazing, crackling, and exploding, said to be self-ignited; and although any hard wood will yield fire by friction, the siliceous coating of the bamboo makes it by far the most ready instrument of Agni, whom the universal Hindu nation, the learned Brahmin, the warlike Rajpoot, as well as the half-savage Vanaputra, worship as a divinity.

The eagle and the snail.—"You here, you slow, creeping insect! how did *you* ever get on so far?" said the eagle. And what was the snail's answer? "I crept all the way." Could he have told him in fewer words the secret of political advancement and self-aggrandizement?

Not bad.—"Pray, sir," asked a lady at a literary party the other evening, "what languages, do you suppose, are spoken in heaven?" "The *dead* languages, of course," replied a gentleman near her.

Conversion.—Richter says, that we are not made *good* (though we are made *better*) because we are converted; but we are converted because we are good.

A correct judgment.—Niebuhr said of Scott's Napoleon, "Our only doubt must be whether the *matter* or the *manner* of the book be more contemptible."

A question.—Whether it is nobler to dwell in Paradise and dream of a cabbage-garden, or to live among pot-herbs and believe in Paradise!

Fact.—No sick man, says somebody, every dreamt such crudities as waking philosophy has imbodied in its systems.

The goose.—The goose once complained to Jupiter, that in spite of all the benefits she conferred on mortals, they despised and ridiculed her. "If they do so," said Jove, "they are very ungenerous. Your flesh affords them a relishing repast, and your feathers surpass the poppies of Morpheus in giving rest to the weary. But if you are yet dissatisfied, I will endue thy quills with still more soporific virtue—they shall be made into pens." Thus we see that stupid books were intended as a blessing, and not as a curse to the world, to afford an innocent substitute for opium.

Interesting sight—Race between a deer and a steam-engine.—While the cars were coming down on Wednesday, a fine buck made his appearance on the track and had a trial of speed with the locomotive. He kept the track for two miles, when he was finally run off, or he would have been run over. The sight must have been deeply exciting and highly interesting—as the line of road is perfectly straight: every inch of the contest was witnessed by the passengers.

Loquacity.—Time consumes steel and iron, but a talker does more yet, for he consumes time itself

TO A DANDY.—BY S. S OSGOOD

If the story be true as the heathens relate,
That Jove showered down a whole handful of souls,
And left them to scramble their best for a mate,
'Mongst the bodies that wandered between the two poles,
Your unfortunate want we can clearly explain;
For what sensible spirit in search of a shape
Would not rather a shelterless rover remain,
Than wear a wasp's form with the face of an ape

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ORIGINAL PARISIAN NOUVELLETTES.

THE TUSCAN VASE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER V.

A dream disturbed—a portrait and painting.

St. Clair went out soon after his arrival, and resumed the road to his country seat. The impetuous gallop of his horse disturbed the flow of his ideas: but he plainly saw that his happiness in this world was destroyed for ever, and that he could only find it again in death and a Tuscan vase.

Arrived home, he threw himself on the couch where the night before he had so long and so deliciously meditated his good fortune. The idea that he had most fondly indulged, was that his mistress differed from all other women, that she had never loved, and could never love, other than himself. Now this beautiful dream had vanished before the sad and cruel reality. "I possess a beautiful woman, and that is all. She has mind: for that she is the more to be blamed—having been able to love Massigny! True it is that she loves me now—with all her soul—as she can love. To be loved as Massigny has been! She loves me for my attention, my flatteries, my importunities. But I am deceived. There was never any sympathy between our hearts. Massigny or I, it is all one to her. He is handsome, she loves him for his beauty. I sometimes amuse my lady. 'Well,' she says, 'we love St. Clair, since the other is dead! And if St. Clair dies, or becomes tiresome, we will see.'"

I firmly believe that the devil is among the listeners, invisible to the wretch who thus torments himself. The sight is amusing to the enemy of man; and when the victim feels that his wounds are closing, the devil is there to re-open them.

St. Clair thought that he heard a voice which whispered: "*To be second to him is an honour indeed*—"

He raised himself on his seat, and cast a fierce glance about him. How happy would he have been to find some one in his chamber! Doubtless he would have torn him to pieces.

The clock struck eight. At eight and a half the countess expects him. If he should break the appointment? "But why see again the mistress of Massigny?" He threw himself once more on the couch, and closed his eyes. "I wish to sleep," said he. He remained still half a minute, then leaped out in his bare feet and ran to the clock. "How I wish it were half past eight!" thought he. "Then it would be too late for me to set out." In his heart he had not the courage to remain at home; he wanted some excuse. He would have been glad of a violent fit of sickness. He walked about his chamber, then sat down, took a book, and could not read a syllable. He seated himself before his piano, but had not the strength to open it. He whistled, he looked at the clouds, and tried to count the poplars before his windows. At length he returned to consult the clock, and found that he had not killed more than three minutes. "I can't help loving her," he exclaimed, grinding his teeth and stamping on the floor, "she rules me, and I am her slave, as Massigny has been before me. Well! wretch, obey, since you have not heart enough to break a bondage which you hate." He took his hat, and dashed from his chamber.

When we are carried away by passion, our vanity derives some solace in viewing our feebleness from the elevation of our pride. "It is true that I am feeble, we say, but if I chose!. . . ."

He ascended slowly the steps which led to the gate of the park, and from a distance he saw a white figure, relieved against the dark background of the trees. In its hand it waved a handkerchief, as if beckoning his approach. His heart beat with violence, his knees trembled; he had not strength enough to speak, and had become alarmed lest the countess should read his ill-humour in his features.

He took the extended hand, kissed her forehead, because she threw herself upon his bosom, and followed her to her apartment, dumb, and but half repressing the sighs with which his breast was bursting.

A single taper lit the boudoir of the countess. They seated themselves. St. Clair observed the head-dress of his friend; a single rose in her hair. The night before he had carried her a beautiful English engraving, the duchess of Portland, after Leslie, (her hair dressed in this style) and St. Clair had only said: "I prefer this simple rose to all your fashionable head-dresses." He disliked jewels, and the night before in playing with a pearl necklace of the countess's, he had said—"Jewels are only useful to conceal defects. You are too pretty, Mathilde, to wear them." This evening, the countess, who attended even to his most trivial words, had laid aside rings, necklaces, gold buckles and bracelets. In the dress of a lady, he observed the slipper; and like many others he [illegible] his folies on this subject. A heavy shower had fallen before sundown. The grass was still sprinkled, but the countess had ventured upon the wet turf with silk socks and slippers of black satin. If she should be ill!

"She loves me," said St. Clair, and he sighed at himself and his own folly, and gazed upon Mathilde with a smile he could not repress—divided as he was between his ill-humour, and the joy of seeing a pretty woman who sought to please him, by all those little nothings which have so much value in the eyes of lovers.

As she the countess, her radiant countenance expressed a blended love and archness, which rendered her still more attractive. She took a [illegible] thing from a letter-box, and presenting her little hand closed, concealing the object it held. "The other day," said she, "you broke your watch, and you begged of me to send it to my watchmaker. Here it is." She handed him the watch, and looked at him with an air of half tenderness and frolic, biting her under lip, as if to repress the ready laughter. Good heaven! how beautiful were her teeth! How brilliantly white on the deep rose of her lips! (A man has an exceedingly silly air, when he receives the advances of a pretty woman with coldness.)

St. Clair thanked her, took the watch, and was about putting it in his pocket. "Look at it," she continued, "open it and see if it is well mended. You who are so learned, and have been at the Polytechnic School, ought to know that."

"Oh! I know very little about it," said St. Clair, and he opened the case of the watch with an absent air. What was his surprise! the miniature portrait of Madame de Coursy was painted on the back of the case. How could he look sullen any longer! His forehead brightened; he thought no more of Massigny; he only remembered that he was by the side of a pretty woman and that this woman adored him!

* * * * * * * *

The lark, messenger of morning, was commencing his song, and long lines of pale light were streaking the clouds of the east. It is the time when Romeo bade adieu to Juliet; it is the classical hour when all lovers ought to separate.

St. Clair was standing before the mantelpiece, the key of the Park in his hand, his eyes attentively fixed upon the Tuscan vase of which we have already spoken. The poison still rankled in his soul. However, he was in fine humour, and it occurred to him that Thémines might have invented the story. Whilst the countess, who wished to re-conduct him to the gate of the park, was covering her head with a shawl, he struck his key gently against the odious vase, gradually increasing the strength of his blows, till one would have thought he intended to shiver it to pieces.

"Heavens! take care!" cried Mathilde, "you will break my beautiful Tuscan vase." And she snatched the key from his hands.

St. Clair was a little vexed, but he concealed it. He turned his back on the chimney-place, to escape a second temptation, and opening his watch set about examining the portrait which had been presented to him.

"Who is the painter?" he asked.

"Monsieur R . . . It was Massigny who introduced him to me. Massigny, after his visit to Rome, found out that he possessed a wonderful taste for the fine arts, and undertook to play Mæcenas to young painters. But really I think the picture resembles me, though a little flattered."

St. Clair had a strong desire to dash the watch against the wall; a process which would have rendered it rather difficult of mending. He restrained himself, however, and put it in his pocket; when, remarking that it was already day, he left the house, begged Mathilde not to accompany him, traversed the Park at long strides, and in a moment was alone in the open plain.

CHAPTER VI.

A scene.

"Massigny! Massigny!" cried he, with a concentrated rage; "I shall, then, always find you in my path! Doubtless, the painter who made this portrait for me has made another for Massigny! . . . . Fool that I was! I had thought for a moment that I was loved with a love equal to my own; and that because she dresses her hair with a rose, and does not wear jewels! Jewels! She has a whole desk full of them. . . . . Massigny, who had no idea of a woman beyond her toilette, was so fond of jewels! . . . . Yes, has a fine character, we must confess. She knows how to adapt herself to the taste of her lovers!"

Soon a more distressing thought occurred to him. Shortly the months of the countess's mourning would terminate. St. Clair was to marry her as soon as the year of her widowhood was at an end. He had promised it. Promised! No. He had never spoken of it. But such was his intention, and the countess understood it. To him this was as good as an oath. The night before he would have given a throne to hasten the moment when he might publicly avow his love; now he shuddered at the very idea of allying his lot to a mistress of Massigny. "And yet I ought," said he, "and I will."

He rode about the woods all that morning. In a lane of the wood of Verrières, he saw a man mounted on a fine English horse, who called him by name from a distance, and immediately accosted him. It was Alphonse de Thémines. In the mood of mind in which St. Clair found himself, solitude is particularly agreeable; so that the meeting with Thémines changed his ill humour to a stifled rage. Thémines did not perceive it, or took a malicious pleasure in running counter to it. He talked, he laughed, he joked, without noticing that he received no answer. St. Clair seeing a narrow lane, drove his horse into it, hoping that his tormenter would not follow him; but he was deceived; a bore does not easily loosen a hold on his prey. Thémines turned short, and doubled his pace to keep by the side of St. Clair, and keep up the conversation more conveniently.

I have said that the lane was narrow. Two horses could hardly walk abreast there; so it was not strange that Thémines, though a good horseman, should graze the foot of St. Clair in passing by his side. His rage had now reached such a pitch that he could no longer restrain himself. He rose in his stirrups, and with his whip struck Thémines's horse violently over the nose.

"What the deuce are you about, Auguste?" cried Thémines. "Why do you strike my horse?"

"Why do you follow me?" replied St. Clair, in a passionate tone.

"Are you mad, St. Clair? Do you forget that you are speaking to me?"

"I know very well that I am speaking to a fool."

"St. Clair!—I believe you are crazy. Hark'ye! to-morrow you must send me an apology, or account to me for your impertinence."

"Be it to-morrow, then, sir."

Thémines stopped his horse; St. Clair put spurs to his own, and soon disappeared in the wood.

From this moment he felt more calmly. He was weak enough to believe in presentiments. He thought that he should be killed on the morrow, and thus would come the denouement of his drama. There was still a day to pass; with still more anxiety, still greater distress, he returned home, sent his servant with a note to Colonel Beaujeu, wrote some letters, dined heartily, and was punctual at half past eight at the little gate of the park.

CHAPTER VII.

The cloud clears.

"What is the matter with you, to-day, Auguste?" said the countess.

"You are in a strange gaiety, and yet you cannot make me laugh, with all your pleasantries. Yesterday you were deeply touched with the blues, and I was so gay! To-day we have changed characters. For myself, I have a frightful headache."

"My dear, I confess, I was vastly tiresome yesterday. But to-day I have been walking; I have been exercising; I feel delightfully."

"For my part, I slept very long this morning, had annoying dreams, and rose late."

"Ah! dreams? Do you believe in dreams?"

"What nonsense!"

"I believe in them. I believe that you dreamed a dream which foretels some tragic event."

"Heavens, I never remember dreams. However, I remember ——in my dream I saw Massigny; so you see that it was nothing very amusing."

"Massigny! I should have thought, on the contrary, that you would have derived much pleasure from seeing him again."

"Poor Massigny!"

"Poor Massigny!"

"Auguste, tell me, I beg of you, what ails you this evening? There is something devilish in your smile. You seem to be mocking yourself."

"Ah!" now you treat me as badly as your friends the old dowagers do."

"Yes, Auguste, you have to-day an appearance that you were with people you dislike."

"Wretch! come, give me your hand." He kissed the extended hand with an affected gallantry, and they stood looking a moment steadfastly at each other. St. Clair was the first to drop his eyes, and exclaimed, "How difficult is it to live in this world, without passing for a wretch. It would be well never to speak of anything but the weather, or the chase, or to discuss with your old sweethearts the budget of their committees of benevolence."

He took up a piece of paper from the table. "This spelling,"

said he, "reminds me of a letter that I found this morning in arranging my papers—for I take a great fancy now and then to setting things in order. I found a love-letter written by a seamstress, with whom I was in love at the precious age of sixteen. She had a fashion of her own for every word—and peculiar enough, I assure you. Her style was worthy of her orthography. Well, as I was then something of a fool, I thought it beneath me to encourage a mistress who was not a second Sevigné! I left her suddenly To day, in looking over this letter, I have discovered that this seamstress entertained a true love for me; but then I was unable to distinguish true passion from a ridiculous pretence of it."

"You ought to have brought me the letter. I should not have been jealous. We women have more tact than you, and we can easily discover from the style of a letter if the author is in earnest, or feigning a passion that he does not feel."

"And yet how often you suffer yourselves to be entrapped by fools and blockheads."

As he spoke, he glanced at the Tuscan vase, with a sinister something in his eyes and voice which was unnoticed by Mathilde.

"Well, come on. You gentlemen all wish to pass for Don Juans. You imagine that you make dupes, when you only find Donna Juanas still greater *rouées* than yourselves."

"I suppose that, with your superiour wit, you ladies know a fool a league off. Now I doubt not that our friend Massigny, who was both a fool and a fop——"

"Massigny? but he was not so much a fool that he did not find women fools to match him. I must tell you a short story about Massigny—but have I never told it you before?"

"Never," said St. Clair, his voice trembling with emotion.

"Massigny, on his return from Italy, fell desperately in love with me My husband knew him, and introduced him to me as a man of sense and taste. They were made for one another. Massigny became very attentive; he talked to me about music and painting with an air of superiority that was altogether too diverting. One day he sent me the strangest letter! He told me, among other things, that I was the most unexceptionable woman in Paris, and that was his inducement to become my lover. I showed the letter to my cousin Julia. We were both full of frolic, and determined to play him a trick. One evening we had some visiters, and among others Massigny. My cousin said to us—'I am going to read you a declaration of love that I received this morning.' She took the letter and read it amidst bursts of laughter. Poor Massigny!"

St. Clair fell on his knees with a shout of joy. He seized the hand of the countess and covered it with kisses and tears. Mathilde was overwhelmed with astonishment. St. Clair could only utter—"Pardon me! pardon me!" At length he rose; his face radiant with joy. At this moment he was happier than when Mathilde first confessed her love. "I am the most foolish and most guilty of men," cried he; "for the last two days I have suspected you, and have sought no explanation."

"You suspected me, and of what?"

"Wretch that I am! They told me that you had loved Massigny!"

"Massigny!" and she burst into a laugh; then assuming a serious tone—"Auguste," said she, "can you have been fool enough to entertain such suspicions, and hypocrite enough to have concealed them?" A tear started to her eye.

"I beseech you, forgive me."

"How can I avoid forgiving you, my dear friend? But let me swear——"

"Oh! I believe you, I believe you—say nothing."

"But in heaven's name what inducement could you have had for such a suspicion?"

"Nothing, nothing in the world, but my own cursed imagination and that Tuscan vase which I knew was given you by Massigny."

The countess clasped her hands in astonishment, then exclaimed, amid shouts of laughter—"My Tuscan vase! my Tuscan vase!"

St. Clair could not help joining in the laugh, while big tears coursed down the length of his cheek He seized Mathilde in his arms, and said to her—"I will never release you till you have forgiven me."

"Yes, I forgive you, simpleton that you are," said she, embracing him with tenderness "You make me very happy to-day, for it is the first time that I ever saw you shed a tear: I thought you could not."

Then disengaging herself from his arms, she seized the Tuscan vase and dashed it into a thousand pieces. It was of a rare and curious workmanship, and had painted on it, in three colours, the combat of one of the Lapithæ with a Centaur.

St. Clair was for sometime the most mortified and the most happy of men.

CHAPTER VIII.

The curtain falls.

"And is the news true?" said Roquantin to Colonel Beaujeu, as he met him that evening at Tortoni's.

"Too true, my dear fellow," said the colonel, seriously.

"Tell me, then, how the thing went off?"

"Oh, excellently well. St. Clair began by telling me that he had done wrong, but that he would stand one shot from Thémines before making any apology. I could not but approve his intention. Thémines was desirous to draw lots for the first fire. St. Clair insisted that it belonged to Thémines. Thémines fired. I saw St. Clair whirl round once and fall instantly dead. I frequently observed in soldiers struck by a ball this strange whirl—a forerunner of death."

"It is very extraordinary," says Roquantin. "And Thémines, what did he do?"

"Oh! what he should have done on such an occasion. He threw his pistol to the ground with an air of regret, and with so much violence, that he broke the lock. It was an English pistol of Manton's. I don't believe he could find an armourer in Paris to make him so good a one."

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The countess lived for three years in seclusion. Winter and summer she resided at her seat in the country, seldom leaving her chamber, and attended by a mulatto maid who knew of her connexion with St. Clair, and to whom she never spoke above two words a day. At the end of three years her cousin Julia returned from a long journey; she penetrated her retirement, and found the poor Mathilde so pale and meagre, that she seemed the mere skeleton of the woman she had left so full of life and beauty. With great difficulty she withdrew her from seclusion, and induced her to visit Hyères. The countess languished there three or four months, when she died of consumption, induced, as her physician said, by domestic afflictions.

ORIGINAL REMINISCENCES.

THE GRAVE IN THE ORCHARD.

BY LAURIE TODD.

"The dust we tread on, once lived."—*Hervey.*

It was about five o'clock on a gray, calm, sober-looking afternoon, in the month of November last, that I had been searching the hill and the vale, the woods and the meadows, and gathering up the roots and the seeds of some of our beautiful native plants, whose flowers had long since wasted their sweets on the desert air. Returning about gloaming, my way led through an orchard of venerable apple and pear trees, which, from their mouldering branches and trunks crumbling into dust, I thought might date their age from the day that the first red man turned his back on the east, and commenced his march westward. In all probability they were planted by *George Jansen de Rapelje* This Mr. Rapelje was a French protestant. He settled with his family in our neighbourhood as early as 1625. His is said to be the first white family that settled on Long Island, and his wife's daughter the first white child born there. Be this as it may, from this man sprang the whole generation of men, women, and children known in the New-York Directory till this day by the names of Rapalje, Rapaljo, Rapelye and Rapelge. Shame on those who first altered the spelling! Their ancestor was a worthy old gentleman: his sons should have stuck to the letters of his name; but the *de* is now even blotted out from the memory of Longworth. But to return to the orchard. I lingered about this spot without knowing why. Choice fruits were bending to my grasp; they tempted me not. The stillness of death was there. The fall of a leaf, and the noise of my own breathing alone sounded in my ear. The feeble flutter of the birds, as one by one they sank to rest; the long dead and decaying grass bending its head to the earth from whence it so lately sprung; the dead and the dying leaves besprinkling the herbs, themselves twice dead and plucked up by the roots—all these made the place look like the very land of forgetfulness itself

Plodding my way through this valley of the shadow of death, I came to a spot where the grass grew more green, and the stramonium, the hemlock and other noxious weeds grew taller and more rank than their fellows While treading them down, I observed a number of rough unpolished stones standing about six feet apart, from west to east, as if they had been placed one at the head and the other at the foot of a grave. On further search, I found I was standing on the bones of those who planted the trees, whose branches overshadowed my head. There were no hillocks; for time and the pelting storm had levelled the graves with the fallow ground. The stones, too, had sunk by their own gravity, many of them half, and some of them deeper, in their native soil; they were rough as when they came from the bed of the blasted rock. Names and dates there were none. Letters and words in the Dutch language had been put on with white paint, but the rain descended and the winds blew on their face for a hundred years, till it left not a wreck behind.

We have a living oracle among our neighbours—an old man, the days of whose pilgrimage have numbered four-score years and ten. To him I applied for a record of the dead. He remembered the spot as being a place of burial when he was only seven years of age; and many a gloomy winter evening, when the hoar frost and tempest were rustling among the branches, has he approached the place with fear and trembling; for, said he, in those days witches, ghosts and apparitions, had not ceased from out of the land. He then, with the garrulity of old age, ever fond of recounting the scenes of youth, commenced a catalogue of French, Indian and negro murders; which, in respect to the feelings of the good old man, I heard to an end with seeming patience; though I must confess it wasted the hours of three sittings I will give you nearly in his own words the last of his ghost stories, as the spot where the persons were murdered is near that where I am now writing.

"The schools in those days," said the old man, "were few and far between. The burying-ground lay in my route to the school I attended. One day, in the winter of 1738, when I was nine years old, I was traversing this road, which was then in a bad condition. It was quite dark when I came to the place of graves. I saw, or fancied I saw, sitting on a new-made grave, the father, mother and three children of a neighbouring family, which had been murdered by their black servant a few weeks before, and all buried in that same grave. The master and mistress had been kind to their servants, as the Dutch everywhere are to this day. The wife of the murderer was cook and servant of all work in the family, and, prompted by the devil, she had told her husband, that if he would only kill the whole family, then the farm and everything on the place would be his own. Long and sorely was he beset before she brought him to the point. He at last accomplished the atrocious deed, while his victims were asleep. As he entered the kitchen, his wife asked—'Are they all dead?' 'All dead but Harry. I can't kill Harry,' replied the negro. Now Harry was the youngest child, a fine boy about five years old. He had wound himself round the affections of black Sam, and they used to go nutting, crabbing and fishing together. Often while Sam was working in the fields, Harry would bring him his dinner and his mug of cider. 'I can't kill Harry,' said he. 'Fool! fool!' exclaimed his wife. 'Then better had you killed none of them; for now Harry will tell all, and you will be hanged.'

"At this suggestion, the guilty man gasped, and stood like one paralyzed. His teeth chattered, his knees smote each other, and scarcely could he sustain his shaking frame, as he leaned on the bloody axe, which had been the instrument of his crime. Remorse for the execrable deed was already gnawing at his heart-strings; and his horrour at the idea of being compelled to murder his favourite Harry, his little playmate and companion, the lightener of his toils, was more than his iron limbs could support.

"'Go up, you shivering coward, and finish the job you have begun,' said the female fiend; 'go up, or I will call the neighbours, and have you hanged at once.'

"Thus threatened, the wretch completed his atrocities by sacrificing little Harry with the rest. He then walked forth into the fields with the mark of Cain on his forehead. It was now the break of day. A wagon was heard rattling over the road a rare occurrence when neighbours lived seven miles apart. It stopped opposite the house. Black Sam was not far distant, staggering along, and looking on the ground like a man who had lost his wits.

"'Hullo! darkie, what are you looking at?' was the salutation of the driver.

"Sam lifted his clumsy feet from the ground, as if he had been struck by a rifle-ball. His face gleamed like the face of a demon, and the white of his eyes expanded till it seemed like the white circle on the soldier's target. And well might the poor wretch start and shudder, for the terrours of a guilty conscience had driven him from his bed, and he was haggard alike with remorse and with want of sleep.

"The wagoner being informed that the family had not risen, drove from the door and proceeded to Hallet's Cove, a distance of about a mile. All the way he could not forbear pondering upon the cause of Black Sam's singular demeanour and horrible looks. When he arrived at the store, he sat down, but his thoughts still turned to this subject, and absorbed his attention and chained his tongue. A noise startled him—the door opened—and in walked the wife of black Sam, the tigress, who had first excited him to the sanguinary deed. Her first exclamation was—'Oh dear! they have killed master and missus and the three children with an axe, and Sam and I have alone escaped.'

"The wagoner rose, and with the impulsiveness of a strong and sudden conviction, replied—'Yes, you black wretch—and you and your husband are the murderers.'

"In three minutes, the guilty creature, taken by surprise, confessed the crime. That same wagoner carried her and Sam in his cart to Hempstead jail—and before the remains of the slaughtered family were consigned to the *grave in the orchard*, the miserable pair had met the penalty of their crime. The man was hung and the woman burned to death"

Now, Mr. Editor, this is no fiction, but a simple tale of truth. Often when the moon is climbing our eastern hills, and the shadows of night are closing around, do I ramble to this solitary spot, and hold converse with the spirits of the venerated dead. And why not? Why may it not be, that there are ministering angels, sent forth to shed a gracious influence around the children of men? I have no fear of the visits of such disembodied agents. I have almost wished that one of the long departed, whose bones are mouldering beneath my feet, would lift for me the veil and grant me a glimpse of the mysteries behind it.

But we have Moses and the prophets, and let us be thankful for what we have. Yet a little while, and the things unknown shall be revealed to us, and we shall be wise as those who have gone before.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

ODD WAYS OF MAKING A LIVING.

One of the most odd of all the out-of-the-way modes of gaining a living in our metropolis, is that practised by gentlemen who haunt the wine-vaults at the docks. They are understood to inherit from nature an unusually delicate palate, which, with great experience in the characters of various wines, is supposed to qualify them to an unusual degree for making selections of those liquors for intending purchasers. Their living is literally from hand to mouth. They are fee'd by both dealers and private gentlemen to accompany them into the vaults, and give their judgment respecting the wines submitted to them. If they were to swallow any considerable part of what they taste they would soon lose the power of judging, or doing anything else. They are scrupulous to discharge from their mouths whatever they take as a tasting; and yet, it is said, this cannot be done so effectually, but that, in the course of time, their health is affected by their course of life, and they break down at a comparatively early age. The sensations which they experience in the line of their duties, are of a very exquisite nature, and these they describe in a language quite their own—full of fine analogies. One engaged as a witness at a trial, where a cargo of wine was the

matter in dispute, avowed his certainty that the wine which was sent was different from the sample, as was contended by the plaintiff. "And how do you know that?" inquired the opposite counsel. "Oh, it is quite a different wine to my taste. There was a fine *farewell flavour* about the sample, which the wine sent totally wants." A book on his trade by one of these gentlemen would be a pneumatological curiosity. Why, in this age of practical literature, does not some one bring out a little gilt-edged tome, entitled "A Gentleman's Adventures in search of a Pipe of Wine?"

Some years ago, in one of the large towns of the west of England, (perhaps similar cases are not unknown elsewhere,) a man became notorious for a very peculiar kind of business. He was, ostensibly at least, a builder, a sullen misanthropic wretch, without domestic ties of any kind, and apparently bent on gold only for its own sake, as he lived in the style of a miser. This man was constantly prowling about the outskirts of the town, marking the progress of building operations, and acquainting himself with circumstances relative to property in land and houses. When a new factory was about to be set up, he would, if possible, purchase some bit of ground near by, the possession of which he calculated must be sooner or later necessary to the comfort of the parties concerned, and which of course he would only sell at an enormous price. When he saw a gentleman getting a handsome house built, he was sure, if at all possible, to buy a rood of land opposite to it, and there deliberately begin to erect an anomalous little edifice, curiously composed of shingle and brick, with chimneys perking up like the ears of a donkey, and the whole approximating in character to a dog-kennel, if approximating to anything known upon earth. Imagine the alarm of a jolly manufacturer at seeing his vision of a fairy palace thus blasted by a cunning old villain, equally inaccessible to soft entreaty and stormy menace—one who would go on with the construction of his wretched hovel, with as much apparent interest in its architecture and purpose as could be manifested by the gentleman himself respecting his elegant mansion—cool, steady, determined to persevere while it suited his pleasure and convenience to do so—not to be driven from his point either by cries of "shame!" from the passing populace, or the infuriated face of the impending tyrant looking poisoned arrows from the unfinished drawing-room windows on the other side of the way—in short, quite a suburban Hampden, determined to defend his dog-kennel to the last extremity. The victim, after a fortnight's writhing, would propose to purchase the rood with the building in the course of being erected upon it, when, as might be expected, an exorbitant price would be asked. He would retire, determined not to purchase. He would for a little time stop the building of his house, and deliberate if it were not better to plant it somewhere else, even at a great loss, than to give in to the old fellow. During this interval, the dog-kennel would also make a pause, as if out of respect. Then the gentleman would take heart again, and go on, when instantly the building of the eyesore would also proceed. The unfortunate man would turn over a thousand schemes—he would think of building a high wall in front of his house to shut out the view—he would change his plan, and make the drawing-room look in another direction; but all would be in vain. Like a fatigued salmon landed after all its struggles by the inexorable angler, he would be obliged to come in at last, and buy up the property of his annoyer at the price of some goodly field. But one small joy was his, to set off against the anguish he had endured for months—and that was felt, when, the bargain being completed, he could rush across the way, hatchet in hand, and hack and hew away at the dog-kennel, till his sinews were tired, or his long-suspended organ of destructiveness had gratified itself to the utmost.

This old wretch went on building temples to the Genius of Annoyance for several years, and so well did he calculate in most cases, that in time he became extremely rich. He acquired the name of Eyesore Jack, and was the subject of a curious interest to those who recognised his mean, insidious-looking person on the street. It was strange, certainly, to reflect on one who appeared to have no aim in life but to give discomfort to his fellow-creatures, and seek for a wretched aliment in their groans. But the old remark about the pitcher held good in his case, as it does in so many others. A couple of enterprising builders had reared a row of neat houses in a genteel part of the suburbs, and were beginning to get them sold to considerable advantage, when they learned one day that Jack—the tremendous Eyesore Jack—had succeeded, through the intervention of an agent, in obtaining a long lease of a large field opposite, on which it was his design immediately to commence a brick-work! The men were like to go wild with vexation; but their whole fortune was at stake, and they determined to fight the old villain to the last extremity. It chanced that another person had been in terms for the leasehold of the field, and had everything but completed the arrangement. To him the two frantic builders applied. If we recollect the circumstances rightly, it was discovered in conversation that the day on which the bargain was to have been fulfilled was a holiday, so that the non-fulfilment of the bargain might not necessarily be held as voiding it. On this point the two men fastened with avidity, and they easily succeeded, by various considerations, in inducing the other party to raise an action for recovery of the field. It was destined to be the last of the fields of our friend Jack. He battled it through the medium of the proprietor of the ground as long as he could, but was ultimately cast, with the loss of his ill gotten gains. He died not long after in abject penury.

Many examples of modes of living not much more honourable than that of Eyesore Jack might be cited: that of the informer, for one example, might give occasion to a whole paper, or even to a volume. But we shall content ourselves for the present with requesting all who are in the custom of execrating the caitiffs who live by such arts, to reflect if there be not something to find fault with in their own line of doing. Many professions pass very well with the world, which, nevertheless, to the eye of a watchful consciousness, appear by no means pure or laudable. The test we would have applied is the inquiry, "Does my profession or occupation conduce solely to the good of my fellow-creatures, or is it not rather in some degree a source of evil to them?" Unless the answer, "It does conduce solely to the good of mankind," can be clearly and readily given, the party may be satisfied that his profession or occupation, however sanctioned by the toleration of the common world, is a vicious one. As such we would hold all those which minister in any way to bad habits and misleading vanities, as well as all those which depend on the keeping up of strife, whatever gowns and diplomas and honoured appellatives may belong to them. Let none of the professors of such arts or professions presume to execrate Eyesore Jack, until they have come out of their own evil ways.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

A TALE OF CHIVALRY.

"The Childe of Elle he fought so well,
As his weapon he wavde amaine,
That soone he slew that carlish knight,
And layde him on the playne."—*The Childe of Elle.*

In the early part of the reign of Henry the Second of France, a famous combat was fought between two squires of the court, named Jarnac and Chataigneraie. Some words of the former were construed by Chataigneraie to reflect upon his (Jarnac's) step-mother, and he afterwards repeated them at court. When Jarnac heard of the calumny that was abroad, he came before Francis I. and declared that whoever had given birth to such a report "lied in his throat." A challenge immediately passed between Chataigneraie and Jarnac, but Francis forbade the combat. No sooner, however, did Henry II. succeed to the throne, than Jarnac renewed his challenge. The king assented; lists were prepared at St. Germain, and Henry and his court attended, Both champions having sworn to the justice of their quarrel, the king gave the signal, and the combat began.

The combatants were armed in proof, and fought on foot with sword and buckler. Jarnac was a slightly formed man, and being opposed to a fierce, haughty, and powerful adversary, a lively interest was felt in his behalf. It was a goodly sight to see how the sparks flew from their swords and helmets, with what care they foyned, and how skilfully they availed themselves of every unguarded opening. Now they traversed hither and thither with short quick steps, striking, thrusting, warding, as they alternately pressed forward and receded; and now was Jarnac beaten back by the overbearing force of his enemy. Covering himself with his buckler, he retired before the increasing violence of his adversary, and cautiously watched for an opportunity which might be afforded by the other's fierce haste. At length by a lucky stroke he dealt Chataigneraie a dreadful blow upon the leg, and completely disabled him. He fell to the ground, and Jarnac, standing over him with his sword pointed at his throat, required him to confess the calumnies he had uttered. This the wounded man refused to do, and, therefore, his life became justly forfeited to the conqueror, who, however, generously placed it in the hands of King Henry.

The proud and haughty Chataigneraie, mortified by his unexpected defeat, refused to be spared, and on his wounds being dressed, he tore away the bandages, and died from effusion of blood. Such was the judicial combat fought between two squires in the year 1547. The squire, be it observed, was not the mere attendant of the knight, as is vulgarly supposed; nor was he always a candidate for knighthood, as is frequently assumed by writers upon chivalry

RECIPE FOR A MODERN MELODRAMA.

Shut yourself up in a secluded garret, in as deserted a section of the city as possible, for a fortnight, during which time study "The Lives of Notorious Pirates," "Demonology and Witchcraft," "Fox's Book of Martyrs, (with plates,) and the "Newgate Calendar" When you have worked your nerves up to a requisite state of excitement, eat about three pounds of very under-done pork chops, and retire immediately to bed. Rise, "with visage wan," at three in the morning, and by the light of a dingy lamp commence your task. You had better commence with an opening chorus of devils who all appear peculiarly hungry, and long for a delicate cold cut off some young, interesting female, who is very amiable and good, loves some nice young gentleman in the village, whom nobody knows anything about, but who is continually jumping into torrents and saving everybody's life. This young gentleman, of course, must be hated by another gentleman of agreeable appearance, long black hair, and moustaches to match, who, Burke-like, has the office of purveyor to the aforesaid demons. There must be a fête at somebody's castle, and an old steward, with a long white stick, and a very stupid son, who has to make a speech to some very good, charitable Lord and Lady Bountiful sort of personages. The aforesaid nice young lady must be carried off by the gentleman with black hair, upon which the amiable young man must call vehemently upon everybody to follow him, and rescue her or perish in the attempt, and begs them to make haste; on which, to save time, all come to the front of the stage and sing a long chorus! After an immense deal of artful dodging throughout the piece, somebody must put a clock about half an hour too fast, in consequence of which the aforesaid demons come for their victuals, and the aforesaid purveying gentleman not having his victim ready, he, of course, is lugged off through a large trap by a gentleman in red—and the curtain falls amid the scraping of fiddles, and the reflection of red and blue fire, while the steward's stupid son cries out, "Oh! crickey!" and the nice young couple hug each other like mad.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Auctioneers in particular, have long been celebrated for their *hyperbolical* talents; but all their former doings are outdone by the following advertisement which appeared in the *Times* of November the twenty-second:—"To be sold by Daniel Smith, at his Great Room, Alderman's Walk, a compact family residence; the premises are situated at Bishopgate, a favourite spot, about three miles from Windsor, and stand upon a commanding eminence, verging into the Park, with which they communicate by a private gate. *The scenery from the back-ground bursts like enchantment upon the view, and the eye is instantly caught with rapture by the bold, romantic glade, opening amidst the most picturesque retirement upon an expanse of vale beneath, abounding in all the variegated beauties of the forest, and crowned with the distant but magnificent grandeur of Windsor Castle!!!* The estate to be viewed, etc." Bravo, Mr. Daniel Smith! Worthy pupil of Mr. Puff, that renowned professor of the art, and practitioner of panegyric:—Puff. "The auctioneers, sir, the auctioneers have lately got some credit for their language, but 'twas *I*, sir, first enriched their style—'twas *I* first taught them to crowd their advertisements with panegyrical superlatives, each epithet rising above the other like bidders in their own auction-rooms! From ME they learned to inlay their phraseology with variegated chips of exotic metaphor; by ME, too, their inventive faculties were called forth—yes, sir, by ME they were instructed to clothe ideal walls with gratuitous fruits—to insinuate obsequious rivulets into visionary groves—to teach courteous shrubs to nod their approbation of the graceful soil! or, on emergencies, to raise upstart oaks where there had never been an acorn; to create a delightful vicinage without the assistance of a neighbour; or fix the temple of Hygeia in the fens of Lincolnshire."

CONUNDRUM.—Why is a forged note like a whisper? Because it is uttered, but not allowed (aloud.)

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE TREE OF DEATH.—BY ELIZA COOK.

LET the king of the grave be asked to tell
The plant he loveth best,
And it will not be the cypress tree,
Though 'tis ever the church-yard guest;
He will not mark the hemlock dark,
Nor stay where the nightshade spreads;
He will not say 'tis the sombre yew,
Though it springs o'er skeletons' heads;
He will not point to the willow branch,
Where breaking spirits pine beneath,
For a brighter leaf sheds deeper grief,
And a fairer tree is the Tree of Death.

But where the green rich stalks are seen,
Where ripe fruits gush and shine,
"This, this," cries he, "is the tree for me—
The vine, the beautiful vine;
I crouch among the emerald leaves,
Gemmed with the ruddy grapes;
I dip my spear in the poison here,
And he is strong that escapes.
Crowds dance round, with satyr bound,
Till my dart is hurled from its traitor sheath;
When I shriek with glee, no friend to me
Is so true as the vine, the Tree of Death."

O, the glossy vine has a serpent charm,
It bears an unblest fruit;
There's a taint about each tendril'd arm,
And a curse upon its root;
Its juice may flow to warm the brow,
And wildly lighten the eye,
But the frenzied mirth of revelling crew
Will make the wise man sigh;
For the maniac laugh, the trembling frame,
The idiot speech and pestilent breath,
The shattered mind and blasted fame,
Are wrought by the vine, the Tree of Death.

Fill, fill the glass, and let it pass;
But ye who quaff, O think
That even the heart which loves must loathe
The lips that deeply drink;
The breast may mourn o'er a close link torn,
And the scalding drops may roll;
But 'tis better to mourn o'er a pulseless form
Than the wreck of a living soul
Then a health to the hemlock, the cypress, and yew,
The worm-hiding grass, and the willow wreath,
For though shading the tomb, they fling not a gloom
So dark as the vine, the Tree of Death.

AUSTRIAN TOLERATION.—In Austria it is unlawful for Protestants to build churches with steeples, or with any outward form different from an ordinary house or warehouse; and no place of worship, even of this description, can be built unless there are five hundred worshippers. The Protestants must, in any event, pay tithes, marriage and burial fees, register fees for births, etc. It is also unlawful for the places of worship to have bells, organs, or even an entrance from the street, but they must be situated so that the entrance be up some court, not over four and a half feet in width, and in length twenty feet at least.

PROVERBS.—If a man cheat thee once, shame on him; if he cheat thee twice, shame on thee. If a man deceive thee, trust him not again; if he insults thee, go away from him; if he strike thee, vanish him like a snake. If you have lost your credit, be industrious, and you will gain it. If you have lost your property, be industrious, honest and frugal, and you will acquire more. If you have a good wife, take care of her; and if you have not, get one immediately.

POLITENESS.—Politeness may prevent the want of wit and talents from beings observed; but wit and talent cannot prevent the discovery of the want of politeness.

EXCERPTS

Dr. Johnson, at a late period of his life, observed to Sir Joshua Reynolds:—"If a man does not make new acquaintances as he passes through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair."

Flattery, observes Locke, is a sort of bad money, to which our vanity gives currency. It is a blot upon the memory of Alexander that he could be so weak as to be pleased with his courtiers imitating his wry neck.

Happiness consists in a virtuous and honest life, in being content with a competency of outward things and in using them temperately.

"In vain we drudge, in vain we fondly roam,
For true content is only found at home;
In our own breast the happy goddess lies,
And freely grants her favours to the wise."

Everything which tends to discompose or agitate the mind, whether it be excessive sorrow, rage or fear, envy or revenge, love or despair—in short, whatever acts violently on our mental faculties, tends to injure the health.

He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place, but will frequently emulate men in stations below him, and pity those nominally over his head.

Many of the empty pots of an apothecary's shop are as gaudily decorated and neatly marked as those that are full, and the bottles that make the greatest show in the street, are filled with a coloured, useless fluid.

Pythagoras gave this excellent precept:—Choose always the way that seems best, how rough soever it may be. Custom will render it easy and agreeable.

If you are angry with him who reproves your sin, you secretly confess your anger to be unjust. He that is angry with the just reprover, kindles the fire of the just avenger.

Some desire is necessary to keep life in motion; and he whose real wants are supplied must admit those of fancy.

They have a right to censure that have a heart to help; the rest is cruelty, not justice.

Original

A SCENE ON THE CYDNUS.

"The serpent of old Nile."—*Shakspeare.*

Music was heard on the Cydnus' wave,
And a stately galley rowed
To the measured chime of her dipping oars,
Where the silver waters flowed.

And under an awning rich and rare,
Of the web of Egypt's loom;
Soft flute-notes floated upon the air,
And mingled with rich perfume.

And the flower of Egypt's maids reclined,
Where the gorgeous hangings fell;
Or gracefully bent like the lotus round,
And fair, like the asphodel.

But oh! how bright, and how lovelier far,
Than sculptor or bard hath told,
Was the one reposed on that ivory throne,
Bestudded with gems and gold!

And there, unarmed, like a bridegroom knight,
With a kindred brow and mien,
Leant the love-bound chief of the Roman host,
By the radiant eastern queen.

A loose robe fell o'er his gem-wrought vest,
And his locks were with myrtle crown'd;
And he touched with light fingers a golden lute,
And sang to the plaintive sound:

"Where blows fell thick on the Syrian plain,
I have led the fight,"—he sang—
"Where the shivered spears on my tempered shield,
And the war cry loudly rang.
But the shield is thrown with the corselet by—
And I linger here with thee,
While the chargers neigh, and the soldiers laugh,
At the name of Anthony.

"And the helm is left for the myrtle wreath,
And the war-cry for the flute;
And the sound of spears for the cymbal's clang,
And the sword for the twanging lute.
Thou hast bound me here with a silken thread,
And my feet have no will to flee;
For my heart is changed to a woman's heart,
Bright queen, with its love for thee."

O, glory's voice! but a tuneless reed
To a lover's ear thou art—
And the Roman victor heeds thee not,
While a mightier sways his heart

Ione

ORIGINAL TALES.

ADVENTURES OF ROBERT LESLIE.

(See New-York Mirror, Number thirty-six, Volume sixteen, Page 266.)

It was the second night after the action with the Spaniard, the brigantine having been well drawn in with the main-land, Leslie's eyes were anxiously directed towards the different headlands, to discover the appointed signal from his friends on shore. It was verging towards midnight, when the look-out at the masthead exclaimed, "Light ho!"

"Where away?" hailed Leslie.

"One point forward the starboard beam, sir," answered the seaman

The noble bark continued on the course she had been standing, until the light was plainly visible from the deck; its bearings having been taken, and the soundings ascertained, she then hauled on the wind, and run boldly in for the land. In the meantime, Leslie directed a blue light to be burned, and three rockets to be discharged, with a brief interval between. As the last exploded, another and more brilliant one was seen scattering its sparks close along the water's edge To this point the brigantine was steered. Giving a birth of a cable's-length to windward, she entered a small inlet, running around a very dangerous reef of rocks that nearly closed up the passage of a small river, which, after many devious windings, expanded itself into a beautiful bay, entirely surrounded by lofty hills. It was thus not only sheltered from the force of the heavy gales so prevalent at that season in South America, but effectually screened from the observation of all outside, while the dangerous and difficult navigation of its entrance debarred all mariners, except the bold and hardy smuggler, from making it a harbour. And truly it appeared as if nature had designed it, with all its advantages, expressly for that purpose. It was about ten miles in circumference, and situated nearly midway between the towns of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video. The smugglers had named it, in compliment to their late commander, Coffin's Bay. Here the Spitfire at length anchored At the first appearance of dawn, the beach was alive with mules and muleteers, and boats were constantly passing and repassing from the vessel to the shore, engaged in landing the cargo, which, upon its arrival, was transferred to the backs of the mules Being thus packed, it was transported to the interiour, in the direction of Buenos Ayres.

As soon as the cargo had been disembarked, Leslie deemed it his duty to proceed to Buenos Ayres, to inform the agent, who was an American, named John Michaels, of the death of Captain Coffin, and receive instructions for the future conduct of the brigantine. Being provided with a trusty guide, who procured the necessary number of horses, and accompanied by the larger portion of his crew, well armed with cutlasses and pistols, he left the requisite orders for the safety of the vessel with the officer next in command, and then mounting, with his escort, proceeded on his journey.

About noon on the third day of their departure from the brigantine, they were approaching the town rapidly; the party were passing through a thick forest, and had nearly reached its opposite extremity, Leslie riding in front, conversing with the guide, when his attention was suddenly arrested by the report of firearms, and the shrill shrieks of a frightened female. Gathering up the reins, he turned in the saddle, and addressed his men: "Do you hear that, my lads? there is some devil's work going on; prepare for a brush; we must rescue that lady?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the seamen, cheerily.

Bending low to the saddle bow, to save his person from the overhanging branches, Leslie struck his generous steed with the spur, who answered it with a snort and a bound, and dashed forward in the direction of the sounds of distress. Upon clearing the wood, the scene that broke upon the view of Leslie, might have appalled many, from the great disparity of force; but not so him, for danger and death had been to him as companions. Upon the wood's extreme verge was seen a carriage overturned; a short distance onward were a small mounted party, urging a hasty flight, and between him and the carriage were a large party of armed men, drawn up in line, with their backs towards the passage from the forest. These were easily recognized as brigands, by their costume. Farther onward were two of the ruffians attempting to place the lady, from whom the screams had proceeded, on horseback.

Leslie's eagle eye, at a glance, had taken in the situation of all parties, and his dispositions for the approaching contest were already made As his men emerged from the forest, he formed them in line, and silently pointing his sabre towards the brigands, with a pistol in his bridle-hand, burst upon them like a clap of thunder The surprise was complete, the banditti being totally unaware of the vicinity of a body of armed men. The charge was terrific Horses and riders were thrown into confusion. Leslie stopped not as he broke through their line. A few bounds of his gallant steed brought him in close proximity with the villains who held the lady in their rude grasp. His pistol bullet crashed through the brains of one, and the death-gasp of the other told him his sabre had done its work. The lady fell to the ground. Wheeling round the noble charger that had borne him so gallantly and so well, Leslie dashed to the assistance of his companions, who were now closely pressed by the surviving brigands. Bravely did they contend against the unequal numbers. The approach of their captain soon turned the scale in their favour. His fine horsemanship and dexterous skill with his weapon, conjoined with the reckless daring and self-abandonment of his brave seamen, speedily thinned the ranks of their adversaries At one moment he was defending himself against the united attacks of numbers; anon he was at the other end of the field assisting some one of his hard-pressed companions. At length he encountered a large, fierce man, of almost Herculean proportions, in single combat, who proved to be the chief of the band He sprang upon Leslie with the fury of the hunted tiger when he turns at bay. Leslie warded off the stroke, which would have decapitated him, and requited it by sheathing his sabre, up to the very hilt, in the body of the bandit. The corse fell heavily to the earth. The remainder of the brigands, seeing the fall of their chief, fled, panic-stricken, into the forest

The battle being finished, Leslie dismounted and approached the lady, who had fainted, and still continued in a death-like swoon. She had apparently seen sixteen summers, and was of surpassing loveliness of face and form. Gently lifting her in his arms, he bore her to a rivulet near by, and was assiduous in his endeavours to restore her to consciousness.

In the meantime the seamen had congregated around one of their number, who had been unhorsed in the melée, and whose name was Ben Block, one of the bravest and best of the brigantines Ben, at the moment of the onset, being mounted on a high-spirited horse, and unable to manage the noble animal, was thrown into the midst of the opposite party, but still the bold seaman lost not his presence of mind, for, in the very act of falling, he clasped one of the robbers in his nervous arms, and both came to the ground together, one of Ben's arms being broken by the fall. The result of the contest we will give in his own language.

"Ben Block, ahoy!" shouted Dick Steady, the quartermaster; "what cheer, messmate? Pick yourself up, my hearty, if you aren't foundered."

"I will. Dick," answered Ben, "if you'll tip us your grappling-irons, for I've sprung one of my fins."

With some difficulty his companions raised him, and at the same time lifted the body of a dead brigand, to whose throat Ben's fingers still continued to cling

"Let go that lubber, Ben; he's gone to kingdom come already," said Dick.

Ben, after drawing a long breath, suffered the body to slip from his grasp.

"And now," continued Dick, "haul your jawing tacks aboard, and let us know why you didn't stick to your ship and lend us a hand to thrash those land-pirates, you horse-marine"

"Why, shipmate, I don't know much about the matter; but when the captain hove out the signal for close action, and we were coming yard-arm and yard-arm with the enemy, the craft I was aboard of would not mind her helm, but backed and filled on all tacks—skeared, I suppose, at the bow-chaser I let drive at one of the bloody pirates; smash my timbers if she didn't pitch and toss worse than the old barky in a thundering head-sea. Well, I let go of my cutlash, to save myself from going overboard; but it was no use, for the confounded craft up with her starn in the air, and pitched me over her bow, right into the breadbasket of that black-muzzled rascal there, and we both went overboard Now, you see, while we lays on terry-firmy, he outs with a long knife, as long as the cook's tormenters, and tries to stick me in the ribs. Well, I catches hold of that hand, and a bloody end to me, if he didn't shift it to the other. Now, as I had only one flipper in good condition, and he was getting the weather-gage of me, I shifted my grappling-iron to his gullet, and hung on like grim death, till he let go his life-line and lost the number of his mess. But if you ever catch me putting my precious limbs on board of that craft again, that won't neither ware nor stay, I'll give you leave to stop my grog for a month, and you may rouse me out every watch below for a year. No, no, if I must ride, give me a Flemish horse, with a regular pamparo, and then———"

"Belay that, Ben; belay that," said Dick, interrupting him—"cap a stopper on your jaw-tackle, and give your tongue leave of absence. Just take a squint at the captain: he's letting-go an anchor to windward of that trim little frigate he has under his lee."

Leslie had tried all remedies within his reach to restore the young signoretta, but without any apparent effect; and as he silently contemplated that beautiful young face and symmetrical form, he thought that none of earth's daughters could be lovelier—more worthy of the adoration of one faithful heart A sensation, hitherto unknown and unfelt, thrilled through his bosom. It was the first dawning of youthful passion; and, almost in despair at the thought that so much loveliness had departed for ever, he encircled her in his arms, and drawing her closer to his bosom, unconsciously pressed upon her inanimate lips a long, lingering kiss. What it was I know not, but the warm contact appeared suddenly to impart life to the insensible form. A faint fluttering of the heart, and then a rich red tint was perceptibly stealing over her cheek. A convulsive start, a quivering of the eyelids, betokened returning animation. As soon as Leslie perceived this, a feeling of intense joy thrilled through his frame; but still there was the saddening thought, as his gaze fell upon those features, which life was now reanimating, that without her love, life to him would be as a desert waste.

The lady at length recovered strength and consciousness, and starting from the arms that supported her, she turned upon the youth a bewildered look Then kneeling, she exclaimed, "Santa Maria! save me good señor, and gold untold shall be yours."

Perceiving her mistake, Leslie hastened to raise and reassure her, saying, "Lady, the man you look upon, and those likewise" (pointing to the seamen) "are slaves to your commands. You are perfectly safe. We have rescued you from the villains, who have fled, and wish for no better reward than a smile from that bright face."

The lady blushed. "Ah, tell me, kind señor," she resumed, "how I may, in some measure, repay this deep and lasting obligation."

"Lady," replied the young man, "if you think the mere act of duty of assisting the distressed worthy any requital, deign to bestow upon me that plain ring I perceive upon your finger, and it shall never part from me, except with life"

Scarcely had he finished speaking before the beautiful girl drew it from her finger, and, with modest grace, placed it upon his. A convulsive movement then, as if of pain, passed over her countenance, and she exclaimed, "*Ah madre di dios!*—where, where is my dear father?"

She turned away, and with hurried steps proceeded towards the carriage, but paused near it, as if fearful that something horrible would present itself to her view. She directed an imploring look upon Leslie, who had followed her. Readily understanding the mute appeal, he hastened to the carriage. Near it he passed the body of the coachman, shot through the head Upon examining the carriage, he discovered, lying at its bottom, an old man, bleeding profusely, from a stab in the shoulder, but still sensible. Leslie informed the lady, who had remained in an agony of suspense, that her father lived. She sprang to the side of the carriage, but was unable to assist him, until the united strength of the youth and his men had placed the unwieldy vehicle on its proper equilibrium. All necessary assistance was then rendered to the old man. His wound was bound up, and proved not to be dangerous. He warmly thanked his young preserver; and having recovered a large quantity of gold, abandoned by the robbers in their hasty flight, proffered, for his acceptance, a large amount Leslie drew himself up to his full height, and his eyes flashed as he replied, "Señor, I do not barter my blood for gold." A deprecating glance from the daughter checked the anger in his heart, and he continued, less coldly: "Spare my feelings, señor, upon this subject, and never, I pray you, revert to it again. Permit me to assist you and your daughter to your carriage, which I perceive my men have made ready for you."

Having handed them to the carriage, Leslie accepted a seat proffered him by the old gentleman, the request being seconded by the bright eyes of the beautiful girl. Lopez mounted the box; and the seamen, having bound up the slight cuts received in the affray, rode cheerfully by the side of the vehicle, as it slowly proceeded to the city.

On their route thither Leslie learned the names of those he had rescued. They were General Del Carsa and his daughter, Isadora—the general being one of the highest dignitaries of the state. They were returning from their villa, attended by a small party of male servants, who fled at the first attack of the brigands, leaving the old general and his daughter to their tender mercies, when Leslie and his companions so opportunely arrived.

That short ride was destined to affect, for good or for evil, the whole of Leslie's future career, for he quaffed deep and overflowing draughts of love from those beautiful, downcast eyes, which occasionally rested timidly on his own. He had discovered a new spring of feeling in his heart; and now it gushed forth like a torrent, sweeping all prudential thoughts into oblivion. He felt not, saw not, any impediment to the successful prosecution of his love. He thought not of the high lineage of his beloved one, nor of the prejudices of a Spanish hidalgo, of sixteen quarterings in his shield. He thought not of her rank nor of her wealth. He saw her as she was, in her native purity, a thing of light and of beauty. It was a delicious happiness he was then enjoying, and nothing interposed in his mind's eye to prevent its continuance. What was it to him if the whole world opposed his suit, so that she returned his love!

And that fair young girl—was she wholly heart-free? Did not the fine features, noble form, and gallant bearing of the youth, conjoined with his tender and respectful homage, awaken some reciprocal sensations in her heart? They did. Strange, but delightful, was the thrill that first aroused the consciousness that the youth was dear, very dear, to her. Think not, courteous reader, that the loves of these youthful beings were premature or unnatural. The boy was passion's child, and nurtured in romance. The girl was a tender flower of the warm, sunny south, whose very air is redolent with love. Each had never, till then, met the being of their imagings. He had conferred the greatest service man can confer on woman. She had received that service with gratitude, which predisposed her heart to the quicker entrance of the stronger and deeper emotion. Leslie felt that he was not an object of indifference to her, but he longed to hear the soft confession from her lips The old man, worn out by fatigue and weakness, by loss of blood, slumbered in his seat The youth, with swelling heart, strove to give utterance to his new sensations. Time was flying rapidly—the town was almost in sight, and night was overspreading the earth with its dusky mantle. Taking the hand of Isadora gently in his own, while both hands trembled, he faltered forth: "We must soon part, dear lady; will you sometimes extend a thought on one who would have laid down his life for you; and forgive the rude sailor who has dared to love so much excellence?"

The lady's hand trembled violently, but sought not to withdraw itself: "I have nothing to forgive," she replied, "and can I ever forget my noble preserver, who saved me from a fate more horrible than death."

"Ah, dear lady, name not the slight service I have been but too happy in performing; could this poor life procure you a moment's happiness, it would cheerfully be given."

A low sigh was the only answer.

"Can I," continued the emboldened youth, "dare I hope your heart is not altogether cold to the wild throbbings which now oppress mine own?"

A slight pressure of the hand was the reply. Leslie's hand stole gently around her taper waist, which shrunk not from the caress "Am I in existence? is this a dream? am I really so blessed?" broke from the lips of the impassioned youth. "Do you really love me, a stranger and unknown?"

There was no reply; but the blushing cheek of the beautiful Isadora spoke more than utterance. The union of hearts was complete

The harsh voice of the guide startled the lovers from their newly-found Elysium. The town was now at hand, and his own safety, and that of his subordinates, required great precaution on the part of Leslie; for had it been known that the commander of the daring and successful smuggler, Spitfire, was an inmate of its walls, his lease of life would have been a short one. Leslie stepped from the carriage, and received instructions from his guide as to the quartering of his men for the night. As he quitted the carriage, Leslie whispered: "Forget me not, dearest Isadora; forget not the name of Robert Leslie."

"That I never can, dear Robert," replied the lady; and the name sounded more musical than ever to his ear

"I will see thee soon again, dearest, if this poor life be spared. Farewell!"

Then giving and receiving one long, silent embrace, he suffered the carriage to proceed. He lingered on the spot until it was out of sight, then roused himself, mounted his horse, and, with his men, rode slowly off to a suitable place of concealment. S. H. H.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

GOETHE'S FAUSTUS.

SECOND NOTICE

The Prologue in Heaven—the Lord, the celestial hosts, and afterwards Mephistopheles; with this daring imagination bursts upon us this magnificent poem Of the opening chorus of the archangels, Shelley says that it is impossible to represent in another language the melody of its versification; that the volatile strength and delicacy of the ideas escape in the crucible of translation; and the reader is surprised to find a *caput mortuum*. This conviction forces itself upon us, as we compare the various translations in prose and verse of this wonderful prologue; there is a something that they all lack, and which more than half persuades us to take up again our grammar and dictionary, and acquire a language, if for no other purpose than that of reading Faust. It is worth the sacrifice of a year or two's leisure.

The chorus is more successfully rendered by Shelley than by Anster, and with quite as much fidelity to the original. It is to be regretted that the whole poem could not have been translated by a poet of Shelley's genius; and this we say without the intention of derogating from the abundant merit of Anster. Many of his versions could not be improved, but we must confess that in some passages we miss the inspiration and boldness of the true poet. But for Shelley's version of the chorus:

Enter three Archangels.

RAPHAEL.

The sun makes music as of old
Amid the rival spheres of heaven;
On its predestined circle roll'd
With thunder speed; the angels, even,
Draw strength from gazing on its glance,
Though none its meaning fathom may;—
The world's unwither'd countenance
Is bright as at creation's day.

GABRIEL.

And swift and swift, with rapid lightness
The adorned earth spins silently,
Alternating Elysian brightness
With deep and dreadful night; the sea
Foams in broad billows from the deep
Up to the rocks, and rocks and ocean,
Onward, with spheres which never sleep,
Are hurried in eternal motion.

MICHAEL.

And tempests in contention roar
From land to sea, from sea to land;
And, raging, weave a chain of power,
Which girds the earth as with a band.
A flashing desolation there,
Flames, before the thunder's way;
But thy servants, Lord! revere
The gentle changes of the day.

CHORUS OF THE THREE

The angels draw strength from thy glance,
Though no one comprehend thee may;—
The world's unwither'd countenance
Is bright as on creation's day.

Passing the prologue, in which Mephistopheles obtains permission from the Lord to deal with Faustus at his pleasure, the curtain is lifted upon his predestined victim. The time is midnight—the scene is a high-arched, narrow, Gothic chamber, where Faustus is seated at his desk His soliloquy explains his whereabouts, and gives us the necessary insight into his character. He is an old schoolmaster. For an ordinary life-time he has buried himself in the pursuits of various learning. He has sounded the depths of science. He has threaded the mazes of law, medicine, theology, and divine philosophy, and finds that he is still wandering in the circle where he started, to which there is neither end nor beginning. The result of his knowledge is the conviction that nothing can be known. He has pursued his inquiries without scruple or apprehension—surrendering himself to the guidance of an intellect that sought boldly for truth, and it has led him to—nothing! "No dog would like to live so any longer"—mutters the doctor.* "I have, therefore, devoted myself to magic—whether, through the power and voice of the spirit, many a mystery might not become known to me; that I may no longer, with bitter sweat, be obliged to speak of what I do not know; that I may learn what it is that holds the world together in its inmost core, see all the springs and seeds of production, and drive no longer a paltry traffic in words."

Distrust—denial—despair—are now masters of the mind of Faustus Baffled, wearied and disgusted in his solitary and absorbing toils, he throws aside his books and papers, and turns from the glasses and instruments and ancient lumber of his study, to the window through which the moonlight is streaming in with beams potent as we may believe to augment his restlessness, and drive it to madness. He feels the nothingness of man's science. He feels that it is all vanity—the long-protracted vigils, the self-denying and self-sacrificing spirit in which he has sought for knowledge, crushing and trampling his human sympathies, flying from the green fields and running waters, and burying himself among the worm-eaten volumes of his closet, in the painful and perpetual labours of studious seclusion.

From living nature thou hast fled
To dwell 'mong fragments of the dead;
And for the lovely scenes which heaven
Hath made man for, to man hath given;
Hast chosen to pore o'er mouldering bones
Of brute and human skeletons!

In this state of mind, the old birch-handler takes up the study of magic—and we find him poring over circles, signs, and symbolic letters, whose powers he would fain use, challenging the approach of the spirits under their mysterious influence. He turns from page to page of his

"Book where secret spells are scanned,
Traced by Nostradam's own hand"—

and after lingering awhile attentively over the sign of Macrocosmus, he turns impatiently the leaves till his eye rests on the sign of the Spirit of the Earth. Then breaks forth the pale and gray old student in the following impassioned burst:

Spirit of Earth! my nature is the same,
Or near akin to thine!
How fearlessly I read this sign!
And feel even now new powers are mine;
While my brain burns as though with wine;
Give me the agitated strife,
The madness of the world of life;
I feel within my soul the birth
Of strength enabling me to bear,
And thoughts, impelling me to share
The fortunes, good or evil, of the earth;
To battle with the tempest's breath,
Or plunge where Shipwreck grinds his teeth.
All around grows cold and cloudy,
The moon withdraws her ray;
The lamp's loose light is shivering,
It fades, it dies away.
Ha! round my brow what sparkles ruddy
In trembling light are quivering!
And to and fro,
Stream sheets of flame, in fearful play,
Rolled and unrolled,
In crimson fold,
They float and flow!
From the vaulted space above,
A shuddering horrour seems to move
Down,—down upon me creeps and seizes
The life's blood, in its grasp that freezes;
'Tis thou,—I feel thee. Spirit, near,
Thou hast heard the spell, and thou
Art hovering round me now;
Spirit! to my sight appear;
How my heart is torn in sunder—
All my thoughts convulsed with wonder—
Every faculty and feeling
Strained to welcome thy revealing.
Spirit, my heart, my heart is given to thee,
Though death may be the price, I cannot choose but see!

Faustus grasps the book and pronounces the sign of the Spirit. A red flame is seen playing about, and from it the Spirit speaks. The old schoolmaster is struck with horrour. The summoned Spirit derides and scoffs at him, and after a brief colloquy, in which Faustus recovers a little from his terrour, it vanishes as it came. A moment after, a knock is heard at the door, and *Wagner*, a pupil of the old man, enters in dressing-gown and night-cap. Faustus is vexed at being thus disturbed, and turns round upon him without an effort to conceal his displeasure Wagner apologizes—he thought his master declaiming, and wished to improve himself in this "same art." The passages which follow are inspired with the very soul of poetry and eloquence, and if Mr. Anster has not here full rendered justice to the original, he has, at least, succeeded in clothing, in most simple and expressive language the most elevated thought:

WAGNER.

Oh! if a man shuts himself up for ever
In his dull study; if he sees the world
Never, unless on some chance holyday,
Looks at it from a distance, through a telescope,
How can he learn to sway the minds of men
By eloquence!—to rule them or persuade!

FAUSTUS.

If feeling does not prompt, in vain you strive;
If from the soul the language does not come,
By its own impulse, to impel the hearts
Of hearers, with communicated power,
In vain you strive, in vain you struggle earnestly.
Toil on for ever; piece together fragments;
Cook up your broken scraps of sentences,
And blow, with puffing breath, a struggling light,
Glimmering confusedly now, now cold in ashes;
Startle the schoolboys with your metaphors;
And, if such food may suit your appetite,
Win the vain wonder of applauding children!
But never hope to stir the hearts of men,
And mould the souls of many into one,
By words which come not naïve from the heart!

WAGNER.

Expression, graceful utterance, is the first
And best acquirement of the orator.
This do I feel, and feel my want of it!

FAUSTUS.

Dost thou seek genuine and worthy fame?
Not as our town declaimers use, delighted,
Like a brute beast, with chimes of jingling bells;
Reason and honest feeling want no arts
Of utterance—ask no toil of elocution;
And when you speak in earnest, do you need
A search of words? Oh! these fine holyday phrases,
In which you robe your worn-out commonplaces,
These scraps of paper which you crimp and curl,
And twist into a thousand idle shapes,
These filigree ornaments are good for nothing,
Cost time and pains, please few, impose on no one;
Are unrefreshing, as the wind that whistles,
In autumn, 'mong the dry and withered leaves.

Thus much for eloquence—and who has discoursed more beautifully, and more sensibly withal, on this theme, than old Faustus! How cunningly he analyzes the elements of the art—if art it be that is nothing if not nature. How flatly and frigidly falls now on our ear the the lesson of our boyhood—the "action! action! action!" of the old Grecian, as the alpha and omega; the first, second and third requisite of oratory! Feeling—soul—impulse—words born of the heart by the heart inspired—reason, and honesty and earnestness—an aim and a purpose—these are the secrets and mysteries of of eloquence. These sway the minds of men. These alone lead captive the senses, the judgment and the imagination of the listening multitude, and complete the triumph, the highest that man can win, the most thrilling and satisfying that the human mind or heart can enjoy—the triumph of communicated sympathies, of transfused power, of the suppressing and subduing will! What scene more striking and sublime than that of a vast popular assembly, won and wielded by a spell stronger than that of the magician—hanging in breathless interest on the voice of the orator,—rapt, borne away by his wonder-working incantations—now convulsed with laughter, now melted to tears, now burning with indignation—the slaves and

* Hayward's translation.

subjects of the sign with which he would conjure the spirits of the human breast!

With what distortion strange heaven only knows.
Oh! often, what a toilsome thing it is
This study of thine, at the first glance we fly it.
A mass of things confusedly heaped together;
A lumber-room of dusty documents,
Furnished with all approved court-precedents,
And old traditional maxims! History!
Facts dramatised say rather—action—plot—
Sentiment, everything the writer's own,
As it best fits the web-work of his story,
With here and there a solitary fact
Of consequence, by those grave chroniclers
Pointed with many a moral apophthegm,
And wise old saws, learned at the puppet-shows.

But we wander from our purpose. Turn we again to the old schoolmaster and his intruding pupil. Not in vain, as the world would judge, has Faustus wrought in the great mine of antiquity, and enriched himself with the lore of centuries, if he thus discourse in words of wisdom and beauty. From eloquence the pupil turns to knowledge, and the worn and wearied scholar sneers bitterly at the "mouldy records" where man has in vain sought the "draught restorative" that springs and gushes only from "the depths of his own soul." Wagner begs pardon, and suggests that there is at least delight to be found in communing with the spirit of past ages. On this hint Faustus thus discourses:

To us, my friend, the times that are gone by
Are a mysterious book, sealed with seven seals:
That which you call the spirit of ages past
Is but, in truth, the spirit of some few authors
In which those ages are beheld reflected.

With a few more words, Faustus rids himself of Wagner on the pretence that it is getting too late to continue the conversation. The old man is again left alone, to devour his own heart, to feed and lash the restlessness of spirit that has fastened upon him like a fiend, and that will to fiends deliver him. How he reasons and wrestles with the curse, how he is tempted, and how for the time rescued, we will see anon. Meanwhile we will close the book, and ponder on what we have read.

ORIGINAL DRAMATIC SKETCHES.

MR. CHARLES KEAN.

Semper ego auditor tantum? Nunquamne reponam?
Vexatus toties?—*Juvenal.*

In England, during the space of half a century, but few names have gained renown in the highest line of the histrionic art. Garrick, the father of the English stage, had passed into history before our time. Kemble, Cooke, Young, Kean, Vandenhoff, and now his son and Macready, with "last" and "to ourselves," not least, Forrest, a child of our own soil, are the only names that occur to our immediate recollection. And so while long lists of Greek and Roman authors swell the catalogue of those who have given laws to the theatrical world, nearly all that antiquity has prominently transmitted to us of those who brought to life and imbodied the idea of the poet's creation have receded comparatively into oblivion, or been consigned to the memory of the multitude in the concentrated form of a single name: the Roman Roscius stands proverbially as the representative of ancient dramatic renown.

We need not now apply to the augurs of futurity, after the public voice has been audibly pronounced and the echoes of applause have reached us across the Atlantic. We hail the sound as reverberating from our own shores, for it was here that Charles Kean, still a beardless and unfriended youth, gave the first dawning indications that the son of our former favourite would prove "no common boy," and we take honour to ourselves for having been the first to discover and promulgate an opinion which has been so fully carried out by the result. Here it was, in this soil, genial to merit and renown, that his genius put forth its early shoot, and we saw "the summer was nigh at hand." It was ourselves who first predicted, or rather anticipated, the growing wreath, which already the fostering Muse was silently waving for the brow to which the guardian genius of Shakspeare had destined the crown. We do not snatch at the toy, to soil with its withered leaves the early bloom of the bay—but in the right and capacity to criticise the representation of Shakspeare, we acknowledge no superiours. If the agency of prophecy is to be the resource, we assert our prior claim and yield in that to none, certainly not to those sinister prophets of deceit, who conjure up phantoms of public bad taste, ghostly enemies of true classical merit, seers whose second sight is the evil eye, and their voice the croaking note of ill-omen. Prophets can never be critics. Men are too fond of their own prophecies, and

"Rather by half their friend should die
Than their predictions prove a lie."

He who prognosticates a failure tempts his own conscience to desire one, and those who come to scoff, but rarely go away to applaud. Such men should be challenged upon the jury—their testimony goes for nothing. Opinions formed in advance come with little weight, especially when composed in direct contradiction to testimony and proof. *Our* opinions are not made in the spirit of prophecy, they are merely the result of demonstration. We anticipate a prosperous future from our knowledge of the past, and we reserve our second sight until after the events have happened.

Now, then, for the tomahawk and scalping-knife, and as these may not be enough to flay and dissect alive a genius towards whom there is some tenacity of public opinion, give us a good bowie-knife at once to cut and slash at his theatrical reputation, and go ahead.

Charles Kean arrived here in the Liverpool, his heart full of affectionate recollections of this country, which, if not the cradle of his first efforts, was the scene of his dawning success and the foster-mother of his earthly renown. Hamlet was the tragedy in which he decided to make his first appearance—one of his favourite and most popular parts, in which, on the London stage, he had been accustomed to be greeted by full theatres, favouring audiences, and personal friends. We will suppress at present all that happened previous to his appearance on the stage, for we have not yet quite ascertained how far our information is authentically correct.

The reception that met him on his appearance was such as might have been expected towards one, to whom our affections had been directed in early life, and who was attracted to us by many endearing associations. A welcome in every form was given: we never saw one more enthusiastic. People stood up in the pit, and handkerchiefs waved in the air. It was a pleasant sight, and though we are growing misanthropic from all that passed before our eyes, on this occasion we joyed to see human nature in its best aspect. Charles Kean appeared affected and somewhat overcome, but he made no speech (as has been reported) at the commencement of the play. The applause which lasted sometime was succeeded by a total silence. We never remember witnessing a more sudden transition from animated enthusiasm to deep attention.

During part of the first scene, Charles Kean's voice was often inaudible, and there certainly was at times an apparent imperfection or deficiency of power which deteriorated in some degree from the merit of the performance. It seems, however, that the ladies dissent from this opinion, and affirm that the voice to which we allude is one that makes a peculiarly agreeable impression on a woman's ear, and especially in the scenes with Ophelia, when the conflict of passion and the struggle between tenderness and misanthropic disgust with the world are portrayed. Here we are told by our female fellow-critics, that the effect was admirable, and that Shakspeare's thoughts "came mended from his tongue." We will not contend with the ladies on this point, on which it is so especially their province to pronounce; but, as it is our office to pass judgment according to the strict laws of classical precision, indeed of common sense, we are compelled to maintain, at least with regard to all but those parts which are expressly designed to "please a lady's ear," that his voice was often too low to be heard, or at least was heard very incompletely, and his pronunciation also was frequently not sufficiently distinct. The fault is more in quantity than quality. There is no positive errour to condemn, but a deficiency to regret. So when he endeavours to urge his voice to vehemence of expression, the forced effort was discernable; it then has a tendency to make the tones discordant, and the utterance becoming too rapid instead of diminishing the natural failure, makes it more apparent by augmenting the indistinctness. If listening to hear becomes laborious, an audience grows dissatisfied and the critics have an immense advantage from its ill-humour. When, however, we know that this was a partial or occasional imperfection produced and increased by physical excitement, while truth compels us to admit the fact, it in no respect detracts from the classical accuracy or intellectual intention of the tragedian in his conception of the inspiration of the poet.

Charles Kean was educated at Eton School, which is by many considered as unquestionably the most polished and classical of the colleges of education in Great Britain. It is remarked that the pronunciation of the English language as acquired at Eton, is more refined and elegant than in any other of the seats of learning. Mr. Canning was a distinguished example in proof of this truth—Earl Grey another—and numberless instances of men of accomplished manners, confirm the same where no especial gifts of nature have rendered it conspicuous by the celebrity of pre-eminent talent. This advantage is one thoroughly possessed by Mr. Kean, and adds a distinguished grace to his personation of Hamlet, whose character supposes the highest degree of mental cultivation and intellectual refinement. It must, however, be admitted also, that the very circumstance of softening and refining the pronunciation of the English language, though it may add a great beauty to the elocution of the orator, has also the effect of rendering the enunciation less distinct, unless there is a great power, and clear, steady equality of voice to counteract the disadvantage.

We have often been delighted to see Kemble in the same part. It was one on which he prided himself, and the fine picture of him—by Lawrence—in that character, denotes that Kemble and Hamlet were in those days identified in the same idea. The majestic air of Kemble, the academical correctness of every attitude, the exact proportions of his stature for the theatre, are all perfections in which, perhaps, he may never have been surpassed on any stage; and no doubt in these respects he would eclipse Charles Kean, but then in contradistinction we must admit, the cold, stately dignity from which Kemble never relaxed, and the contemptuous disdain by which he effaced all expression of passion and tenderness towards Ophelia, were as much inferior to those points in which Charles Kean especially excels. His attitudes, too, are graceful, and his action admirable in this character. He never loses the dignity of the prince; but it is not the studied, unbending frigidity which in Kemble annihilated the lover. Kean's is the expression of deep feeling, a natural grace of attitude and gesture which seems to emanate unconsciously and without effort, the result of elevation, of sentiment, and cultured education. "A man may be known by his gait," Solomon tells us, and when Kean treads the stage in the character of the Prince of Denmark, "his gait" is that of a person educated in a court, though there is much less of that majesterial bearing, that royal state and lofty contempt, which Kemble unrelentingly sustained in his conception of Shakspeare's design. We remember hearing it remarked that when Kemble performed the part, it appeared as if Ophelia had been driven mad by his contumelious behaviour towards her. With Charles Kean it is clearly her father's death that overturns her reason—he portrays admirably the agony of internal strife through the irony of his assumed character, and the sensibility blended with suppressed passion adds greatly to the interest, by increasing the sympathy we feel for the wrongs and anguish of the royal Dane. In the scene where he kills Polonius, and when he addresses his mother—"Is it the king?" the effect was admirable, it was irresistible; and the simultaneous movement which ran through the house at the utterance of these four words, reminds us of what is recorded of Garrick during the zenith of his popular favour, when it was not unfrequent to see the lobbies and passages of Drury-Lane Theatre lined with aspirants who had paid their entrance money on the chance of finding some charitable spectators, who, when the theatre was crowded almost to suffocation, would at the risk of being stifled, permit others to mount upon their shoulders just to hear pronounced by Garrick, the two remarkable passages in Richard the Third, which have thus acquired such immortal celebrity.

Love.—In love there are twice as many moments as sad ones—provided always, that our passion is requited.

Life.—Life is an opium; it excites us a little at first, and then leaves us sleepy, weary, and disgusted.

Man.—Man is a substance clad in shadows.

DUELLING EXTRAORDINARY.

Mr. Bragg had drawn so largely upon the belief of a company by stories of transactions to which he pretended to have been an eye-witness, that several of its members could not help expressing their doubts. The narrator was affronted, and insisted on the truth of what he had been relating with the more warmth, since Major Johnson espoused his cause. This circumstance excited not a little astonishment, as the major was justly accounted a man of excellent understanding, and particularly tenacious of truth. The surprise of all present was greatly augmented when he thus addressed them:

"Indeed, in my opinion, Mr. Bragg has abundant reason to be angry, as it frequently happens that nothing seems more improbable than truth, as I can test from my own experience. When I was a student at Jena, I once went with Baron Fitzerling, with whom I was intimately acquainted, to Weimar, in order to attend the performance of *The Maid of Orleans*, at the theatre of that city. The part of the heroine was assigned to Madame Wolfe, and she acted it with so much ability, that I could not forbear several times loudly expressing my admiration. This offended the baron, whose partiality for another actress would not acknowledge the superiour talents of the universal favourite. We quarrelled, and adjourned to the neighbouring park. Favoured by the full moon, the duel began, and I shot the baron dead on the spot."

"But," observed one of the company, "where did you get fire-arms at such a short notice?"

"No interruption, if you please," answered the major, in an angry tone. "Let me proceed, everything will be explained by-and-by. Well then, as I said, I shot Baron Fitzerling dead. The circumstance rendered it the more necessary for me to quit, not only Weimar, but all Saxony, because the Fitzerlings, as everybody knows, are a very ancient family."

"A very ancient family!" rejoined one. "I am sure I never heard of them before."

"That may be: but if I am to proceed, let me beg, once for all, that I may not be interrupted, as the conclusion will clear up every apparent obscurity in the story."

This address, bordering so closely upon rudeness, made the company stare at one another: the major seemed to take no notice of this, and turning to Mr. Bragg alone, he thus continued.

"I hastened back to Jena, packed up my things with all possible expedition, and travelled post to the Austrian capital. On my arrival at Vienna, I repaired to the Apollo Hall, which had just then begun to be a fashionable place of resort. I had been there but a moment, when a young man rudely pushed through the numerous assembly, and, half out of breath thus addressed me:

"Pray, sir, are not you Mr. Johnson?"

"Yes sir, at your service."

"Did you not shoot Baron Fitzerling in a duel at Weimar?"

"Yes I did."

"Baron Fitzerling was my brother; I must have satisfaction for his death, and request you to meet me with pistols at four o'clock to-morrow morning in the Prater."

"With great pleasure," I replied; and mounting my horse next morning, found my antagonist at the entrance. I followed him into a retired alley; we fired, and I shot him dead.

"I was certainly very sorry to be obliged to leave the pleasures of Vienna so soon on account of this affair. It was, however, absolutely necessary for my safety that I should be gone. To avoid any further interruption of the kind, I determined this time upon a more distant journey; traversed part of Italy, and never stopped till I reached Rome. One day as I stood absorbed in admiration before the cascade of Tivoli, a young man suddenly tapped me on the shoulder with the question—

"Pray, sir, are not you Mr. Johnson?"

"Yes, sir, at your service."

"Have you not shot two Barons Fitzerling in duels, one at Weimar and the other at Vienna?"

"Yes, I have."

"The Barons Fitzerling were my brothers; I must have satisfaction for their deaths, and request you to exchange shots with me in yonder field."

"With great pleasure," said I, and followed him. We fired, and I shot him dead.

I now posted away to Paris. The day after my arrival, I went to see the museum, when a young man came up to me, and said—

"Pray, sir, are not you Mr. Johnson?"

"Yes, sir, at your service."

"Have you not shot three Barons Fitzerling in duels; one at Weimar, one at Vienna, and one at Rome?"

"Yes, I have."

"The Barons Fitzerling were my brothers; I must have satisfaction for their deaths, and request you to meet me this afternoon, at three o'clock precisely, at the end of the Bois de Boulogne."

"With great pleasure," said I; and in the afternoon away I rode. My antagonist was already there; we fired, and I shot him dead.

"As I had no wish whatever to send any more Fitzerlings into the other world, I determined to leave the continent for good, that I might not be again disturbed by the surviving relations: and hurrying to Calais, embarked there and arrived safe at Dover. It seemed, indeed, as if these relations, or at least their knowledge of my rencontres with the family, had not reached London, for there I lived sometime without a challenge from any of the breed. One day, however, just when I was playing a game at chess at White's, I happened to look up, and was so confounded by the appearance of a young man opposite, who kept his eye steadfastly fixed upon me, that I made a wrong move, and thus had well nigh lost the advantages of which my position afforded the fairest prospect.

"Sir," said I, starting up, "why do you stare at me so incessantly?"

"Pray, sir," he asked, "are not you Mr. Johnson?"

"Yes, sir, at your service."

"Have you not shot four Barons Fitzerling in duels; one at Weimar, one at Vienna, one at Rome, and one at Paris?"

"I have."

"The Barons Fitzerling were my brothers; I must have satisfaction for their deaths. Come out of the room with me, that we may exchange shots."

"With great pleasure," said I, "only let me finish my game, and then we'll settle this *bagatelle* immediately."

He agreed, and when the game was over, I stepped with him into a back room; we fired, and———"

"And shot him dead?" impatiently cried Mr. Bragg with a smile, while the major stopped to muse.

"No, I beg your pardon," rejoined the major, "it was he that shot me dead."

LITERARY NOTICES.

"A New Home—Who'll Follow? or, Glimpses of Western Life." By Mrs. Mary Clavers—an actual settler. C. S. Francis, New-York. 1839.

An eloquent writer observes—"He who writes an amusing and harmless book to meet that want, (intellectual entertainment,) is entitled to the public gratitude, and he who reads it, justly avails himself of one of the greatest blessings of modern literature." We may add, he who produces from the materials of real life, a work whose moral tendency shall strengthen and elevate the domestic virtues, and beautify and refine the humblest lot, deserves a nobler station in the world's estimation, than the most accomplished novelist, who, on the glowing pages of fiction, caters simply for the amusement of his readers. The press is teeming with works of this latter class, and the public taste has been led astray and painfully corrupted by the constant supply of this unwholesome food. History is ransacked to find some extraordinary acts, giving some reality to fiction, and behold! stately dames and love-sick daughters, plumed knights and gallant courtiers, with all the accessories in remorseless villans—wandering gipsies—dungeons, chains and magic, and the usual trimmings of startling incidents, flimsy sentiment and a romantic denouement, pass in gorgeous procession before the bewildered imagination of the reader, and he turns in disgust from the simple stories of private life, as flat, stale, and unprofitable. But "the present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame and finite." There are virtues and affections as noble and disinterested, and trials and sorrows as painful and heart-rending going on in this home-spun life of ours, as were ever pictured on the glowing page of the most gifted novelist. It requires but the discriminating mind, the ready pen, and the sympathizing heart to clothe them in rainbow tints of poetry and beauty, and make their influence felt and acknowledged. We welcome, therefore, with heartfelt pleasure, those who "unveil the worlds of romance that lie deep, and as yet hidden beneath the stern and cold aspects of real life," and portray in attractive form those fire-side histories which afford both instruction and amusement. Prominent among this class of writers stand Mrs. Opie, Miss Mitford, and Miss Sedgwick, and we are delighted to have it in our power to add to the list the gifted authoress of the volume which stands at the head of this article. Rarely have we perused a more entertaining, amusing and spirited book. It is written in infinite simplicity, purity and beauty of style—with all the skill of an artist, yet perfectly easy and natural. That enterprising spirit which forms such a striking characteristic of our people, we presume, tempted the authoress and her husband to leave the more populous Atlantic states, and in the wilds of Michigan to seek a new sphere of enterprise and usefulness, and in this volume we have the result of their adventures, and some admirable sketches of private character and local peculiarities. The sketches of Mr. Mazard, the great speculator, Simon Jenkins, Esq., the fac-totum of the village, and disinterested patriot; Mrs Nippers, the gossipping widow, "who didn't believe she ever said such a word;" Miss Fidler of uncertain age, who, in satin and gold chains, wrote poetry under the trees, and fell in love with the village clerk, are each and all drawn to the life, and made strikingly effective. But the most amusing and graphic sketch in the volume, is the chapter on *loans*, not dollars and cents, gentle reader, but those vexatious demands which one's neighbours make on your goods and chattels, in that true spirit of equality, which recognize no one's exclusive claim to any article of general use. We have had some experience in these matters, but we confess the Montacutians carry the system beyond all parallel. "Mother wants your sifter, and she says she guesses you can let her have some sugar and tea, 'cause you've got plenty," is one of a dozen applications and excellent reasons therefor, which illustrate the freedom of the simple villagers; but the request "*to loan your baby* a little while," is really testing the accommodating spirit to such an extent, that we should consider it hardly ill-natured to refuse! The amiable manner in which these troublesome demands were met, doubtless encouraged her less fastidious neighbours, and we confess, modest as we are, we should not hesitate to ask any reasonable favour—not, perchance, to the enormity of borrowing one's baby, though in case of necessity we might venture to request the loan of that—"but we shall not tell what they call it—the reader must go to Michigan." We have been tempted to an unusual length in attempting a feeble sketch of this attractive work, and left no room for commenting on those charming episodes of private history which grace the volume, and give evidence of talents capable of producing a work of more enlarged and general character. In conclusion, we commend this volume to the reading community, assuring them, that, for purity and beauty of style, instructive and appropriate moral, and true feminne and elevated spirit, we know of no production superior to A NEW HOME—WHO'LL FOLLOW?

"The Good Housekeeper, or the Way to Live Well and to be well while we Live." Containing directions for choosing and preparing food, in regard to health, economy and taste. By Mrs. S. J. Hale. Boston: Weeks, Jordan and Co. Pp. 144.

There is no greater fallacy than the vulgar error that literary pursuits necessarily unfit the mind for the domestic and business duties of life. On the contrary, rightly followed, they have often formed a most desirable auxiliary in the efficient discharge of those duties. Sir Walter Scott did not think it beneath him to write for the kitchen as well as the parlour, and Mrs Hale affords another instance of high literary talents engaged upon the subject of the humble household matters of daily life. We need not assure our readers that she has accomplished her task in the most complete and faithful manner, and that the little manual before us ought to find its way into the hands of every family in the country.

"Adventures of an Attorney in Search of Practice." By the author of "The Adventures of a Gentleman in search of a Horse." In two vols. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

This work is appropriately dedicated "to all attorneys who want a client, and to all clients who want an attorney." There is a good deal of *vraisemblance* about the adventures, and we can readily believe that they are not wholly imaginary. A number of instructive hints, interesting both to lawyers and clients, are contained in the work, which is written in an agreeable and vivacious style. Many anecdotes of the principal practitioners at the English bar are given, which have an air of authenticity. The reader may pass a couple of hours quite satisfactorily in conning these volumes. Not their smallest recommendation is, that they are printed in a large, handsome type.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received many inquiries in relation to Mr. Fay's new novel, "The Countess Ida." It is in the press of the Harpers, and will doubtless appear in the course of the coming month. We hope to present our readers with an extract in the next number of the Mirror.—A "Passenger in the British Queen" sends us quite an humorous account of his passage in that vessel on her last trip to New-York. Some of his statements do not redound to the credit of the captain and officers. We must reserve his story until more positive and explicit testimony on certain points shall be laid before us.—The author of the admirable "Legend of Long Island" is respectfully informed, that at present circumstances prevent our publishing his communications upon terms that would be acceptable.—"Aristarchus" must be very obtuse not to discover the beauties of Marsh. Did we not think the writer's comments were prompted by the most unworthy motives, we would give some consideration to his criticism. There is no truth, by the way, in the report that a well-known bard has declined collecting his poetical effusions in consequence of his jealousy of Marsh.—If "T. T." only knew how overflooded we were with indifferent poetry, he could not have found it in his conscience to send us his huge packet of rhymes. We have basketed them—and they can be redeemed at the author's pleasure.—The contributions of "A Manhattanese," "X. L.," "Greenmount," and "L. N. Y." are declined.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1839.

A foreigner's description of Broadway.—We quoted last week, from the journal of an English traveller in New-York, some remarks upon "letters of introduction," in which the writer complains of the limited civilities extended to strangers by our men of business. The same writer discourseth, after the following fashion, in relation to the great thoroughfare of our city. "The New-York people are extremely proud of Broadway. It is a fine wide street, extending to about three miles, with some good houses and some very shabby ones; and, with the exception of a nucleus formed by the City-Hall, the Park Theatre, St. Paul's Church and Astor House (which is among hotels, that which Niagara is among waterfalls,) presents nothing very remarkable in its appearance. Among the novelties which it exhibits, a stranger might be struck in summer-time by observing stalls at the corner of the streets covered with an abundance of pine-apples, which are sold at a moderate price—peaches in carts hawked about at three for a penny, and other stalls offering the temptation of iced-cream, or iced-lemonade. At the windows of one shop he might be puzzled by the announcement of "New-Jersey shin-plasters taken here at par;" at another "Broken bank-notes wanted," etc. etc.; but amid every impression, and above them all, would be the sensation of breathing an atmosphere in which tobacco-smoke was a principal ingredient. As ladies upon their first arrival are apt be foolishly particular, they are sometimes annoyed whilst walking, by receiving upon their dresses an occasional proof of the habit of chewing; an annoyance which is not easily guarded against, as many of the gentlemen pass their evenings sitting in clusters round the entrances to the various hotels, whence at intervals they project upon the pavement or the passenger, as the case may be, any superfluous accumulation that may arise. Very shortly after my arrival, I received a very good illustration of the universal fondness for tobacco. I paid a visit to the country-house of one of the richest men in New-York, and upon my refusing a cigar, shortly after I had entered, the daughter of my friend, a young lady of about nineteen, expressed her surprise by exclaiming, 'Oh, my! it seems so funny for a man not to smoke!'" Making allowance for the usual amount of exaggeration indulged in by Cockney tourists when speaking of this country, we must admit that there is some truth in the remarks relative to the habit of clustering upon the stoups of our hotels A pretty girl cannot pass the steps of some of our fashionable houses without being stared at by a body of spectators, quite as numerous as the audiences at some of our theatres. The custom is one which we should like to see reformed.

Fashionable music.—A writer in Blackwood's magazine adopts rather a singular title to express his distaste for foreign innovations in music. "Rot your Italianos" is the caption, more forcible than elegant, under which he anathematizes the whole tribe of mustachioed musicians, who have flooded our drawing-rooms with German and Italian flourishes and affectations, to the exclusion of the simple English ballad. The remarks of this old-fashioned person are quite as well suited to the meridian of New-York as of London. "I suppose," he says, "a lady of fashion now-a-days would as soon think of admitting that she did not adore Italian music, as she would of confessing her age. For my part, I look upon our Italianizing dames pretty much as sturdy old Juvenal looked upon the Græcizing patricians—'non possum ferre, Quirites, Græcam urbem.' There is no end to our unnatural adoptions—Italians, French, and Germans—the Swiss family This, and the Dutch family That, and the Russian family T'other—Chanteurs Montagnards, Siffleurs, and Chinchoppers—Alpine minstrels, and Bohemian minstrels, and minstrels from heaven knows where; verily, the plague of foreigners is upon us, and of all live plagues defend me from this! Were the evil confined to the boards of the Opera-House, or the purlieus o Leicester-Square, I should not mind it so much, though it would still be bad enough. But this is, alas! far from being the case.—Read a programme of a fashionable morning concert—the probability is, that you will not find one English song in the list. Walk into a fashionable drawing-room, and ask Miss Mary or Miss Caroline fo favour you with a little music—fifty-to-one she strikes up some Italian rigmarole, of which you understand not a syllable, but which you are bound to pronounce the most beautiful thing you ever heard in your life, as you would escape being set down for a greater Goth than even Alaric himself. An English audience, "gaping for wonderment" at a modern morning concert, puts me strongly in mind of a congregation of certain enthusiasts at their devotions. They are alike most admiring and devout listeners to a service, of the meaning of which nine-tenths of them have no more comprehension than a cow has of mathematics. But the evil does not stop at morning concerts and crowded soirees; like the frogs of Egypt, it invades our very chambers, and takes its station unresisted by our parlour firesides—those very citadels of John Bullism,—our very children of ten years old practise bravuras and prattle of Donizetti." We must confess that we are Vandals enough to sympathise with the indignant remonstrances of the "fine old English gentleman," from whom these remarks must have proceeded.

Musical prospects of our city.—We take infinite pleasure in announcing to our musical friends the arrival of Herr Ludwig Rackemann, a distinguished pianist; who brings from the land of harmony its purest and best traditions, and comes a true missionary of art among us. This gentleman is a native of Bremen, where, we learn by many and warm letters received in this city, he was so highly prized as to have been reluctantly suffered to depart. After various artistical wanderings, in the course of which he frequented all the distinguished pianists of Europe, and became a pupil of the great Thalberg, he turned his steps hitherwards, to succeed the artist we have just lost. In testimony that they accept his mission, the *Concordia* have elected M. Rackemann to the "direction" unhappily vacated by the death of our much-lamented Schlesinger. We sincerely rejoice in this appointment; for it is for the interest of our country—so mighty, so prosperous, and so ready to commence its career of art—that this praiseworthy association should be continued with the ardour implanted by its late illustrious leader; and we are of those who proudly anticipate that its harmonious chorals—reaching farther and deeper into our land and the hearts of its inhabitants—will one day excite, in the forests of the far west, a thousand echoes, responding to the invocations of Handel, Beethoven and Weber, and swelling, from beyond the mountains, a national and undying anthem of musical glory. We have the most extraordinary accounts of this gentleman's powers. But even had we listened to him, which, we regret to say, is not the case, we should hardly venture to forestall public opinion, which will soon have an opportunity of judging how far his ability justifies report.

The poisoned chalice returned—beauties of the present copyright system.—A friend laid before us the other day a copy of a London edition of Ingraham's late novel, entitled "Captain Kyd," printed in a newspaper form, and the whole work sold for a sixpence! The works of Cooper, Irving and Dr. Bird have been treated in the same unceremonious manner. No American writer can hereafter hope to derive any emolument from the sale of his works in England; for the moment he attains the least degree of popularity that moment will his literary offspring be seized upon by the Herodian conductor of the "Penny Novelist," and published on whitey-brown paper for the delectation of the economical lovers of polite literature in Wapping and the purlieus of Grub-street. This is all fair in the way of retaliation. Our publishers prey upon English authors; and English publishers can now say to us in the words of Shylock—"The villany you teach me I will execute." The system is a monstrous one. Will it never be remedied? Will our legislators never consent to remove abuses so flagrant and so discreditable?

National Theatre, at Niblo's Saloon—Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff. We are glad to learn that Mr. Wallack has been doing a fair business at this neat little theatre, which has been well attended during the past fortnight by fashionable audiences. Mr Vandenhoff commenced his engagement with the performance of Hamlet, of which we shall have more to say hereafter. It was a masterly personation, and drew down repeated bursts of applause. Miss Vandenhoff, who made her *debut* in this country in the character of Julia, in the Hunchback, produced, undoubtedly, a strong and decided impression. Her fine person and extraordinary talents eminently fit her for success in her profession; and, with a little more stage practice, she will find herself without a rival upon the English boards. Her Julia was full of brilliant and highly effective points, which called down the most enthusiastic applause. Her triumph has been quite decided. We should not omit to remark, that Mr. Vandenhoff's Master Walter was admirable.

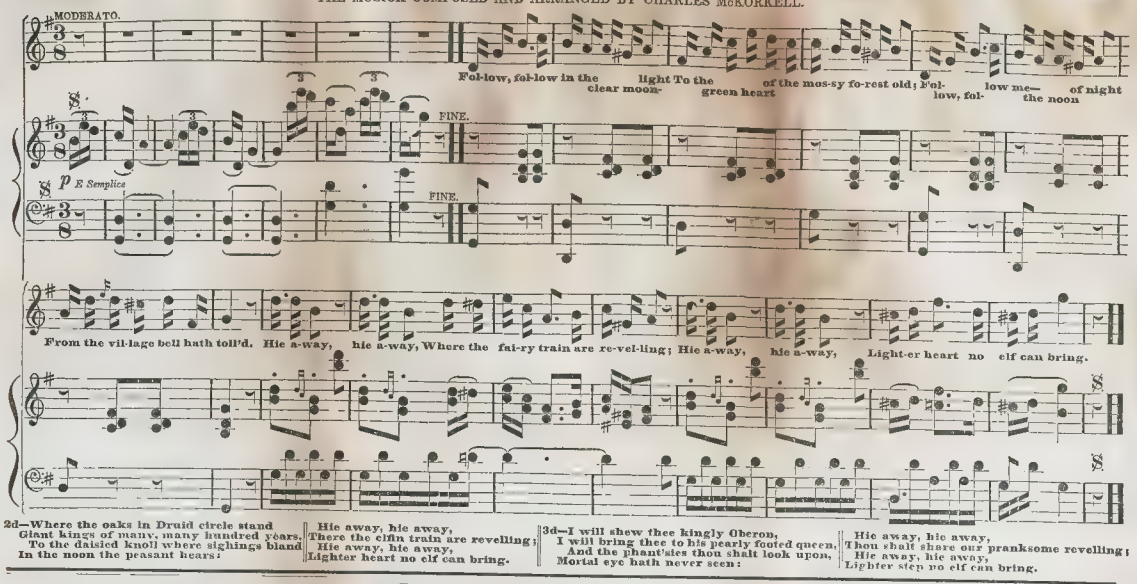
The Southern Literary Messenger.—The October number of this ably-sustained periodical is one of the best ever issued. The continuation of the beautiful story of "Judith Bensaddi" is worthy of the preliminary chapters. It will be the author's fault if he do not reach a high niche in the fane of American literature. Mr. Benjamin has contributed a tale of thrilling interest, entitled, "The Innocent Avenger;" and Mr. Otis has furnished another number of his agreeable, gossiping articles, under a somewhat affected title. The remaining contents are varied and interesting; and the whole number forms a valuable contribution to the magazine literature of the country.

Bowery Theatre.—Mr Hamblin's appearance at this theatre in several Shaksperian characters has been greeted by large and applauding audiences. In Hamlet, his reputation is deservedly great, and he always attracts a good house, when he puts himself up in that part. We learn that a new piece, likely to prove uncommonly attractive, and dramatized from Ainsworth's celebrated romance of "Jack Sheppard," is soon to be produced at this theatre. Hamblin is continually on the alert in the production of novelties, and the public appreciate his exertions.

Park Theatre.—The new operatic corps has continued to attract respectable houses at this theatre. The operas of Cinderella, La Sonnambula, and Guy Mannering, have been produced in good style, and with proportionate success. A rare entertainment has been afforded nightly to the lovers of music during the past month.

FOLLOW, FOLLOW IN THE CLEAR MOONLIGHT.

THE MUSICK COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY CHARLES McKORKELL.



2d—Where the oaks in Druid circle stand
Giant kings of many, many hundred years,
To the daisied knoll where sighings bland
In the noon the peasant hears:

Hie away, hie away,
There the elfin train are revelling;
Hie away, hie away,
Lighter heart no elf can bring.

3d—I will shew thee kingly Oberon,
I will bring thee to his pearly footed queen,
And the phant'sies thou shalt look upon,
Mortal eye hath never seen:

Hie away, hie away,
Thou shalt share our pranksome revelling;
Hie away, hie away,
Lighter step no elf can bring.

MISCELLANY.

We presume that the following parody is from the pen of John H. Hewitt, Esq of Baltimore, one of the cleverest writers in the country. We like a good parody. It requires brains to make one. The following is quite to our taste:

PARODY.

"She wore a wreath of roses."

He wore a neat silk waistcoat,
The day when first we met;
And "Bloomer's best" he sported
Upon his curls of jet.
His footstep had the lightness,
His voice the drawling tone—
The tokens of a lady's man
Whose debts are quite unknown.
I saw him but a moment,
Yet, methinks I see him now
With his bright and shining beaver
Placed sideways on his brow.

A hat of white, all faded,
When next we met he wore;
The curl of his mustachios,
Was graceful as before;
And dogging in his steps was one,
Who strove, but quite in vain,
To make him pay for all the clothes
He ne'er might see again.
I saw him but a moment,
Yet, methinks I see him now,
With a white silk hat all faded,
Pull'd closely o'er his brow.

And once again I seen that brow,
No polish'd beaver's there;
A loafer's hat, without a brim,
Conceals his tangled hair.
He walks with pockets all "to let,"
And there is no one near,
To ask him to a friendly glass
Of Medart's genial beer.
I seen him all forsaken—
Yet methinks I see him now,
In the pride of manly beauty,
With his beaver on his brow.

Good humour.—Good humour is the clear blue sky of the soul, on which every star of talent will shine more clearly, and the sun of genius encounter no vapours in his passage. 'Tis the most exquisite beauty of a fine face; a redeeming grace in a homely one. It is like the green in the landscape, harmonizing with every colour, mellowing the glories of the bright, and softening the hue of the dark; or like a flute in full concert of instruments, a sound, not at first discovered by the ear, yet filling up the breaks in the concord with its deep melody.

American buoyancy.—Marryat says there certainly is a very remarkable energy in the American disposition—if they fall they bound up again. Somebody has observed that the New-York merchants are of that elastic nature, that, when fit for nothing else, they might be converted into coach-springs, and such really appears to be their character.

Julius Cæsar.—Lord Bacon, no mean judge, considered Julius Cæsar the most accomplished character of all antiquity. He certainly was not inferiour in military genius, eloquence, and scholarship to any man the world has produced, and his clemency was superiour to that manifested by any conqueror.

The effect of music on health.—The influence of music upon the mind is so refining, and tends so much to beget feelings of kindness and benevolence, thus beneficially affecting the health, that no system of education can be considered complete which does not provide this important means of moral training. Music is taught in most schools on the continent, and it is to this circumstance, among others, that, as I conceive, the superiority of the Germans and Italians over ourselves in this science is mainly attributable.—Besides, are we not, equally with them, Saxons, and members of the great German family; and are not, therefore, our natural capabilities originally the same? The notion that our countrymen have comparatively no "ear for music" is an unfounded prejudice. Our actual inferiority arises solely from the want of cultivation.

Chinese war stratagem.—Gutzlaff says, that the rebellion which broke out 1832, near Leon-choo, proved very destructive to the imperial soldiers. The general Kwangkang, being also president of the military board, marched in person with a numerous army, in order to defeat the unruly mountaineers. On one dark night the Meaoutze fastened lights on the horns of goats and sheep, and let them loose upon the mountains. The imperial troops taking aim, began to fire upon these unwarlike animals, while the real warriours came down in defile, attacked the imperial army in the rear, and made a great slaughter among them.

ON THE ARRIVAL OF MISS ELLEN TREE WITH HER MOTHER AND SISTER FROM AMERICA.

Has "Birnam come to Dunsinane?"
I cried, in sight when Ellen hove;
For, lo! three *Trees* come o'er the main—
Is this "I say, a moving grove?"

Dress.—The Anglo-Norman dress, in the eleventh century, was simple, if not elegant. The nobles and gentry wore a long and close gown reaching to the feet, the lower edge being usually embroidered with gold. Over this hung an equally long cloak, generally clasped over the breast. In walking or riding, a hood hung behind it. The close gown was put on, over the head like a shirt, and fastened round the waist by a girdle, often studded with gems.—Their "nether man" was attired in fine cloth, sometimes very costly. Long-toed shoes, which came in fashion with William Rufus, were denounced from the pulpit as unnatural.

The celebrated Guadagni.—Guadagni was remarkable for his politeness to the fair sex. One day, while he was engaged in conversation with a lady, a servant entering hastily, announced that the king of Sardinia was in the ante-chamber. "Is he?" said Gaudagni, coolly; "then request his majesty to wait till this lady has finished her business with me."

ON THE IMMENSE PLATES OF GLASS FORMING THE WINDOWS IN REGENT-STREET.

Why such expensive windows here?
Can these augment the owners' gains?
Yes; for to please, they make it clear,
Such tradesmen take the greatest *panes*.

Authors.—The rights of authors are as well protected in Prussia as they are neglected in America and Great Britain. The idea that what a writer composes and publishes should not be considered as much his property as his houses or lands, is so preposterous that it scarcely merits refutation. And yet we can behold no other ground upon which the rights of authors have so long been studiously neglected.

Envy.—It is easier to pardon the faults than the virtues of our friends; because the first excite in us self-complacency always agreeable, and the second a sense of humiliation which makes us dislike the inflictor.

A business matter.—Call on a business man in business hours, only on business; transact your business, and go about your business, in order to give him time to finish his business.

Haydn's dying prayer.—The army of Napoleon had been gradually approaching Vienna, and, on the night of the tenth of May, 1808, the French artillery took its position at Schœnbrunn, within two hundred paces of the composer's little garden, in which four shells fell and exploded in the course of the night. Its batteries were directed against the city, and Haydn, picturing to himself the horrours of a sacked town, the massacre of his fellow-citizens, and the imperial eagle succumbing to the bird of Gaul, raised his feeble hands to heaven, and then tottered with feeble steps to his piano, where he sang with a voice tremulous with emotion rather than from bodily weakness the national air, composed by himself, of "*Gott halte den Kaiser*".—God save the King. This, which he was accustomed to call his prayer, he sang with surpassing expression three times; but the doom of his country was sealed, and a few days after the taking of Vienna the patriotic composer breathed his last.

Of two evils choosing the least.—A French dog was taught by his master to execute various commissions, and among others, to fetch him victuals from the *traiteurs* in a basket. One evening when the dog was returning to his master thus furnished, two other dogs, attracted by the savoury smell of the petits pâtés that this new messenger was carrying, determined to attack him. The dog put his basket on the ground, and set himself courageously against the first that advanced against him; but while he was engaged with the one, the other ran to the basket, and began to help himself. At length, seeing that there was no chance of beating both the dogs, and saving his master's dinner, he threw himself between his two opponents, and without further ceremony, quickly despatched the remainder of the petits pâtés himself, and then returned to his master with the empty basket.

ON THE OFFER OF SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE TO ESTABLISH A BANK IN EGYPT.

Sir Moses claims Egyptian thanks,
Since in that land, despising fear,
He'd set a *bank* up, knowing *banks*
Are *ever-run* there every year.

Exercise.—Exercise is generally considered too omnipotent; and relying on its restoring power, people run into every kind of extravagance in living, apparently in the firm faith that an evening or a morning ride will fully indemnify them against any deleterious results from such excesses. They seem to think that late hours, excessive drink and gluttonous eating, may all be indulged in with impunity, if they will but occasionally submit themselves to a gentle jolting in a carriage, or the almost imperceptible motion of an ambling nag. Exercise is indisputably a capital assistant in the preservation of health; but, without the concurrent aid of a temperate and prudent course of life, it is but a broken reed to lean upon for the promotion of a healthful state of either body or mind.

An Irish address.—The following is an address delivered by the manager of a small theatre in Ireland; there were only three persons in the house:—"Ladies and gentlemen, as there is nobody here, I'll dismiss you all; the performances of this night will not be performed; but the performances of this night will be performed to-morrow evening.

Advice.—Advice, like snow, the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the heart.

A MUSICAL ERROUR.

All out of tune Hal sang the song,
Then played his flute—till, heaven knows!
Methought 'twas very, very wrong,
For Hal to "go from *words* to blows!"

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G. P. Scott, Printer, corner of John and Gold-streets.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Embellished with Engravings, and Music arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

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THE ENGRAVING.

AN AMERICAN AUTHOR

Illustrated by two of her artists.

We present the readers of the New-York Mirror, this week, with a *chef d'œuvre*, from the pencil and burin of two American artists, Chapman and Danforth, illustrating a page in the history of Virginia, which has been made the subject of a beautiful ode from the pen of an American author, J. K. Paulding, Esq. This engraving is an honourable instance of the genius and skill of our own countrymen in the various departments of literature and the fine arts. A few years ago such a specimen of native talent would have astonished the *virtuosi* of the old world—and even now many will be skeptical, on a careful examination of this beautiful picture, of its being the production of American artists. The scene which the artist has chosen for his illustration may be found in the last edition of "Tales of the Good Woman," in the sketch entitled the "Cradle of the New World." It is also partially shadowed forth in the following stanzas.

The wonders of an age combined,
In one short moment memory supplies,
They throng upon my wakened mind,
As Time's dark curtains rise
The volume of a hundred buried years,
Condensed in one bright sheet, appears.

I hear the angry ocean rave,
I see the lonely little bark
Scudding along the crested wave,
Freighted like old Noah's ark
As o'er the drowned earth it whirl'd,
With the forefathers of another world.

I see a train of exiles stand,
Amid the desert, desolate,
The fathers of my native land,
The daring pioneers of fate,
Who braved the perils of the sea and earth,
And gave a boundless empire birth.

I see the gloomy Indian range
His woodland empire, free as air;
I see the gloomy forest change,
The shadowy earth laid bare,
And where the red man chased the bounding deer
The smiling labours of the white appear.

I see the haughty warrior gaze
In wonder or in scorn,
As the pale faces toil to raise
Their scanty fields of corn,
While he, the monarch of the boundless wood,
By sport or hair-brained rapine, wins his food.

A moment, and the pageant's gone;
The red men are no more;
The pale faced strangers stand alone
Upon the river's shore:
And the proud wood-king who their arts disdained,
Finds but a bloody grave where once he reigned.

* * * * * * * * * *

Their names have been forgotten long;
The stone, but not a word, remains;
They cannot live in deathless song
Nor breathe in pious strains.
Yet this sublime obscurity, to me
More touching is, than poet's rhapsody.

They live in millions that now breathe,
They live in millions yet unborn,
And pious gratitude shall weave
As bright a crown as e'er was worn,
And hang it on the green-leaved bough,
That whispers to the nameless dead below.

No one that inspiration drinks;
No one that loves his native land,
No one that reasons, feels or thinks,
Can mid these lonely ruins stand,
Without a moisten'd eye, a grateful tear,
Of reverent gratitude to those that moulder here.

NEW NOVELS IN THE PRESS.

A CHAPTER FROM "THE COUNTESS IDA."*

BY THEODORE S FAY.

Claude now rose to leave the table. It was eight o'clock, and he had resolved to go this evening, for the last time, into society in Berlin. After all that had occurred, he did not wish to leave town clandestinely, but to take this occasion to bid farewell to such of his friends as were not alienated by the slanders of his enemy, and to steal one more look at her who filled his soul with tender anguish He had not seen Carolan for some time, nor the countess, nor Ida. He knew that the challenge from Elkington, which he had refused, had already become the topic of conversation. The fierce little general, disappointed in his intention of proceeding in the duel, or of taking summary vengeance upon Claude for the result of his mission, and the little respect with which the messenger had been received, found some vent for his fury in spreading everywhere the news of his enemy's cowardice and disgrace. As gentlemen may be very ready to fight duels and blow other gentlemen's brains out, and yet be capable of wide deviations from veracity, we must not be surprised to find that the doughty general garnished his recital with embellishments; and he was a great talker and knower to everybody. According to his account, "Mr. Wyndham had insulted his friend, Lord Elkington, by calumniating him to Count Carolan, with the view of breaking off his approaching marriage with Ida—that he had accordingly borne a message from Elkington, upon receiving which, Mr. Wyndham had become exceedingly pale and alarmed, and that, after having refused to fight, although urged to it by provocations which no gentleman could endure, and still refusing, he the general took his, Mr. Wyndham's nose between his, the general's fore and middle fingers and pulled the same, and that the operation had been performed with so little resistance on the part of the *operatee* that he should have repeated it at short intervals, when not otherwise engaged, wherever the said Wyndham presumed to show the said nose in society—only he, the said Wyndham" (and in this part of the account the general gave such huge twists with his body and such ghastly contortions of his wounded cheek as to render the description extremely lively and impressive) "had had the meanness—the cowardice—the—" (and here he used to make a pause in consequence of there not being any word in either the French or German languages exactly strong enough to convey the full extent of his contempt for such conduct—) "to go to the police and complain of a threatened assault—thus meanly and basely, and in a most ungentlemanly manner, preventing his being shot—or, at least, horsewhipped in the street—the next morning—as, but for this, would have been the case"

"Come what may," thought Claude, "I will meet these gay crowds once more I will steal *one* more look at that fair—fair face, which I am never to see again, and then—hail! the future—and the past—adieu!"

While dressing, his servant brought him a newspaper, sent up by Denham. He unfolded it—glanced his eye across its pages, and was flinging it aside, when the name of the earl of Beverly caught his eye, and he read the following:

"Death of the earl of beverly.—We regret to be obliged to announce the death of the earl of Beverly, at his princely residence at L—, on Monday morning. The earl, who had been previously improving in health, on rising in the morning at his usual hour, fell suddenly to the floor in a fit, and expired before any assistance could reach him. An express was instantly sent off to the continent to acquaint Lord Elkington and Lady Beverly, who are at Berlin.

"The late earl was born in 17—. In March, 17—, when only the Hon. Mr. Lawton, he married a Miss Carentz, a beautiful young orphan of Vienna. The match was one of inclination, but terminated unfortunately. A short time after their union the bride, to whom he was attached with a fervour corresponding to his high powers of mind and peculiar ardour of character, quitted him, allured by the attractions of an ancient lover, and after having afforded but too glaring evidences of a character singularly light, and a total disregard of her own honour and the peace of her husband. She carried with her a child not many months old, but neither the unfortunate infant nor its mother long survived; both having been lost at sea on a voyage to the West Indies Having succeeded to the titles and estates of his father, the late ——, he was subsequently created earl of Beverly by his late majesty After which he immediately married again, Miss Seymour, daughter of the distinguished General Seymour. Lord Elkington, now earl of Beverly, the only son, is twenty-two years of age. He is daily expected, with his mother, from the continent."

Claude read this paragraph with a singular interest. He felt almost as if Providence were unjust, to raise the profligate duellist to opulence and honour—and to depress him, who had shown himself so ready to sacrifice even his reputation in the cause of right How brilliant was now Elkington's prospect. The earl of Beverly, courted by all—his rank and wealth would gloss over the defects of his character. His gambling debts would be paid, and his misdemeanors hushed up. If Count Carolan before had been anxious for an union with him, he would now be much more so, and he would be little likely to listen to charges concerning him from one against whom he was already obviously offended. Ida would become the countess of Beverly. Blest with everything to elate his spirits and to swell his bold, bad heart with joy and triumph—he could go on for the future—perhaps having no temptation to evil—he would endanger his reputation by no further open acts of profligacy—while he himself, having openly branded him, would be regarded as a mean calumniator and a defeated rival.

As these reveries passed through his mind, he found himself at the house of Count N——, the minister. It was blazing with light and very crowded. It seemed all the world was there.

For some time Claude wandered around the rooms, every one appearing to avoid addressing him. The effect of this upon him was visible in an increased paleness. Where was Lavalle? where was General St. Hilliare? Some accident had detained them. He felt that he would have given worlds to see the face of one friend—to have any one to talk to—that he might break the general coldness and silence which he appeared to bring with him wherever he went. He wandered on like a man in a dreadful dream. He could scarcely believe that, by the acts and villany of a single person, he had been so entirely ruined in the estimation of so many people. His isolation was more complete from the fact that, perceiving how much he was the object of odium, he did not like to subject to the embarrassment of associating with him the few who, perhaps, had he addressed them, as usual, would have replied with civility. Thus marked, as it were, by the proscription of the whole brilliant assembly, and by his pale countenance and haughty air, a conspicuous person amid the laughing and pleasure-seeking crowds, he thought himself suffering the worst effects of his honest adherence to principle and the slander of his enemies, when Carolan and his family entered the room. Amid the many persons whom they saluted the omission of him was conspicuous and generally remarked. The count looked at him a moment with disdain and turned his back. The countess carefully avoided meeting his glance, and even Ida—upon whose beautiful countenance—now as pale as his own—he could not avoid fixing his eyes, in which all his pride and haughty indignation had not been able to prevent a moisture—even Ida turned silently away, and was led by a gentleman to a distant part of the room—without a word—or a look.

There are moments when the more we suffer the better able we are to endure; and this, for Claude, was one of them. He felt that to remain longer in a society, after so open an exposure of the estimation in which he was held, would be neither necessary nor delicate. He resolved, therefore, to retire; but, before doing so, to seek with Count Carolan a few moments conversation. He, therefore, approached that gentleman, and, with an air so calm and yet so evidently agitated, that Carolan started at his sudden address.

"Count Carolan, a word with you."

"Certainly," said the count.

"There is, I believe, no one in Madame de N 's boudoir, may I beg your company there for a few moments?"

The count turned rather pompously and followed. When they reached that remote room, they found it deserted.

"What is your pleasure, sir?" said Carolan, haughtily.

"To ask you what I have done to merit a condemnation without a hearing I perceive with indignation and surprise, that my reputation has been destroyed by calumny. I could drag the slanderer to light, and make him pay with his life the penalty of his falsehood, but that would punish the falsehood and not disprove it. Neither is Lord Elkington one who would hear with candour, what I have to say. To you, sir, I appeal from a sense of duty, as having been my first friend in Berlin, and beg you, to know of what I am accused and what suspected; and I offer publicly or privately to submit my life, actions, and character to any scrutiny you may desire. I do not ask your friendship; but I desire you will, by your words and conduct, refute intimations against my character, which I offer you the means of knowing to be above reproach."

"I had hoped, Mr. Wyndham had discovered a more manly mode of righting his injured fame. *Gentlemen* settle these things in a shorter, and, you will excuse me for adding, in a more honourable way," said Carolan.

"Pray spare me your insinuations, sir," said Claude, mildly—"I am not here to quarrel, but to explain to you your injustice towards me. If this injustice is wilful, I shall not resent it; but if it is an error, I am willing to explain the calumnies of Elkington—"

"Stop, sir—stop sir—I shall hear nothing against my friend I deem it proper to admit him into my family, and I presume I am the best judge of my own companions and my own affairs"

"Indeed," said Claude, remembering he was addressing the father of Ida, and thus in some degree repressing the disgust which the pompous, arrogant manner and unreasonable remarks of his companion excited. "Indeed, sir, in offering my defence of myself, I am obliged to place in your hands once more a letter, concerning Elkington, which "

"Stop, sir—stop. I will hear nothing upon that subject. I presume, sir, you are aware that my daughter has chosen him as her husband; and though you have been unprincipled enough—"

"Count Carolan!"

"To attempt to win her affections, and to allure her from her father's house."

"I? I do most solemnly protest—"

"Stop, sir—I am acquainted with the whole; and I deem it proper, since you have sought this interview, to state, sir, that when I took you up—a friendless, nameless person—too hastily, as it seems—I thought I discovered in you something worth my encouragement You are nothing, sir. It was my stamping you that you have alone been received into society, and having been mistaken in you, I must, from a high and imperative sense of duty—I must drop you in the most marked manner. Any application from you, sir, will be entirely useless."

*In the press of Messrs. Harpers, and will shortly be published.

There was an insufferable conceit in the manner in which this was said, which made Claude's blood boil in his veins It was a thousand times more difficult to endure patiently than the strait forward injuries of Elkington, or the capricious near-sightedness of Lady Beverly. He could not help wishing in his heart that he could call out to the field, and plant at twelve paces from the muzzle of a good pistol, an insolence and pomposity so inexpressibly provoking But the father of Ida would have been safe from an angry reply, even had he been influenced by no loftier consideration in governing his passions. He, therefore, replied:

"If Count Carolan supposes my present suit as an application for his aid in enjoying the pleasures of the Berlin society, he mistakes me greatly. I complain, that by a sudden withdrawal of the respect which, from whatever motive you have been pleased to honour me with, people are left to form erroneous opinions respecting me. I offer you proof that such opinions are false—and I appeal to your generosity and sense of honour, not to inflict upon me the injury which you have now the power to do, at least without satisfying yourself that you have cause."

"I presume, sir, that I know how to take care of my own honour without your advice; and as to generosity, that which I have already shown towards you has been so ill returned, that I must reserve it hereafter for a more worthy object, and one free from the charges currently believed against you, sir."

"Will you tell me what *are* the charges reported against me?"

"Ask nothing of me, sir. I presume I shall be ready to render an account of my actions to those who have a right to call on me."

"If then, sir," said Claude, his patience giving way before the insufferable pomposity and insolence which appeared in every word and gesture of his former patron, "your opinion is formed without cause, and adhered to against proof, I can only conclude that, in seeking to change it, I have placed upon it more than its real value."

"Do you mean to insult me?" said Carolan, turning very pale.

"I protest," said Claude, after a moment's reflection, "I am wrong to forget that you have rendered me kindness, which should even seal my lips. I cannot but think, in refusing me the opportunity to lay my character before you, you do me wrong; but I did not mean to fail in my respect towards you, and"—for the image of Ida floated through his mind—"Count Carolan, before we part—I beg your pardon"

"No, sir, you intend to insult me."

"I assure you—"

"No, sir—stop!—you cannot deceive me. I see it is your intention to insult me. I am justly served, sir, for my imprudence in taking up persons without examining who and what they are! I shall hereafter, sir, be more on my guard; and I shall deem it a high duty to look with suspicion upon all strangers ere I give them my countenance in society."

Tired with contending against these characteristic remarks, disgusted beyond measure, even more with the manner than the matter, and unwilling, from various considerations, to resent, Claude remained silent, inwardly hoping that a fool might thus be best dealt with; but even silence was no refuge against the displeasure of Count Carolan.

"Go, sir!" said that gentleman. "I recommend you to abandon a class of society for which you are neither fitted by your education nor your fortune; but, before you go, you will be so good, sir, as not to forget a bill for fifty pounds has been cashed by my banker, at your request."

Astonished at this extraordinary speech, Claude, with an indignant heart and the strongest possible desire to horsewhip him, turned in silence, and with a burning spot in his cheek, withdrew with the determination to retire instantly to his own house, and leave Carolan, wife, and daughter, without another word. He had done all that good sense demanded to re-establish his character, and all, through the malice of Elkington and the stupid pomposity and conceit of Carolan, had been in vain

Accordingly he turned his back upon Carolan, who had never appeared to him so ridiculous and disgusting, and approached the door which led to that of egress. He had reached the last ante-chamber, lost in thoughts of no tender nature, when he was astonished, not to say startled, to behold Elkington planted directly in the door-way through which alone he could pass to the street; and, on the appearance of Claude, a low laugh announced a fiendish delight which announced no good Claude stopped and gazed a moment with surprise upon the features, attitude and dress of his enemy. He was not in the ordinary habiliments of a ball-room—but wore a surtout and boots. His cravat was loosely tied, his wristbands unfastened, his vest but partly buttoned, and his hair dishevelled. His attitude was motionless as that of a snake before he springs. On a nearer glance at his features, he perceived that his face was much flushed and his lips stained with wine. There was a certain air of swagger very different from his usual elegant quietness of manners, and his eyes were fixed on Claude with a fury which probably neither wine nor passion could have produced separately, but which was the combined effect of both. Behind him stood little General Le Beau. The peculiarities in the dress and manner of Elkington, however singular, were less so than his appearance at all at this time in such a scene—the news of his father's illness having but so recently arrived, and some of the journals having even formally announced his death

Claude saw that a premeditated attack awaited him if he advanced; and had it been possible, despite the sneers which such a course might have excited, he would have returned to the drawing-room, rather than engage in a scuffle which, from the desperate character of his foe, might be a fatal one; but he saw that it was the intention of Elkington to pursue him if he retreated as certainly as to assault him should he proceed. He therefore paused, not knowing for a moment what to do

"So, sir," said Elkington," I have sought you at your hotel—I sought you through the streets—I have sought you here—and here you are! I learn you are about to quit Berlin. You have deeply wounded my honour—you have slandered and insulted me. I have demanded of you the satisfaction of a gentleman, which you have refused, sir. Take this—and may it burn on your forehead—for ever!"

He stepped deliberately forward, and with his clenched fist struck him a violent blow in the face. For a moment Claude was stunned He did not think of returning it. He started back and covered his face with his hands. He seemed blasted with thunder. He heard several voices exclaim, "Ha, *a blow!*" in tones of surprise and horrour. His heart stood still. His reason left him His principle against taking human life flashed upon him as a mockery. He stirred—it was to sacrifice, and tear to pieces the being who had brought this spell upon him. He found some one had grasped his arms and held him back. Fire fell from his eyes. He thought their glance alone could kill, and he turned them that they might do so on his victim. He beheld him standing there, very pale, but smiling a sneer—as a devil—on his face—and his extended finger pointing at him. A sense of agony—of ruin—of utter, interminable, irretrievable shame and despair filled all his being. Never had he known the fearful energies of his nature. Never before had he dreamed what it was to receive *a blow!* Some moments elapsed. He knew not how long. He was deprived of the power of motion. Invisible hands held him. He could not tell how—nor who—nor how long—nor by what tremendous power—his strong impulse to leap forward was withheld. He wanted motion—a weapon, a pistol—any thing which would destroy—crush—strike *dead.*

He was first somewhat recalled to reason by the low laugh of Elkington, who advanced and said,

"My card, sir! You know where I am. I shall be happy to hear from you, at your earliest leisure."

"To-night—to-night," said Claude.

"When you please, sir."

"Lord Elkington, you are an infamous scoundrel," cried a voice from the side of Claude It sounded like Denham's, but he scarcely attended to it He was still as one in a dream.

"How! *who* is that?" demanded Elkington.

"It is I, insolent ruffian!" said Denham, stepping up. "You know my friend is no duellist, and the blow you have struck—may it recoil upon your own forehead, and sink into your own heart. How dare you, sir—your hands stained with dishonesty—your name—"

Elkington now, in his turn, showed signs of trepidation, but he said, "I did not expect to see *you* here—but I have an account to settle with you also—unless you are as whining a coward as your friend."

"I will meet you when your hands are clean from—"

"If you are a *man*," muttered Elkington, desperate with fury, "you will meet me *at once!*"

He lifted his hand and hurled a blow upon the forehead of Denham. The object of this unexpected attack sprung upon him, but Le Beau rushed between.

"Elkington," said Denham, his face livid with passion, "you have succeeded You shall hear from me," and left the room.

This scene was very rapid in its occurrence. A general interference now took place. Elkington retired. Claude was released. The crowd had rushed from the inner apartments at the noise of the brawl Claude was surrounded by them. They opened to give him room as he passed out. He found himself in the open air alone, burning, like an evil spirit just out of his abode of fire.

METROPOLITAN SKETCHES.

WHAT'S IN THE WIND?

BY A SEXAGENARIAN

I do not believe that a more restless, eager, excitable multitude can be found on the face of the globe than that which congregates daily in Wall-street. What a contrast does a scene here present to the good old times of the Knickerbockers; when Newport was a bigger place than New-York, and when it was the hope of the burghers that the city of Manhattan would yet rival her more flourishing sister of Rogue's Island! But now, forsooth, the real Dutch blood is almost exterminate; and it is enough to raise from their last sleep the steady old pipe-smokers, the bustle and rattle that are going on above their graves.

I found my way, a week or two since, into Wall-street, just before the hour of exchange; the first time for a twelvemonth. A young southern friend was with me, returning home from Saratoga. Crowds were collected about the side-walks, little knots hurrying down to the wharves; man stopped man inquisitely, and parted with a mutual shrug of the shoulders. Something was evidently in the wind

"Ah," said I to my companion, as we passed the lower corner of the Exchange, "here comes my old friend D . . . .; man and boy, he has haunted Wall-street this hundred years, more or less; and if there's any mischief afloat, he knows all about it."

He was passing me with a firm, rapid step, his eyes bent on something or somebody beyond "Hale and hearty yet," I exclaimed, "though I have grown quite too old for you to remember Time was, sir, when I was your junior, but it has gone faster with me than with some folks. What's the deuse to pay in Wall-street?"

"Ah! Mr. L———," replied the old gentleman in specs, for it was none other, "the report is that the British Queen is in possession of the revenue cutter."

"What's the matter?"

"Ah, that's more than I know. The story I tell as it is told to me, and do not vouch for the truth of it. There are a thousand rumors, but I am going to find out the facts."

"As fond of facts as ever, D . . . ? I cannot comprehend how you can still take such an active interest in affairs For my part, I have got out of them these ten years I believe you were born in Wall-street, and your ghost will haunt it for a century after you are gone. But I see you are in haste. Good morning."

The active old gentleman waved his cane courteously, and was off in a twinkle. My companion looked askingly. "That, sir," I replied, "is the biographer of Burr, and is more than suspected of being the Spy in Washington. He has been a partizan for half a century, and has never asked or accepted office at the hands of the government or the people."

"And why so?"

"Simply because he would never be bothered with it. He would never consent to merge his individual influence and character in an office. He prefers his independence, and will have his own way in spite of the world."

Thus conversing, we threaded our way through the crowd to the *pavé* in front of the Courier and Enquirer. "Let us take a look at the bulletin."

"Not a word of the British Queen! We will inquire at the door."

"What's the matter? what's the matter?" They were all askers and listeners.

"I understand," said a rosy-visaged, plump gentleman, "that there are *two* cutters alongside of her, but what they want is more than any body can tell."

"Where is the consignee? What says he about it?"

"I have just come from the consignee's, and he is just as wise as you are," says Tompkins.

"The government has given orders to search every steam-vessel that goes abroad, for fear that there may be some more elopements of sub-treasurers," suggests Smith.

"The truth is, gentlemen," said a dapper young man in black, who had just come up the street, fresh from the scene of action, "the marshal has gone aboard to inquire after an absconding creditor."

Higgins looked on in contempt. Higgins knew. Higgins knows everything. Higgins shrugged his shoulders, and observed that the *fact* was that there was some specie on board not entered at the custom-house, and that, consequently, the custom-house had determined to detain the Queen.

Still the fever increased. What could be the matter? Specie smuggled, sub-treasurers giving leg-bail, creditors absconding—what was the truth? Still grew the wonder. An hour elapsed. Despatches had been received from the British minister. The British consul was about taking up his connexions. Important news from Canada had just come in, and the Queen was to be kept back four and twenty hours. All creation was hurrying down to the wharves.

For two whole hours Wall-street was in a ferment. The brokers forgot their second board, and stocks were described as in a fluctuating condition—to continue so, until this mystery was solved. Cotton trembled. Flour looked blue. Indigo turned pale. United States bank shivered. The only articles that rose in the market were hemp and eggs

At length the British Queen was again seen gliding majestically through the water—and as she passed the noble floating palace, the pride of our gallant navy, a hearty cheer bade her God speed upon her ocean path!

The knots of eager loungers and lingerers were broken up. Wall street went home restless and unsatisfied Money-dealers passed sleepless nights. Old Grimes determined to sell out all his stocks the next day; for nobody could tell what would happen next. Bluenose was horrour-struck, and ascribed the whole matter to the rapid progress of democracy, which was ruining the country; and Vairmount thought it quite time to shut up shop, if foreigners were to be permitted to cut such capers with impunity.

With an impatient hand did many a worthy citizen open the papers of the next morning, to learn some authentic account of this mysterious occurrence. I must plead guilty to no little anxiety myself. I wished to know what it was that had unsettled the markets, knocked down our stocks, and created such a whirl and whiz of excitement on our metropolitan exchange

The mystery was solved in a single word. It was nothing connected with our north-eastern boundary, or Canadian insurrections. Mr. Fox, though he has been all the summer at Washington, had no hand in it. Mr. Buchanan was guiltless. There were no decamping sub-treasurers There were no revenue cutters, but an oyster-boat and a Whitehall barge. There was no man in the claret-coloured coat!

"What then *could* it be?" exclaimed my wife; from an impulse of curiosity in females not indecorous or unusual.

"Why, my dear," said I, laying down the paper, and replacing my spectacles, "the steward had forgot the eggs!"

EPIGRAM.—One of the cleverest epigrams ever written was produced, extempore, on the representation of Mrs. Cowley's *Fate of Sparta, or the Rival Kings*; a tragedy which was acted some nine nights at Drury Lane, towards the close of the last century:

Ingenious Cowley! while we view'd
Of Sparta's sons the lot severe,
We caught the Spartan fortitude,
And saw their woes without a tear.

ROMANCE OF ITALY.

A TALE OF NAPLES.

BY JAMES ALDRICH.

"Naples! thou heart of men which ever pantest
Naked, beneath the lidless eye of heaven!
Elysian city, which to man enchantest
The mutinous air and sea! they round thee, even
As sleep round love, are driven!" *Shelley.*

In the suburbs of the city of Naples—a city which nature, poetry, and history emulate each other in clothing in the most attractive charms, stands a princely structure embosomed in orange and citron trees, where formerly resided a gentleman of noble birth, named Felix Ambrose, who employed the most of his time in the cultivation of flowers and the study of botany. Signor Ambrose was a man of poetic disposition, intoxicated with the charms of nature; and where could a man of his temperament be more happily situated than in the vicinity of Naples? Near his residence by the grotto of Pausilippo is the tomb of Virgil—a spot more beautiful than any pictured by the poet's imagination—indeed every isle and promontory within view from the campagna of Naples, is consecrated by genius—near Gaeta, Cicero lost his life, and the banished Scipio ended his days near the same place—the tomb of Agrippina is yet to be seen opposite the island of Caprea; and at the little isle of Nisida, Brutus and Portia breathed their last farewells.

Signor Ambrose, with a soul born for happiness, and accustomed to the pleasures of the imagination, lived mostly in the past; all that seemed to connect him with the present, was his affection for his beautiful and only daughter Caterina, whose charms, not less than the beauty and odour of an infinite variety of flowers, frequently attracted to the gardens of Ambrose two gentlemen of Naples; the one named Caracciola, and the other Andrea; the former was in possession of great wealth, but Andrea, the favoured lover, though sprung of one of the most ancient and honourable families in Italy, was poor. Caracciola was not ignorant of the love which Caterina bore for his rival—towards whom he conceived the most bitter hatred that jealousy could engender, and longed for nothing so much as a favourable opportunity to put him out of the way.

Although Signor Ambrose entertained for his daughter the fondest parental love, he did not fail to urge incessantly the suit of Caracciola. The gentle Caterina would not for a time listen to her father's unwelcome importunities, yet, at last, yielded an unwillmg consent on condition that the marriage should be deferred to a distant period, hoping that fortune would come to her aid and unite her to him whom she best loved, and who was most worthy of her.

When Andrea heard of this he abandoned himself to despair, and determined to seek among new scenes and new acquaintances, to obliterate if possible from his memory one whom he felt he could not now continue to address without dishonour. This determination he kept a secret even from Caterina. He lingered in Naples several weeks, enjoying, whenever opportunity offered, a stolen interview, and resolving that each one should be the last. Of these interviews Caracciola became informed, and his hatred for Andrea increased to such a height, that in a moment of desperation he bribed two ruffians—such as can always be procured in Naples for a trifling sum, to commit any crime—to assassinate him. There is something peculiar, original, and noticeable in the half civil, and half savage lazzaroni of Naples; they may be seen by hundreds lying on the pavement sunning themselves, or in their panniers of osiers which serve as habitations. Thousands of them live in a subterraneous grotto, sleeping away the most of their time: the necessary articles for subsistence are so cheap there, that little or no industry is necessary to obtain a livelihood: they live in the most deplorable ignorance—many of them not even knowing their own names, and wholly devoid of moral sentiments—and almost, one might suppose, of moral accountability. It is not to be wondered at, that, among beings of this class, may be found those who are ready for the perpetration of any crime.

The murderers employed by Caracciola, watching in the dark by a corner where they supposed Andrea would pass, silently awaited his approach. Now it so happened that Andrea, knowing nothing of this, on that very night departed secretly, and in disguise, for Terracina, on his way to Palermo. The assassins had not waited long ere a man passed, whom they thought to be Andrea, and they, falling upon him, despatched him with their knives, and threw his body into the sea.

In the morning Andrea's absence gave great alarm to his friends, and hearing no tidings of him for two days, they offered a large reward in gold to any one who would give information respecting him. Tempted by the reward, one of the murderers, being assured that he should be permitted to make his escape, divulged the whole transaction: his fellow-murderer and Caracciola were arrested, tried, and convicted; the former was executed, and the latter sentenced to be imprisoned for life.

Andrea, now on his way to Palermo, knew nothing of this; and his friends, supposing him to be dead, went into mourning for him. Caterina was inconsolable in her grief, and would have retired to a convent, but that her father, old and infirm, whom she dearly loved, claimed her filial care and attention

When Andrea arrived in Palermo, he entered the service of a merchant, and led a sad and solitary life; making but few acquaintances, but winning from those he did make, their warmest affection and esteem. He remained in Sicily for five years without hearing a word from his friends in Naples, and without informing them whither he had fled—supposing all the while that Caterina was the wife of Caracciola. Although he endeavoured to forget the idol of his heart, it was in remembrance of her, perhaps, he found his chief pleasure. Wandering alone one evening in a melancholy mood, his attention was arrested by the voice of a gallant who was singing a serenade under the balcony of a magnificent dwelling; and drawing nearer, he found the song to be one which himself had composed, the burden of which was his love for Caterina.

"Sight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever: it may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring,
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound."

The slightest events are not infrequently productive of the most important events in life; that song awakened a thousand pleasing recollections, and brought back to his heart its early love, and with it a resolution to set out for Naples, in the hope of at least seeing once more her, whom he found it was in vain to endeavour to forget

On arriving in his native city, Andrea took lodgings at the Hôtel di Belvidere, under the assumed name of Baritola; and making casual inquiries of his family, he accidentally heard of the extraordinary and tragical drama performed after his leaving Naples, together with every particular connected with it. Bethinking for many hours how he should act, he determined, in the first place, to go to the prison in disguise, and see Caracciola. Accordingly he went and obtained permission to visit the wretched man's cell.

"I come to you as a friend," said Andrea, "to converse with you on affairs of importance."

"Stranger," replied Caracciola, "then your discourse must be of a future state, for to me the affairs of this world are of the least possible importance."

"Nay, hear me," said Andrea; "I come on an errand of mercy, to promote your happiness in this life. I think I have it in my power to release you from this confinement" Caracciola looked wildly upon his visiter, and replied with a sigh of despair. Andrea continued· "You had a rival once, named Andrea, whom you suppose dead, but he is living, for I have seen him within these three days past"

"Do not mock me," said Caracciola.

"On condition that I obtain your release," said Andrea, "will you renounce all claim upon Caterina, and depart from Naples, never to return."

"On any condition would I regain my liberty—but do not aggravate my sufferings by creating hopes which can never be realized."

Then Andrea explained to him the whole of the mystery, and departing, left Caracciola buried in tears.

Andrea returned to his hotel musing as he went, upon what course he should next pursue, when he bethought him of this expedient. Hearing that Signor Ambrose and his daughter were living in great seclusion, he wrote a letter, purporting to come from a famous botanist in Geneva, introducing one Baritola (himself) to Signor Ambrose; this letter he delivered in person, still preserving his disguise—and was received with great civility by Ambrose, who after customary salutations and renewed proffers of civilities, directed Caterina to conduct the stranger to his gardens and exhibit to him several of the rarer sorts of plants and flowers which he had expressed a wish to examine.

Little dreaming who accompanied her, Caterina walked with Andrea in the garden, pointing out to him the most beautiful flowers and discoursing, pleasantly, upon their peculiar natures. The conversation soon became free and general, and wearied with walking, they seated themselves in an arbour covered with aloes and broad fig-leaves, when Andrea remarked, in a casual manner, that by accident he had lately seen in Palermo a person named Andrea, with whom she was very well acquainted, and for whom he had a very great regard.

"'Tis impossible, sir," said Caterina, with a sigh; "he whom I once knew by that name, died long since. This is a beautiful flower; do you have such in Geneva?—like the *calista*, it blooms during the day, but when night comes, it closes and becomes a bud again."

Andrea desired no stronger proof of her continued love for him, than the manner in which she spoke that short sentence; and, asking the privilege of renewing his visit, he took respectful leave and returned to his hotel He then sent for his brother, who was overjoyed to see him, and when all that had happened had been explained, they went to the proper authorities, who being convinced that Andrea was the man they had supposed murdered, immediately ordered Caracciola to be released. He was accordingly set at liberty and departed forthwith from Naples.

On the morrow Andrea returned to the house of Signor Ambrose, and was again conducted to the gardens by the fair Caterina, who knew not what had transpired relative to Caracciola. The breathing odour of flowers in the delicious climate of Naples produces upon the senses an effect similar to the softest strains of music; and all of external nature there seems to dispose the soul to a poetical and spiritual state of existence. Andrea observing a guitar laying in an arbour, took it up, saying, "Fair lady, if it please you, I will sing a song I learned in Palermo from the friend of whom I spoke to you yesterday." Caterina expressed a desire to hear it, and Andrea sung what he had sung to her an hundred times before, a canzonet beginning with,

The moon is up, upon the wave
A living glory lies!
And bright the stars in beauty shine
Along the cloudless skies.
Wake, wake, lady, wake,
And shame them with thine eyes.

The song and the voice completely bewildered Caterina, and Andrea, disclosing himself to her, unravelled the tangled thread of our story. Thus, in one and the same day, he had the happiness of winning her whom he best loved, and of forgiving and releasing an enemy.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

A FRAGMENT.

Good friend, the world hath many sorts of men,
As many sorts of trees, and herbs, and flowers,
Which from the gifts that common are to all
Do each draw up their several differences;
And in the garden close beside the rose
Springs aconite, and in the wild wood too
The hemlock and the violet; some with love,
And some with juice medicinal, and some
With laughter, creeping poison, or quick death,
Where life flies gasping out as from a blow,
Speak to the heart of man, and yet they spring
From the same earth, ay, even in the same day:
Sunshine and winter, moonlight and the dew,
Are natural to all. J. H.

FABLES.

The Phylurnians.—There was not a town in all Thrace where Jupiter was worshipped with so much devotion as in the little city of Phylurnia. Every day a fat steer smoked on his altars; every day he was honoured with hymns and incense. Only once, the morning after a general feast, the tired inhabitants forgot their devotions. Then Jupiter waxed wroth; he thundered fearfully all day and all night long, so that the Phylurnians thought the last day was at hand, knelt and prayed for forgiveness, and vowed by all that was good they would never forget him again.

"How unjust you are," cried Momus, "if the people of Thrace neglect you for months together, you say nothing, and keep giving them sunshine and rain as usual, while these men, who never were false to you, must pay so heavily for the carelessness of a single morning!"

"Because the example of others has learned me experience," answered Jove. "There was a time when the whole of Thrace did homage to me as faithfully as this little town does, and it would not now neglect me for months together, if I had been too indulgent at first, and said nothing to their first offences."

Minos and the shades.—Minos grew old, as old men are apt to do, weaker in the upper-story than he was formerly. His sight especially, once so keen, grew dim, and he found it difficult to distinguish the expression of the ghosts who were brought to judgment, and what had been the pursuits of each on earth. So he hit upon an idea, which, for an old man, was not a bad one. He placed in front of the judgment-seat a quantity of tools and implements of all kinds, such as men use:—books and weapons, ploughs and clothing, and so forth. "Choose here," was his command to every new-comer, and every one chose what he had been most familiar with in life. This did very well for a long time, and Minos was very proud of his discovery, when a shade of haughty aspect, with his face still clotted with blood, appeared, and chose a scourge. Then was Minos perplexed and angry, and cried, "By Styx! I must examine this fellow further; how else can I tell whether he has been a jailor or a despotic sovereign? Jupiter ought to be ashamed of himself—he, whose invention is so fertile, to suffer two so similar creatures to exist in one and the same world"

The traveller and the fountain.—A traveller came once, in the heat of the day, to an ice-cold fountain. He had walked fast, the sweat stood upon his forehead, and his tongue was parched with thirst. As soon as he saw the clear stream, he stooped and drank eagerly; but the sudden chill was too much for him, and he sank on the ground, sick almost to fainting. "Oh, vile poison!" cried he, "who would have suspected so much ill under such a fair outside!" "How unjust you are," was the answer. "My waters refresh the fields around me, they quench the thirst of the beasts of the field, and yield strength and support to thousands of thy fellow-mortals. It is thine own rashness that has done thee harm, while moderation would have prolonged, instead of shortening, thy days"

There are some fools, who complain of love as an evil, instead of their own folly.

The two travellers.—A fierce thunderstorm overtook two travellers. No house was in sight, only a huge oak, that stood not far from the road, offered a shelter, of which one of the wayfarers availed himself. The other preferred proceeding, and trudged patiently on, through wind and rain, till he reached a village, where he dried his wet garments, and rested after his journey. He waited long for his companion, but in vain, so, as soon as the weather cleared up, he hurried back to the oak, and he found it had been shattered by lightning, and his friend was lying dead under the ruins.

"Unhappy man!" said he, "let this fate be a warning to me for ever after!" The coward who, when storms threaten, flies to seek the protection of the mighty, may escape sometimes, but more usually he is struck down along with his protector"

Osiris and the vine.—The Egyptians tell us, that Osiris first discovered the ivy and the grape He taught their kings to cultivate the latter, but loved to weave garlands of the former. This displeased the vine "What merit has this useless shrub," it asked, "that thou shouldst give it the preference? When did it ever make thee a present, that was half as precious as my fruit?" "Never! but it possesses one quality, which thou dost not, and which is essential to friendship." "What?" "Its uniformity. Its leaves never fade; thine are missing for half the year. He on whom we can always be sure of finding the same, is more to be depended on than he who performs a great service for us at one time, and does nothing at another."

The fox and the leopard.—A fox sat, deep in thought, at the entrance to his den: "What are you thinking about now?" asked his helpmate.

"I will tell you. The leopard went by just now, and spoke to me so polite—spoke first, too. What the plague does it all mean?"

"Why, you silly creature, what should it mean?"

"You can't know much about leopards, wife, if you fancy they are so polite for nothing"

Let the poor man think of this, when a man of high standing greets him first, and bows low to him.

LAND, HO!

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS

I.

Fill high the brimmer!—the land is in sight,
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night;
The cold cheerless ocean in safety we've past,
And the warm genial earth glads our vision at last:
In the land of the stranger true hearts we shall find,
To soothe us in absence of those left behind.
Then fill high the brimmer! the land is in sight,
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

II.

Fill high the brimmer!—till morn we'll remain,
Then part in the hope to meet one day again,
Round the hearthstone of home, in the land of our birth,
The holiest spot on the face of the earth!
Dear country! our thoughts are more constant to thee
Than the steel to the star or the stream to the sea.
Then fill up the brimmer! the land is in sight,
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

III.

Fill high the brimmer!—the wine-sparkles rise,
Like tears, from the fountain of joy, to the eyes!
May rain-drops that fall from the storm-clouds of care,
Melt away in the sun-beaming smiles of the fair!
Drink deep to the chime of the nautical bells,
To woman, God bless her, wherever she dwells!
Then fill high the brimmer! the land is in sight,
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM LONDON.

BY WILLIAM COX.

National Gallery—Origin—Benefits to be derived therefrom—Pictures—Flemish Women.

After surveying the efforts of the moderns, as exhibited in the Royal Academy, you cross to the "National Gallery," and are at once surrounded by the productions of the mighty dead. The contrast is very striking. You *feel* yourself in the presence of the past. In the modern rooms all is bustle, gaiety, chatter, trivial remark, and flippant off-hand criticism. The artist's connexions and friends are busied in pointing out the beauties of his works, and his foes, or brothers of the brush, in dwelling upon their defects. Every one seems to think he has a right to give an opinion, and self-complacent nods of approbation and supercilious sneers are in great abundance. Not so in the National Gallery. The genius of the place rebukes the affectation of would-be critics, and genuine admiration is generally silent. Most of the pictures here have passed the ordeal of centuries—those you have left are merely putting in their claims for immortality. A becoming reverence is therefore natural and seemly; though a blind and bigoted denunciation of all modern works of art, in comparison with those of the "great masters," is both foolish and reprehensible. What man has done, man may do again.

The nucleus of this fine collection was formed by the purchase of the pictures of the late Mr. Angerstein, a gentleman distinguished in his time as a most judicious and liberal collector. Immensely rich, he was enabled to avail himself of the troubles prevailing in various parts of Europe, to acquire a most important and select assemblage of pictures by the great masters, principally of the Italian schools After his death they were for sale, and the opportunity thus offered to the government of laying the foundation of a National Collection of Pictures, was so apparent to the earl of Liverpool, then prime minister, that with the advice of the most competent judges of the day of works of art, he brought the matter under the consideration of Parliament, and by unanimous consent secured those treasures to the nation The collection has since been increased by various government purchases, and by the munificent bequests and donations of sundry private individuals It is opened four days in the week to the public, (without any fee or gratuity whatever) and the remaining two days are set apart for the visits and improvement of artists and students.

The advantages of such an institution cannot easily be over-rated. As a place of study and severe discipline for rising artists, it is inestimable. But there are other and perhaps higher points of view in which it is to be regarded as a national benefit. It is not merely an agreeable lounge for the affluent connoisseur, but here resort more especially on holidays the industrious tradesman and the humble mechanic. Who can say, among the crowds that come hither, what numbers there may be with aspirations far beyond what might have been expected from the station in life which they at present occupy, and who have been denied by circumstances the means of cultivating and improving the better nature within them? Who can say what impulses may be given—what ray kindled in this place for the benefit and admiration of posterity? Nothing so much tends to humanize and elevate the mind, as the contemplation of what mind has effected; and by the forms of immortal beauty almost moving and breathing around, it is quite possible some poor youth *may* feel incited to spring from his present condition, and "leave behind him name and memory." Such things have been—such may be.

But, in an humbler and more practical point of view, what excellent aids are museums, parks, and picture galleries, which can be enjoyed without expense, to temperance societies. How many may be kept away by them from the gin-palace and the tavern. What purifying, instead of debasing influences, may be exercised through their medium on thousands. These moral statistics are worth attention.

The National Gallery contains selections from the works of all names of note—Titian, Correggio, Michael Angelo, Guido, Leonardo da Vinci, Sebastiano del Piombi, the Caracci—Annibale and Ludovico, Raphael, Poussin, Parmegiano, etc. etc. etc. Here, too, are some of the best works of the Flemish masters. Pictures by Teniers, Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyke, Vandervelde, etc., together with those by comparatively modern pencils—Sir Joshua Reynolds, Wilson, Gainsborough, Beechey, Benjamin West, Beaumont, Lawrence, and Wilkie. Here is the celebrated series forming the "Marriage A-la-mode" of that truly English artist, Hogarth. Nor should there be forgotten the portraits of Velasquez and the inimitable lifelike creations of Murillo. The wild scenery of Salvator Rosa stands in fine contrast with the mellow landscapes of Claude, steeped in golden sunset and deep tranquillity. If a man be in a fretful or uneasy state of mind, let him look for ten minutes at one of those landscapes of Claude. He will go away in peace. A spirit of repose, not to be resisted, breathes from the canvass

Far be it from me to attempt to criticize even the works of the immortal dead. I leave that to those who are more able to do so, or less sensible of their own deficiencies. The value of off-hand criticisms on a collection of works which it would require the study of years *thoroughly* to understand and appreciate, may easily be estimated; and besides, a lengthened notice of the various pictures would neither be useful nor desirable at such a distance. I may be allowed to mention a few *facts*, or interesting circumstances connected with some of them.

"Mercury instructing Venus in the presence of Cupid," and the "Ecce Homo," both of Correggio, after being in the possession of Charles the First, the duke of Mantua, the duke of Alva, and the Colonna family, finally fell into the possession of Murat. After his death they were purchased by Lord Londonderry, and by him sold to the government for eleven thousand guineas, or nearly fifty thousand dollars! The "Ecce Homo" is looked upon as one of the finest triumphs of art.

There is one, "The Vision of St. Jerome," by Parmegiano, purchased for three thousand and fifty guineas, with which an interesting anecdote is connected. It is recorded that in 1527, when Parmegiano was painting this picture, Rome was sacked by the Emperour Charles the Fifth, and when the soldiers entered his apartment, they were so struck with the extreme beauty of the work, as well as by the composed conduct of the artist, that they reverently retired without offering him the slightest injury. It was a fine acknowledgment and triumph of intellectual power.

There is another one, "The Vision of St. Augustin," by Garafalo, to which the following legend, intended, we suppose, as a rebuke for human self-sufficiency, is attached:—St. Augustin, being seated on the margin of the deep writing his treatise of "the Trinity," observed a child taking water with a ladle from the sea, which he emptied into a small hole in the sand. Being questioned by St. Augustin as to his motive for that singular action, the boy said he was emptying the sea into that hole. "Impossible!" said the saint. "If you find this impossible," rejoined the child, "how much more so is it for you to elucidate that which God chooses to keep a mystery." The child disappeared in a glory, and the saint recognised in him the young Saviour.

There is one thing, however, on which we would venture a few words. With all our reverence for such names as Rubens and Rembrandt, we must be allowed to protest against their delineations of the female form. Teniers may be overlooked, for he delights in painting low and frequently repulsive subjects, and we do not expect to find Venuses or Junos in Dutch taverns; but Rembrandt's "Woman bathing," is certainly about as ordinary and unseductive a looking piece of humanity as ever water washed; while Rubens's picture of "The Abduction of the Sabine Women" by the Roman soldiers, at the games instituted by Romulus, is a vehicle for a series of unpardonable slanders on the fair sex Such waists! such busts! such pedestals! The "virgin" in the foreground of the picture, is about the size of two fat cooks, and the poor soldier who is *attempting* to carry her off, is certainly much to be commiserated. If the Roman soldiers had muscle sufficient to carry off such ladies as these against their will, it is not to be wondered at their arms subduing the world It is, in sober fact, a bevy of burgomasters wives translated into Sabine virgins.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE DEAD GUEST.

BY HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

CHAPTER I

In the town, or rather village of Herbesheim, flourished the Burgomaster Bantes, a rich, jovial, self-willed old fellow, whose greatest wealth, however, was his only daughter, Frederica, the belle of the country for ten miles round, and as amiable as pretty. Now it so happened that the burgomaster had a ward, George Waldrich, who ran away from him to enlist as a soldier against Napoleon, and came back after the battle of Waterloo, a fine manly-looking fellow, with a captain's commission, a riband of a military order, and luckily, no wounds to offset against them. It so happened, too, that his company was ordered to his old residence, Herbesheim, and he, as commanding officer, was naturally quartered in the best house in the place, which of course was his old guardian the burgomaster's. It is useless to add, that he was received with gladness by his old friends, with a deeper feeling by his old playmate, Frederica, which, however, betrayed itself neither in her looks or language. His old friends sought to renew their acquaintance with him, and he was received into the best families in the neighbourhood Wherever Waldrich went he was the life of the company. Brave, modest, eloquent, a capital story-teller, a good draftsman, dancer and musician. It was admitted by all the ladies of Herbesheim, both young and middle-aged, that he was a handsome, agreeable, and very dangerous young man. As to the danger, none of the fair ones could ever ascertain to her own satisfaction, whether it was increased or diminished by his retiring modesty.

Just at this time, however, neither fair nor ugly were much occupied either in conquering others, or submitting to be conquered themselves; on the contrary, each one guarded her heart with peculiar anxiety. The cause of this self-denial will not be easily divined by those who have never been at Herbesheim, nor read its manuscript records, nor be readily believed by those who learn it now for the first time, but it is unquestionably true, and the more so, the more improbable it is. The current year, then, was the centennial festival, or rather epoch of the so-called *dead guest*, a most dangerous visiter, as it appears, to the brides of Herbesheim most especially. No one knew exactly what this guest was. But the story ran that he was a spirit, who made his appearance in the town once a century—stayed there from the first to the last Sunday in Advent; injured nobody else, but paid court to every bride in the place, and ended by twisting her head round. The next morning she was always found lying dead in bed, with her face turned round to her back. A circumstance, however, which distinguishes this spirit from all others in the world, is, that he does not make his appearance at eleven or twelve at night, the regular hour for supernatural visiters to appear, but in broad daylight, and fashionably dressed, like the children of this earth. He always has plenty of money, and the worst is, that when he cannot find any bride, he turns wooer himself, and bewitches the poor girls' hearts, only that, having first turned their heads with his fine speeches, he may afterwards turn them clear round on their shoulders. No one could tell the origin of this fable. In the church registers were to be found the names of three young women who died suddenly in Advent in the year 1720, to which were added, "With their faces turned round backwards, as formerly. God have mercy on their souls!" Now, though this commentary of the church register was no proof of the fact to a reasonable man, it showed, at least, that the story must be more than a hundred years old. Unluckily, the early registers were burned during the war of the Spanish succession Be this as it may, every one was acquainted with the story—every one insisted that it was a silly old woman's tale, and yet every one looked forward with curious anxiety to the approaching Advent, to see what would be the result of the thing The wisest heads agreed that "there might be something in it." The old clergyman, who received more visits than usual at this time, spoke mysteriously. He either said, "I should be much surprised if—but still I don't believe it"—or, "God forbid that *I* should ever have to make such an entry in the church books!" The young gentlemen were the greatest skeptics, and made themselves merry over the thing on every occasion. The young girls pretended to be strong in their incredulity, but it was only pretence. Each one thought to herself—"it will do very well for you young men to laugh, it does not concern your heads, but *ours*, and that is most horrible!" One consequence of this belief was, that every wedding was hurried on so as to be over before Advent, or if this was impossible, the engagement was broken off at once, even if hearts were broken along with it. Whether the pretty Frederica shared in the fear of her sisters we cannot state, but it is certain that her partiality for Waldrich was long concealed, and might have never seen the light, had not her father threatened her with another and less agreeable bridegroom in the person of Herr Von Hahn, a rich young banker. Herr Von Hahn's delicate health prevented his waiting on his intended bride in person during the cold and stormy weather, and the burgomaster shook the barometer every day to make it rise, while Frederica as regularly shook it to make it fall, and keep back the unwelcome visit.

Her mother, who as all good mothers do, took her daughter's part warmly but quietly, urged on her stiff-necked husband at least to put off the wedding till Christmas, for fear the dead guest should re-appear on his anniversary, and his daughter suffer the penalty of his visitation. The old man prided himself on his freedom from prejudice, and laughed in scorn at the fable; but somehow or other, the idea of his darling Frederica, with her pretty head twisted round on her shoulders, haunted his imagination incessantly, and he felt a foreboding he would have been ashamed to have acknowledged. Such was the position of matters in the burgomaster's family.

CHAPTER II

The next evening the first of the usual winter assemblies took place in Herr Bantes' house. It was a rule for the best families of the place to entertain each other once a week in a plain and social manner, and enliven the long evenings with music, conversation, and innocent games. On this occasion, however, no one at Herr Bantes' seemed to think of either music or singing, games or mirth. It was the first meeting of the season. There was a great deal to be talked about, and as the first Sunday in Advent was only three days off, it may be imagined that the dead guest was the great topic of conversation. The young ladies turned up their pretty noses, and pretended to be very skeptical. Some were glad they had no lover, who probably would not have rejected one after the

fatal day was over; and many a one felt her poor heart contract painfully, when she thought of one to whom that poor heart belonged. The more elderly ladies, after mature deliberation, generally agreed that the story was perhaps not altogether without foundation. The young gentlemen were unbelievers, without exception. Some wished that the dead guest would come and try their courage A couple of elderly gentlemen raised their fingers in warning to the young boasters. The young ladies joined them, and manifold were the quizzes, the play of wit and lively laughter.

"What," said Herr Bantes, with comic indignation, "what behaviour is this! Wherever I go nothing but dead guests, right and left Is that the right entertainment for my merry guests? Away with it, I say! Let us have some more lively pastime. No whispering in corners, no ghost stories!"

"So I think," said the district revenue collector," "the commonest game of forfeits rather! If Herbesheim had as little to fear from living visiters as from the centennial appearance of the dead one, we might be sure that the heads of our young beauties would never be turned"

"I should like to know how the silly story first got abroad," said a young counsellor." It is as dry as a skeleton, not a single circumstance of it is known, out of which, at any rate, a romance or ballad might be fashioned, so as to make it useful in some way."

"On the contrary," answered Waldrich, "this story, as it was formerly known, and as I once heard it in my childhood from an old forester, is too long and too tedious for modern times, therefore it has been forgotten, and rightly so."

"How, do you remember the story?" asked many.

"I recollect it but imperfectly," replied he.

"Oh, you must tell it to us!" cried the ladies, and crowded round him; "we beg, we beg; you must tell it."

No resistance, no excuses availed. The gentlemen joined their entreaties to the ladies. The chairs were drawn close together.

Waldrich was forced, willingly or no, to repeat the story. To render it entertaining, he embellished it as well as he could on the spur of the moment.

Two hundred years, (said he,) are now elapsed since the thirty years' war broke out, and Frederick, the elector palatine, placed on his head the crown of Bohemia. But the emperour and the elector of Bavaria, at the head of the catholics, rose up to deprive him of it. The great and decisive battle was fought on the White Mountain, near Prague. The elector lost it, and with it his crown. The news flew through Germany with the speed of the wind. All the catholic cities rejoiced at the overthrow of the unhappy Frederick, who occupied his throne but a few months, and was therefore called in derision the *winter-king*. It was known that he had escaped from Prague, in disguise, with a few followers

This was known to our good ancestors in Herbesheim two hundred years ago They loved to chat about political news then, as well as we, their worthy descendants, do now, but they were then, if not more religious, more earnest for religion. Their joy at the flight of the winter-king was therefore just as great, nay, even more boisterous than ours a few years ago at the overthrow of the Emperour Napoleon.

Once three lovely maidens sat together, talking about the winter-king They were all three good friends, and all three had a betrothed lover; that is, each had one of her own, otherwise they would not have been friends The one was called Veronica, the other Francisca, the third Jacobea.

"The king of the heretics should not be let escape from Germany," said Veronica; "as long as he lives will the monster of Lutherdom live, and never cease vomiting out destruction!"

"Yes," said Francisca, "he who kills him may expect a great reward from the emperour, from the elector of Bavaria, from the pope, and the whole holy church, yea, he may count surely upon heaven."

"I wish he would come into our town," added Jacobea, "oh, I wish he would! He must die by the hand of my lover, and he would receive a countship, at least, for his reward"

"It is rather doubtful," replied, "Veronica, "whether thy lover can raise thee to the rank of countess, for he has scarce courage enough for such a deed of daring,. Mine, if I only winked to him, would draw his sword and strike the winter-king to the earth; and then the countship would be snatched away before your very eyes."

"Do not boast so much, you two," said Francisca, "my lover is the stoutest of them all. Has he not already served as a captain? And if I should bid him cut down the grand Turk on his throne, he would do it. Don't flatter yourselves too much about the countship."

While the three girls were thus quarrelling about a title, the quick tramp of galloping horses was heard outside. All three were at the window in a moment. The weather out of doors was terrible; the rain poured down on the street in streams from every roof and gutter. The storm-wind whistled, and drove the sheets of rain against house and window.

"God be good to us!" cried Jacobea. "Surely he who is on the road in such weather does not travel for pleasure."

"Hard need must drive him," said Veronica.

"Or a bad conscience," added Francisca.

Thirteen horsemen halted opposite them, at the sign of the Dragon, and dismounted hastily. Twelve stayed with the horses; the thirteenth, who was dressed in white garments, entered the house. The landlord and his servants came and led the horses to the stable, while their riders followed the first within doors. In spite of the rain, people came together in the street, to see the strange travellers and horses. The handsomest steed belonged to the gentleman in white; it was white as snow, with splendid trappings.

"Suppose this was the winter-king!" the three maidens exclaimed, as they turned away from the window, and gazed earnestly and fixedly on each other. A noise was heard on the stairs, and their three lovers entered. "Do you know," said one of them, "that the fugitive winter-king is within our walls?"

"There is a prize to be had," said another.

"You can read terrour on the face of the long, pale man in white," cried the third.

The maidens trembled with joy. They eyed each other keenly, and it seemed as though their looks spoke and understood each other. At last they gave each other their hand, and said, "So be it, so be it! all together, and no division!" when each turned towards her lover.

Veronica said to hers, "If my lover suffers the winter-king to depart from our walls alive, I would sooner be his mistress than my lover's lawful wife. So may God and his saints be good to me."

Francisca said to hers, "If my lover suffers the winter-king to outlive this night, I will embrace death rather than him, and my lover shall wait in vain for the marriage-day. So may God and his saints be good to me!"

Jacobea said to hers, "The key to my bridal-chamber is lost, now and for ever, unless my lover brings me, to-morrow, his sword red with the blood of the winter-king"

The three lovers were shocked; but soon decided, when they saw their mistresses standing before them, lovelier than ever, waiting for their answer. So they promised that the winter-king should not see the light of another day. They took leave of their brides, who now chatted joyously together, about the eternal glory of their lovers, their courage and tenderness, and finally, of the countship to be divided between them. The three young men went over to the Dragon, and made inquiries about the stranger, where he slept, and if he had a fine room. There they sat drinking till late at night. At break of day, twelve of the travellers rode hastily away, through the storm. The thirteenth lay dead in bed, swimming in blood. He had three deadly wounds No one knew who he was; but their host assured them that he was not the king. And he was right, for the king of Bohemia, it is well known, escaped safe to Holland, and lived many years.

The dead guest was buried the same day, not in consecrated earth, among the bones of catholic christians, but in the public slaughter-ground, as one suspected of heresy, without sound of bell or sacred music. Meantime the three brides waited anxiously for the return of their lovers, to claim their sweet reward. But they came not. They sent into all the streets and houses, but no one had seen them since midnight. Even the landlord and his servants could not say where they went. Then the poor maidens sorrowed bitterly, and wept day and night, and repented of the wicked commands they had given to such true and loving men. The fair Jacobea grieved most of all, for she had been the first to propose the attempt on the life of the winter-king Two days, and almost a third, had elapsed since that unhappy night; neither the maidens nor their anxious parents knew anything, as yet, of the fate of the youths Suddenly some one knocked at Jacobea's door, and a noble stranger entered, and asked for the maiden, who sat weeping by the side of her father and mother. The stranger handed her a letter, which he said he had received from a young man, and promised to deliver. Oh, how joyful was Jacobea! The letter was from her lover. It was nearly dark, so her mother brought in lights to read the letter, and have a better view of the stranger. He was a man of about thirty, tall and thin in person, clad wholly in the fashion of the day, but in black, with a broad hat, surmounted by black feathers, a black doublet, with a large ruff falling over the shoulders, black hose and wide boots; by his side a sword, the hilt of which was adorned with gold and pearls and sparkling jewels. The rings on his fingers glittered with precious stones. His features were regular and noble, but yet, in spite of the fire of his glances, his face was pale and earthy-coloured, and his black dress made him look still paler. The father read the letter, which ran as follows:—"We have slain the wrong man; therefore, love, farewell, for I have lost the key to thy bridal-chamber. I am going to the wars in Bohemia, and will seek me a new bride, who will not look for a bloody sword from her lover. Console thyself, as I do. I give thee back thy ring." When Jacobea heard this, she fainted, and then wept and cursed the faithless one. Her parents soothed her as well as they could, and the stranger said many very polite things. "If I had known that the rogue was making me the bearer of such a message, as true as I am the count of Graves, I would have read him a lesson of good breeding with my good sword. Dry your bright eyes, fair lady: a single one of the pearls that run down your rosy cheeks should be enough to extinguish all the flames of your affection." Jacobea, however, could not give over weeping; so the count took his leave, first asking permission to renew his visit the next day. When the morrow came he was as good as his word; and as soon as he was alone with Jacobea, told her, "I could not sleep all night, for thinking of your beauty and your tears. You owe me at least a smile, to bring back the colour to my cheeks, that are pale with watching."

"How can I smile?" answered she; "has he not returned my ring?"

The count took the ring and flung it out of the window. "Away with it," said he; "how gladly would I replace it with a better one!" and he laid the most splendid one of all he wore on the table before her. "Yea, with all these rings, and to each there hangs a rich lordship!"

Jacobea blushed, and pushed the costly ring aside. "Do not be so cruel," exclaimed the count; "he who sees you once can never forget you. If your lover has despised you, despise him; that is a sweet revenge I lay my heart and my title at your feet."

It is true, Jacobea would listen to nothing of the kind, but she confessed, to herself, that the count was right as to revenge, and the faithless one must be forgotten. The count spoke in a very modest and winning way, only he was not so handsome as the lost lover, and his face altogether too pale and earthy-coloured. So, as there is a time for all things, Jacobea ceased to weep, and even began to smile sometimes

The arrival of a rich stranger in Herbesheim was soon noised through the whole town, for he had servants in rich liveries, and spent a great deal of money. It was also soon known that he had brought a letter to Jacobea, from her lost lover. As soon as Veronica and Francisca heard this, they hurried to their friends, to ascertain whether the count knew any thing of their betrothed. The count promised to wait on them in person. Jacobea now began to treat him with more tenderness, for she had been thinking of money-matters alone at night, and looking often at the costly ring, and she thought: "Here I have nothing to do but to stretch out my hand and take the lordship, without needing to divide it with Veronica and Francisca. So that the deed of my false lover has, after all, helped me to a title." She showed her parents the costly present she had received, and they agreed that a son-in-law of such rank and wealth was all they could desire. He came oftener and stayed later, and never departed without leaving rich presents behind him. Jacobea rejoiced in her heart at the thought of exciting the admiration and envy of the whole town, as the countess of Graves, and grew more yielding as her new lover grew more pressing. The rogue, however, when he first saw Veronica, found her still fairer than the fair Jacobea; and when he came to know the flaxen-haired Francisca, the other two seemed almost ugly. To each of the maidens he told substantially the same story. He said he had seen their lovers drinking deep in a tavern, in company with light damsels, that they talked slightingly of their former mistresses, and scorned to take the trouble of even bidding them farewell by letter, but merely sent back their plighted rings, in token of final separation. While he was with Veronica, the count insisted that her ring fitted him exactly; when he saw Francisca he was sure the ring must have been made for his finger only He played his part as well as he had done with Jacobea: he made each one presents, offered each his hand and title, and each soon grew accustomed to his ashy paleness. The three friends kept their interviews with the count a profound secret, for each feared that the other would throw out her net to catch the game. They ceased to visit each other, and got vexed when they learned that the count kept up the acquaintance of all. This jealousy he made good use of. He protested to each one, separately, by everything that was holy, that he thought the others ugly and silly, but was obliged, from politeness, to visit them occasionally. When he was required to break off the acquaintance, as a test of his truth, he seemed perplexed, but finally agreed, on condition that a formal betrothal and exchange of rings should take place at once, in presence of the parents, and that a quiet hour at night should be granted him, when he might chat with his love, undisturbed, about their marriage and wedding-journey, and the new arrangements to be made in his palace. This, too, each agreed to, and sealed their promise with a kiss. As he kissed them, each asked, "Dear count, what makes you so very pale? Lay aside your dark garments; they make you look still more deadly" To which he as uniformly answered, "I wear black to fulfil a vow. On our wedding-day I will appear in white and red, like thy cheek, my best beloved!" So the count was betrothed to each of them, and on the very same day. Then he slipt through the window into their chambers. The next day, as the girls seemed to sleep entirely too long, their parents went to wake them. They found each of them lying, dead and cold, in bed, with their throats twisted round, and their faces towards the back.

Weeping and wailing arose from the three houses The people assembled, horrour-struck. Murder! was cried; and, as suspicion fell at once on the count of Graves, a crowd gathered round the door of the Dragon, and the city guards and archers rushed in. The landlord met them, and complained that his guest had disappeared, with all his retinue, and no one had seen them depart. All their baggage, which was very bulky, was gone, yet no one had removed it; their many fine horses had disappeared from the well-fastened stable, yet no person in town, not a watchman on the walls, had heard anything of them. The crowd was struck with terrour, and every one crossed himself as he passed by the residences of the three unhappy brides. Within doors were loud grief and wo, and it was found most strange, that all the rich presents, the splendid wedding-dresses which the count had already provided, the strings of pearls, jewelled-rings, and diamond crosses, had wholly disappeared

It was but a small company that followed the biers to the place of burial, and all were wrapped in dark mantels. When the coffins had been set down in the burial-ground of St. Sefaldu's Church, and the prayers of the church were about to be said, a tall man, who had not been noticed before, was seen to leave the group of mourners As they eyed him, every one was surprised to see, that though he had before been dressed altogether in black, his garments gradually turned white, and three red spots appeared on his white doublet, and the blood dropped visibly along the seams, and the pale, tall man moved towards the slaughter-ground.

"Holy mother!" cried the landlord of the Dragon, "that is the dead guest, whom we buried there, three weeks ago!"

Horrour seized on all present, and all fled in terrour. A fierce storm of snow and rain blew after them in violent gusts For three days and three nights the coffins stood unburied by the side of the open graves. Finally, the authorities ordered their removal,

and the parents offered a large sum of money to induce some bold fellows to perform this last duty. They were greatly astonished when they lifted up the coffins, for they felt as light as though they were empty, and yet they were nailed tight. One of them took heart, and brought a chisel and hammer, while another went for the priest and clerk. When the coffins were opened they were found to be wholly empty, not even a pillow or shroud in them. So they were buried empty.

Here Waldrich paused. The room was still as death. The candles burned low, and threw a fitful, doubtful light on the circle of listeners. The men sat or stood, still and serious, the young ladies had crowded close to each other, and the old ones listened, even after he had ceased speaking, with folded hands and lengthened visages.

"First of all, snuff the candles," cried Herr Bantes, "and talk again, so that I can hear living, human voices, or I shall run away. The accursed story makes one shudder."

That was the general opinion. The candles were trimmed, and refreshments were handed round. Every one made it a point to talk and laugh loud, and amuse himself with the terrour that each had noticed in the others; yet no one would acknowledge. The story was pronounced to be the wildest fable that ever was conceived in an old nurse's brain; and the opinion was expressed, that if Miss Radcliff or Lord Byron were acquainted with it, the world would be enriched with another master-piece of the horrible. As soon, however, as Captain Waldrich had rested from talking, and the company from listening, he was asked for an account of the second apparition of the dead guest. The rest got round him, in a half circle, without waiting to ask whether he was willing to go on or not. Every eye rested on him with fearful curiosity, as he resumed his seat, and profound silence prevailed, when he commenced as follows.—[*Conclusion in our next.*]

GOETHE'S FAUSTUS.

THIRD NOTICE.

We left Faustus in his narrow, arched Gothic chamber, just relieved of the company of the intruding student. He reverts naturally to the circumstances under which he was interrupted; the late presence of the spirit which he had summoned, and his own insignificance when measured with his supernatural visiter. Relapsing into his original train of reflection, he inveighs bitterly against the meanness of man's nature, and the vain mockery of his pursuits; his baffled hopes, his disappointed ambition, his idle longings after knowledge, and his final conviction that nothing can be known. The illuminated pages of his library, with its old scrolls and rolls of parchment, seem to him but dust and lumber. Lathes, rings and cylinders, screws and levers, and all the instrumental keys of science, have failed to open to him the bolted and guarded doors of nature. Youth's aspirations have been crushed within him. Riches in his eyes are a delusion—learning is a mockery, and on all things about him are inscribed as the only result of his experience—vanity and despair!

'Twere better did I dissipate,
Long since, my little means, than be
Crushed down and cumbered with its weight:
All that thy fathers leave to thee,
At once ENJOY it—thus alone
Can man make anything his own;
A hindrance all that we employ not—
A burden all that we enjoy not.
He knows who rightly estimates,
That what the moment can employ,
What it requires and can enjoy,
The MOMENT for itself creates.

While pouring forth his spirit in this strain, his eye rests eagerly upon a flask of poison; and in gazing upon it he burst forth in an invocation to the subtle and potent draught. He grasps the phial, and the fever of his brain subsides, the conflicting powers within him are charmed into peace, the swell of his soul ebbs and is at rest. He is already in imagination delivered from the bondage of earth. His shackles drop by his side, and his disembodied spirit is winging its triumphant way through boundless realms, bathed in the raptures of a new life and a new glory. But one firm farewell to the earth—and the dawn of a second existence will open upon him—or haply, for thus whisper him distrust and despair, he passes into nothingness. Taking from an old case an antique goblet—but this passage is so exquisitely picturesque, that we cannot omit to copy it Mark the fine melody of the verse, with its beautiful variety, and confess that after some sort at least Mr. Anster is a poet:

And thou, clear crystal goblet, welcome thou!
Old friend and faithful, from thy antique case
Come forth with gay smile now,
As gently I displace
The time-stain'd velvet: years unnumbered,
Forgotten hast thou slumbered;
Once bright at many a festival,
When, in the old man's hall,
Old friends were gathered all,
And thou with mirth didst light grave features up,
On days of high festivity,
And family solemnity,
As each to each passed on the happy cup;
Its massy pride, the figures rich and old,
Of curious carving, and the merry task,
Of each (thus did our pleasant customs ask)
Who drank, the quaint old symbols to unfold,
In rhymes made at the moment; then the mask
Of serious seeming, as at one long draught
Each guest the full deep goblet duly quaffed;
The old cup, the old customs, the old rhymes,
All now are with me; all, that of old times
Can speak, are speaking to my heart; the nights
Of boyhood, and their manifold delights;
Oh! never more to gay friend sitting next
Shall my hand reach thee; never more from me
Shall merry rhyme illustrate the old text,
And into meaning read each mystery,
This is a draught that, if the brain still think,
Will set it thinking in another mood.
Old cup, now fill thee with the dark-brown flood;
It is my choice; I mixed it, and will drink;
My last draught this on earth I dedicate,
(And with it be my heart and spirit borne!)
A festal offering to the rising morn.

As he raises the goblet to his lips, bells are heard and voices in chorus. The magnificent Easter hymn bursts upon his ear; a hymn of hope and consolation and joy. Heavenly strains are these to the despairing spirit. They carry him back to his days of youth and innocence and trusting faith—and the thousand recollections of happy childhood rise up between him and his purpose. The goblet falls from his hand—"Tears come, and EARTH hath won her child again!"

The scene which follows contrasts vividly with that of the study. It is before the gates of the city, and persons of all descriptions are abroad in their holiday dresses, to enjoy the various festivities of the day; peasants, servants, citizens' daughters, old men and young maids, students, beggars and soldiers. Among them are Faustus and Wagner, his pupil. Of the latter personage it may not be amiss to mention that the traditional Faustus had a disciple of this name, who is described as a "mauvais garçon," and who figures, according to Hayward, in all the dramas and histories founded on the old fable. A book was published in Berlin in 1714, entitled "Christoph. Wagner's Magic Arts and Life of Dr. Faust"—purporting to be by the follower of the old magician. An early friend of Goethe, bearing the same name with the pupil of Faustus, had offended him by an instance of base plagiarism; stealing the tragic portion of this very poem, relating to Margaret, and developing it in a tragedy with the title of *The Infanticide*.

In the scene before the gates, we find many allusions to the customs and superstitions of Germany; lightly touched, indeed, but furnishing pregnant texts for the commentators. We extract the song of the dancing peasants, as a specimen of the lighter vein of the poem:

The shepherd for the dance was drest
In ribands, wreaths and Sunday vest;
All were dancing full of glee,
Underneath the linden tree!
'Tis merry and merry—heigh-ho, heigh-ho,
Blithe goes the fiddle bow.

Soon he runs to join the rest;
Up to a pretty girl he prest;
With elbow raised and pointed toe,
Bent to her with his best bow—
Pressed her hand: with feigned surprise,
Up she raised her timid eyes!
"'Tis strange that you should use me so,
So, so—heigh-ho,
'Tis rude of you to use me so."

All into the set advance,
Right they dance, and left they dance—
Gowns and ribands how they fling,
Flying with the flying ring;
They grew red, and faint, and warm,
And rested, sinking, arm in arm.
Slow, slow, heigh-ho,
Tired in elbow, foot and toe!

"And do not make so free," she said;
"I fear that you may never wed;
Men are cruel"—and he prest
The maiden to his beating breast.
Hark! again the sounds of glee
Swelling from the linden tree
'Tis merry, 'tis merry,—heigh-ho, heigh-ho,
Blithe goes the fiddle bow!

The peasants collect in a circle about Faustus, and pledge him in a draught of "brown cheer." From the homage thus rendered we learn that both Faustus, and his father, who was also versed in hidden lore and the mysteries of magic, were held in deep respect and veneration by the multitude. The revelations of Faustus, however, to his pupil, teach us that neither father nor son much deserved the thanks and gratitude that were thus lavished upon them. A plague had visited the people, and the old man had compounded, by the cunning of his black art, a potent medicine, in the union of "antagonists irreconcilable." According to Faustus,

———they who took it died;
None asked, or thought of asking who recovered.
Thus have we with our diabolic mixture,
In these sweet valleys, 'mong these quiet hills,
Been guests more fatal than the pestilence.
I have myself to thousands given this poison;
They withered and are dead—and I must live,
I, who have been their death, must live to hear
This lavish praise on the rash murderers.

Wagner seems to be surprised that his master should take this so much to heart. He argues that man cannot practise more than he knows; and that the studies which have enlarged the field of science have prepared the way for new discoveries, which, but for these experiments, might have remained unrevealed. Faustus again wanders into the old vein, of the uselessness and hopelessness of all knowledge—but is recalled by the quiet beauty of the scene before him to a momentary kindliness and sympathy with man and nature. The hour is that of sunset, and as he gazes on the pastoral landscape, lit up with the radiance of the departing day-god, his soul kindles and burns with an impulse irresistible, to be borne away on wings that would outstrip the flight of the lark or eagle,

———to drink the beams
Of the unfading light—before me day—
And night still left behind—and overhead
Wide heaven—and under me the spreading sea!

With this feeling Wagner cannot sympathize. He confesses to his hours of reverie, but finds more pleasure in books and parchments than in watching the changing aspects of nature. The birds he does not envy their wings. Faustus in his reply reveals the secret of his condition:

Thy heart, my friend, now knows but one desire;
Oh, never learn another! in my breast,
Alas, two souls have taken their abode,
And each is struggling for the mastery!
One to the world, and the world's sensual pleasures,
Clings closely, with scarce separable organs;
The other struggles to redeem itself,
And rises from the entanglements of earth—
Still feels its true home is not here—still longs
And strives—and would with violence regain
The fields, its own by birthright—realms of light
And joy, where—man in vain would disbelieve
The instincts of his nature, that confirm
The loved tradition,—dwelt our sires of old.
If—as 'tis said—spirits be in the air,
Moving, with lordly wings, 'twixt earth and heaven,
And if, oh if ye listen when we call,
Come from your golden "incense-breathing" clouds,
Bear me away to new and varied life!
Oh, were the magic mantle mine, which bore
The wearer at his will to distant lands,
How little would I prize the envied robes
Of princes, and the purple pomp of kings!

While Wagner rejoins, the attention of Faustus is attracted by a black dog, which is sporting about them, and to the eye of the philosopher coursing in serpent circles, marked by sparkles of fire. It is according to the tradition that Faustus was constantly attended by an evil spirit in the shape of a black dog; and Hayward says that this four-footed follower has a place in most of the old pictures. Of the sparkling line which followed upon his track, Goethe gives the following explanation in his work upon colours. "A dark object, the moment it withdraws itself, imposes on the eye the necessity of seeing the same form bright. Between jest and earnest, I shall quote a passage from Faustus which is applicable here. (Then follows the passage.) This had been written some time—from poetical intuition and in half consciousness—when, as it was growing twilight, a black poodle ran by my window in the street, and drew a clear, shining appearance after him—the undefined image of his passing form remaining in the eye. Such phenomena occasion the more surprise, as they present themselves the most vividly and beautifully, precisely when we suffer our eyes to wander unconsciously"

Faustus takes a fancy to the dog and whistles the creature home with him. We leave the philosopher closeted with the poodle.

THE STAGE.

HOME'S TRAGEDY OF DOUGLAS.

The tragedy of *Douglas* has been recently revived at the Bowery with signal success. The appointments of the piece were all admirably got up, and we doubt if it were ever represented with more general propriety and effect. Mrs. Shaw personated *Young Norval* to the life, and invested it with an interest of which we hardly thought the character susceptible. The blending of modesty and dignity, the virtue of blood overmastering the lowliness of the peasant, and infusing into him a spirit worthy of his natural nobility, were all caught and exhibited by this excellent actress with superiour tact and sagacity. Her reading is unusually correct. Her emphasis is distinct and appropriate, and there is a variety of intonation in her delivery which always relieves and enlivens it The old man was so well personated by Hamblin, as to leave us little room for criticism. He literally chained the attention of the audience, and made a somewhat subordinate character one of the chief attractions of the piece. His imitation of the feeble gait and voice of age was perfect, and in the interview with Lady Randolph, where she first discovers that Norval is her own long-lost offspring, he displayed an intimate knowledge of his art, and beautifully imbodied the conception of the author Of Mrs. Field's *Lady Randolph*, and Mr. Barry's *Glenalvon*, it is no small commendation to say that they fully sustained the excellent personation of the characters to which we have already alluded. It was gratifying to us to witness this attempt to present the legitimate drama, by the successful efforts of a stock company, without resort to what is too often regarded as the indispensable assistance of a star

Douglas has maintained its place with honour on the stage for nearly a century Napoleon sneered at the idea of a fame of five hundred years; but one-fifth of that period is a very decent poetical immortality. Most dramatists would be happy to compound their claims for a round century of reputation. Douglas promises to flourish for even a longer period. It is a classic and beautiful drama. Without any noise or bustle, with little or no aid from striking scenic effects, the fine bursts of feeling and the exquisite passages of poetry with which it abounds, with its variety of character, and its gradual development and accumulation of interest, continue to render it attractive upon the stage as in the closet. The language is throughout accurate and elegant, sometimes almost to coldness; but there are lines in it and expressions illuminated with the true fire and inspiration of genius.

The author of Douglas was John Home, a native of Scotland. He was born in 1724. Educated for the church, and duly ordained as a clergyman, he succeeded the poet Blair in the living of Athelstaneford. In the rebellion of 1745, he took arms in the royal cause. His disposition seems to have been that of the young Norval, and heaven granted the gratification of it which his calling would seem to have denied. He was engaged in the battle of Falkirk, was taken prisoner, and thrown into the castle of Down. From this confinement he escaped, and on the suppression of the rebellion he resumed the more pacific service of the church. Not satisfied with the duties of his profession, and deeming the cultivation of the poetic art not inconsistent with it, he wrote a tragedy, which was presented to the manager of the then flourishing theatre at Edinburgh. It was accepted, and preparations were made for its production. Difficulties arose, however, and the thunders of the kirk were levelled at the dramatist and his abettors Actors and spectators, equally with the author, were menaced with the terrours of the cloth; but the soldier-clergyman was not to be frightened by trifles, and in spite of pamphlet anathemas and public advertisement, *Douglas* was produced. It was triumphantly successful. During one of its early representations a youthful Briton rose in the pit, and exclaimed, with an air of exultation—"Weel, lads, what think you of Wully Shakespeare now?"

Such was its success at Edinburgh, that Home was induced to offer it to Garrick, for the London stage. Notwithstanding the influence by which it was recommended, the play was declined. Subsequently it was accepted by Mr. Rich, and brought out at Covent Garden in March, 1757, where it met with an indifferent reception. Such was the persecution experienced by the author from his brethren of the church, in consequence of this meddling with profane matters, that in the following June he withdrew from the jurisdiction of his presbytery, and resigned for ever the emoluments and advantages of the clerical profession.

The plot of *Douglas* was suggested by an old Scotch ballad of *Gil Morrice*, which may be found in the third volume of Percy's Reliques. Its subject naturally accounts for its success in Scotland; but it was also very warmly commended by some of the most distinguished literary men of the day. Hume, the historian, lauded it with the most extravagant eulogy, and dedicated to its author his *Four Dissertations*. Gray was a fastidious critic, and we know not that he had any particular reason for partiality to Home; but of Douglas, soon after its first presentation in London, he thus writes to a friend: "I am greatly struck with the tragedy of *Douglas*, though it has infinite faults; the author seems to me to have retrieved the true language of the stage, which had been lost for these hundred years; and there is one scene (between Matilda and the old peasant,) so masterly that it strikes me blind to all the defects in the world."

After leaving the church, Home was recommended, through the earl of Bute, to the patronage of the Prince of Wales, who settled upon him a handsome pension. He subsequently enjoyed an office under the government in Scotland, and exercised his talents in the production of other pieces for the stage. His power or his success seems to have died with Douglas. He is single-play Home a companion for single-speech Hamilton. His dramas were all tragedies. *Agis* was founded on a Spartan story, and was made the medium of some political allusions—for Home appears to have been an ardent partizan. Music, fine acting, and party spirit gave it a temporary success Gray describes it as an antique statue, painted white and red, frizzed and dressed in a negligée made by a Yorkshire mantua-maker. *The Siege of Aquleia* shared the fate of some hundred other "sieges" that have appeared on the English stage; it was forthwith raised by the audience. *The Fatal Discovery* was accepted by Garrick, and played in 1769. As Home was at that time under the protection of the earl of Bute, political considerations induced him to procure some other individual to assume the authorship. With this precaution, the piece ran tolerably well for a dozen nights. By this time the secret leaked out, and Garrick was threatened with having his house burned if he should attempt to repeat it. Thus dying, it was never revived. *Alonzo* ran nine nights—one for each of the muses; and *Alfred* three nights, one for each of the graces, but neither the graces nor muses were able to save them from the most emphatic damnation. They have gone to the receptacle of things lost

Of all these plays, printed and published though they may be, not a line lives in the memory of men. They are all extinct, utterly dust and ashes. *Douglas* alone survives. The author lived long in the fruition of his fame—dying much advanced in years in 1808. His first work only endures. He exists only as a wild Scotch clergyman, whose loyalty led him to the wars, and whose poetry led him to the stage Then sinks he into the creature of patronage, and the officer of the crown—exciseman it may be, or tax-gatherer Of all this we know nothing, and care to know nothing. His *Douglas* is a monument, large enough and lofty enough to perpetuate his name and his fame—let his bones rest where they may!

The performances of Mr. Vandenhoff and his daughter at the little theatre at Niblo's Garden have drawn excellent houses—and on the benefit nights, the audience have been quite crowded. Miss Vandenhoff has been deservedly successful. Her *Mariana* in "The Wife" is a personation full of grace and talent. The opera will, we suppose, now be all the rage at this theatre.

At the Park the engagement of the operatic corps is closing, and new and sterling attractions will speedily be offered The performances of Mrs. Fitzwilliam, who arrived in the Liverpool, will no doubt give a new impulse to its affairs. Mrs. Fitzwilliam has deservedly been a great favourite in London.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In reply to the kind inquiries of Junius, *we have merely to remark that we proceed in the even tenour of our way, fearing and envying no one. We attend to our own affairs and never meddle with those of our neighbours.* Junius *would do well to follow our example in this respect.—We have been reluctantly compelled to omit several admirable original articles intended for the present number. They shall appear—some of them at least—in our next.—"T. Y." is informed, that we have no occasion for the translations he offers. The specimens are very good—but this department of our paper is already well filled.—A welcome contribution from a Boston correspondent relative to Trinity Church shall soon appear. By the way, who wrote the beautiful lines in the American of the ninth upon this subject? We have heard them attributed to Halleck. They are not unworthy of him.—The theatrical communications of "Roscius" are quite out of date. His criticisms strike us as crude, unjust, and badly written.—We must respectfully decline the articles signed "La Musica," "A looker-on at Niblo's," "P. P. Q.," "J. D.," "Giulio" and "A. A. B."—The basket of poetry sent by "Qy," lies at our office, subject to the disposal of the author. If he do not call for it soon, we cannot ensure its safety, as we have strong suspicions, that our office-boys intend to use it, some cold morning, for kindling our anthracite.*

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1839

An original number.—It is with no ordinary degree of pleasure that we present our readers with the illustrated number of the New-York Mirror which we publish this day. The engraving by Dantforth, from a design by Chapman, has been pronounced by artists unrivalled by any similar production ever executed in this country. It is needless to point out its beauties—they will be apparent to all with an eye for the beautiful in art; nor is it necessary to add, that it is the most highly-elaborated and expensive engraving on steel ever executed for a periodical work in the United States. It is, moreover, an American picture, illustrative of American history, and designed and engraved by American artists. Of the literary contents of the present number, it may not so well become us to speak; but we cannot forbear calling attention to the interesting extract from Mr. Fay's new novel, "The Countess Ida," a work destined to be extensively popular. The "Wall-street Sketch," from the pen of a Sexagenarian correspondent, will be found highly amusing, besides being true. The "Tale of Naples," from the pen of an accomplished scholar and elegant writer, will of course command attention; and if we could venture to speak of the noble song of "Land, Ho!" by General Morris, we might say much that our relations to that gentleman now debar us from expressing. We hope he will not have a glimpse of what we have said until the paper "has gone to press." The German story, by a valued contributor, will be found full of interest; and the specimens of Goethe's Faust, worthy of the high fame of the original. The remaining contents of the number—but, lest we should grow personal, we will stop short in our remarks.

Arrival of the Liverpool.—Quite a commotion was produced in Wall-street on the tenth by the arrival of this steam-ship from England The rush to the bulletin-boards was tremendous, and we have not witnessed so great an excitement among our business men since that awful occasion, when the British Queen was delayed in consequence of the steward having forgotten the eggs "Is the news bad or good?"—"Couldn't be worse—United States bank securities refused in Paris and London and the devil to pay among the banks."—"Will our banks have to suspend?"—"Yes, beyond a doubt."—"I am glad of it."—"Why so?"—"Because, when times have got to be as bad as they can be, they must mend."—"Now for the plague of shin-plasters once again. Heigho! The seven plagues of Egypt are nothing to that."—"Well, well; don't croak this is a great city, and a great country, and we have risen from worse prostrations than this. If every good citizen, instead of croaking, would look upon the bright side of things, hope for the best, and give credit where credit is due, we should weather this storm without losing a spar or a rag of canvass."—"Well; there is some truth in all that; so 'away with melancholy,' and it will be hard, if we do not soon see, 'by the dawn's early light,' the returning rays of prosperity."—We passed on, as this colloquy was brought to a close, and made our way up Wall-street, as well as we could, through the crowds of anxious and inquiring citizens over the blocks of granite before the new Exchange, the huge pillars of the new bank, with attached ropes and pulleys, extending athwart the street, and the marble masses intended for the new Custom-House, and divers other impediments, in the way of brick piles, sand and mortar, barrels of lime, etc., too numerous to mention.—As we emerged into Broadway, a cloud of venerable dust from the falling ruins of Trinity Church was swept into our face, and we found ourselves barricaded in the midst of a legion of omnibuses. Jumping into one of Brower's best, we rested from our labours, and could not help remarking, in the way of a soliloquy: "Well, if the times are hard, New-York has the oddest way imaginable of manifesting her distress"

Fair of the American Institute at Niblo's.—It will be two weeks on Monday since the opening of this noble exhibition. A greater variety of articles than have been presented on any former occasion, will be found here, and the crowds of spectators, who have visited the exhibition, have been, we believe, more numerous than heretofore, during the same space of time. The spacious area of Niblo's garden is almost entirely covered with masterpieces of art and mechanical workmanship and ingenuity. The covered walk from Broadway is filled with beautiful specimens of carriage manufacture—sleighs of elegant pattern, gigs, barouches, and other vehicles, some in a very novel style. Passing these, we come upon a row of stoves, grates, and cooking ranges of every variety of shape. The saloons present a striking array of fancy articles of every description. Here are head-coverings and feet-coverings; hats, caps, slippers, some of very dainty workmanship; shoes, and boots, that rival in beauty the best Parisian; delicate specimens of shell-work and wax-work, confections, perfumery, brushes, silver and plated ware, capes, ruffles, turbans, jewellery, optical instruments, cutlery, and other matters. We might as well attempt to catalogue Broadway as to give a list of all of them. In the galleries are hung maps, pictures, samplers, and many ingenious masterpieces of the pen, brush, and needle. The admirable miniatures by Hite will be found well worthy of examination. Passing into the side saloon, you are surrounded by the evidence and promises of what is yet to be done in the manufacture of silk in the United States. These cannot fail to be regarded with great interest, not merely as results but as beginnings of results. Beyond we have portraits, and the first efforts of the Daguerreotype in this country; cotton prints, sheetings, broadcloths, woollens, musical instruments. In the lower side saloons we have beautiful specimens of cabinet-ware, chairs, tables, bureaus, wardrobes, bedsteads, and sofas. A fine mantel-piece of white marble, and another of fine black American marble, will excite particular admiration. The Cochran cannon is perhaps one of the most remarkable inventions in the room. Not the least of the attractions of the Institute consists in the cluster of fair faces, of nature's own workmanship, to be seen among the spectators. A fair specimen of the beauty, as well as of the mechanical skill of New-York, may here be witnessed; and we do not doubt that the most satisfactory prizes that the Institute can offer, may be obtained in this department.

New-York Society Library.—We are glad that there is at length a prospect of the completion of a suitable structure for the reception of a public library in New-York. The building at the corner of Broadway and Leonard street, though not all that we could wish as a specimen of architecture, promises to be a handsome and commodious edifice for the purposes of a public library. The front, towards Broadway, will present an attached Tetrastyle, in Ante, of the Ionic order, raised upon a basement story, with a bold entrance in the centre. The columns will be fluted, and the materials of imposing brown stone. The building is to be sixty-three feet high from the street to the cornice, and seventy-three to the apex of the pediment. The library rooms are to be approached by a spacious staircase in the centre, lighted from above. The library will be fifty-six feet by forty, fitted up in alcoves, with columns, etc., of the Corinthian order. The principal reading-room will be fifty-six by twenty-eight feet, besides which, there will be two small reading-rooms, twenty-three by eighteen feet. In the rear of the lower or ground story, will be a lecture-room, sixty-six feet by forty-eight, and twenty-four feet high, with columns, etc., of the Corinthian order, and having doors in Leonard-street and Catherine-lane, as well as by the principal entrance in Broadway. There will be two rooms also, each forty feet by twenty, on either side of the principal entrance, and similar rooms in the story below. The architect is Mr. F. Diaper.

Important invention.—One of the most ingenious inventions we have witnessed for many a day, is a process invented by Mr Joseph Dixon, for transferring impressions to stone The discovery was made some seven or eight years since, and by its means new and exact impressions of the leaves of old books, bank bills, engravings, etc. may be obtained in an incredibly brief space of time. In Boston, Mr. Dixon furnished Governour Everett with a new copy of some leaves of old works in less than fifteen minutes from the time they were put into his hands. After Governour Everett, and other gentlemen present, had examined it, they gave him a written document expressive of their satisfaction and admiration; and before they had ceased examining the first work, copies of their own written approval were put into their hands. The celerity and exactness of the work are truly remarkable. A bank bill was transferred by Mr. Dixon, in presence of the officers of a bank, with so much fidelity and precision that the very signers of the bill could not tell the difference between the copies and the original. It is due to Mr. Dixon to state that he has obtained a patent for the only process by which bank bills can be protected from his own invention, should it ever fall into the hands of rogues. The importance of this discovery is in no wise inferiour to that of the Daguerreotype, of which we have heard so much within the last year

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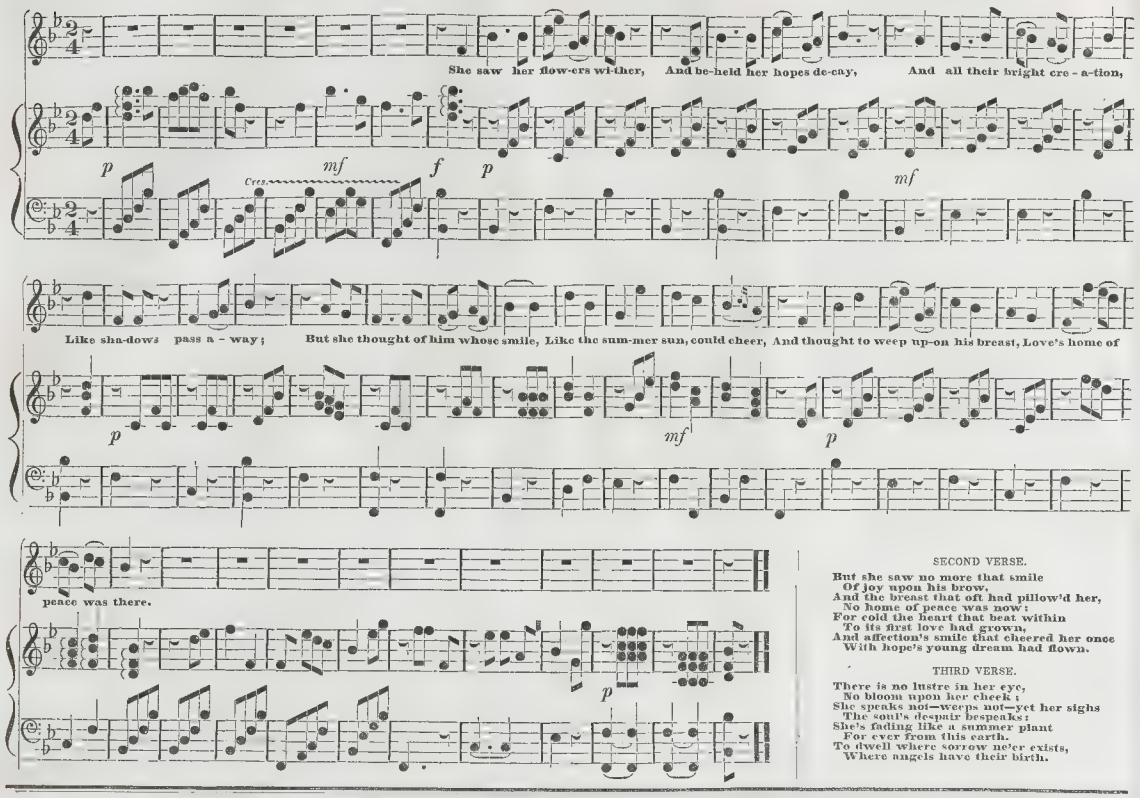
"*Christ Rejected.*"—This *chef-d'œuvre* in art, painted by the late Benjamin West, is now exhibiting at the Stuyvesant Institute. When this painting was in progress, a gentleman in London, anticipating the excitement which it would create, offered Mr. West ten thousand guineas for this specimen of his talent, when it should be completed; but he was advised by his friends to submit it to the world as a public exhibition; and such was the sensation which it produced in the British metropolis, that it was visited by upwards of two hundred and forty thousand persons—realizing for the venerable painter a sum exceeding twelve thousand pounds.

New books.—A number of new works upon our table shall receive a notice in our next. Among them, the "Life and Times of Luther," by the author of the "Three Experiments of Living," may be cordially commended to public attention. A notice of Mr. Simms's new and interesting novel, "the Damsel of Darien," has been unavoidably deferred; also, a notice of "Morton's Hope," one of the most remarkable works of the day, and displaying extraordinary talent. We hope to bring up the arrears of our literary notices in our next.

SHE SAW HER FLOWERS WITHER.

AN ORIGINAL MELODY BY JONAS B. PHILLIPS—WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.



SECOND VERSE.

But she saw no more that smile
Of joy upon his brow,
And the breast that oft had pillow'd her,
No home of peace was now:
For cold the heart that beat within
To its first love had grown,
And affection's smile that cheered her once
With hope's young dream had flown.

THIRD VERSE.

There is no lustre in her eye,
No bloom upon her cheek;
She speaks not—weeps not—yet her sighs
The soul's despair bespeaks:
She's fading like a summer plant
For ever from this earth.
To dwell where sorrow ne'er exists,
Where angels have their birth.

MISCELLANY.

THE MORNING DREAM.

Oh! thou morning vision,
Why so soon depart?
Bring thy joy Elysian
Once more to my heart!
Ah! let me behold them—
Those glad eyes once more!
Ah! let me enfold them—
Dear ones I deplore!

Bring that best and fairest,
Her, Love could not save!
Why should flowers the rarest
Earliest find a grave?
Let me gaze upon her,
Beautiful as when
First in youth I won her—
Let me gaze again!

Twine an orange blossom
In her raven curls,
And upon her bosom
Lay a cross of pearls:
Let her dark hair glisten,
Let her dark eyes shine,
While entranced I listen
To her song divine!

Ah! a moment longer,
Vision bright, beguile!
Sleep! in fetters stronger
Bind me yet awhile.
Vain! entreaty scorning,
Vision! thou hast flown!
And the cold, gray morning,
Sees me weep, alone!

MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Translated from the French.

THE MUSICAL IMPROVISATORE.—It is the fashion, the rage, a settled thing; to perform on the piano or any other instrument, is nothing now-a-days. Who is not a virtuoso now-a-days! We have them of all ages, from five to seventy. Mozart's father would make us laugh now, if he were to come from beyond the Rhine with his youthful prodigy: we would send him to the conservatoire, and the future author of Don Giovanni would be outdone by some laureate of three feet high, with his face smeared with gingerbread. It will not answer any longer merely to conquer the actual difficulties of execution; we must improvise. If you know nothing except to run your fingers over the keys, and shower down a deluge of notes on your audience, you still must improvise. We shall show that, after all, this is not so hard a matter as it seems, and that the last thing expected in an improvisatore, is the talent of extempore composition. He who has inserted in his advertisements the magic words which announce that he intends confining himself solely to the inspirations of his genius, is always sure of being received with a murmur of mingled curiosity and admiration; this is the first element of success. His second and chief chance consists in his dress, his attitude, and his manner of executing. Let us look at these three points. It is impossible for him to make his appearance except in a tight-bodied black coat, with huge projecting ruffles; his hair must hang carelessly and partly cover his forehead; occasionally he gives his head a shake to rid himself of these troublesome locks. He advances, bows awkwardly, (because he has not had time to learn to bow,) seats himself at the piano, turns up his ruffles, and bends his body forward in the attitude of a hermit in meditation, or St Cecilia listening to seraphic music. Next he makes the piano tremble by a tremendous blow, that makes half-a-dozen ladies start from their seats, and a hundred dilettanti faint away with delight. Look out! the fireworks have begun, rockets whiz past each other, fusees fiz, crackers burst, catherine-wheels whirl, blue lights blaze, red and blue rain comes down by handfuls, and lastly, the grand finale crowns the whole scene of confusion by a series of explosions as loud as a volcano's. Such is the performance of the improvisatore; he torments the piano for an hour together; he gets out of it all the sound it contains, he unites in one inexpressible mass of discord the strangest combinations; but then he did not hesitate nor stop for a moment as if a lawyer, who had a good cause, would lose it, if he should happen to be at a loss what to say for a single moment. Next morning come the criticisms of newspapers, large and small, none of whom are sorry to rise into a little flight of poetry on the occasion of this musical steeple-chase. Only read them—one will say, "While *our* beloved Penseroso (or whatever the name may be) ran over the melodious keys of his instrument, it seemed as though the heavens had opened above us, to shower down all their celestial harmonies on this world of sorrow, on this vale of tears." Another favours us with a different commentary on the same text, as thus: "While the high notes were raising their sharp tones in our ears, they sounded like the incessant wailings of the spirits of the condemned, traversing the depths of their abyss to arrive at the gates of heaven." Thus, you see, the improvisatore is a poet, a great artist, a great man. Why should we not ask him to write an essay on hieroglyphics, or to be good enough to discover the longitude? For surely nothing can be unknown to the gifted mortal, who can thus give us the music of the spheres, off-hand, at ten francs per ticket.

THE ARTIST'S INCOGNITO.—There is a bench in one of the public gardens of Paris, which is the resort of the inferiour class of musicians, and where the keepers of places of amusement are in the habit of coming to hire performers. One fine morning, the keeper of one of the *guingettes*, or little dancing-and-drinking houses in the suburbs, came there to hire musicians for the evening, and saw a little old man, of cheerful air, walking up and down. He accosted him at once: "Are you a musician?" "Yes." "I want some one to play for me to-night." "What will you give me?" "Three francs." "It is a bargain." In the evening the musician took his place in the little orchestra, and begun to play waltzes for the *grisettes* and their lovers, who formed the company. Soon the dance was deserted—every one crowded round the orchestra to listen to a music very different from what they were used to hearing. The ball-room grew still as death, except when the silence was interrupted by prolonged and vehement bravos. The landlord was as much surprised and delighted as the rest. "Pray, sir, who are you?" "Ferdmand Paër, *maître de chapelle* to his Majesty Charles X." It was indeed he, the first musician and composer of the day, who, for a frolic, had pocketed his three francs, and agreed to amuse a far more miscellaneous audience than those he was accustomed to see.

A MUSICAL FAMILY.—There lives in a little village in Silesia a large family, in which music has been cultivated with an industry and a success seldom equalled. This family comprises, reckoning from the great-grandfather down to the smallest of the great-grandchildren, no less than fifty-four souls, all of whom, that is, all who are old enough to talk, are musicians, and perform on different instruments; so that they can easily form a complete orchestra without going out of the family. They execute Mozart's and Haydn's symphonies, Bach's and Homilu's chorusses, etc. with a great deal of *ensémble*. Perhaps other similar instances of musical taste and skill may be found in Germany; we are certain it would be idle to look for them elsewhere.

M. AND B.—One of our journals lately remarked that the letter M. was the most important initial in musical matters, and mentioned Mozart, Mehul, Mendelssohn, Moscheles, Meyerbeer, Mayseder, Molique, Marx, Milder, and some others. The Leipzig Musical Gazette, on the other hand, thinks there is nothing like B., and runs on with Bach, Beethoven, Boieldieu, Bennett, Bocklet, Bishop, Bellini, Bertini, Bohrer, Berlioz, Burgmüller, Barmann, Benedict, Belleville, Blahetka, Blanchard, Braham, Balfe, Bochsa, Beriot, etc. Besides which, Breitkopp is the first musical publisher of Germany, and Broadwood the best piano-maker in England.

THE NIGHTINGALE.—The habits of this bird are singular. It arrives in England about the middle of April, and the male generally comes ten or fifteen days before the female. If he is caught during this interval, he is easily kept, and does well; but if they are not caught till after pairing, they are almost sure to die. They are abundant in Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, and it is very singular that but few reach England, and in Scotland they are unknown

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NEW-YORK MIRROR,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Embellished with Engravings, and Music arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

[We had the pleasure, "long time ago," of publishing the first-lings of the muse of Miss Fanny Kemble, which excited, at the time, a remarkable degree of attention among literary circles. With equal gratification, we now enrich the Mirror with an original production, the first published in the country, from the pen of Miss Vandenhoff. This beautiful and accomplished young lady is the only *artiste* that we have seen, worthy to succeed that singularly-gifted creature, the niece of Siddons, whose vivid delineations of dramatic character haunt the memory like half-forgotten music or pleasant dreams. The opinion seems to be unanimous, that our fair correspondent is, in her arduous profession, a "bright, particular star," unrivalled in brilliancy by any as new in its orbit. She is yet upon the threshold of life, and if the woman do but realize the promises of the girl, a splendid career of histrionic triumph is before her. The public always take a lively interest in everything relating to its favourites; and when, as in the present instance, there is an union of literary and poetical talent with the capacity of impersonating, with fidelity and force, the bright creations of the English drama—rare qualities, indeed, combined in the same individual, and that a young lady yet in her teens—the productions of her muse never fail to command universal attention. The stanzas which follow are exceedingly beautiful, and the mine from which they are drawn is unquestionably rich in similar treasures.]

THE BLUSH.

BY CHARLOTTE E VANDENHOFF

Unbidden I come
From my prison home,
Where I linger mid smiles and tears:
Oh! the sweetest word
I ever have heard
Has waked me with fluttering fears!

And first o'er the snow
Of the bosom I flow,
Then change the fair hue of the brow;
And see, on the cheek,
Though silent, I speak,
Sweet secrets revealing there now.

A traitor am I!
For a gentle sigh
May be breathed for another's wo;
And the crystal tear,
All bright and clear,
From soft pity may oftentimes flow.

But one little thought,
With tenderness fraught,
One word into life makes me start;
Love bids the tongue hush—
He speaks in a blush:
A blush tells the tale of the heart!

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE DEAD GUEST.

BY HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE

CHAPTER III.

The country residence just outside the town which now belongs to the Becker family, was formerly owned by the Barons von Noren. The last baron was a spendthrift. He seldom visited this castle, except to recruit his finances after a season at Paris or Venice; and his residence here was only a continuation of his former extravagance on a smaller scale. Traces of the former splendour may yet be seen in the ruins of the old buildings and the vast gardens by which they were surrounded.

The last time that the baron visited his seat, was at an unusual time, and with an unusually large circle of visiters, that is, late in the year, and accompanied by fifteen or twenty young noblemen and their servants. His daughter was betrothed to the Viscount de Vivienne, a rich and amiable voluptuary, who had visited Germany in the service of Cardinal Dubois. Dubois was the all-powerful minister of the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, and Vivienne his especial favourite. It may easily be supposed that the Baron von Noren omitted nothing to make the country as agreeable as possible to his guests. The pleasures of the table, the chase, of play, of short excursions and private theatricals succeeded each other incessantly. Count Altenkreuz, a wealthy young nobleman, of one of the best families on the Lower Rhine, was the master of ceremonies. He loved high play, and had an inexhaustible spirit of invention in all kinds of sport and amusement. The baron had lately made his acquaintance, and brought him with him to Herbesheim. As winter drew near, Altenkreuz proposed to give a series of masked balls, for which each cavalier was to choose his lady from the neighbourhood, without regard to rank or birth, but only beauty. In fact there was a deficiency of ladies at the castle, and the Baroness von Noren and her few friends were completely lost in the crowd of gentlemen. "Why look at pedigree, when pleasure is the object?" said Altenkreuz, "beauty is to be found in every class, and there are some grisettes, who would do honour to a court." All applauded these remarks, and tailors, milliners and carpenters were soon at work. The Viscount de Vivienne was determined to surpass all others, and Altenkreuz equally determined to eclipse him. He looked about him for the most skilful tailor, and the prettiest damsel, and found both under one roof. Master Vogel was the prince of tailors, and his daughter Henrietta boasted charms which produced only too deep an impression on the count. He began to visit Master Vogel very frequently. There was always something to look after, especially in Henrietta's sewing. He ordered two sets of splendid ladies' masquerade dresses, and had the measure of the tailor's daughter taken for them, saying that his partner was a lady from a neighbouring castle, whose tall and graceful figure was exactly like Henrietta's. He was very liberal too, and the finest presents as may be imagined, were bestowed on Henrietta. Whenever he happened to find her alone, he said many flattering things, and finally began to speak of love. The damsel refused to lend an ear to his wooing, for she was a virtuous girl, and besides, already pledged to one of her father's journeymen; still she was not displeased at the attentions of so distinguished and polite a nobleman, for ladies are seldom offended at those who do them homage.

Few days before the ball, Altenkreuz entered the tailor's house, seemingly vexed and dissatisfied. He wished to speak a word with him alone.

"Master Vogel," said he, "I am in a very unpleasant situation. You can, if you choose, help me out of my trouble, and if you will, I will pay you better for it than if you should sit making ball-dresses for a twelvemonth."

"I am in all things your excellency's most obedient servant," replied the smiling and bowing tailor.

"Well, Master Vogel, only think: the lady who was to have been my partner is sick, and sends her excuses. All the other gentlemen have their partners, most of them daughters of your citizens here. Now here I am, alone. I might perhaps find a lady in some of the aldermen's families, but where is there one whom the dresses would fit? So you see, I am forced to ask you to let me take your daughter. The dresses we know will fit her exactly."

The tailor hesitated at first. So great an honour as this he was not prepared for, so he kept bowing on in silence.

"Henrietta shall have no reason to repent it," pursued the count, "the dress she is to wear shall remain her property, and I will with pleasure provide whatever is necessary to make her appear to advantage in a brilliant assembly."

"Your excellency is too good!" cried Master Vogel." "Be pleased to remain here, I will just speak to my daughter, and send her here."

"But, master," rejoined Altenkreuz, "Henrietta's lover may perhaps be jealous, which would be most unreasonable. You must explain the matter to him."

"Poh, he does not dare open his mouth," was the hasty answer, and the tailor left the room. Shortly after Henrietta entered the apartment, blushing deeply. The count covered her hand with kisses, and told her of his awkward situation, offering to provide everything for her, so as to enable her to appear as well as the most richly-dressed lady at the ball. She blushed again, especially when he told her that she would be the belle of the room, and handed a pair of magnificent earrings. This was too much for a vain, weak girl. Henrietta ran over in her mind the splendour of the entertainment, herself in the midst of it, admired and dazzling, and dressed from head to foot like the first lady in the land—but she stood embarrassed and stammered out something about her father's permission. Altenkreuz satisfied her on this point, and as she no longer hesitated to grant his request, he clasped her in his arms, and cried, "Henrietta, why should I conceal it from you? You, and no one else, were my chosen partner from the first moment I saw you. I chose you for my partner before you were measured for these dresses—only for my partner then—now how gladly would I choose you for something nearer and dearer—for I adore you. Thou art too wondrous lovely, to become the spouse of a rude, starving journeyman-tailor—thou art destined for higher things. Dost thou, wilt thou understand me?" She made no answer, but escaped from him into her apartment. Now, however, there began to be trouble in the tailor's house; for his journeyman Christian, Henrietta's lover, was half crazy when he heard what was going on. Neither the caresses of the weeping girl, nor the anger and threats of her father, could make him listen to reason. Henrietta got no sleep that night. She really loved Christian; but she felt no inclination to yield to him, and give up the only chance she might ever have of exciting the envy of all the town by her beauty and splendour at the ball. She even began to suspect that he did not really love her, or he would not have grudged her a pleasure which seemed to her so innocent. The next day Christian was less violent, but still kept repeating, "You shall not go to the ball!" to which Henrietta uniformly answered, "I will, though!" to which the father would add, "and go she shall, in spite of you, I command it." But when the day came, and it appeared that she was still determined to go, Christian packed up his little bundle and stood before her in a travelling dress. "If you go," said he, "I go too, and we are parted for ever." Henrietta turned pale, and began to weep. Just then a servant of Count Altenkreuz entered, bearing a package, as a present from his master. It contained a rich veil, silks and ribands without end, rings and jewels. Henrietta looked sidelong through her tears at the rich presents, and wavered between vanity and affection.

"You shall not go!" repeated Christian.

"I will," replied Henrietta, haughtily. "You do not deserve my love or my tears. I now see that you never really loved me, since you would deprive me of so innocent a gratification."

"Be it so!" answered Christian. "Go! you are breaking a constant heart." He flung her ring down at her feet, went, and returned no more.

Henrietta wept and sobbed, but the evening came, and in decorating herself for the festival, she soon forgot her lost lover. The count's carriage took her to the castle. He and Henrietta were dressed in black, in the ancient German costume. The splendour of their dress attracted all eyes; they outshone even the Viscount de Vivienne and the young baroness, both of whom wore Turkish dresses.

"The man in black must be the count," said the viscount to his bride; "he cannot hide himself in a mask, for that long hop-pole body of his cannot be shortened, and he is a head taller than any one in the room. I am more curious to know who his partner can be. She has a fine figure, and dances divinely."

"Some common person from town," said the baroness, "you can tell by her awkwardness."

It was late before supper was served. At the meal the masks were removed. The viscount could not gaze his fill at the lovely German. He sat by her side at table, and Count Altenkreuz next to the baroness. The two gentlemen seemed to have exchanged parts with each other, for while the viscount was loading his delighted neighbour with compliments and more than compliments, the count was equally attentive to his betrothed. "Upon my life!" said the viscount to Altenkreuz, after the tables were cleared, "I shall steal your partner from you, even if I have to fight for her."

"I have my revenge in my power, my dear viscount," was the answer; "I shall steal your amiable baroness."

The viscount, warmed at once by his new passion and old wine, said unthinkingly, and not noticing that the baroness was near enough to hear him, "I would give a dozen of her for that one Venus in the antique dress!"

"Viscount," cried the count, earnestly, "you do not know what you say. My partner is pretty, I grant, but the prize of beauty belongs only to the queen of this festival, your bride."

"Titular queen, only! titular queen! I do homage to the actual sovereign!" exclaimed the viscount. Altenkreuz endeavoured to silence him by frowns, but in vain. His neighbour grew bolder in his language, and he was forced to use a sterner tone himself. Warmth of language on one side produced angry responses on the other, till each of the two gentlemen had insulted the other deeply. To avoid notice they withdrew to another apartment, where the count produced two swords. The Viscount, still boiling with anger, snatched one, flung away the scabbard, and set on his antagonist with blind fury. The contest had hardly lasted three minutes before the viscount's weapon flew out of his hand, and struck a mirror on the wall, shattering it into a thousand pieces.

"Base, contemptible wretch!" said Altenkreuz, "your life is at my mercy. Away and never again pollute this spot with your presence." He struck him slightly with the flat of his sword, and flung him out of the door. That night, the Viscount de Vivienne and his retinue quitted the castle.

Deeply as the young baroness had been offended at the viscount's rudeness, she felt it atoned fully for by the honour of having had swords measured in her cause. She had never really loved the viscount, she now hated him, while, on the other hand, Altenkreuz, whom she had always thought so ugly, now seemed quite interesting. It was easy for him to perceive the change in her sentiments, and as easy to avail himself of it. He danced with her repeatedly, avowed his passion, and was heard without displeasure. Meantime Henrietta was intoxicated with joy. She had never heard or seen so many fine things before, and her gratitude to her partner was in proportion. He took her home himself, and though he was forced to steal the first kiss at parting, she granted him the second. Next

day he did not fail to wait on both his partners, the highborn and the humble, and he contrived to flatter both, till each felt sure that his affections were her's alone. He made splendid presents to the old tailor, who soon felt rich enough to give up his shop, and the baron was loud in praise of his virtues, and not without reason, for his intended son-in-law had advanced him a large sum of money at a very critical moment. It was an easy matter, therefore, for him to obtain the consent of both parents, as well as both his mistresses. Nor was this all, for he played the same game in the family of one of the town officers, whose daughter he had estranged from her lover, and then courted her himself. The baron gave a splendid entertainment on his daughter's wedding-day. Henrietta was invited among the rest, and the count obtained permission from his bride to escort her to the ball. The weather was fearful; wind, rain and snow seemed to strive for the mastery Even thunder and hail were not wanting. Huge trees were broken by the fierce storm, and tiles rattled down from the roofs. This, however, was not noticed in the ball-room, where a hundred lustres shed around an artificial day, and wine, mirth, and love abounded undisturbed by the tumult without. The baroness and Henrietta fairly swam in pleasure; the one, proud of her wealthy husband, of the priceless jewels, his presents, which glittered on her dress, and caused the wonder and envy of all present; while Henrietta, though forced to give up the count to his bride, found no lack of admirers and flattery. Towards midnight the baroness left the ball, and was followed by her husband. When he returned, the guests were preparing to depart. Carriages were driven up. Altenkreuz conducted Henrietta to his, and escorted her home himself. She found everything hushed in sleep. She opened the door softly, and struggled in vain to prevent her companion from following her. The coach drove off and he remained with her.

Early the next morning, a fearful, astounding report went round that the daughter of one of the city functionaries had been found dead in her bed, with her throat twisted round. The people began to gather round the house, and physicians and the police were hastily sent for. The sounds of wo were heard loud and shrill from within. Many began, all at once, to recollect what had happened a hundred years before, and also in the time of advent. The story of the dead guest ran from mouth to mouth Master Nozel heard the sad news, and thought of Henrietta with secret terrour. Her sleeping so long did not make him uneasy; for he knew she had staid late at the ball. But when he thought first of the dead guest, and then of Count Altenkreuz, his tall thin figure, his pale face, and the deep black suit he always wore, he could not help feeling anxious. He tried to laugh off his superstitious fears, and went to the cupboard for a glass of the wine which the count had sent him. The flask was gone!—and, as he looked further, he found that all the presents he had received had likewise disappeared. Fearing the worst, he crept softly up to his daughter's room, and when he opened the door, there she lay, dead—her face turned towards her back. Hardly knowing what he did, he hurried for a physician. The man of art eyed the body long, and shook his head doubtfully. The father, who would have lost all he was worth sooner than that the truth should be known, hinted, that over-exertion at the ball, or a sudden chill during the ride home, had probably caused her death. While the whole town was talking about the sad end of the two maidens, a new rumour began to spread, at the sudden death of the only daughter of Baron von Noren. The medical men, when they returned from the castle, all told the same story, that the baroness was alive that morning—perhaps still living; that she had been attacked by apoplexy from over-excitement at the ball, and so forth; but who would believe it? All were satisfied that she had suffered the same fate as the others, and the baron had not spared his gold to purchase the physicians' silver. His house, so lately the scene of tumultuous enjoyment, had become a house of mourning; he himself was inconsolable. To increase, if possible, his horrour, he soon found that all the piles of gold and bills, all the necklaces, rings, and jewels, which the count had presented to either father or daughter, had vanished with the life of the latter. The count himself, for whom diligent search was made, had disappeared most strangely. His rooms were as empty and clean as though he had never occupied them. He had disappeared with baggage, horses, carriage, servants, and everything, and not a trace of him or them could ever be found. The three unhappy brides were interred on the same day, and it chanced that the three funeral processions met in the churchyard. The priest performed the service over all at the same time. Then one of the mourners, wrapped in his black mantle, was seen to step aside from the rest, before the prayers were ended, and hardly had removed a few paces before he seemed to change his shape, and appeared in strange, antique garments, as white as snow; and, as he moved, three dark red spots were seen on his back and breast, and drops of blood fell on his white doublet and hose, in the sight of all. He moved towards the slaughter-ground, and there vanished. Fear came on all the company, and still more on the grave-diggers, when they lifted up the coffins to lower them into the vault; for they all felt as light as though they were empty. Full of panic-terrour, they let them down, and covered them hastily with earth. Black clouds, with heavy bursts of rain, spread over the country. All ran in affright towards the town, and a sharp wind, with gusts of rain and snow, blew after them.

Soon after, the Baron von Noren left his country-seat, and neither he, nor any of his name, ever returned to it. The gardens lay waste, and the castle stood empty, till it was destroyed by fire.

So ended Waldrich's tale. It was evident that the second part of his story had produced less impression than the first; still it had its effect—for the legend was the subject of conversation for the whole evening. The stoutest unbeliever was Herr Bantes. His wit, however, made but little impression; for he was generally looked upon as a kind of free-thinker, and it was known that the old clergyman had alluded to him when he preached against Arians, Socinians, Rationalists, Deists, and Atheists. The subject became next day the talk of the whole town—and no wonder; for the time for the centennial appearance of the dreaded stranger was near at hand, and even the skeptics were anxious to know how the thing would end. Waldrich himself did not learn till sometime afterward what an unexpected result his story had produced; for he was obliged to leave Herbesheim for some weeks on military duty. He would gladly have staid, not only on account of the winter, which threatened to set in early, but for Frederica's sake, or rather his own. He felt no doubts as to her truth, nor her firmness in resisting the proposed union with Herr von Hahn; still a hundred thousand possibilities disquieted him. But there were his orders, and he had nothing to do but to obey them.

CHAPTER IV.

"Ah, poor Waldrich!" said Frederica to her mother, on Sunday, after they had come home from church, and sat chatting by the window of their warm parlour, looking at the deserted streets, now deluged with rain. "I do hope he is not on the road now! While he was here, we had the finest weather in the world; and now he is gone, it is horrible."

"A soldier must bear with everything," replied her mother. "And remember, if you marry a soldier, to accustom yourself at once to the idea that your husband belongs to his king, and not to you—to honour more than to love—to the camp more than the fireside; and that a hundred deaths are watching for him, where only one lies in wait for other men. For that reason I would never have married a soldier."

"But only look, mamma, how the wind roars, and how black the clouds are! and see, great hailstones falling along with the rain!"

Her mother smiled, for a strange idea came in her head. After awhile, she said: "Frederica, what do you think? This is the first Sunday in Advent, when the dead guest always makes his appearance. It seems he always announces himself by a storm."

"I will engage, mamma, that the weather makes our good townspeople terribly afraid. They are locking their doors at noon, for fear the stranger should get in."

At this moment, her father came in hastily, laughing in such a strange kind of way, that it was hard to say whether it was natural or forced.

"Stuff and nonsense, and all that!" cried he. "Go into the kitchen, mother, and bring the girls to their senses, or they will fling the roast-beef into the soup, the soup on the vegetables, and the vegetables in the milk-pail."

"What is the matter?" asked his spouse.

"Why, don't you know? The whole town says that the dead guest has arrived. Two of my workmen came in just now, wet as rats and frightened to death, to tell me what they had heard. I did not want to listen to their nonsense, and went away. As I came past the kitchen-door, I heard a noise among the servants, and put my head in to see what was the matter. As soon as the fools saw my black wig, they began to scream and run away, taking me for the dead guest. 'Are you all mad?' I roared out. 'Oh, goodness!' bawls the cook, 'you did frighten me terribly, Herr Bantes. I ought not to feel ashamed if I have promised to marry Max the chimney-sweeper But now things turn out so, I wish I had never seen him in all my days!' Then she began to blubber, and when she wanted to wipe her eyes, let the frying-pan full of eggs tumble into the fire. Susan is sitting in the chimney-corner with her apron at her eyes. Old Charlotte is in great trouble too, spite of her fifty years, and keeps trying to clean a carving-knife, and cutting her finger with it every minute."

"Did not I say so, mamma?" cried Frederike, screaming with laughter

"Bring them to their senses, mother," repeated the old gentleman, "else the first performance of the stranger will be to make us go without our Sunday dinner."

Frederica repaired to the scene of commotion, laughing and exclaiming, "That he shan't do at all events!"

"Those things," her father continued, "are the precious fruits of superstition and ignorance. All are smatterers, from the hostler to the prime minister! School-boys and divines, professors and old nurses, are all out now-a-days against instruction, and say it produces insubordination, irreligion and revolutions, and try to stupify the people back into their ancient ignorance. They will not give a penny for improving our schools, but millions for troops and display. That is it. Superstition all over. The first Sunday in advent, and a storm—and the fools creep into corners, and cross and bless themselves, as though the dead guest made it rain on a Sunday, and all that."

His wife smiled, and only answered, "Don't be so earnest and angry! the matter does not warrant it."

"Not warrant it! Ah, you are a little touched too, mother! Don't try to justify superstition—don't try to justify any such nonsense! When I make my will, I mean to leave a legacy of ten thousand guilders to a teacher at one of our schools, to learn the children common sense. He who can tolerate such crazy fancies about spirits, devils, apparitions of the dead, and unearthly visiters, would bear to see the whole world a lunatic hospital, and every country a slave-market, with half of the people groaning as serfs, and the other half keeping watch over them with cannon and musketry. Curses on their superstition! Things will never be better till another Bonaparte comes to teach the fools something."

While Herr Bantes was declaiming thus, walking quickly up and down the room, and stopping every now and then to fire off a fresh volley, his book-keeper crept stealthily into the room.

"It is all true, Herr Bantes."

"What is true?"

"He has arrived. He lodges at the Black Cross Hotel."

"Who lodges at the Black Cross Hotel?"

"The dead guest."

"Stuff and nonsense! You are a grown-up man, why will you believe everything that old women tell you?"

"But my eyes are not old women. I went to the Black Cross through curiosity; the town-clerk was with me, as I may say. We took a glass of kirsch together, as a pretext, as I may say. There he was"

"How?"

"I kew him at first sight. The landlord seems to know him too, for as he went out, he turned to the town-clerk, opened his eyes, and drew down his mouth and eye-brows, as if to say, that man, so to say, is not here for any good."

"Fiddle-de-dee!"

"The collector, who knew him as soon as he saw him, has gone off to the police."

"The collector is a superstitious fool, and ought to be heartily ashamed of himself."

"No doubt, sir, but allow me to say, if it is not the dead guest, he is his twin-brother. A pale face, dressed in deep black from top to toe; and a body two yards long; a triple gold chain round his neck; his fingers loaded with brilliants; a splendid equipage, and travels extra post."

Herr Bantes eyed the book-keeper long, with a look in which surprise seemed to contend with doubt, then laughed loud, and said, "Is the devil busy with us, that such a man must come just on the first Sunday in advent?"

"And just as church was out, while the people were hurrying home, and the wind and rain, so to say, were the fiercest."

"What is his name?"

"I don't know, but suppose he takes any name they please; at one time he will call himself count of Graves, at another Count Altenkreuz. It seems to me suspicious, so to say, that he went straight to the Black Cross. The name seems to have attracted him."

Herr Bantes stood for a while, lost in deep thought, but at last passed his hand across his forehead, and said, "It's nothing but chance, a strange sport of circumstances. Nonsense! But still it is a queer thing—on the first Sunday in advent, in terrible weather, tall, pale, dressed in black, the jewels, the equipage—I would not believe a word of it all, my friend, if I did not know you to be a sensible man. You hear the story of the dead guest, you see a stanger drest in black, and in a moment your fancy runs away with you, and you imagine all the rest"

So he said, and would not be persuaded out of it.

(Conclusion in our next.)

SKETCHES OF REAL LIFE.

THE YOUTH OF PROMISE.

CHAPTER I.

"Give me, O, give me back the days
When I—too—was young."—*Goethe.*

My friend, Mr. Sydney Sumpter, was a resident of the state of Virginia, and a descendant of one of the noble cavaliers, who were among the earliest settlers in the Ancient Dominion. He was a gentleman of handsome fortune, with a fine landed estate, an elegant mansion, and a cohort of slaves. His ancestral domain was usually designated by the name of Eagleswood. Mr. Sumpter was not a remarkable man. His favourite beverage was apple-toddy; and he called his wife Mrs. S.

One morning, after breakfast, as he was perusing the last Richmond Enquirer, Mrs S. was surprised to see his countenance light up with a sudden gleam of intelligence, as if an idea had entered his head, and was looking round apprehensive that it had walked into the wrong room. An embryo suggestion was evidently struggling for delivery; and throwing down the paper, Mr. Sumpter yawned, and at last was safely relieved of the following interrogation.

"Didn't you tell me, Mrs. S., that—yaw—aw—awh—that Harry had been turned away from Hilson's?"

"Yes, my dear; actually turned away Hilson said to him one day: 'Sir, you have told me an untruth;' whereupon Harry threw a bottle of ink at his head. I do believe the poor boy didn't mean any harm. He was only a little hasty. It was afterwards proved that Hilson's accusation was unjust. Hilson says he is irreclaimable; but Beaumont, the usher, says he has a taste for the classics, and is a boy of parts."

"Well, Mrs. S., what shall we do with him? Yaugh—augh! But stop, my dear. We have discussed the subject sufficiently for the present. Next week we will resume it. Is that the Knickerbocker on the table? Just toss it over to me, if you please."

As this conjugal dialogue subsided, the object of it might be seen mounted on a spirited black pony, galloping at full speed up the avenue towards the house. His dress manifested a mingled predilection in the wearer for jockeyship and dandyism. He was apparelled in a green hunting-frock, with plated buttons bearing the impress of a fox's head, black tights, and military boots with tassels. On his head he wore a black velvet cap, clasped with a band of silver and jauntily set upon one side. As he dismounted, he might be heard greeting the black domestics in the court-yard in a manner which called forth from them irrepressible peals of laughter. "Plato, you old heathen, take good care of Saladin, and curry him down

well, if you wouldn't have me spoil your beautiful profile with the but-end of my whip—Zip, you long tail! Who you looking at, Miss Dinah? Glad to see you, old Pomp. Come, boys, *clar de kitchen*, and let me have a fair run;" and, breaking through the sable crowd of old and young, who welcomed his return, the boy rushed into the parlour, where his parents were seated. Dropping his riding-whip, he bounded towards his mother, and bending over her shoulder, received her kiss upon his cheek. He then re-animated his father with a cordial embrace.

The door now opened, and a fair girl, with soft auburn tresses curling closely about her temples, made her appearance.

"Emeline! my own sister!" exclaimed Henry Sumpter; and taking both her hands in his, he extended them at full length, and gazing a moment full in her face, implanted a kiss upon her forehead. The family meeting was complete.

But the black domestics were curious to examine the singular dress and appointments of their young master. "Lorra-gorry! whar did massa Harry get so much boot?" ejaculated a voice in a husky whisper, which the boy readily recognized as coming from behind the door, that was slightly ajar. A noise of suppressed laughter was issuing from the same direction, and casting a side-long glance towards the spot, he saw half a dozen ebony phizzes, one above another, peering through the aperture. Leaving his sister, who clapped her hands in anticipation of the mischief, he stole with furtive strides towards the door, and suddenly threw it wide open. The consequence was that an aggregation of blacks were precipitated into the room, laughing, screaming, and hurrying back, so that their intrusion mught not be witnessed.

"What the deuse is the matter now?" exclaimed Mr. Sumpter, throwing down the "Knickerbocker."

"Nothing but a sudden fall in wool," replied the boy, with readiness. "It will be up again soon. Wasn't that capital fun, Emeline?"

CHAPTER II.

"O, wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!"—*Hamlet.*

"Harry, how old may you be?" said Mr. Sumpter, taking off his spectacles.

"Fifteen, last March, sir; if I may trust the old family bible."

"And how can you reconcile such frivolity as you are in the habit of indulging in, with your age?"

"Why, sir, as I draw nearer towards my second childhood, I seem to resume a portion of the light-heartedness of my early years."

"Oh! the dear, smart little fellow!" exclaimed Mrs. Sumpter, with maternal admiration at the precocity of her offspring—"who else would have thought of making such a witty reply?"

"The reply, madam, is more remarkable for its impertinence than its wit," said Mr. Sumpter, who liked to be antithetical. "And, Harry, what have they been teaching you at Hilson's?"

"To smoke, chew tobacco and mix mint juleps," replied Harry, with amazing coolness. "Beaumont says, that they spoil the juleps at Richmond, by being too sparing of their peach brandy. I don't take snuff, sir; Beaumont says its vulgar."

"Who the deuse is Beaumont?"

"Beaumont, sir? Egad, Beaumont is my tutor, who has been fitting me for college."

"Yes, and I dare say you are one of his most promising pupils. Has he limited your studies, sir, to those interesting branches, which you have named?"

"Bless you, sir, no. Beaumont is the best judge of horse-flesh in the country. I won a hundred dollars at the race-course on Kitty the other day, in consequence of Beaumont's tipping me the wink. Perhaps you don't know Kitty's pedigree? She is the offspring of old Sir Alfred; her dam by imp Wonder; granddam by Thunderclap, full brother to the famous old Chanticleer, by Wildair; great, great grandam by old Mark Antony: not to speak of a collatteral relationship to Yorick, Blazella, Tippoo Saib, Gohanna, Silver Tail, Violet Fane, and Slammerkins. Well, sir, the match stood five to four on Kitty against Arnold's Whalebone. First heat, Kitty comes off second best—second heat, the conqueror. The third heat comes the tug of war. Riders are mounted—tap goes the drum—bang—they are off. What a dash! Go it, Whalebone! Up with him, Kitty! Whalebone takes the lead. Kitty is close upon him. She makes play. Go it, Whalebone! Don't be alarmed. Keep cool. That's your sort. Kitty shoots ahead. Huzza! She takes the lead—bids defiance to snaffle-gag, bit and rein—she sweeps round the north turn and up the stretch like a streak of lightning Ten to one on Kitty, and no takers. Round the south turn she comes—down the back stretch—she's at the last turn—she's round it—she's coming up the stretch fifty yards ahead—she's home in three minutes and thirty-five seconds. Egad, isn't she a screamer?"

"Upon my word, a very satisfactory display of eruditon. Can you doubt now, madam, that your son is admirably fitted for Cambridge?"

"The dear boy does seem to have been in bad company. Harry, my love, can't you say some Latin to your father? Is there no science that you have made yourself acquainted with?"

"Is it science you want, mother? By the powers, I can show you that same. Here, Domingo," (addressing a favourite servant, who had just entered the room) "put down that salver. Now defend yourself, if you don't want me to bruise your mug, tap your claret, and pitch into your bread-basket—not to speak of gouging and treading on shins."

"Worra, yah, yah, yah! whar did massa Harry get so much brag?" said the black, displaying his grinders, and retreating before the pugilistic passes of the boy, who, driving him into a corner, made a feint of hitting him, and then turned upon his heel, exclaiming:

"There, mother, isn't that science? And as for your 'immortal passado, your punto and your punto reverso,' and then your hit, your most palpable hit, if I am not the boy for it all, pin me to the wall with a pitch-fork, and let me remain there like an impaled beetle."

"You may depend upon it, Mr. Sumpter," said the lady, "Harry is not as ignorant as he would have us think."

"Ignorant, mother? I ignorant? Can't I tell Chateau Margaux from Chateau Lafitte with my eyes shut? Can't I snuff a candle seven times out of nine at ten paces? Can't I leap Kubla Khan over a five-barred gate without stirring in the saddle? Haven't I been elected an honourary member of the Tally-ho Club? Can't I whip my weight in wild cats? In short, haven't I the prettiest sister, the ugliest dog, the sharpest jack-knife, the fastest horse and the longest rifle in all Virginia?"

"Harry, have done with your nonsense, and follow me into the library."

"I shall in all my best obey you, father."

CHAPTER III.

"Farewell! my blessing speed thee on thy journey."

The interview in the library closed in a manner satisfactory both to father and son. Harry's acquirements were found to be much more extensive than his representations would have led one to suppose. He was as shrewd a judge of Homer as of horse-flesh; and he was evidently a mathematician as well as a pugilist; for he manifested as much ability in extracting a root as ever he did in planting a settler.

"My dear mamma," said Harry, as he bounded into the parlour, and seized his mother's hand with a very filial air—"papa and I have fixed upon a plan for settling me in life. We have concluded that it would be most philosophical for me to follow the natural bent of my genius, and the result of our consultation is, that I am to go on to the stage!"

"On to the stage!" shrieked Mrs Sumpter; "ridiculous! Oh Harry, you are joking. It seems to me—

—"*Seems*, madam? nay, it is; I know not seems:
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor—"

"Why, Harry, this is mere madness."

"Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass but my madness speaks."

"Egad, though, wouldn't I produce a sensation? The part of Hamlet by a young gentleman, his first appearance. Mother, you'll come to my benefit?"

"Your benefit, you graceless, ungrateful, good-for-nothing reprobate. To think that a Sumpter should so demean himself! Surely your father—"

"My father! Methinks I see my father."

"Where?"

"In my mind's eye, Horatio."

"Oh, Harry, you will break my heart, if you turn stroller."

Harry began to see that his joke was misapprehended, and that his good mother, as was too much her custom, had taken his remarks *au pied de lettre*. He then explained that by going on to the stage, he simply meant going off in the mail coach. At this assurance, Mrs. Sumpter's indignation was considerably allayed; and it ended in downright admiration of the excruciating cleverness of her interesting progeny.

"Yes, mother," said the boy, "I actually start to-morrow for Cambridge. The college commencement takes place in a month, and I shall have barely time to pack up and be off"

As soon as the prospect of Harry's departure was brought home to the imagination of the worthy matron, her maternal fondness broke forth in endearing exclamations of sorrow She could not listen to Harry's going off amongst the horrid Yankees and Yahoos. She couldn't perceive why he did not know enough already, without stuffing his brain with any more Greek and Latin stuff. She could not exist without him, and was very sure that Harry would never live to come back."

"It is all very true," said Harry, with an hysterical sob, and with a very tragic application of his handkerchief to his eyes—"and then I shall miss the race—race races? boo—hooh! and then there are no faro tables in Cambridge—hoo—boo—ugh! and Beau—Beau—Beaumont says the juleps arn't worth a d——n! hoo—boo—hullabaloo!"

"Why you little dissipated wretch," exclaimed the fond parent, changing her tone of condolence to one of astonishment and anger, "you *shall* go to Cambridge now; and it is a great pity you were not going to be sent upon a voyage round Cape Horn. Juleps and faro tables indeed!" and Mrs Sumpter left the room to make instant preparations for Harry's departure.

And so he was packed off to college! The last I saw of him he was on horseback following the coach that contained his luggage. He rose in his saddle, gave us a parting *tally-ho-ho*, and was snatched from view by an angle in the road. I have not yet heard what sort of a figure Harry has made at Cambridge, but I will make it a point to inquire when I am there, and will not fail to apprise the reader of the result of my investigations. S.

Life would be as insupportable without the prospect of death, as it would be with sleep.

There are no persons capable of stooping so low as those who desire to rise in the world

They declaim most against the world who have most sinned against it; as people generally abuse those they have injured.

It is more difficult to convince the vicious that virtue exists, than to persuade the good that it is rare.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

FABLES.

THE BEES AND THE WASP.

"What a generous creature man must be!" said a young bee; he feeds us, gives us a shelter, and spares us even when we do him harm. I myself saw the other day, that some of us stung him, when he was giving us food, and yet he did not pause in his act of generosity. What a noble creature he is!"

"What a selfish one, rather;" replied an older neighbour. "He knows very well that he gets his honey back from us with usury; that is the only reason why he feeds us in winter, and forgives our stinging him."

"That is all very well," rejoined a wasp, who happened to fly past; "man is but a selfish animal, after all. I should like to know if anybody ever heard of his feeding *us*?"

"If he did, he would show greater folly than I supposed him capable of. None but a spendthrift is ever liberal to drones and idlers."

THE KNIGHT AND PAWN.

1.—A Knight at chess looked down triumphantly on a neighbouring Pawn. "A fine time we should have of it, if all our army was made up of such fellows as you! How slow you travel! only look at me once!" so he spoke, and jumped at one spring half across the board. The Pawn said nothing, but crept on, step by step, till it became—a Queen.

2.—This, however, was not the end of it "Did not yonder idle fellow," said the new Queen, "sneer at my former low estate? Let us see, if he is in a jesting humour now?" She advanced against him, and the poor Knight fell before her, at the very first attack

3.—"Is not such revenge sweet?" asked the Queen of a neighbouring Castle.

"No doubt it is," was the answer. "But I am sorry to say that it betrays thy original mean extraction. The truly noble never seek revenge."

THE YOUNG WOLF.

A young Wolf, who had ran away from his post in an action with the troops of Duke Leopard, was brought up before the judgment-seat of his majesty, the Lion, and condemned by the angry monarch to receive twelve blows, and to lose one of his ears.

"That for me!" cried the culprit, and knelt down before him—"for me, whose father once saved thy crown and life in a perilous rebellion, and was raised to the highest rank in the realm for his good conduct."

"You are right," said King Lion, smiling, "the son of such a father deserves to be distinguished from other criminals; so let him have four-and-twenty blows, and lose both his ears."

There are different ideas of justice in both the human and brute kingdom.

THE DOVE AND FOX.

The Dove once obtained the honourable and delicate post of historian to the animal kingdom, and her impartiality was generally praised. Only the Fox, whose tricks she frequently had occasion to mention, deemed himself injured; so he watched for her, and when he caught her, cried laughingly, "Ah, slanderer! your life shall pay the forfeit of your falsehoods!"

"Have pity on me," exclaimed the poor Dove; "I never said anything about you but the exact truth."

"That is the very reason, you fool!—that is the very reason I am going to strangle you."

THE LITTLE GIRL AND HER CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

A little girl once got, among her other Christmas presents, a whip, but it was a beautiful one, all worked with gold and red silk. The poor little thing, who always used to cry as soon as she saw such an instrument, was much pleased with this dubious kind of present, for she thought, "Surely, so pretty a rod cannot hurt so much as others do." So she made a plaything of it, and carried it about with her wherever she went. Unluckily, the very next morning, she did something to displease her mother, who, at once, laid the young lady across her knee, when she found, to her sorrow, that the embroidered rod produced exactly the same effects as plain ones used to.

The subjects of many a monarch make the same discovery as this little girl.

THE SUN AND THE NEGROES.

"Really, good Sun, you are sometimes too fierce!" cried the people of the warmest region in Africa; "only look, we are fairly burning up."

"Don't let that put you out of temper, my friends," answered the God; "millions on millions of people, who live to the northward of you, would freeze to death, if I was to take away any of my rays from you."

"We are overburdened with business," said Shah Akbar's servants.

"So much the better," answered he; "your extra labours enable millions of my subjects to rest in peace."

THE HOLLOW NUT.

"Is this my reward?" cried a Nut, already half hollowed out, to the Worm that was feeding on it. "I gave thee birth, and thou destroyest me."

"If you only brought me into the world, to let me die of hunger, I do not see that my life was a very valuable present, or deserves any peculiar gratitude," was the answer.

SONG ON THE HUDSON.

"It was an hour after twilight before the Arrow glided into the little nook where our landing-place was situated."—*Manuscript Letter.*

Oh, on, brave bark! though the sun's last ray
From the breast of the Hudson has melted away,
Still the breeze blows fair, and the stars shine bright;
Oh! let us, then, welcome the beautiful night!

The silence how deep! how serene the repose!
Not a sound save the ripple that gurglingly flows,
And the voice of the singer, that still keepeth time
With the dash of the spray and the billowy chime!

Then on, Arrow, on! though the waters are dark,
Yet the breeze and the tide bear thee swift to thy mark.
O grant, heaven, grant! when life's daylight is o'er,
Hope and Faith, wind and tide, be as fair for thy shore. H. S. L.

LETTERS FROM LONDON.

EGLINTOUN TOURNAMENT.

BY WILLIAM COX.

This long-expected event, with the preparations for which all England, Scotland, and Ireland has rang for the last two months, commenced at the Castle of Eglintoun, on the day fixed, the twenty-eighth of August.

A tournament! Shade of Cœur-de-Lion—Knight of the Fetter-lock! why sleepest thou?

A tournament in the days of spinning-jennies, shuttles, and treddles—of locomotives and rail-roads—of joint-stock banking companies and diffusion of knowledge societies! It was enough to make, and doubtless did make, many a canny Scot exclaim with the worthy Mr. Nichol Jarvie—"Ma conscience!"

The difficulties the lord of Eglintoun has had to contend with, in producing his spectacle, have certainly not been few or far between. Some of them were peculiarly characteristic of the prosaic age in which we live. Among others, the provost of Ayre sent a letter to inform his lordship, that if any accident occurred at the tournament, arising from the contests of the knights, in consequence of which death ensued, as the case would occur in his (the provost's) jurisdiction, he would feel it his duty to apprehend the parties as guilty of manslaughter, together with Lord Eglintoun and others of his company as aiders and abettors!

Only to think of the impertinences of modern times! Think of a civic magistrate a few centuries ago sending such a message to a feudal lord or "baron bold!"

Lord Eglintoun, however, instead of mounting his horse, drawing his sword, and summoning his trusty followers, in order to take summary vengeance for this piece of insolent interference, sat quietly down in his easy-chair, took up a "gray goose quill," properly sharpened, and discreetly indited a civil explanatory letter to the worthy magistrate, informing him that he was only getting up, what he considered, a harmless spectacle for the amusement of his friends and neighbours—that he had taken every possible precaution to prevent untoward accidents—that he apprehended no more danger to life than from a steeple-chace, fox-hunt, or any other species of sport of common occurrence—and concluded by assuring the worthy functionary that he would be highly gratified by his presence on the occasion, in order that he might satisfy himself as to the perfectly harmless nature of the sports.

This and other circumstances aroused public curiosity not a little. Indeed, long, loud and frequent have been the "notes of preparation" sounded over the whole length and breadth of the island for the last two or three months, by those somewhat anomalous, and, certes, unprecedented heralds for such an occasion—to wit, the newspapers; and great has been the gossip and speculation caused by this attempted revival of the feats "of the days of other years." The myriad admirers of Sir Walter Scott and the few readers of Froissart—the dusty antiquary, and the ardent school-boy, alike felt their imaginations kindled by the mere thought of a "passage of arms" after the fashion of a by-past age. The young and the gay—youths who could "well ystride a steede," and ladies with bright eyes, pretty faces, and dainty forms, who felt, or fancied, that they would look more than ordinarily enchanting in the rich costume of the fifteenth century, of course were loud and unanimous in praise of Lord Eglintoun's "chivalry." Sober, cynical people, with an eye for the ridiculous and little sympathy with the past, termed it Lord Eglintoun's "drollery;" while the downright morose and splenetic styled it at once Lord Eglintoun's "foolery." Political croakers again marvelled at the light-heartedness of lords and ladies who could thus "play with the time," and amuse themselves after this fashion, while the earth was burning under their feet with the hidden and smouldering fires of chartism, and which, moreover, were ever and anon bursting forth in small volcanic eruptions, (with more, however, of smoke than flame about them;) while, on the other hand, the "shopocracy," coach and steamboat proprietors, lodging-house keepers on the north of the border, and all whose business was benefited and profits augmented by his lordship's "revival," were clearly of opinion that it was a very spirit-stirring, because, to them, pocket-filling, affair, and consequently worthy of all commendation.

Whatever, however, might be the various forms and shades of opinion as to the chivalrous, droll, or foolish nature of the affair, there was no denying the tournament the recommendation of novelty, and the hubbub and sensation created was immense. But we must proceed methodically, and first:

THE GATHERING.

"From the far Hebrides, dark with rain,
To eastern Lodon's fertile plain,
And from the southern Redswire edge
To farthest Rosse's rocky ledge,
From west to east, from south to north,
Scotland sent all her [gazers] forth,"

which, together with a plentiful infusion of English and Irish, and a goodly admixture of foreigners from all parts, formed an assembly of some fifty or sixty thousand people, a number never before witnessed in the retired and aristocratic park of Eglintoun. It would be an endless task to attempt to enumerate the company. Among the foreigners were two counts of Esterhazy and Louis Napoleon Bonaparte; the principal literary character present was the celebrated Professor Wilson.

On the morning of the eventful day, the road from Irvine to Eglintoun presented an unceasing succession of striking and picturesque effects—it was, in fact, a moving panorama. The peasantry had been invited to attend in Highland plaid and bonnet, and "o'er the moor," and "through the heather," groups of jolly farmers and sturdy peasants came trooping towards the scene of attraction, and a fair infusion of "lassies" were not wanting to vivify the scene; burghers and burghers' wives in every description of vehicle, "Glasgow folk," and "Paisley bodies" thronged the road in one continuous stream for hours together; while here and there some Jew, or "friar of orders gray," or "holy (!) Palmer" in sandalled shoon, was to be seen, diversifying the every-day garbs of the more prosaic multitudes by their ancient fanciful costumes. For hours the living mass poured steadily forward, much to the gratification of the Irvine toll-keeper, who on this single day took more money than usually falls to his lot for an entire year; the first day of the tournament clearing his annual rent.

But it was not the toll-keeper alone that was benefited. Inn-keepers modestly charged about two thousand per cent. above what is usual in the quiet town of Irvine, and got what they charged. Six, ten, and fifteen pounds were asked for beds, and rooms; and resistance, remonstrance, or appeals to conscience were in vain, because if one would not or could not pay, another could and would. The "minister," a person probably

"Passing rich with forty pounds a-year,"

was turned out of the quiet "Manse," and received thirty pounds remuneration therefor; and the native population in all quarters, and in all ways, benefited themselves not a little at the expense of foreigners, "sassenachs," and the curious of their own countrymen.

THE ARENA.

The place selected for the tilting was a very happy one. It was a smooth open lawn, of considerable extent, at the south of the castle, surrounded on all sides by imposing clumps of trees, whose dark foliage contrasted well with the livelier shade of the green-sward, and the gay and glittering dresses of the various groups collected upon nature's carpet. A wooden paling, about five feet in height, served to prevent the multitude from encroaching upon the space reserved for the lists, while the grand-stand, calculated to contain about eight hundred or a thousand persons, with two galleries right and left, of slightly-inferior dimensions and accommodations, composed the southern side of the arena of which they commanded a full view. These galleries were crowded with gentlemen in the striking costumes of the fifteenth century, and lovely ladies "yclad" in dresses of the same period; the rich dark hues of the one contrasting felicitously with the lighter and livelier colours of the other. But this portion of the show is best suited for man-milliners, or gentlemen gifted with "mercer-like memories," like worthy Master Goldthread in Kenilworth. We may, however, borrow so far from authentic accounts as to state that Lord Eglintoun received his guests in the interiour of the castle, in a dress of blue and gold embroidery, slashed with gold-coloured satin and trimmed with ermine.

The castle of Eglintoun itself has not much to recommend it either to the architect or the antiquary. It is small and irregular, and though constructed in the Anglo-Norman fashion, it is a comparatively modern pile. On the present occasion, however, whatever might be thought of the exteriour, there could be only one impression as to the style in which the interiour was fitted up. It was gorgeous in the extreme, and in excellent taste. Even the chandeliers suspended from the richly-enfretted roof were in character, and designed to carry the mind from the fashions of our own day, being designed and manufactured after the antique but admired style of Francis First of France, the hero of the battle of Pavia and Fanny Kemble's tragedy.

The temporary erections were also on the most extensive and magnificent scale. Two pavilions in connexion with the dining-room of the castle, two hundred and fifty feet long by fifty feet wide, were appropriated, the one for the banquet and the other for the ball, and decorated in princely style.

Right in the centre of the grand stand was the seat appropriated to the "Queen of Love and Beauty." This seat, or throne, was rendered still more prominent by the superiour richness of the decorations, and the elegant frieze of Gothic architecture by which the whole was surrounded. At each end of the arena, and within the enclosure, the encampments or pavilions of the various knights were pitched, and exhibited the most brilliant colours. Tents and marquees were also scattered over the lawn in front of the castle, as sleeping-places for the knights and their attendants.

The *tout ensemble* at twelve o'clock was really imposing. The galleries were as gay and glittering as gilt could make them; the gentlemen's dresses were fine, the ladies were fine, and the weather was fine also. But, lo! here a change ensued.

At twelve o'clock an ominous drizzle, or Scotch mist, set in, which, augmenting to a severe and settled rain, in a little time converted the gay and splendid scene into a most rueful and disconsolate affair. There was right speedily a most unanimous and anomalous display of umbrellas. In the two open galleries, gentlemen of an unphilosophic turn of mind swore, and ladies of whatever turn of mind sighed, and looked upbraidingly at the pitiless heavens remorselessly employed in damaging the dresses and decorations of the fair sufferers. It was in truth vexing. The well-chosen and long-studied finery of thousands soaked in rain-water! No one quoted Pope's celebrated sentence: "Whatever is is right;" and patience, instead of being looked upon as a virtue, was voted to be downright insensibility. For two mortal hours did the rain continue to descend, and people were beginning to give up hopes of a procession, when at two o'clock, in the midst of a drenching shower, it started from the castle. It *would* have been a gay and gallant show, unsurpassed perhaps, as far as "show" went, in the best days of chivalry; but the difference between what it would have been and what it was, was about the same as the difference between the pride of the farm-yard strutting about among his harem of hens, with his gorgeous plumage glittering in the sun, and the same animal drenched and miserable, with his tail, as Washington Irving has it, "matted to a single feather."

On the first day, the Queen of Beauty went in a close carriage, and the King of the Tournament carried an umbrella! But on the Friday, Lady Seymour filled her appointed place in the procession in the appointed manner, and the gallant marquis discarded his ignoble covering, though perhaps he will not be able so easily to discard his newly-acquired cognomen: "The Knight of the Umbrella." We must now come to

THE TILTING

And here we may suppose the before-mentioned worthy and cautious magistrate, with the fear of manslaughter strong before his eyes, addressing the Queen of Beauty to the following effect:

"Take thou this warder, as the queen
And umpire of this martial scene
But mark thou this: as Beauty bright
Is polar-star to valiant knight,
As at her word his sword he draws,
His fairest guerdon her applause,
So gentle maid should never ask
Of knighthood vain and dangerous task,
And Beauty's eyes should ever be
Like the twin-stars that soothe the sea;
And Beauty's breath should whisper peace,
And bid the storm of battle cease.
I tell thee this, lest all too far
These knights urge tourney into war.
Blithe at the trumpet let them go,
And fairly counter blow for blow.
But, lady, when the strife grows warm,
And threatens death or deadly harm,
The Shire's dread magistrate commands
Thou drop the warder from thy hands."

The first course between the "knight of the swan" and the "knight of the red-rose," was a most miserable affair. "Discretion is the better part of valour," said Sir John Falstaff; so it is, thought the swan and the red-rose, and they seemed fully determined not to hurt each other. At last, however, the swan hit the red-rose on the head, and was declared the victor.

The next contest was a spirited one, and worthy of the occasion. The "lord of the tournament (Lord Eglintoun) and the "knight of the dragon" (marquis of Waterford) encountered full career. The lord of the tournament directed his lance with great precision, but on the first onset it was warded off and broken by the renowned dragon's shield. In the second course both missed; but on the third, the lord shivered his lance on the dragon's helmet, and received as his reward the smiles and praises of the queen of beauty, to whom, after each tilt, the victorious knight went forward and made an humble obeisance.

The "red rose" next took a fancy to come in contact with the "burning tower," but as might have been expected, gained nothing by it, the "tower" being too powerful for the flower.

"The knight of Gael" and the "black lion," and the "black lion" and the "dragon" had their tussle together, but nothing occurred worthy of notice, and the tilting was declared to be at an end for the first day.

A combat with two-handed swords also took place between a man named Mackay and a soldier. Both were clothed in armour, and the contest was carried on with much spirit, but the soldier was ultimately forced to yield.

The proceedings were now brought to an untimely close, the rain having thoroughly damped all enthusiasm for out-door pastime, and the company were felicitating themselves with the thoughts of at least a splendid banquet and ball, but alas! for human calculations! Lord Eglintoun rode up in front of the throne, and addressing the king of the tournament, stated that the large pavilion was absolutely swimming, that the dinner and ball could not possibly take place, and that he could only receive as many guests as could be accommodated in his small dining-room. His lordship then expressed his deep regret that the rain should have spoiled his arrangements, but declared that he had done his best. The king of the tournament after a complimentary reply, formally informed the company of the purport of his lordship's speech, and the great majority had to depart dull, drenched, disheartened, and dinnerless to Irvine or elsewhere.

The next day came, and the rain came also. The grounds were a swamp; and the list more calculated for duck hunts or other aquatic sports, than tilting. Some desperate or water-proof people made their appearance at the barrier to see if anything was to be

done, but the knights knew better, and Lord Eglintoun (for whom all good-natured people were sorry) had again to apologize for the postponement of the sports.

Friday, however, was a day of uninterrupted sunshine. The gathering of people was as great as on the Wednesday. The stands were crowded as before with persons in the rich and picturesque costumes of former ages, though there was, upon the whole, a larger infusion of modern fashion, as if to challenge comparison with the past, but the comparison was certainly not in favour of the moderns. The grotesque extravagancies of Paris do not show to much advantage alongside of the "millinery and dress-making of former times." Indeed, as a London paper happily enough remarks—"It was impossible to look upon the steel armour of the knights, the gay decorations of the esquires and pages, the quaintly-devised liveries of the retainers and serving-men, and then to survey the assembled crowd (in modern costume) without feeling that the present age, in exchange for the many varied and unspeakable advantages it has conferred, has taken away from us much that in former times must have contributed to grace the beauty and poetry of ordinary life."

The procession this day was really an imposing representation of the dresses, manners and customs five centuries ago. The tilting, however, was, as on the first day, not anything very particular, and scarcely worthy of detailed notice. Lord Eglintoun, who seems to have paid much attention to these martial exercises, came off victor in every contest in which he was engaged.

We except one capital bout, however, between the "knight of the griffin" (Earl Craven) and the "knight of the golden lion," (Captain J. O. Fairlie,) from the general charge of tameness. The appearance of the earl of Craven excited considerable interest, from the circumstance that the armour in which he was sheathed was that which was worn by his ancestor, then baron of Hilton, at the famous battle of Cressy. The first shock between those knights was the finest passage of arms in the whole tournament. Both knights met in full career; the lances of each were shivered, that of his lordship being broken off almost at the gauntlet's grasp. This gallant action was hailed with loud acclamations by the surrounding multitudes. In the second course both passed without striking. In the third the earl once more splintered his lance, and was declared the victor. The Queen of Beauty's smiles were again in request.

The day's sports concluded by a sort of general melée, when the marquis of Waterford and Lord Alford had to be parted by the knight martial of the lists.

The sports were to be renewed on Monday, when, among other attractions, the Irvine archers displeyed their skill, and some of the fair damsels exhibited their acquaintance with woodcraft.

Some of the radicals, ultra-utilitarian, or particularly well-soaked editors have got out of temper with the tournament, and pronounced it to be "a humbug" This is uncourteous and unfair. Lord Eglintoun did what man could do to give satisfaction, and his arrangements were made on a scale of princely munificence. If his tournament *be* pronounced a failure, it must at least be admitted that it was a splendid one. There was no lack of zeal, care, research, perseverance, and prodigal expenditure to make it go off with effect, and if untoward circumstances in some measure marred that effect, it is ungenerous to become captious and querulous about what could not possibly be helped. The weather may be more propitious another time, but the causes of want of *complete* success lie deeper. These knightly affairs are felt to be at variance with the spirit and manners of the times. A sense of the ludicrous, that most fatal enemy to romance, in some measure overspread the whole of the late exhibition. You may teach steeds to prance, curvet, and caracole, and armour may be burnished as brightly as of yore—and ladies may bestow gloves, and scarfs, and ringlets and smiles and glances, for that is easily done—but it is a more difficult task to kindle imagination, or reproduce enthusiasm, or infuse even a tone of moderate earnestness into knight, damsel, or spectator. There was too evident a lack of sincerity. The whole was too palpably felt, (alas! that we should write it,) to be a mere spectacle. Strip any of the "good and courageous" knights present of their armour, and ten to one but his complete antipode, the modern dandy, with his quizzing-glass, his coldness, and his nonchalance, would stand revealed. The most extravagant piece of quixotism that the most fearless damsel could have looked for from any of them, would have been for him to have renounced his "club," and the most magnanimous piece of self-denial to have abstained from Crockford's or Tattersall's. True was Barker's exclamation half a century ago in reference to Marie Antoinette—"The age of chivalry is past!" and though the feeling still remains, doubtless, in many a gallant breast that would resist oppression to the death, and stand up at every hazard to protect the weak against the strong, still it does not manifest itself in the shape of knight-errantry. Just and equitable laws have rendered individual prowess of less consequence, and insulted and forsoken damsels now-a-days, commence actions at law for the breach of (written) oaths and vows; their knight is a counsellor, and their esquire an attorney, (both valorous and assiduous in proportion to their fee,) and most indignantly does the wordy knight demand remuneration in hard cash for the outraged feelings of injured innocence. No—"The age of chivalry is past!"

In despite of the times, however, the marquis of Waterford intends giving another exhibition next year at Ford Castle, in Cumberland. Well, it is better than throwing away fortunes in the saloons of Paris, on the turn up of dice or the colour of cards, and as far as the noble marquis is concerned, it is better pastime than painting signs or maltreating watchmen.

METROPOLITAN SKETCHES.

AN HOUR IN TRINITY CHURCH YARD.

TIME—ceaseless, corroding time—nations, empires, pyramids, and temples, crumble—yea, DEATH itself fades before thee: semblance of eternity, all hail!

Stranger, if you mourn the march of this mighty conqueror when he lays his broad hand upon relics long revered, stand with me and look your last upon yon tall spire, which is now tottering beneath the attacks of the Vandals who have determined upon its destruction. The walls have already fallen, and lie in mingled heaps amid the tomb-stones, and above the graves which they once overlooked; and now, piece by piece, falls the spire. I watch its demolition as feelingly as I would the last moments of an old companion; it is associated with the recollections of my earliest boyhood, and I cannot witness its destruction unmoved. Many a Saturday's afternoon have I, one of a "school-boy troop," frolicked in innocent glee over the old tombs with our childish games, until the shadow of the old spire grew fainter and fainter across the churchyard, warning us that our sport was over; then, with a shout and a bound, would we clamber over the old fence of wood into Broadway, and disperse to meet again at the same place on the next holiday. On Sabbath mornings, too, how often have I listened to its chiming bells with delight, until it seemed to me that there was a mysterious connexion between religion and the sound of those bells. And on every Fourth of July, "old Reynolds," with patriotic fervour, would leave his beer-shop in Thames-street, and ring a merry peal at morning, noon and night. But they are gone—church, spire, bells, and all—OLD TRINITY is levelled with the dust!

"We ne'er shall look upon its like again."

One bright afternoon, a month or two bygone, (I think it was in June,) I strolled into the old churchyard, to ponder an hour or two over dilapidated monuments and mouldering hatchments, where, as Horace writes,

"Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres."

The swelling mounds were dressed in nature's greenest livery, the elm trees and sycamores were in full leaf, and the horse-chestnut was in blossom. The chirp of the grasshopper sounded clear and lively as he leapt out of my path, and the occasional note of some tiny bird, from the branches of the tall trees, mingled with the faint hum that swept from the busy crowd without, and added to the harmony of the scene and senses. It was the resting-place of the dead surrounded by the living. Numberless thousands were here reposing in the long sleep of death whose footsteps had once beat as firmly as those which now fell upon my ear, and probably trod the same broad pavement with as high hopes, and as brief anticipation of death. How little we think of the certain end that awaits us, when we pass the graveyard in the populous city. It is in the hamlet, surrounded by nature undisturbed, where the murmuring brook flows gently, an the forest rears its majesty beauty—where the birds sing their blithesome tunes, and the flowers spring up in prolific loveliness, that the graveyard awakes contemplation. *There* we can ponder deeply, and wisely, if we will, upon the mysterious gloominess of death. Remember this, ye denizens of cities, and pass not the tomb without a thought.

I entered the enclosure to the left of the gate towards Rector-street, which is here filled with numerous vaults running the whole length of the church, and comparatively of modern construction, for I scanned over the tablets bearing the inscriptions of their owners, without observing any of the Knickerbocker names of the "olden time." Outside of these commence the graves. I wandered slowly along, reading the various inscriptions upon the headstones; some were to the memory of tiny infants—others sacred to the ashes of octogenarians, many of whom had been buried near a century.—There was a handsome monument, some three feet square, and of proportionable height, open at the four sides, containing a marble urn. On the base of the tomb was an inscription to the memory of MRS. GRACE LYDE. A plain slab, "Sacred to all that could be lost in a friend and a brother," marked the grave of a Midshipman CARPENDER, who was unfortunately drowned in the discharge of his duty. Some of the stones had sunk so deep in the soil, that the inscriptions were obscured, and the rudely carved death's head was alone to be discovered. A plain oblong monument, slightly elevated, next attracted my attention; I advanced and read the following:

MY MOTHER!

"*The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised.*"

Touching and simple epitaph—"My Mother!" No other inscription was on the tomb to tell the name of the sleeper, or when she died—filial affection had reared the marble—filial affection had dropped many a tear over the nameless grave. As I stood by the tomb, I thought of my own remaining parent—long, long may it be before I shall be called to write, or read, the inscription upon *her* monument. A little beyond, lay one who had died before the revolution. I could not help copying the name, for it bespoke a countryman of the first settlers, from the land of Van Tromp and De Ruyter.

Adrian Hoghland.

I next endeavoured to decipher the inscription upon a vault-stone beneath my feet, but I could only trace the outlines of a family crest and coat-of-arms; age and frequent footsteps had so defaced the Latin motto and title, that I could interpret nothing definite, though I believe it belonged to one of the early bishops or rectors of the church.

Yonder is a monument of more pretensions to the name than any that surrounds it. It evidently covers the remains of some personage distinguished while living, or wealth has attempted to leave a name in marble, which nought else could perpetuate Not that it is lofty, or gorgeous, for it is neither, but it occupies a large space for a crowded churchyard, and its materials are costly. The base is oblong, broad and high, with its corners surmounted by urns. A pyramidal shaped block nearly covers the base; the whole is of white marble, surrounded by an iron railing. It is the grave of one who filled a large space in the early history of the republic, both as a soldier and a statesman—of one who fell in the zenith of his fame, revered and lamented by his countrymen. In the language of one of our own poets, of him it might be truly said,

——"a nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes."

That monument covers the remains of GENERAL ALEXANDER HAMILTON. Approach and read the inscription:

To the memory of
ALEXANDER HAMILTON,
The Corporation of Trinity Church has erected this
MONUMENT,
In testimony of their respect for
The PATRIOT of incorruptible INTEGRITY,
The SOLDIER of approved VALOR,
The STATESMAN of consummate WISDOM,
Whose TALENTS and VIRTUES will be admired
By
Grateful posterity,
Long after this marble shall have mouldered into
DUST
He died July 12th 1804 aged 47.

His was no common fall,—in the full maturity of his intellect—possessing a noble ambition—the acknowledged head of a powerful party—fame with all her honours beckoned him on. But the shadow of his greatness darkened the path of one equally ambitious—the rivals met, nor separated until the funeral pall obscured for ever the high hopes and burning thoughts of HAMILTON, and the scorn of an indignant world crushed for ever the wild ambitions of the living BURR.

We are now at the rear of the church, and the vaults grow more numerous. Here, from the inscriptions, lie the DESBROSSES, DE PEYSTERS, JAUNCEYS, LUDLOWS, GOELETS, LISPENARDS, NICOLLS LIVINGSTONS, CLARKSONS, names familiar in the early records of the city and province, whose descendants still remain, with a pride of ancestry equal to the most aristocratic families of the mother country. They were a good old stock these first settlers, yet it must be acknowledged that the race was not injured by the New-England intermixture. But I forget myself, such reflections are not for the churchyard.

Here are some ten headstones in a cluster, they mark the graves of a family named PRICE.

"The gray-haired man
Beside the infant sleeps."

There is something sacred in the burying of families together, their dust mingles in decay, and in death they are not divided. Wandering a little farther, I espied on a humble sandstone "The grave of JOHN SMITH, who died June ye 17. 1764." *Requiescat in pace*, honest John Smith, *thy* name shall live for ever. Here is a vault bearing the name of that brave old veteran soldier, Colonel

MARINUS WILLETT,

the hero of Fort Stanwix; he died a few years since, ripe in age and honours. I saw him laid in the earth, and heard the last volley fired over his grave. Next comes a stone covering the dust of several distinguished men, bearing this inscription:

Vault built in 1738
by JAMES ALEXANDER and his descendants,
and his son WILLIAM Earl of Sterling
and his daughters.

In that vault lie the remains of LORD STERLING, the revolutionary general,—WILLIAM LIVINGSTON, the patriotic governour of New-Jersey, at the same period—and, also, the body of his son, Judge BROCKHOLST LIVINGSTON, of the Supreme Court of the United States. Distinguished and revered names all.

Yonder, in an angle of the churchyard, stands a pillar so dilapidated that we would imagine the storms of one or two centuries had swept over it. The capstone lies broken within the enclosure, but two slabs remain on the base, the others are in pieces, and the whole looks desolate and drear. Yet, that monument was erected only twenty-five years since to cover the remains of a most gallant but unfortunate naval hero—Captain JAMES LAWRENCE. Shame! to the citizens of New-York, who can open their purses for the purpose of gorgeously entertaining their favourite political partisans, and neglect the shattered tombs of their gallant dead! One of the slabs bears this inscription:

The HERO
Whose remains are here deposited,
with his expiring breath
expressed his devotion to his Country.
Neither the fury of battle,
The anguish of a mortal wound
Nor the horrors of approaching death
Could subdue his gallant spirit,
His dying words were
"DONT GIVE UP THE SHIP."

He fell in the action between the Chesapeake and Shannon, on the first of June, 1813, at the early age of thirty-two. Lieutenant LUDLOW, who fell at the same time, lies buried in the family vault in the vicinity. And this is the end of ambition—a name remembered for a season—six feet of earth, and a broken sepulchre! Pass on. A plain red stone tells us that, "Here lies interred Peter Ireland, Sergeant Major of the Royal regiment of Artillery, who died Octr. 23d 1770 aged 26 years." Some youth, perhaps, who was seduced from his home across the seas by the sound of the "alluring drum," to abandon parents and relatives, in search of the *ignis fatuus*

of fame; and here he fills a forgotten grave, unknowing and unknown! Next comes "James Glassford, Barrack master to the army of his Majesty," in this city, during the revolution. Death at length, it appears, drew the soldier's eternal "billet," and here he lies "quartered" in peace,

"Till he hears the last bugle."

Here is a slatestone bearing an inscription as fresh as if made but yesterday, though more than a century old. It is the grave of a mother and her three children.

Here lyeth ye Body of Mary Arding
With her three Babes at Rest,
I hope the Lord her Cry did here
And granted her Request.
Decd Jan'y ye 3d 1732 aged 25 yrs.

A little beyond is a small granite stone with rude cut letters, erected one hundred and eleven years ago. "Here lyes yo Body of William Leight, aged 36. Dec'd Aug ye 7 1728"

We are now at the north side of the church, where the tombs are so numerous that we can hardly clamber along. Most of the stones are of modern date, indeed it is the spot where the latest burials were made. Here is a slab, however, somewhat aged, surmounted by a skull, well carved in *alto relievo*

H L
1731.

Nameless dead! But, stop—what singular epitaph is this? It would seem to be the grave of a poet—let us read:

Sidney Breese June 9th 1767,
Made by himself.
Ha! Sidney, Sidney
Lyest thou here?
I here lye
Till time is flown
To its extremity.

Ah! the wag—"made by himself." He had no idea of a posthumous epicedium. He was right—one may as well know beforehand what is to be inscribed on one's sepulchre, as to trust to the cold indifference of heirs or friends. Farewell, Sidney—thou must have been "a fellow of most exquisite humour"

As I pass along I am struck with the frequent mention of the birthplace of the departed, engraved upon the old tombs. He or she, was the native of such a town, and shire in "old England." The remembrance of the green hills and valleys they should see no more, was perhaps among the last thoughts of the dying, and the humble stone tells, to every passer by, the country and birthplace of the dead!

Here is a tomb, with an inscription as follows:

"Here lies the Body of Mr William Bradford Printer, who departed this life May 23 1752 aged 92 years. He was born in Leicestershire in Old England in 1660: and came over to America in 1682, before the City of Philadelphia was laid out. He was Printer to this Government for upwards of 50 years: and being quite worn out with old age and labour, he left this mortal state in the lively Hopes of a blessed Immortality."

Beneath are a few lines in verse, and an inscription to the memory of his wife, who died in 1731, aged sixty-eight years. And who was WILLIAM BRADFORD? He was the first printer of note in the province—the founder of the gazette edited, a century afterwards, by the lamented JOHN LANG, and still flourishing vigorous and hearty under its weight of years. Franklin, in his own life, mentions Bradford, as the printer he first saw on his arrival from Boston, when a mere boy in pursuit of those fortunes afterwards so celebrated. He described Bradford, at that time, as an old man, of venerable appearance. I believe he was several times imprisoned for publishing political matters offensive to the royal government. Peace to the ashes of the first representative of Faust in the loyal province of NEW-YORK

The shades of evening are gathering around me—the crickets have commenced their nightly call from the crevices of the old tombs, and the last rays of the sun are falling upon the tall spire More rapid and hasty is heard the footfall of the traveller without as he wends his way homeward, to rest from the fretting cares and toils of the day.

Hark! the organ is pealing forth its solemn strains, like a requiem, for the departed. Fit association for the hour and the place! With a lingering look at the old tombs, I pass out of the gateway, and cherish among my recollections of time spent, usefully and well, an hour in TRINITY CHURCH YARD.

H. A. B.

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

WONDERFUL CASE OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

Gulltown, October 20th.

MR. EDITOR—I am confident that you will not refuse to permit me to make your journal the medium of communicating to the world one of the most extraordinary instances of animal magnetism upon record. Indeed, had I not myself been an eye witness and an ear-witness of the occurrence, I should have been one of the last in the world to give it credit. But you know me well enough, Mr. Editor, to be assured that, from my habits of caution and investigation, I am not a person likely to be made the victim of an imposture—nay, that my habitual skepticism is such, and such my adherence to old established opinions, that it was a long time before I would admit that Mr. Spoils, the great orator of our county, was an honest man and disinterested patriot; or that Mr. Prosey, our village-poet, would be remembered when Pope was forgotten; or that Sir Thomas Lawrence couldn't hold a candle to our celebrated portrait-painter, Mr. Daubett. These facts are now universally admitted, but it was not till the proofs were overwhelming that I permitted myself to give them the least credit.

Of course, you know all about our city of Gulltown. It is delightfully situated at the junction of the Great Gumbugbee with the Little Mudpuddlee, and its population is, by the next census, which will be taken in five or six years, somewhere about twenty thousand The Great Union railroad passes, or rather will pass, right by the market-house and court-house, both of which are under contract, to be built of our new Keshukoo granite by the famous architect, Mr. Moonshine. The railroad will be commenced the moment that Mr. Bambuzel, the president of our bank, (which will soon go into operation) returns from negotiating the great Gulltown loan in London. Nothing could be more healthy than the location of our city. To be sure, we have a little fever and ague, but every one soon gets so accustomed to that as not to mind it. The rattlesnakes are yearly diminishing, and, in our principal street, it is not once a month that any of our children are bitten by them. The wolves are very harmless, and can be easily driven away by setting fire to the trees. Should you, Mr. Editor, or any of your friends wish to invest anything in house-lots in our thriving little city, you will please apprise me by return of mail, as they will probably be all taken up, should you delay.

But to return to the wonderful case of animal magnetism. The operator was the distinguished Dr. Hummumwell, whose reputation as a man of science and successful practitioner is familiar to everybody. The *operatee* was Mr. Hoaxee of our city, a very promising young gentleman, who has acquired a fortune by his land speculations in Gulltown The scene of the operation was the bar-room of the Gulltown House, a splendid edifice, which (when finished) will surpass Astor's great hotel in New-York. For some days previous to the affair, Mr. Hoaxee had been somewhat of an invalid in consequence of having indulged a little too freely in the juleps, cobblers, hailstorms, and other liquid compounds, which may be obtained in such admirable perfection at the Gulltown House. On the afternoon in question, he was sitting before the fire puffing a cigar, when Dr. Hummumwell entered, and after asking for a brandy sling, took a seat by his side, and began to converse upon his favourite topic of animal magnetism. I immediately joined in the conversation, ridiculing the science, and laughing at the whole tribe of believers from Mesmer to Colonel Stone. At length the doctor's pride was roused

"What will you bet," said he, "that I can't throw our friend Hoaxee here into a magnetic sleep—nay, carry him as far as the tenth stage, which is that of transcendental lucidity?"

"Pooh, nonsense?" I replied. "It is impossible."

"Will you bet me a bottle of old Monongahela that I can't?"

"Yes, a dozen bottles"

"You hear him, gentlemen! He bets a dozen bottles. You will decide who is the loser."

The doctor then commenced manipulating his subject, passing his forefinger and thumb slowly from the shoulder to the waist. To my utter surprise, five minutes had not elapsed before Mr. Hoaxee was sound asleep.

"There, gentlemen," said the doctor, "he is now in the third, or somnambulatory stage, when he is perfectly passive to the exercise of my will. I can converse with him now without the agency of the voice, through the medium of simple volition. Of course he cannot hear a word that you may say, neither anything that I may say, without I will it. Suppose I now put the question to him mentally whether he will lend me a couple of thousand dollars. You will see by the expression of his countenance how he takes my inquiry"

Without speaking a word, the doctor then put the question What was our amazement at seeing an expression of strong reluctance and displeasure come over the countenance of the magnetized patient!

"And now, gentlemen," continued the doctor, "I will say something different. I will say—'Hoaxee, let us take a drink.' You will notice whether or no his countenance changes."

Again did the doctor look hard at the sleeping man, and, without uttering a syllable, make the proposed remark. Will you believe it?—The face of the patient immediately brightened, and he held forth his hand as if to receive a tumbler.

"I will now, gentlemen, with your permission," continued Doctor Hummumwell, "carry my patient through the intermediate stages into that of transcendental lucidity—a stage, wherein he can not only see things a thousand miles off, but things a thousand years off"

The doctor then, with his forefinger, made a few circles round the head of the patient, until the latter sneezed and opened his eyes This was the consummation the magnetizer had been waiting for.

"Now then, we shall have a little peep behind the great curtain," said the doctor, rubbing his hands. "First, he shall go to New-York, and tell us what is going on there. Hoaxee, just do me the favour to take a jump into Broadway, at the head of Wall-street, and let me know what they are about"

I need not describe our amazement on hearing Hoaxee reply:

"Blow me, but they are tearing down old Trinity church. Clouds of dust and mortar are flying about. 'Broadway up! Broadway up!' cry the omnibus boys The street is crowded with vehicles of all kinds. 'Here's the Evening Tattler—only one cent,' shouts an urchin under my nose."

"Buy it, Hoaxee, and read us the news," interrupted the doctor.

To our increased wonder, the patient took a cent from his pocket and threw it down, and then, seeming to read from a newspaper, continued.

"The new Metropolitan theatre, watch returns, Major Noah, Marsh's last, grand spectacle at the Bowery, Stephen Price and the press, Vandenhoff's Hamlet, great fire, new Wellerism, capital number of the Mirror, etc.—nothing new—"

"Enough, Hoaxee; now, if you please, just pitch into the middle of next year, and take a walk through Wall-street, and tell us what you see."

You may partially conceive of our astonishment, Mr. Editor, when Mr. Hoaxee, without more ado, complied with this extraordinary request. The architecture of the street he described in the most amusing and minute manner, expressing his admiration, in the warmest terms, at the appearance of the new exchange and the custom-house. No sooner had he completed his description than the doctor requested him to push ahead as far as the year 1900, and to walk into the first hotel he might come across in Broadway, and read the newspapers.

I will close my present communication, Mr. Editor, by furnishing you with some of the extracts which Mr. Hoaxee read to us from "*The Great Western Gazette*" of 1900 The size of the sheet, according to Mr. Hoaxee's asseveration, was sixteen feet by twenty-five, and it was sold for a penny. As he read the different paragraphs, I took them down in short hand, and they form, as you may suppose, a series of most remarkable revelations. It is unnecessary to add, that I lost my bet to Dr. Hummumwell, and readily paid it in return for the very curious information I was enabled to gather:

From the Great Western Gazette.

DISASTROUS CONFLAGRATION.

The great fire in Seventy-first-street, last night, was distinctly visible to the inhabitants of both extremities of our insular city. The new Manhattan theatre, built to hold ten thousand people, was totally destroyed. The fire is supposed to have originated from the combustibles employed in the representation of Mr. Fitzfluster's splendid drama of "The Demon of the Volcano," which was produced last evening, for the six hundredth time, to an overwhelming house. The magnificent wardrobe of our great native tragedian, Mr. Tareitt, was wholly destroyed; and Miss Teetotum, the danseuse, lost about fifty thousand dollars in dresses, slippers, rouge, etc. It is expected that a new theatre, on a much larger scale, embracing three whole squares on Eighty-seventh-street, will be erected before the close of the week. In the meantime, the Manhattan company will be engaged at the old Metropolitan theatre, corner of Chambers-street and Broadway.

ÆRIAL ACCIDENTS.

During the tremendous hurricane of last Wednesday, the balloon cars "President" and "Great Western" came in contact about ninety feet over the town of Saratoga A hundred passengers were thrown out of the cars by the collision, and precipitated to the earth. The ground about the Congress-hotel was found strewed with limbs the next morning. In consequence of the temporary withdrawal of these two ærial locomotives from the route, the St. Louis papers of yesterday have not yet been received.

FROM THE EAST.

The Boston papers of this morning state that there is at length a prospect that the Bunker Hill Monument will be completed The old foundation, however, is found to be so dilapidated that it will be necessary to raise three or four hundred thousand dollars more, before the work can be recommenced. It is feared that this will delay operations two or three years longer. A Boston paper very significantly and appropriately remarks: "The completion of this monument has been so long deferred, that people have forgotten what it was meant to commemorate." We honestly confess our ignorance upon this head? Can any of our antiquarian friends enlighten us?

USEFUL INVENTION.

The late accident which befel the balloon cars, near Saratoga, reminds us that Mr. Gumgum continues to manufacture his "india-rubber safety parachutes," at his splendid establishment, corner of Fourteenth-street and Broadway. By means of one of these admirable articles, our worthy fellow-citizen, Major Bluff, succeeded in descending to the ground safely with his wife and children on the occasion of the late deplorable accident. We refer our readers to Mr. Gumgum's advertisement at the bottom of fifteenth column of the third page of this day's paper.

FATAL RENCONTRE

A Chicago paper states that a fatal rencontre took place last Tuesday between Mr. Spitfire, the editor of the "Independent Screamer," and Mr. Slash of the "National Scalping Knife." The parties fought with battle-axes, and the engagement, which was extremely desperate, lasted ten minutes. The first round ended in both parties losing an ear and a part of the jaw-bone Many terrible gashes were then given and received, till the heads of both were nearly severed from the shoulders—when, throwing aside their axes, the infuriated combatants grappled each other by the throat, and fell mortally wounded, each with the other's head in his arms This occurence," says the Chicago Courier, "has thrown a gloom over our peaceful city."

WHERE IS THE BLAME?

We wish that our new postmaster-general would be a little more attentive to the duties of his station. Our New-Orleans papers do not reach us till two days after their publication. A letter from a friend in the city of Oregon, dated October twelfth, did not reach us till the twentieth. This remissness is altogether too bad.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Damsel of Darien. By the author of "The Yemassee," "Guy Rivers," "Melichampe," etc. In two vols. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

From the size and appearance of this work we should judge that the present was the most ambitious and successful incursion into the realms of romance, that the author has yet made. Mr. Simms wields a pen of no ordinary power. He is one of the most affluent writers of the day. His imagery is lavish and beautiful, and his style bold, expressive and diffuse If we were called upon to name a defect, we should say that the principal was a want of condensation and sententiousness. He is sometimes circumlocutory when he should be abrupt. But his style has its advantages. His colours are laid on with so liberal a hand, that fine effects are often produced where none were premeditated. There are some splendid scenes in this highly-wrought romance. The description of the hurricane in the first volume is masterly. The dramatic interest of the story is skilfully excited, and the characters are sketched with much spirit and ability This will be one of the most popular of the author's works.

Caldore; A Legendary Poem: By William J. Pabodie. Boston: Marsh, Capen, Lyon and Webb. Pp. 48.

"Caldore" is the title of a poem pronounced by the author before the society of United Brothers, of Brown University. The blank verse of Mr. Pabodie is occasionally a little too prosaic, but the principal poem is marked by many highly poetical thoughts and melodious passages. The story is interesting and well told. The following little gem from the German of Goethe possesses an indefinable charm:

SONG.

Many thousand stars are burning
Brightly in the vault of night,
Many an earth-worn heart is yearning
Upwards with a fond delight.
Stars of beauty, stars of glory,
Radiant wanderers of the sky!
Weary of the world's sad story,
Ever would we gaze on high.

The following extract is a favourable specimen of the longer poem:

O, when the heart is torn, when, one by one,
The forms to which it clung are swept away,
If but a single object still remain,
Unharmed amid the storms of time and death,
How doth it stretch its severed tendrils forth.
And twine around this sole-remaining hope—
With what a deep intensity of love,
With what an anxious fondness! Such her true,
Unshared devotion to this opening flower.
Nor was the boy unworthy of a love
Even such as this—for from his earliest years,
He was a patient and a gentle child.
Nor his the patience that doth oftimes spring
From the soul's torpor—for his spirit lyre
To each, the slightest breeze that swept its chords
Answered responsive—but in part it rose
From that o'erflowing kindliness of heart,
That generous love for all things animate,
Which, of itself regardless, would not pain
The least of all its fellows; and in part
From the possession of a soul which found
A world within itself, and needed not
The aid of outward circumstance to wake
Its myriad emotions

Hunt's Merchants Magazine, and Commercial Review. Published by Freeman Hunt, 142 Fulton-street.

We are especially pleased to witness the continued success of this magazine. But it has not surprised us. It was a novel experiment, yet filling so wide a gap in our literature that we expected its triumph, dependant of course on the talent and enterprise invested in its management These have been abundantly bestowed, and the magazine is no longer a doubtful experiment. Every number has been replete with sound mercantile expositions and clear and comprehensive statistics. The October number before us fully equals its predecessors. "What constitutes a Merchant?" by Charles Edwards, Esq., is an eloquent and luminous essay upon the dignity of a mercantile life. Mr. Aldrich has contributed a sound paper on the moral law of contracts; and the history of navigation, by E. C. Ward, Esq, is worthy of its place in the magazine.

Morton's Hope, or the Memoirs of a Provincial. In two vols. New-York: Harper and Brothers.

We are late in the field in our notice of this highly successful romance. The public have already passed their verdict upon its merits, by buying up a large edition. The style is sententious and spirited; and the descriptions and characters, with which the work abounds, are full of animation, variety and interest. We have never met with so graphic and amusing a picture of life in a German university as is here contained. The duelling scenes, the aesthetic parties at Gottenburgh, and the adventures at Prague, are all described with extraordinary power and originality. These volumes have been republished by Colburn of London, and have been praised in the highest terms by the principal English journals. We believe it is no longer a secret, that the author of "Morton's Hope," is Mr. J. L. Motley, a young lawyer of Boston, and a brother-in-law of Park Benjamin, the well-known writer of this city.

"The Courtier of the Days of Charles I." With other Tales By the author of "Mrs. Armytage." "Stokesmil. Place." "Mary Raymond," etc. In two vols. New-York. Harper and Brothers.

Another new novel from the pen of Mrs. Gore will doubtless excite a fair share of public attention. These volumes are far superiour in interest to most of the previous productions of the author, and we can sincerely commend them to the reader as composed with more than ordinary ability. These stories are of a character highly interesting and dramatic.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are gratified to find that our last number, embellished as it was with one of the most beautiful plates ever executed in this country, has given universal satisfaction. Good as that number unquestionably was in its literary contents, (thanks to our correspondents,) the present will be found, we hope, equally interesting. We have some pictorial novelties in preparation, which we shall soon have the pleasure of announcing.—The excellent paper, by John T. Irving, Esq., entitled "A Legend of Long Island," shall appear in our next.—Our musical page will be enriched next week with a beautiful, original "Romanza" by Bassini. It has, while in manuscript, excited the admiration of many distinguished amateurs.—"An Old Contributor" has effectually disguised both his hand-writing and his style. His verses are a little too carelessly put together for our purposes.—We have no disposition to embark in the stormy controversy which our correspondent "C." seems disposed to excite A letter from a "Member of the Dramatic Club" is full of unprovoked slanders. We wonder that the writer could imagine, for a moment, that he could make the Mirror his organ of communication. The verses by "West Point," the story by "X." and the stanzas to a popular prima donna by "L. Y." are respectfully declined.—An immense quantity of poetry lies under our table, subject to the disposition of the writers.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1839.

The late William Dunlap.—We should not omit to take a more detailed notice, than has yet appeared in our columns, of one who has occupied, during the last century, a considerable space in the eyes of the world of art and of literature. The Commercial Advertiser contains the following biographical allusions, and we trust that a more minute account, from a competent hand, will soon be offered to the public —"As an artist, Mr. Dunlap occupied a respectable rank, and as a man of letters a distinguished one. He early turned his attention to painting, and his portrait of Washington—a crayon sketch—is believed to be the oldest picture of that illustrious man extant. His latter and greater works of art were the "Christ Rejected," and the "Crucifixion," painted after the designs of West, from the etched outlines, which only he had seen. Some of his portraits had considerable merit, as for example that of the late Thomas Eddy, painted for the New-York Hospital. His Jack Lawton, painted as an illustration of one of Cooper's characters in the Spy, is also very clever. He had a strong love for the drama, and did much towards its elevation in this country. He was, for years, the principal manager of the old John-street theatre, and we believe, also, for a time, of the Park. But his reputation as a man of letters will be the most enduring. The productions of his pen have been numerous, and his works are to be found in the several departments of the drama, biography, history and fiction. His first biographical work, we believe, was the life of Charles Brockden Brown—which was soon followed by the life of George Frederick Cooke. More valuable still were his two able works of mingled history and biography, the History of the American Stage, and the History of the Arts of Design in the United States. His more recent works, with the exception of that clever and wholesome fiction, "The Cold Water Man," have been historical. About four years ago he published a valuable compend of the history of the state of New-York, for the use of schools, and at the time of the attack of paralysis, which has eventually carried him off, he was engaged upon, and had almost completed, a large history of the state The first volume of this work has been published, and the second we are told is nearly put. We think it will be a valuable acquisition to our store of history—especially as a repository of facts. It was as a collector of these rather than as a brilliant writer that Mr. Dunlap excelled. His diligence and his patience in research were remarkable and untiring. His mind was clear and vigorous down to the time of his attack by diseases, and his memory was a grand store-house of facts and anecdotes, personal and historical. Hence he was one of the most interesting companions in conversation often to be met with."

Mr. Powell.—This young artist has returned from the far west, and brought with him some admirable sketches of well-known characters. We saw upon his easel the other day, the portrait of a lady, whose features were so strikingly delineated that a bystander wondered she did not *speak!* Powell is an extraordinary lad. His "Vandenhoff as Cato" is a masterpiece, and all the recent productions of his pencil show a great improvement upon his former efforts. He is destined to take the highest rank in his profession. His rooms are at number ninety Chamber street.

The opera at the National theatre—The return of the operatic corps, and their appearance at Niblo's theatre, have been greeted by well-filled houses. The opera of "Amilie" appears to have lost none of its attractions; and the substitution of Mrs. Henry Wallack, in the part of Zeila, has added materially to the strength of the cast. Miss Shirreff is as much a favourite as ever, and was never in better voice. Wilson and Sognin have also a due share of public applause bestowed upon their vocal efforts. The opera was never more popular in the city than at present.

Bowery theatre.—This establishment, which has long maintained a melodramatic celebrity, appears to be now almost the sole stay and support of the legitimate drama in this city. We have alluded to the production of the classical tragedy of Douglas. With equal care and skill, Massinger's celebrated play of the "Fatal Dowry" has been produced, and Mr. Hamblin has won new laurels in the part of "Romont." Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, and other Shaksperian plays, are frequently brought forward at this establishment to good houses and in excellent style. Nor is melodrama wholly neglected, as the revival of "The Bronze Horse," in a manner never surpassed in splendour, abundantly proves.

Dahlias.—We regret that we did not visit the establishment of Mr. Thorburn at Hallet's Cove earlier in the season; but, even at this late period, we were struck with astonishment at the wonderful beauty displayed on entering the garden. Here, at a glance, the eye embraces three thousand named dahlia plants, in full flower, many of the very latest kinds, from the brilliant scarlet of the *fire-ball*, through every shade and combination of red, lilac, pink, and white, to the dazzling fairness of *Helen of Troy*. We understand that gentlemen from England, who have witnessed the most celebrated exhibitions there, have expressed the highest admiration at the unequalled splendour of this, as excelling everything they had seen in that country. Indeed, our climate is so congenial to the habits of the dahlia, and the present season has been so remarkably favourable, that the plant has seldom arrived at greater perfection. It is idle to quarrel with the dahlia for its absence of odour; many flowers are equally deficient in this respect, and the hymenea camellia, certainly the most lovely flower in the world, is utterly scentless. We are pleased to see the taste, we might almost say passion, for this fine flower so rapidly extending. A few years ago, and it was scarcely known; but now there are few gardens in New-York or its neighbourhood, or in our beautiful "sister city of the woods," Brooklyn, which cannot boast of its dahlias.

A new opera.—A few days since we attended a private rehearsal of an original opera, called "The Peri, or the Enchanted Fountain," written by S. J. Burr, Esq, and the music composed by Mr. Maeder. The history of it is as follows:—Ponce de Leon, first governour of Porto Rico, sets out in pursuit of an enchanted island, where he has been told by a witch he will find Mathilde, a Spanish maiden he was betrothed to some twenty years previous. He is shipwrecked; but preserved with all his crew by Peris. He finds Mathilde and rescues her from a monster. She is as young as ever, and he becomes young again by drinking the magical waters of the fountain, and the piece ends by a general rejoicing. The principal character (the soprano) is the queen of the Peris. We were delighted with both the words and the music, and have no hesitation in pronouncing the entire production a graceful, light, and successful composition.

Concerts.—During the last fortnight, Mr. Knight has given two successful concerts at the City-Hotel. Mr. Russell's was, notwithstanding the inclemency of the evening, fully attended, as his concerts always are. The grand vocal and instrumental concert given by Mr. Rakemann, at which Mr. Russell and several eminent artists assisted, also attracted a large audience, and the performances of Mr. Rakemann upon the pianoforte were applauded to the echo The opinion seems to be universal, that Mr. Rakemann is the most accomplished master of the instrument now in America.

Audubon's Gallery.—We are glad to learn that the gallery of drawings opened by our distinguished naturalist and artist, Audubon, at the Lyceum in Broadway, is well and fashionably attended. Audubon is a man of genius, and he has done more for the science of ornithology than any man since the days of Wilson. He deserves well at the hands of his country. We hear that the zoology of America is about to claim his study and attention. No man is better fitted for illustrating this department of natural science.

Wallack's new theatre.—The subscription to the new theatre to be erected on Broadway, between Chamber and Read streets, comes bravely on. There is a fair prospect that a splendid new metropolitan theatre, far surpassing all similar establishments in the country, will be ready for Mr. Wallack and his company by August next. The hard times may protract the commencement of the undertaking a few months, but we have confidence that the enterprise will be successfully carried through before the next theatrical season

Evening Signal.—This is the title of a new penny paper, superbly printed, which has sprung into existence within the last month, and has already attained a circulation unsurpassed in extent and respectability by that of any daily paper in the city. By the exclusion from its columns of all improper advertisements and offensive reports, it has already found a welcome admission into the parlours of a great proportion of the fashion and intelligence of the city. It is conducted by the original editors of the Tattler and Brother Jonathan.

Park theatre.—Monsieur Alexandre, the "wonder of the world," will commence an engagement at the Park theatre on *Monday evening next.* If the testimonials of such individuals as the queen dowager of England, Lafayette, Walter Scott, Thomas Moore, Miss Edgeworth, and the Countess Blessington, are to be relied upon, Monsieur Alexandre must be the most astonishing performer that has ever crossed the Atlantic.

The Tattler and Brother Jonathan.—The proprietor of these journals has, since the withdrawal of their late conductors, engaged the services of Messrs Dawes, Otis, Walsh and More, as editors and contributors With such support, they must continue to maintain their claims upon public attention.

The New World.—An immense weekly sheet, published on Saturdays, containing all the matter of the Evening Signal, and printed in a style of remarkable neatness and elegance. It has been received by the public with an extraordinary degree of favour, and fully merits its success.

Militia fines.—A daily paper has been launching its ridicule at our militia system in an amusing style. Its main objection appears to be to the fines imposed in consequence of any disobedience to militia exactions. Defective as the system may be, it will, we fear, be difficult to contrive a better,

THE ARAB.

ANDANTINO CON ESPRESSIONE.

The noon-tide blaze on the de-sert fell, As the tra-vel-ler reach'd the wish'd-for well, But

CRES.

8va

Ad lib. Ritard. Ad lib.

vain was the hope that had cheer'd him on, His hope in the de-sert—the wa-ters—were gone, His hope in the de-sert—the wa-ters—were gone.

Colla voce Colla voce

SECOND VERSE.

Faint-ing he call'd on the Ho-ly name, And swift o'er the de-sert an A-rab came, And with him he bore of that bless-ed thing That fail'd the poor trav-'ler at the spring, That

THIRD VERSE Ritard Espress.

fail'd the poor tra-vel-ler at the spring. 'Drink!' said the A-rab, 'though I must fast, For half of my jour-ney is not yet past, 'Tis far ere my home and my chil-dren I see, But the

Ad lib. FOURTH VERSE.

crys-tal trea-sure I'll share with thee, The crys-tal trea-sure I'll share with thee.' 'Nay,' said the wea-ry one, 'let me die, For thou hast e-ven more need than I, And chil-dren that are hast thou

Ritard Ad lib. Molto espress. FIFTH VERSE. Con moto.

watch-ing for thee, And I am a lone-one, none watch for me, And I am a lone-one, none, none watch for me.' 'Drink!' said the A-rab, 'my chil-dren shall see Their

Molto espress.

fa-ther re-turn-ing, fear not for me, For HE who has sent me to thee this day, Will watch o-ver me on my de-sert way! Will watch o-ver me on my de-sert way!'

MISCELLANY.

LINES FOR MUSIC.—ONE FACE ALONE.

One face alone, one face alone,
These eyes require;
But, when that longed-for sight is shown,
What fatal fire
Shoots through my veins a keen and liquid flame,
That melts each fibre of my wasting frame!

One voice alone, one voice alone,
But, when its meek mellifluous tone
Usurps mine ear,
Those slavish chains about my soul are wound,
Which ne'er till death itself, can be unbound.

One gentle hand, one gentle hand,
I fain would hold;
But, when it seems at my command,
My own grows cold;
Then low to earth I bend in sickly swoon,
As lilies drooping mid the blaze of noon.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.—"How does the thermometer stand?" asked a father of his son. "It don't stand at all, sir—it hangs," was the reply. "Well, but I mean how high is it?" "Just about five feet from the floor." "Pooh! you fool—how does the mercury range?" "Up and down—perpendicular."

A GOOD ONE.—"Mister," said a Johnny Raw, from New-Jersey, who lately visited the Argus office, "don't folks pay for their paper without dunnen! I guess if I was a printer, I'd tickle 'em with an oat straw. Why, my father takes the paper, and I've heard him tell mother he'd just as lief cheat the parson as the printer."

HONESTY.—A knavish attorney asked a very worthy gentleman what was honesty? "What is that to you? meddle with those things which concern you."

INCLEDON AND SUETT.—Charles Incledon, who was better known as a vocalist than as a wit, being one day at Tattersall's, Richard Suett, the comedian, who also happened to be there, asked him, "whether he had come to buy a horse?" "Yes," said Charles; "but why are you here, Dickey? Do you think you should know the difference between a horse and an ass?" "O yes," replied the comedian; "if you were among a thousand horses, I should know you immediately."

DAHLIAS.—Dahlias are like the most beautiful women without intellectual.ty; they strike you with astonishment by their exterior splendour, but are miserably destitute of those properties which distinguish and render agreeable less imposing flowers. Had nature given the fragrance of the rose or stock to the dahlia, it would have been the most magnificent gem of the garden; but, wanting perfume, it is like a fine woman without mind.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.—The king of the French withdraws the annual allowance hitherto paid by his government to the Italian Opera. The present manager's contract expires next year, and so many persons have applied to conduct the theatre at their own risk, that the usual allowance of the whole rent of the theatre will also be discontinued.

WAFERS.—The oldest letter yet found with a red wafer was written in 1624, from D. Krap, at Spires, to the government at Bayreuth. Wafers are ascribed, by Labat, to Genoese economy. In the seventeenth century they were only used by private persons; and public seals commence only in the eighteenth century.

ARTIFICIAL MEMORY.—A humorous comment on such systems was made by a waiter at an hotel where Femaigle dined after having given his lecture on artificial memory. A few minutes after the professor left the table, the waiter entered with uplifted hands and eyes, exclaiming—"Well, I protest the memory-man has forgotten his umbrella."

SINGULAR ADVERTISEMENT.—A lady advertises for sale, in a southern paper, *one baboon, three tabby cats, and a parrot.* She states that, being married, she has no further use for them.

THE INDIAN MAIDEN.

"Brave son of a chieftain! beloved Cherokee!
This war-belt of wampum is promised to thee;
Long, long may it flutter and shine on thy breast—
My bravest and brightest, my wisest and best!

"'Tis woven with coral, with beads and with shells,
It shall be on thy heart the most potent of spells,
To save thee from ambush, to shield thee from harm,
To quicken thy sight, and give strength to thine arm.

"Rejoicer in battle! what forest or stream
Sees thy heron-plume wave, and thy tomahawk gleam?
Does the Father of Waters sweep on thy sharp prow?
Sure threader of dark woods! oh, where art thou now?

"Dost hunt the fierce bison, or shoot the fleet deer!
O'er the prairie's wide level dost bend thy career?
Or, worn with the heat and the toil of the chase,
Does the mist of the cataract moisten thy face?"

While thus spake the maiden, an eagle who beat
The clouds with his pinions, fell dead at her feet;
And the arrow, which reach'd him, while mounting so free,
Was sped from the bow of the young Cherokee. E. S

FROM A FRAGMENT OF GALLUS.

Thou com'st to me by morn, my love,
And thou art brighter far
Than the new light; and, f by night,
Than Hesper's rising star

Published every Saturday, at No 1 Barclay-street, next to the corner of Broadway. Terms, FIVE DOLLARS per annum, payable, in all cases, in advance. All letters must be post-paid, and directed to the editor.

G. P. Scott, Printer, corner of John and Gold-streets.

NEW-YORK MIRROR,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Embellished with Engravings, and Music arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

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VOLUME SEVENTEEN. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1839. NUMBER NINETEEN.

For the New-York Mirror.

DEATH.

BY CHARLOTTE E. VANDENHOFF.

Why art thou dreaded, monarch of the grave?
When we behold thy unrelenting grasp,
Making the Great *one dust*—thy seal triumphant
Stamped on paled Beauty's brow,—why do we weep?
When *thou* art named, why does the Mother turn
That quick and fearful glance on the bright group
Sporting so gaily round her cheerful hearth?
Are not their limbs all full of life and health?
Are not their cheeks as soft moss-roses bright?
Sounds not their merry laugh like pealing bells
Ringing a holiday to those who toil?
Why does she clasp them in her arms, as though
Thy dart could not avail against the shield
Of such a love as hers? Why does she part
The ringlets from their brow, with gaze so fixed,
So searching in their eyes, as though she'd read,
In that clear, stainless page, their fate, and learn
If their sweet voices and their bright orbs *could*
Be stilled or closed by *thee*?—And what think *they*,
The little ones? What knows a *child* of Death?
Oh! nought? Should Death's dark shadow fall between
The young warm heart and joy? The playful ones
Twine their fair arms around the mother's neck,
And raise their shining eyes with love to her:
While hers, the Mother's eyes grow dim, and tears
Fall from them; and she prays that heaven will spare
Her cherubs to her love, nor doom them yet
To fill the dark, cold grave! Why does she so?
Were they not made for Thee? Are not their souls
Sinless? and free from all that might offend
Or bar them from their God?—
Fell monarch of the world! onward thou comest
With rapid strides, thy foot-fall echoless!
Age—youth—thy prey! And thou dost bear us—whither?

* * * * * * * * * * *

That dark uncertainty—that undefined—
That *awful Future*, which thy hand unveils,
We shrink from more than thee! Thou'rt but the end
Of sorrow—Grief's all-dreamless sleep,—unto
Our *mortal* eyes! But to the *soul* thou ope'st
A state that knows no change—lasting for aye!
A cloudless day—or night that sees no star

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE DEAD GUEST.

BY HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

CHAPTER V.

The dead guest was the only thing talked of at dinner all over town. Curiosity was raised to the utmost, and everybody looked forward anxiously to the evening when a social meeting was to take place at the burgomaster's, when there would be an excellent opportunity to learn everything that had happened from the recorder's lady, who made it one of the duties of her office to have the first news of everything that happened in Herbesheim. Herr Bantes was prevented from joining the circle at once, by a visit from one of his workmen. While they were talking together, a piercing shriek was heard, followed by profound silence.

"Go and see what's the matter, Paul," said Herr Bantes.

The workman went, and returned in a few minutes with a discomposed air, and could only whisper, tremblingly, "Some one that wants to see you."

"Come in!" cried the burgomaster, impatiently. Paul opened the door, and a stranger walked in with great deliberation. He was a very tall, spare man, dressed in black, with pleasing features, but deadly pale. A black silk cravat rendered this paleness still more corpse-like. The neatness of his dress, the fineness of his linen, the superb rings that glittered on his fingers, and the ease of all his movements, indicated that the stranger belonged to the upper classes of society.

Herr Bantes stared fixedly at the stranger. He saw the dead guest, in *propria persona*, before him, but recovered himself as well as he could, and, as he bowed to the stranger with somewhat anxious politeness, told the workman not to leave the room.

"I am happy, Herr Bantes, to have the pleasure of knowing you," said the stranger, slowly and quietly; "I should have had the honour of waiting on you immediately on my arrival, but that I needed rest after my journey, and for the fear of intruding upon you too soon."

"Much obliged, much obliged!" answered the burgomaster, in some confusion. "But"—an involuntary shudder came over him. He could not trust his own eyes. He offered the stranger a chair, wishing to himself all the while that he was a thousand miles off. The stranger bowed deliberately, took a seat, and said: "You do not know me; but you doubtless can guess who I am!"

Herr Bantes felt as though his hair was lifting the very wig off his head. He shook his head in fear, and said, with forced politeness: "I have not the honour of knowing you."

"My name is Hahn, the son of your old friend," rejoined the visiter in a hollow voice, and smiled on the old man in a way that made his blood run cold.

"Have you a letter from your worthy father?" asked Herr Bantes. The other produced a splendid pocket-book, and handed him a letter. It contained only a few lines by way of introduction, with a request to facilitate the bearer in his attempt to obtain the affections of his intended. The hand-writing was something like the old banker's, but it looked forced. Herr Bantes read the letter over and over again, to gain time to consider. He was in a complete dilemma. He could not, as a sensible man, believe for a moment, in spite of his involuntary tremour, that he had the dead guest before him; nor, on the other hand, could he suppose it possible that the son of his old friend should, in face, figure, and dress, be so exactly like the fearful hero of the old tradition. He jumped up—begged to be excused—said he must look for his spectacles, as his eyes were a little dim, and left the room, so as to think the matter over with himself. As he left the room, Paul laid hold of the knob of another door, determined not to be left alone in the room. As he did so, the stranger turned his pallid face slowly round on him, and with one bound poor Paul was out of the door and down the stairs; nor would he return till he heard the burgomaster's voice in the parlour again. Herr Bantes had meanwhile been hastily turning over the matter, and adopted a desperate resolution. Doubtful as he was as to the true character of his visiter, he was determined, at any rate, not to deliver over his dear Frederica into the clutches of the evil one. His heart beat quicker as he approached his guest, whom he addressed as follows: "Hear me, my dear sir. I have the highest respect for you personally; but, in the meantime, certain things have happened here—unfortunate events, that could not be avoided. If you had only been good enough to come sooner! In the meantime, an affection has grown up between my daughter and the commandant of the garrison here, betrothal and all that, which I learned only a few days ago. The captain was a ward of mine. What could I do? Right or wrong, I had to give my consent. I had intended to write the unlucky news to your father, and ask him not to give you the trouble of coming. I am very sorry, I am sure. What will my old friend think of me?"

Herr Bantes could say no more; for his voice failed him for sheer terrour. His guest had not only, contrary to his expectations, listened to the announcement with perfect calmness, but his countenance, which had before been calm and grave, brightened up visibly at the words "affection" and "betrothal," as though a maiden whose heart and hand were already plighted to another was just what he wanted. Nor did it escape Herr Bantes, that the pale features speedily resumed their former composure, as though conscious that they betrayed themselves by the expression of pleasure.

"Do not make yourself uneasy," said Herr von Hahn, "neither on my account nor my father's!"

Herr Bantes thought to himself: "I know well enough what you are driving at!" but was now doubly anxious to keep the dangerous wooer at a distance from Frederica.

"I ought, in truth," pursued he, "not to allow you to remain in a tavern, and beg of you to take up your quarters in my house. But this business of the captain and my daughter, and all that—you know all about these things—a second wooer in the absence of the first, and all that—and then, you know, in a little town like this, the people talk about everything; and then, my daughter—"

"Pray, don't make any excuses," said the stranger; "I am very well accommodated at the hotel. I understand you. If you would only allow me to wait upon your daughter—"

"But—"

"For I could never reconcile it to myself to have been in Herbesheim, and not to have seen my intended bride."

"Certainly, you—"

"I really must envy the captain. I have heard so much of the extraordinary beauty and amiable qualities of the lady—"

"You are very polite."

"I should certainly have esteemed it a great honour to have been received into your amiable family, and to have become the son of a man of whom my father can never speak without emotion."

"Much obliged—"

"May I ask, at least, to be presented to the lady?"

"I am sorry, very sorry—but—she has gone with her mother to a large party—and—it is the rule there not to admit a stranger on any pretext."

"It matters little for this evening, as I still feel somewhat fatigued; nor should I wish to see her at a large party, where one is always under more or less restraint. I would prefer seeing her at home."

Herr Bantes bowed in silence.

"Of course I should prefer it, and I presume you will have no objections. I should be still better pleased to have a private interview with her, as I have much to communicate, which—"

The old man was alarmed. He thought to himself, "There he goes, marching straight to his object!" He hemmed and coughed. The stranger paused for an answer, but as none followed, went on. "I hope to make some communications to the lady, which may tend to give her a more correct idea of myself, and perhaps enable me to obtain her good opinion, which is far from being a matter of indifference to me."

Herr Bantes tried to interpose many an *if* and *but* to prevent this dangerous *tête-a-tête*. He talked much, but confusedly. The dead guest either did not or would not understand him, and kept urging his request. Meantime Herr Bantes' situation became more and more painful; for he saw in his mind's eye his lovely daughter deceived by the accursed arts of the pale shape before him, and her pretty head twisted round backwards. The conversation had lasted long, and it was growing dark. As his visiter seemed determined not to go, Herr Bantes jumped up suddenly, and explained, with many regrets, that he must leave him to attend to some pressing business. The stranger took his leave distantly, but asked permission to call again.

Herr Bantes hurried off to the party, but was noticed to be unusually still and thoughtful. The dead guest was the only subject of conversation. Some asserted that he brought with him a huge chest packed full of gold; others, that he had already made the acquaintance of all the betrothed brides of Herbesheim; that he was a very agreeable man, only that there was a little smell of sulphur about him. All this agreed but too well with what he had himself noticed in the visiter who had assumed the shape of the rich banker. As soon as he had returned home with his wife and daughter, he told them of the visit of the dead guest, and that he trusted he had given him his dismissal, once for all. The two ladies were at first surprised, then smiled when they heard the name of the rich wooer; and at last laughed outright when they heard that the old man had formally declared that Frederica was betrothed to the captain.

"Oh, papa, dear papa!" cried Frederica, and embraced him; "oh, I beg, keep your word!"

"What the plague, and all that!" answered the old man; "no fear of that!"

"Will you, even if the dead guest should turn out to be Herr von Hahn, after all?"

"Do you think I've got no eyes? It is not Herr von Hahn. It's an apparition. How in the devil's name could such an idea ever enter young Hahn's head as to dress himself up like the dead guest; a story he has most probably never heard in all his life?"

The ladies could not exactly explain the affair, it is true; still they were more inclined to attribute it to the old gentleman's busy imagination, than to doubt the individuality of Herr von Hahn. This very obstinacy of mother and daughter, who would not take any other view of the matter, agitated the burgomaster the more.

"So it goes always, just so," cried he angrily; "he has got you both half in his meshes already,—has bewitched you already. I am not ordinarily superstitious, and am no credulous old woman, but what I have seen—I have seen. It is a devilish trick, that is enough to make one crazy. Reason can't explain it. But there are many things that reason can't explain. But I will take care you have nothing to do with the fiend, if I have to lock you both up in the cellar!"

"Dear papa!" rejoined his daughter, "you need not take all that trouble. Whether the dead guest is the Herr von Hahn or not, I promise you that I will never love him, and never forget Waldrich. But you must give me your word that you will not turn away my Waldrich, whether this rival of his turns out to be the one or the other."

"No fear of it. I would rather give you away to the meanest beggar in the street—he is a man, at any rate—than to that sprite, that devil."

That night Frederica was lulled to sleep by happy dreams, while her poor father tossed and tumbled in sleepless anxiety. The result of his nightly reflections was, that immediately after breakfast he repaired to the recorder, and requested him to set the police in motion, and have the stranger ordered to leave the city. He told him frankly the whole of their conversation on the preceding afternoon, and that his wife and daughter were already half bewitched by him, inasmuch as they fancied him to be the young banker, while it was evident that that gentleman would not have chosen the figure of the dead guest to go a wooing in, nor if he had wanted to do so, would he have known what it was. His friend shook his head in doubt, and hardly knew what to say, but assured Herr Bantes that something should be done soon, as the whole town was in agitation.

As Herr Bantes was going home, he chanced to look in at a window in the lower story of his house. The window belonged to a pretty little room which had formerly been occupied by Captain Waldrich. The old man could hardly believe his eyes. There sat the dead guest in earnest, and as it seemed in passionate conversation with Frederica. She smiled kindly on him, and seemed to have nothing to say against it, when he caught her hand and pressed it repeatedly to his lips. At this sight everything seemed to totter before the old man's eyes, or rather he tottered himself. He thought at first he would rush at once into the room and drive the tempter away, but he feared that evil consequences might result for his daughter or himself. He remembered the duel between the viscount and Count von Altenkreuz. He hurried to his wife's chamber, who started with affright at his pale, anxious face. When she learned the reason of his fear, she sought to quiet him, by assuring him that the fancied spectre was a modest and amiable man, with whom she and Frederica had a long conversation.

"I have no doubt, mother, he behaved modestly enough towards an elderly lady like you. But just go and see how far he has got with our daughter already. He is kissing her."

"That is impossible!"

"Yes, yes, my eyes are fools! She is his—she is lost for ever!"

"Why, he only asked permission for a private interview with Frederica. Let us have an end of these idle fancies. How can you, the enlightened man, who mocked at everything, let yourself be deceived so easily, and become so superstitious all at once?"

"Deceived, superstitious? No, no, only prudence, foresight, and all that, against the devil. I command you, once for all, to break off all intercourse with your so called Herr von Hahn."

His wife seemed embarrassed. "Dear husband," said she at last, "pray think what you are doing. A stranger may have a pale face and wear black, and yet not be a ghost. If you wish it, and your peace of mind is concerned, I will obey you; but consider, we have already invited him to dinner to-day."

"It's enough to drive one mad!" replied her spouse; "to dinner!!! Away with him, I say—I will have nothing to do with him!"

Just then Frederica came in. "Where is Herr von Hahn?" her father asked moodily.

"Gone to his hotel for a moment: he will return soon. He is really a good, noble-minded man!"

"There it is again! She has only talked with him a quarter of an hour, and is already satisfied that he is a good, noble-minded man. Oh, if Waldrich were here! In one word—I will not make or meddle with him. Send him some excuse, manufacture something; say I am taken sick suddenly; we regret very much; can't have the pleasure to-day, and all that."

"But listen, papa: I will tell you what he was talking about. He is really a most excellent man, and you will—"

"Stop! I will not listen. Look here, this is the last word I have to say, whether it is the dead guest that looks like Herr von Hahn, or Herr von Hahn that looks like the dead guest, it is all devilry altogether. If you can persuade this man, this good, noble-minded, excellent man, and all that, to leave Herbesheim to-day and for ever, I give you my word, you shall have your captain. I will write to my old friend at once, and make all things straight, as soon as that creature in black is away. Can you persuade him to do it?"

"Surely," said Frederica, radiant with joy, "he will go: only allow me to say one word with him in private."

"Never, never! write, write him!"

Frederica had no alternative; so she wrote to the banker, whom she already learned to esteem; apologized for being forced to revoke the invitation to dinner, owing to her father's illness; and begged him, if he felt any esteem or friendship for her, to leave the town at once, as her happiness and the peace of the family depended on his absence. She promised to write him by the next post more at length, and explain the singular reasons of her singular and unpolite but most earnest request.

CHAPTER VI

A servant carried Frederica's note over to the hotel. The fellow was told to open the banker's door; but as he did so, he trembled in every joint, for the tall, pale figure in black walked solemnly towards him, and asked, in a hollow tone, "What do you want?" The shape seemed to him to be ten times as long, pale, and black, as he had ever fancied it.

"Pray, excuse me," he stammered at last, with features expressing the most deadly fear, "my errand was not to you, but to Herr von Hahn."

"I am he."

"Are you really?" said the poor devil, chattering from head to foot, yet unable to move from the spot; "for God's sake, sir, do let me go!"

"I do not keep you here. Who sent you?"

"Fraulein Bantes."

"For what?"

"This letter you were—" With these words, which he did not finish because the stranger had advanced a step nearer to him, he flung the note on the floor, and ran off as fast as he could.

The banker said to himself, "Are all the people in this place beside themselves?" read the letter, raised his brows, and walked up and down, whistling.

Meantime some one tapped gently at the door, and in walked the landlord, cap in hand, with a profusion of bows.

"You are come in good time, landlord," said the gentleman in black; "is dinner ready?"

"Our dinner will doubtless be too poor to suit your excellency."

"By no means; your cookery is good. I am a small eater at all times; but that is no reproach to your table."

"They give better dinners at the Angel."

"I don't want to hear anything about angels. I stick to the Black Cross. I never knew so modest a landlord in my life. Pray be covered."

The landlord twirled his cap in his hand, and seemed to have something of weight on his mind, which he did not know how to bring out. The gentleman in black did not notice it at first, but kept walking up and down the room, busied with his own thoughts. Whenever he chanced to come near the landlord, the latter hastily retreated four paces.

"Is there anything else?" asked the gentleman at last.

"Why—yes. I hope, though, your excellency won't be offended at it."

"By no means—out with it!" was the answer, and the stranger stretched out his arm to clap his host, in a friendly way, on the shoulder. But Boniface gave it a different interpretation. He thought perhaps the stranger wanted to make the same experiment on the vertebra of his neck which he had previously made on those of the three ladies; so he dodged the hand skilfully, and was at the foot of the stairs in three jumps.

Provoking as such behaviour was, Herr von Hahn could not help laughing. He had noticed the same strange fear in all the servants, especially since that morning. "Do they take me for a second Doctor Faustus?" said he to himself.

Then came another knock at the door; it was slowly opened half way, and a military-looking head, with a Roman nose and prodigious moustache, appeared at the opening, and asked: "Am I right—is this Herr von Hahn's?"

"Certainly."

A tall, stout man, in a police uniform, entered the room. "The recorder requests your excellency to make it convenient to wait on him for a few moments."

"Make it convenient? that sounds somewhat official. Where does he live?"

"At the end of the street, sir; the large corner house with the balcony. I will have the honour of showing you the way."

"That is not necessary, my friend. I do not like escorts, either of military or police."

"His honour the recorder gave the order."

"Right, and you obey, without question. You have served, have you not?"

"In the third regiment of Hussars."

"In what affair did you get that honourable scar on your forehead?"

"Hem! your excellency—in an affair with some of my comrades about a pretty girl."

"Your wife, then, will not look on the scar with pleasure, except she herself was the pretty girl in question."

"I have no wife."

"Very well, but you have got a sweetheart; for the man who bears such honourable marks of his devotion to the fair sex must always be sensible of their charms. But then your chosen one, now she knows all, hangs back a little, don't she?"

The soldier seemed embarrassed. It amused the questioner to see a confirmation of his random guesses in his confusion, and he went on. "Don't despair. That very scar will prove to your sweetheart what you would dare for one glance of her black eyes, one lock of her brown hair."

The police-officer changed colour, and stared wildly at the stranger. "Your excellency," stammered he, "do you know the girl already?"

"Why not? she is really the prettiest girl in the whole town!" answered the other, smiling; for it tickled his fancy to discover the love affairs of the soldier so soon by dint of bold and lucky guesses. It did not tickle the officer, though; especially the roguish smile of the pale deadly countenance seemed to contain something fearful, something of fiendish delight.

"Your excellency knows her, then, already! But how can that be; for you have only been in town one day. I have never taken my eyes off the milliner's front door; or, if I was away, somebody else watched. I am sure you never went in the house once."

"My good fellow, a pretty girl is soon found out, and houses have back doors as well as front ones."

The soldier, who no doubt had reasons of his own for knowing this fact, stood petrified. Herr von Hahn, on the other hand, grew more sportive the more the fellow's confusion increased, and determined to make him a little jealous. "So, then," he went on, "she plays the prude, does she? That unlucky scar!"

"No, sir, no—not the wound. Excuse me, it is yourself!"

"What! I? oh, don't dream of such a thing. Not jealous already, are you? Come, let us understand ourselves, and make an agreement—do you understand?"

"I understand only too well. God deliver me from such a thing!"

"You shall introduce me to your young milliner, and I will reconcile her to the scar."

The soldier shuddered all over; then invited the stranger, in a dry official tone, to follow him to the recorder's.

"I will come; but I forbid your accompanying me through the street."

"My orders are so."

"And I order you the contrary. Go, and say I am coming. If you hesitate one moment, your sweetheart is lost to you for ever!"

"Sir, sir—for the love of heaven!" cried the soldier, in anguish, "I obey, but do, do spare her young blood!"

"I hope you don't fancy I'm going to eat your sweetheart?"

"Give me your word of honour, my lord, that you will spare her life, and I will do whatever you bid me, if it should be to kill myself."

"Be easy; I promise you I will not take her life. But tell me, why do you fear the worst all at once? Who the plague ever wanted to take a pretty woman's life?"

"I have your word, your excellency, and I am satisfied. Besides, why should you want to twist poor Kate's neck. I will go, and you can follow on. Even hell must keep its promises."

He hurried out of the house. Behind him, he heard the stranger laughing heartily. It sounded to him like Satan's. He hurried to the recorder, and reported faithfully all that happened, to his great astonishment.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

THE INVALID.

BY MRS. CORNWALL BARON WILSON

NOTHING can be more common than for persons of a naturally robust and healthy temperament of mind and body, and who feel not those "infirmities flesh is heir to"—nothing, I repeat, is more common than for such persons to ridicule the want of that greatest of all earthly blessings in others, HEALTH; and to attribute the ailments of those around them to the effect of temper, or what is called "*nervous irritability*." Instead, therefore, of benefitting more largely by the mercies extended to themselves, and feeling a thankful gratitude for the boon bestowed by their munificent Creator, blessings on them become curses to others, by causing a callousness to the sufferings of their fellow-creatures; and, like Pharaoh of old, they "harden their hearts" against conviction and against belief.

Such, at least, was the effect produced upon Walter Beverley, the hero, if I may so designate him, of the brief yet faithful page in whose life I am about to record; and should there be one among my readers who is conscious of lacking the "milk of human kindness" in his own bosom, may the catastrophe of this little narrative produce that change so devoutly to be wished."

Walter Beverley was a young man, possessed of fine animal spirits, flowing from a constitution which (saving the maladies incident to childhood) had never known a day's wear, either from sickness or sorrow; he seemed, indeed, the favourite of fortune, in person, wealth, and manners. Generous and manly, gifted with many good and noble qualities, his detestation of everything approaching to cowardice and effeminacy in his own sex, was little short of hatred. Even the gentler part of creation, woman, pleased Walter more when the extreme delicacy of her sex was discarded, and none of those pretty yet misplaced graces of timidity, which beauty is apt to assume, were put in practice to attract admirers. A young man moving in the circle Beverley moved in was not likely to be long in finding a wife. Julia St. Pierre, the only daughter of a French refugee, drew her first breath in England, whither her parents had flown, with what wealth they could hastily collect, at the breaking out of the revolution. Educated as an English woman, (for she had known no other country,) young, lovely, and accomplished, Julia soon attracted the eyes and fixed the roving heart of Walter, in those circles where "they met;" and though he was very opposite in character, (for hers was "the mild lustre of the early morn, and *his* the radiance of the risen day,") he soon became her lover—wooed and won—and they were united.

There was a hectic streak on the face of the fair bride, that to all eyes, save those of the delighted husband, seemed the herald of an early grave. That direful disease, the simoom of our climate, deadly as that of the Eastern desert—since with a like remorselessness it sweeps away all who come within its influence—consumption, had already sown its baneful seeds in her bosom, to spring up ere long, and desolate the soil.

I pass over the early part of their married life; like an English April, it had its showers and its sunshine, but no clouds of any magnitude rested upon it. Walter was justly proud of his beautiful wife, and delighted to instruct her in the more robust accomplishments of her sex; under his tuition, though naturally timid, she became an expert horsewoman, and the husband was never more in his element (to use a nautical phrase) than when attending in the double capacity of esquire and tutor, at the bridal rein of his graceful Julia.

Time rolled on, and olive branches sprang up around their table, but, alas! they did not bring increase of happiness; the wife's duties were now become subservient to those of the mother—nature demanded it—and Julia was obliged to relinquish many of those pleasures, innocent in themselves, which became otherwise when they drew away her attention from her offspring. These little sacrifices on her part were made without a sigh; for a mother can know no happiness like that of which she is the centre at home. But with man it is different; he does not feel the ties of those dear ones to bind him so closely. Walter was not naturally fond of children, and the scenes of domestic life were too tame for his ardent temperament; he loved to mount the wave rather than to glide down the calm smooth stream; and his spirit became stagnant when it was the hour of his trial—now was to be put to the test the oath, "to love and to cherish," which he had sworn to her who had consented to share his destiny at the altar of his God.

The health of Mrs. Beverley gradually gave way under the many anxieties from which a mother, let her situation in life be ever so exalted, *cannot* be exempt. How little in after life do any of us appreciate that unceasing fatigue, that unwarying tenderness, which anticipates the steps of time, and furrows the cheek of gentle woman with wrinkles not of years! When Julia became no longer able, with pleasure to herself, to accompany her husband to those scenes of gayety, or endure the late hours of the fashionable society, in which she had hitherto been his partner, Walter bore the bereavement in sullen silence; or if when increasing disease forced a gentle complaint from the lips of his suffering wife, if a word of recognition that he heard her *did* break from him, it was such as blistered, rather than soothed, the wound it fell upon. Soon, however, this gloomy calm, like the silence of nature before the tempest, burst forth in audible wishes that he had not married a woman to fill his house with doctors, and exhaust his purse for fees!—they were common salutations on the lips of Beverley. "Julia was only nervous," he would say to his friends—"only nervous, and wanted rousing;" and under this impression the poor sinking invalid was often forced into gayety, under the pretended

search after that health which for her was only to be obtained in the quiet shades of retirement, or the holy calm of domestic peace. Often when the unpitied Julia returned from such scenes, and was conscious that the tide of health would never again flow through her wasting veins, would she gaze with tearful eyes on the little flock bounding to meet her, and mentally offer a prayer for their protection, when her maternal arms could no longer be their shield; often, too, while resting on her harp, whose tuneful chords her fingers had ceased to make obedient to their touch, would she weep over her youngest born, the blue-eyed cherub, who, like the personification of Pity's dove, flew to nestle and repose in her wounded bosom.

Gently—as the fading light of the melting rainbow, tint after tint—did her beauty pass, almost unperceived, away. She had long ceased to breathe a murmur; for it was sure to call up a cloud on the brow, or an unmanly sneer on the lip, of the heartless Beverley, who, now that his wife's accomplishments and beauty could no longer minister to his vanity, showed himself the selfish being his own passion had made him. Despite his better reason, he *would* not be convinced that the hectic flush and bright eye of Julia could betoken aught but health; and, to conciliate his wayward temper, the fevered cheek and wildly-illumined eye often were clothed in smiles, when the worm was gnawing at her aching heart.

"There, now you look something like yourself, Julia," said the selfish Walter one evening, when, in obedience to his wishes, she had placed herself at the harp, which stood beside the sofa, on which her weakness obliged her to recline. "Come, you only want rousing, as I told Dr. Berkly yesterday, when he shook his head and put on a long professional face; illness is all an idea—a fancy, making women a trouble to themselves, and a burden to every one about them. If only wants courage and nerve to throw it off, as one changes one's dress; and really, Julia, yours is quite a worn-out garment; I'm tired of seeing it." A melancholy smile was the only answer to this ill-timed pleasantry. "Come," he continued, "play some of those lively airs you used to be so fond of before we were plagued with those cursed brats, who have worn your very life out. Be off, sir, out of the way!" said the unnatural father to the trembling boy who sat at his mother's knee; and, suiting the "action to the word," hurled him with his foot to the other side of the apartment, with a violence that made the floor echo beneath his fall.

The spirit of the mother could not brook *this*; neglect, reviling, showered upon *herself*, she had borne calmly without a murmur; but if ever the most timid animal will turn and defend her young when attacked, how much more will not woman dare in defence of her offspring! So it was with the wife of Beverley. Every feeling, the dearest, the most sacred, in her bosom's shrine, had been outraged—outraged by him, too, who of all others should have respected and upheld them; and, for the *first* time, words of bitter and reproaching import escaped her lips. Remonstrance only produced the opposite effect intended on an obdurate heart; and Walter Beverley, the husband and father of those he had wronged, quitted his home, to spend elsewhere a gayer evening than he might now anticipate within his own walls.

Late was the hour when he returned, under the two-fold influence of wine and passion, those demons ever ready to join compact together, and make common cause against erring man. Stupified and weary with the orgies of the club, whither he had flown to stifle, in noise and riot, the upbraidings of the "still small voice" that will be heard within us, it was not till the beams of the noon-day sun shone into the chamber that Beverley awoke to consciousness, and to look on the immovable form beside his pillow. Mrs. Beverley was dead! Exhausted by the vexation of the evening, heart-sick and heart-broken, she had softly kissed her children as they slept, and retired some hours before her husband's return; and alone, in the silence and deep hush of midnight, that awful Power who bids "the weary be at rest," had visited her sorrows, and her pure spirit had flown to Him who gave it.

Some moments elapsed ere the horrour-struck Walter could fully arouse his bewildered senses to comprehend the fatal truth! He bent his ear to listen—no gentle breathing answered to his hopes, and told him that life was yet an inmate of that fragile tenement; he touched the pale cheek over which the long eyelash hung like a jetty fringe, with a tear still moist upon it. His hand recoiled at the icy thrill which *that* touch sent through his veins—there is no mistaking the touch of death! To summon the servants and medical aid was now but the work of a moment; but in vain—the vital spark was quenched for ever. In all the stupour of grief, too agonized, "too deep for tears," the wretched man stood gazing on the form before him. Yes, there she lay; the bride of his choice, the wife of his bosom, the mother of his children; the shadow of beauty yet throwing its twilight loveliness over her features, even as the lunar rainbow retains the outline of the brighter arch of day, but gleams colder and paler beneath the chilly midnight. At that awful moment, what would the husband and father not have given to recall but the last twelve hours of his existence—to have caused the dial of time to go back as it did of yore? How did every unkind word he had uttered, every offensive look of which he had been guilty, set themselves in battle array against him, and rise from the cells of his own heart, like the skeptics of terrour, to upbraid. The wolf that fed on the life-stream of the Spartan thief, the tooth of the viper, or the three-fanged sting of the scorpion, are nothing contrasted with the agonies of an accusing conscience.

Yet the lesson did not lose its effect on the heart of Beverley; a revolution which years could not have accomplished was now the work of one little hour. Prostrate beside his desolated couch, with his children gathered around him, the first prayer Beverley had uttered since he knelt in boyhood at his mother's knee, broke from his humiliated soul, for forgiveness for the past and direction for the future; and there, too, on the solemn shrine, with the weeping pledges of love before him, did he vow to consecrate his future life to their welfare, and to be henceforth a father in affection as in name. The spirit of her he had injured bent down and hallowed the prayer, and the recording angel, who rejoiceth over the sinner that repenteth, carried the oath to heaven.

Years have fleeted by since the period when his history commenced; and in the fondly-attached father, watching and guiding the expanding minds of his affectionate children, no traces can be recognized of the early failings of Walter Beverley.

CONSIDERATE.—On his death bed a distinguished humorist requested that no one might be invited to his funeral; "because," sobbed out the dying man, "it is a civility I can never repay."

MADAME MARA.

Gertrude Elizabeth Mara was born at Cassel in the year 1750, and brought by her father, whose name was Schmehling, when quite a child, to London, where she learned to perform on the guitar. Her progress was so rapid, that when in her tenth year, she played before the king with great *éclat*; but, by the advice of one of the ladies at court, she discontinued that instrument, and was placed under the instruction of the well-known soprano Paradisi, under whose guidance she improved so much, that when only in her fourteenth year she sang before the court with the greatest applause.

After some years, her father returned with her to Cassel, where at that time she did not excite any particular attention; and in the year 1766, she went to Leipsic, where, at the first established concert, she was engaged as first singer, and soon became the object of universal astonishment.

In 1767, she was invited to Dresden, to undertake a character in a piece to be performed in honour of the birth-day of the prince; the dowager princess, Maria Antonia, who was a great amateur of music, first undertaking to instruct her in the action. After this representation, she left Dresden in the beginning of 1768, where she had met with much honour and reward, and returned to Leipsic, where she placed herself under the instruction of M. Hiller, who soon made her a proficient on the harpsichord.

In 1770 she was invited to Potsdam, where Frederick II., whose prepossession in favour of German singers is well known, was induced, by the admiration her talents excited, to invite her to his palace. Being anxious to hear her, though his opinion of her talents was by no means favourable, he ordered the concert to take place while he waited in an adjoining room, so that he could listen to it without being seen. She had not long commenced, when he became so delighted with her singing that he entered the concert-room, and at last took a seat a short distance from her. On the conclusion of the air she was singing, he loudly praised her, and asked if she would venture to sing another air at sight? On her acquiescing, he sought out for her one of the most difficult pieces he could find, which she sang with the greatest facility, as she did all others that he laid before her. She was immediately engaged, at a salary of two hundred dollars; and, in 1771, appeared for the first time at Berlin, in Hasse's Intermezzo, "*Piramo e Tisbe*," and vied with the celebrated Concialini for fame; besides this, under the instruction of Porpora, she was able to execute adagios with powerful feeling; and her action was so good, that she excited universal astonishment.

In 1774 she married Jean Mara, a native of Berlin, who was the celebrated violoncellist to Prince Henry; but through her union with him she was involved in innumerable difficulties, and through his inconsiderate conduct she incurred the king of Prussia's displeasure, who otherwise would always have countenanced her, on account of her talents. At length the displeasure of the king increased to such a degree, that she was dismissed from her engagement, whereupon they went to Leipsic; and, in 1782, to Vienna: from thence they travelled through Switzerland, and, in 1783, went to Paris, where she was appointed first concert-singer to the queen.

In 1784, she came again to London, where she was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and was immediately engaged at the Pantheon for thirteen nights, at one thousand guineas. At the celebrated Commemoration of Handel, in Westminster Abbey, she appeared as principal singer; and, in the following winter, was engaged at the Opera House.

In 1788, she was invited to Turin, where she stayed only a short time, sang during the carnival, and then returned to England, where she continued for many years to excite the admiration and applause of the British public, without any competitor who could dispute with her the palm of superiority.

At length, however, Mrs. Billington, after many years' absence from the stage, returned from Italy, and by her scientific attainments and astonishing compass of voice, became a formidable rival to her who had reigned supreme as the queen of song; but the acknowledged talents of Mrs. Billington, and a love of novelty, drew nearly the whole of the fashionable world after that lady; as her fame increased, her once powerful rival sank into comparative insignificance; and she who had been the brightest luminary of the musical hemisphere, was eclipsed by the dazzling effulgence of her more fortunate rival. In addition to this, being disgusted by some severe animadversions on a *fracas* with one of her servant-maids, in which she exhibited the character of a *virago*, she went, in 1802, to Paris, and in the course of the following year visited her native place; she afterwards proceeded to Frankfort, Weimar, Leipsic, and Berlin, and everywhere enraptured her hearers through the brilliancy and magic of her singing. Having travelled through most of the great cities of Germany, she visited St. Petersburgh and from thence returned to England.

In 1808 she went to Moscow, where, after the death of her husband, who died that year in retirement at Rotterdam, she was to have married her former companion, Florio. After remaining some time, she returned to England, where she seemed determined to finish her days.

The fame of this great singer was not founded alone on the strength and fulness of her tones, and the extraordinary compass of her voice, which she could extend to three octaves, *save one single note*, with perfect evenness: but also on the wonderful ease, quickness, and roundness with which she executed the most difficult passages: and lastly, on the simplicity and charming expression of her adagios. Her finest effort, and for the execution of which she was celebrated, was the beautiful air in Handel's Messiah, "*I know that my Redeemer liveth.*"

Her musical judgment was extremely good; being one night at the Lent Oratorios, and hearing one of the female singers execute some of her own favourite songs, she was asked by a lady who sat in the same box, what she thought of her performance? She answered—"Madam, she dances a tolerably good fandango." Such a reply from any one of the greater half of our present operatic ladies, had been flippant, pert, and presumptuous; but so chaste, dignified, and sentimental a vocalist as Madame Mara, was entitled to make a remark, that while it could never be applied to herself, so well described the unmeaning flutter and flourish by which some of the finest compositions of the finest masters are too often disguised and deterioriated.

FOPPERY.—A person was remonstrating with a friend on the absurdity of following foppish fashions. "They are really contemptible," said he, "and I am sure all who see you must think you ridiculous." "I don't value the opinion of the world," answered the irritated puppy, "I laugh at all those who think me ridiculous." "Then you must be the merriest man alive," was the reply.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

LINES BY CAROLINE BOWLES, NOW MRS. ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Suggested by some autumn flowers.

Those few pale autumn flowers,
How beautiful they are!
Than all that went before,
Than all the summer store,
How lovelier far!

And why?—They are the last!
The last! the last! the last!
Oh! by that little word,
How many thoughts are stirred;
That sister of the past!

Pale flowers! Pale, perishing flowers!
Ye're types of precious things;
Types of those better moments,
That flit like life's enjoyments,
On rapid, rapid wings.

Last hours with parting dear ones,
(That time the fastest spends,)
Last tears in silence shed,
Last words half uttered,
Last looks of dying friends.

Who but would fain compress
A life into a day,
The last day spent with one
Who, e'er the morrow's sun
Must leave us, and for ay?

Oh, precious, precious moments!
Pale flowers! ye're types of those;
The saddest! sweetest! dearest!
Because, like those, the nearest
To an eternal close.

Pale flowers! Pale, perishing flowers!
I woo your gentle breath—
I leave the summer rose
For younger, blither brows;
Tell me no change of death.

OLD AND NEW FASHIONED DANCES.—As to balls themselves thirty years ago, country-dances (now expelled by way of joke) were the fashion; and fifty years ago, preceded by the minuet, were the dances of the court. A lady and gentleman "walking" a minuet (as it is called) now a days would be considered typical of Adam and Eve before the fall. Here, however, is a double mutation; for the quadrille, which has superseded the country or *contre-danse*, is but the revival of the cotillion; while the *game* of quadrille, once all the rage, has been driven from society by that refined edition of "all fours"—"ecarté." The waltz, which invaded our shores in war time, and frightened the sober and sedate from their propriety, seems to have been also a mere revivification of a dance described, with singular point and animation, by the old gentleman in the "Spectator," who says: "I suppose this diversion was first invented to keep up a good understanding between young men and women; but I am sure had you been here, you would have seen great matter for speculation." Lady Blessington, in her interesting and entertaining work, "The Idler in Italy," recently published, informs us that the French mode of dancing the waltz, is entirely free from the imputations which the fastidious still cast upon the method of performing it in England. As to dancing, generally speaking, it appears to be reduced to a fashion rather than an amusement, for two reasons: one, because if there is room left in a ball-room for dancing, the party is considered dull; and the other, because if there be adequate space, the figures are walked, or rather slept through by the performers, as if the whole affair was a "bore," and that the appearance of being either entertained or excited, was something too shocking to be thought of."

EFFECTS OF MUSIC IN THE CONVERSATION OF SAVAGES.—Nolreg (a Jesuit) had a school, where he instructed the native children, the orphans from Portugal, and the mestizos, or the mixed breed. Reading, writing, and arithmetic were taught them; they were trained to assist at mass, and to sing the church service, and frequently led in procession through the town. This had a great effect, for the natives were passionately fond of music, so passionately, that Nolrega began to hope the fable of Orpheus was a type of his mission, and that by songs he was to convert the pagans of Brazil. This Jesuit usually took with him four or five of these little choristers on his preaching expeditions; when they approached an inhabited place, one carried the crucifix before them, and they began singing the Litany. The savages, like snakes, were won by the voice of the charmer; they received him joyfully, and when he departed with the same ceremony, the children followed the music. He set the catechism creed, and ordinary prayers, to sol-fa; and the pleasure of learning to sing was such a temptation, that the little Tupis sometimes ran away from their parents to pat themselves under the care of the Jesuit.

PERMANENT VALUE OF KNOWLEDGE.—One of the most agreeable consequences of knowledge, is the respect and importance which it communicates to old age. Men rise in character often as they increase in years; they are venerable from what they have acquired, and pleasing from what they can impart. If they outlive their faculties, the mere frame itself is respected for what it once contained; but women (such is their unfortunate style of education) hazard everything upon one cast of the die; when youth is gone, all is gone. No human creature gives his admiration for nothing; either the eye must be charmed or the understanding gratified. A woman must talk wisely or look well. Every human being must put up with the coldest civility, who has neither the charms of youth nor the wisdom of age. Neither is there the slightest commiseration for decayed accomplishments; no man mourns over the fragments of a dancer, or drops a tear on the relics of musical skill. They are flowers destined to perish; but the decay of great talents is always the subject of solemn pity; and even when their last memorial is over, their ruins and vestiges are regarded with pious affection.—*Rev. Sidney Smith.*

CONSCIENCE.—If the worm gnaws within, the appearance without is deformity and shame. Let the hypocrite, devoured by conscience, assume whatever artful appearance he may, of severity, tranquillity, or vague solemnity, his distortion will be ever apparent to the acute observer of nature.

ORIGINAL FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM LONDON.

Tournament - Lord Eglintoun—Marquis of Londonderry—Thames Tunnel Dinner—Theatricals—Ellen Tree—Lady Flora Hastings—the Queen.

The tournament still comes in for more than, perhaps, a due share of notice, both in the small fashionable, and extensive unfashionable worlds It has fairly attained that very rare degree of notoriety—a "nine days' wonder"—a thing but seldom to be looked for in this bustling community, where stirring events in politics, pleasure, or business, tread so quick upon each other's heels Tournaments have been got up at the theatres, both in burlesque and reality—(it is hard to say which is the better burlesque of the two); and "tournament quadrilles,"—that is, the quadrilles danced by the "knights" and "dames" at Eglintoun,—have been published by the music-sellers. The latter will now, of course, be danced all over London, by the spruce "knights of the counter," in conjunction with "peerless," and indeed altogether "titleless" damsels of every degree, from the haughty heiresses of wholesale sugar-bakers and soap-boilers, to the humble daughters of the dealers of those essential articles in retail; and the airs, so lately composed for the especial use and pleasure of ultra-aristocratic ears, will, in five days, be familiar in the mouths of all porter-pot boys able to whistle. It is all nonsense apeing or talking about "exclusiveness" in these "diffusion-of-everything" times. The thing is impossible. Man is an imitative animal everywhere, and nowhere more so than in England; and in all England, London is the place where this faculty is most freely developed. Those who account themselves the *haut ton*, having the most time upon their hands, originate amusements and frivolities for the destruction of their great enemy—*ennui;* but they cannot obtain an exclusive patent for them, and these said amusements and frivolities find their way in an incredibly short space of time through every grade of society in the great Babylon, until they finally expire in the precincts of St. Giles, or the kennels of Petticoat-lane. Even the superfine Almackites cannot prevent "sound" finding its way through their hermetically-sealed doors; and no absolute decree of Lady Patronesses is available in averting the dire infliction of hearing, as they roll along in their carriages, the beauties of Strauss of the evening before vulgarized by hurdy-gurdy, barrel-organ, jew's-harp, or butcher-boy's and coal-heaver's lips. Alas, for the sufferings of greatness! Nothing, therefore, can prevent the "tournament quadrilles" from going the way of all vanity.

The present lord of Eglintoun is of ancient family, being the thirteenth earl of the name. He is a tall, straight, good-looking young man, of seven-and-twenty—no bad figure for a knight in any times, ancient or modern. Independent of being mad after the sports of the olden time, he is a great patron of the modern turf, and has more blood horses running and in training than any nobleman in this horse-racing island Hitherto he has had his fair share of good-fortune; but, doubtless, the "black-legs" will let him into a secret or two before they have done with him. The natural tendency of these things is Italy and the south of France, where young Englishmen resort, to retrench and brood upon the experience they have bought somewhat dear. Doubtless, Froissart and Sir Walter are in a great measure answerable for his late outbreak. Indeed, who can read hundreds of passages that occur in their works without feeling, as another poet said, "his heart stirred as by the sound of a trumpet." Take one at random, for instance—the meeting between Fair Margaret's lover, Lord Cranstoun—the "Knight of the Crane" of former times—and stout William of Deloraine, where

> "The very coursers seem'd to know
> That each was other's mortal foe,
> And snorted fire, when wheel'd around,
> To give each knight his vantage-ground.
> * * * * *
> In rapid round the baron bent;
> He sigh'd a sigh and pray'd a prayer;
> The prayer was to his patron saint,
> The sigh was to his ladye fair.
> Stout Deloraine, nor sigh'd nor pray'd,
> Nor saint, nor ladye call'd to aid;
> But he stoop'd his head, and couch'd his spear,
> And spurr'd his steed to full career:
> The meeting of these champions proud
> Seem'd like a bursting thunder-cloud!"

Such poetry is enough to make a tailor chivalrous!

And why not a tailor as well as the Marquis of Londonderry?—an ancient gentleman, whose natural "course" is almost run. Chivalry, undoubtedly, loses somewhat of its grace and effect when exhibited in the person of a sexagenarian, carrying his umbrella above his head in a knightly procession, in order to save his person or his clothes! We may sympathise with the outbreaks of a young nobleman like Eglintoun, but when the same propensities come to be exhibited by a "potent, grave, and reverend seignor," like the marquis, it is not a little ludicrous. But the gallant marquis is inaccessible to reproof or ridicule. Even Brougham's sarcasms, (rare mixtures of gall and wormwood,) were thrown away upon him for a whole session of parliament

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Perfect as the late revival was in almost every respect, the ceremony of "the touching of the shield" was altogether left out. This was one of the best of the ordinances of ancient chivalry. It consisted in the several shields being hung up for a certain time within the reach of every one, and any man, no matter how low his degree, who conceived himself aggrieved by the conduct of any knight;—or damsel, however humble her station, who had received wrong at his hands, stepped forward, if it so pleased them, and "touched the shield." A competent tribunal was instantly formed, and if it could be proved by the party touching the shield, that its owner had behaved in an unknightly manner, or done anything unbecoming a man of honour, he was excluded from the lists. This ceremony was omitted at Eglintoun, perhaps out of consideration for the knights in general, and the "knight of the dragon," the marquis of Waterford, in particular. The marquis's shield might have been touched by a goodly portion of the watchmen and policemen of the United Kingdom, at least; to say nothing of those of the United States and Norway, both of which, I believe, have experienced the uncomfortable results of the marquis's extraordinary propensities.

It has been remarked by foreigners, that, in England, everything is signalized by a dinner. If a man executes any *chef d'œuvre* in art, or makes a profound discovery in science, his admirers give him a dinner. If a statesman benefits his country by legislation, or a hero saves it by fighting, the reward is the same—a dinner. If Captain Ross sets off for the north pole, a dinner is given to him before he goes; and, as soon as it is heard that his ship is in sight, another is got up to welcome his return. All great enterprises, or commercial speculations, are commenced and ended by the indispensable dinner. It is the *ne plus ultra* of English enjoyment—the alpha and omega of all they undertake. On some very protracted occasions, it appears, they cannot restrain their impatience for the feast until the work in hand is completed.

A dinner was given, the other day, in rather an extraordinary locality, to celebrate the *three-quarter* completion of the Thames Tunnel The parties dined in the Tunnel! About two hundred sat down to dinner, and accommodations were provided for about five hundred more—principally ladies—as spectators! We have heard before of balls having been given in coal-mines, and ladies dancing, in white satin, among the black diamonds, of bottles of champagne inquaffed above the clouds, but this is, perhaps, the first instance, in the history of the world, of merry-making, on an extensive scale, under water. Think of gentlemen solacing themselves with fish served up in the first style, and uncooked ones swimming above their heads;—of swallowing oysters beneath the natural bed of that animal! Think of a bower for beauty below low-water mark, and of a vocalist warbling "My ain Fireside" at the bottom of the Thames! Think of gentlemen becoming *elevated* in such a situation, and of the chorus of some jolly bacchanalian song reaching the ears of the mystified sailors from under water, as their craft drifted up with the tide! What will shake their faith in mermen or mermaidens after this! Jack was always somewhat superstitious, and with a taste for the miraculous, but his legends were, for the most part, confined to foreign shores and seas; but now that he has at "Wapping old stairs," laid his ear to the water, and heard the "glasses sparkle on the board" sang beneath it, who shall set bounds to his faith in the supernatural?

The dinner went off in good style. Much wine was drunk, and doubtless not a little love made. Indeed, the temptation to the latter would be great The Cockneys are fond of novelty, and Mr Tompkins would be mightily tickled with the idea of wooing the future Mrs T. under water. A South-sea islander would scarcely be able to come up to such a boast.

In the theatrical world there is not anything worthy of note—Ellen Tree, on her return, made her appearance as the delightful *Viola,* in the Twelfth Night. Her performance of the character was as charming as ever. Indeed, of late years, no female on the British stage has equalled her in such parts, if we except her sister, the lovely Maria Tree, now the Hon. Mrs. Bradshaw. Ellen Tree has more vivacity and spirit, and perhaps power, than her sister, though she lacks somewhat of the softness and unaffected simplicity which rendered Maria Tree's personations so very untheatrical.—As a vocalist, too, Maria Tree, for years, disputed the palm with Miss Paton, now Mrs. Wood, and to this species of enchantment the fair Ellen makes no pretensions You have, however, fairly spoiled the latter lady. She now refuses all regular engagements, and is determined to be a "bright particular star" for the time to come.

A few flat farces and foolish melo-dramas have been produced, but it would be an abuse of time and space to dwell upon such crudities.

The affair of the late unfortunate Lady Flora Hastings has again been partially revived by the publication of divers letters and documents by the parties more immediately concerned. This ought not to be. No plot against—no malice prepense towards the departed lady can be proved. There is no doubt the whole affair originated in an unhappy mistake; and no shadow of proof has been brought forward that the parties, who perhaps entertained suspicion too easily, were actuated by unworthy motives. Considering the age and station of Victoria, those ladies of more experience who surrounded her were deeply answerable if even the shadow of a shade of suspicion attached itself to the court of the maiden queen. They were placed in a ticklish situation, and if they erred in the discharge of their unpleasant, but what they doubtless conceived to be their imperative duty, they ought not to be too harshly judged because they were not infallible. The Lady Flora's case and fate unquestionably merit the deepest sympathy; but still, when freely giving that sympathy, there is no occasion to indulge harsh or ungracious feelings towards those who were deceived by appearances. It would just be as reasonable to quarrel with the physical causes which led to the unhappy result. But the less that is said upon such subjects the better. The quantity of sheer twaddle—of poignant sorrow and flaming indignation, that have found their way into the London and other papers on this occasion, have been both repulsive and ridiculous.

There is little else of consequence. The chartists have gone out like the snuff of a candle, instead of swallowing both houses of parliament entire; and the queen, as the old ballads express it, yet "lies her lane." True, "the press" marries her every now and then, to the great edification of the public, but for all that she still continues to walk in "maiden meditation." Whether she be "fancy free" or no is of course best known to herself, though there are many who would be thought to know a great deal better than she does. Doubtless it must amuse her to read in the mendacious prints of the capital the various "full, true, and particular" accounts of her future husbands, given upon "the best authority." C.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

SCRAPS FROM LONG ISLAND.

BY JOHN T IRVING.

The present is a matter-of-fact age, when fancy is strangled in her cradle, and nothing but rugged reality permitted to come to maturity. The bright, though useless flowers, which gem with their beauty only, the path of existence, are trampled in the dust, whilst those blossoms which bring forth useful fruit alone are cherished. Perhaps it is for the best, but still there is a lingering charm about the dreamy tales of the olden time, when every dark wood had its nymph, every fountain its sprite, and every wild flower of the field its guardian fay, who sipped the dew from its leaves, and sang as it rocked in the evening breeze

Tales of this kind are gradually yielding to others of a more practical nature; the budding hours of the child are no longer solaced with the idea of ethereal and beautiful beings hovering around his couch, or flitting from leaf to leaf, and from flower to flower, as he rambles in the green fields. His young attention is turned to those things which may be of service to him in after-life; the gilding is stripped from his infancy, and he becomes a man before his time.

It was a beautiful fancy that first peopled the world with ethereal beings, and placed their homes amid the blossoms of the woods and fields Often in my rambles, when pausing to pluck a flower, has the idea crossed me, that I might be destroying the abode of some sprite, who, though invisible to me, was even then imploring my mercy, and, sparing the flower, I have walked on with a feeling of pleasure, as I heard in fancy her tiny voice warbling out a song of thanks But now the race of sprites with ban and spell, is fast disappearing the present generation is too knowing to be gulled by tales of witches and fairies walking about in the moonlight, under the form of cats and rabbits; and such is the precocity of the present age, that a veritable ghost story, or a well-authenticated tale of a haunted house, is received with the most decided marks of disbelief It is, therefore, with a feeling of deprecation for my own unqualified credence, that I venture to offer the following legend of Glen Cove, which was narrated to me one warm summer afternoon, as I lay in a luxuriant grove of locusts overlooking the Long-Island Sound It is most devoutly credited in the neighbourhood; the localities are familiar to all; and Knot, the oldest negro in the place, swears to its truth. What further proof can be required?

RALPH CRAFT—A LEGEND OF GLEN COVE.

Many years ago, when this notorious little place still slumbered on under the uninviting appellation of Mosquito Cove, an idler, equally notorious with the town, flourished there under the name of Ralph Craft, from whom, it is rumoured, are descended all of the name who infest the neighbourhood of Glen Cove. Every village has its good-natured vagabond, who hangs about the place, lives heaven knows how, and is hand and glove with all ranks from the negro, who sleeps in the sunshine, to the gentleman who rides in his carriage. This office, for several successive generations, had been in the Craft family; the spirit of vagabondism had descended in their race, pure and unadulterated, from father to son, until the concentrated strength of several generations had centered in Ralph In truth he was a scape-goat of the purest water, and but for the influence of a termagant wife who bullied him soundly, keeping him in mental subjection, and his comrades in bodily terrour, he would have passed through the world with much comfort, though little notoriety. It will generally be found that Fate, with her usual kind discrimination, has taken particular care to throw something in the lot of every man to make him uncomfortable, and I'll warrant me, that a free, jolly-hearted fellow never lived but was bullied, if not cudgelled, by a peppery helpmate. Be that as it may, Ralph found it too true in his case; he was monarch of all he surveyed so long as his face was turned away from his own dwelling; but the moment he crossed its threshold his soul sunk within him, his jests were hushed, his swagger laid aside, his voice dwindled to something between a whine and a whisper; his step became quiet and stealthy like that of a cat, and he always listened to her lectures as a dutiful and henpecked husband should—in silence; and so great was his tenderness for her feelings, that he had never been known to utter a word against her, except when she was out of hearing Ralph was not, however, singular in his feeling of awe; everything under her sway partook of the general influence. Even the dung-hill cock, who at a distance swelled and ruffled among the poultry with a very patronizing air, seemed to feel a weight upon his spirits when under her eye; his strut was quickened to a sideling run, his tail was ducked down to dodge a blow, and his vociferous crow was frequently cut short in the middle

It is but justice to Mrs. Craft, however, to remark, that if good advice could have effected a change in her husband, he would have been a paragon of excellence; for he never entered his dwelling

without having his worthlessness held up to his own disapprobation, and he never went to his bed without being shown the folly of his ways, and being fully convinced that he was a disgrace to his wife and her connexions. To all this Ralph had but a single reply—"That his father was a vagabond before him, and that what was bred in the bone never came out at the flesh."

Like many persons of his description, he was something of a sportsman, and frequently whiled away the long sunshiny days of summer in idling about the neighbouring woods with his gun and dog, until every part of them was as familiar, ay, more so, than his own dwelling

It happened one day, that Ralph had been loitering about the village, with a vagabond crony of the same calibre with himself, and, in the excess of his feelings of good-fellowship, had indulged in potations of unusual profundity. On returning home, urged on by the unwonted stimulus, he mustered courage to venture upon an expostulation with his helpmate. The result was inevitable; he was thrust neck and heels from the house, and obliged to sue for terms Fortunately for his cause the domestic larder was empty, and his wife made it a condition of the treaty, that he should forthwith sally out with dog and gun, and replenish it with game. It was also hinted that in case he returned empty-handed, he would find the doors closed against him. Ralph, glad to make his peace on any terms that were not to be enforced by a broomstick, set about his task with alacrity. He replenished his horn, adapted a new flint to his gun, and whistling his dog "Grim" to his side, directed his steps towards Dorsorus Lane. It was still early in the day, and being a tolerable shot, he had no fears for the result of his errand, and was right happy at being obliged to undergo a penance so much in consonance with his own inclinations. On entering Dorsorus Lane, he whistled Grim into the bushes at the roadside, whilst he sauntered along, keeping a watchful eye on the brushwood, and occasionally glancing upward, in hopes of catching sight of a pigeon among the thick foliage overhead. His search was fruitless; he reached the end of the sombre lane without having started anything except a black snake, which glided swiftly across his path and disappeared in the opposite brushwood.

"Comfortable this!" muttered he, as he once more whistled for Grim, and leaning on the end of his gun ran his eye over the landscape. At the foot of the hill on which he stood, lay a small lake, and on the opposite side rose the wood-clad peninsula, now known as Livingston's Island. It was a beautiful and cloudless afternoon; the lake lay in glassy smoothness, reflecting in its tranquil bosom the pines that darkened the island. Not a ripple broke its calmness, save when now and then some fish dashed to the surface in pursuit of an insect, or itself the aim of some more voracious of its tribe, in the hope of escape, darted forth like a spark of silver and fell glittering back in the pure element. Nature, too, was in her rainbow garb, and wore the thousand tints which spoke the waning year, and which decked the forests for a season only to mark more strongly their desolation.

Ralph's mind, however, was engrossed with other objects than the scenery. He ran his eye narrowly along the margin of the lake Nothing was to be seen except a solitary kingfisher perched upon a rail overhanging the water, and who, to judge from his moody air, had been sent out on the same errand as himself. After a long and unsatisfactory survey, Ralph descended the hill, and as it was growing late, redoubled his speed and exertions. In vain, however, he scoured the borders of the pond, and beat through all the swamps and thickets of the neighbourhood: fate seemed against him, and just as the last rays of the setting sun disappeared from the sleeping waters of the Sound, he stood upon its beach as empty-handed as ever. Flocks of crows, high up in the air, were winging their flight towards a distant forest. Distant cattle were slowly wending their way to the farm-yards of their respective owners; the pale disk of the moon was just peeping above the eastern horizon, and several bats were beginning to flit about in the twilight. Ralph seated himself disconsolately upon a stone, supporting the sides of his head between his hands, with his eyes wistfully fixed upon the heaving Sound as its gentle billows rippled over the pebbles at his feet. Grim, too, seemed to sympathize with him; for whenever Ralph received a rough welcome at home, Grim was sure to partake of the same fare. He seemed aware of the nature of the errand on which they had been sent; he had done his utmost, and now stretched himself panting at the feet of his master.

At a short distance from the spot was a narrow strip of swamp, generally known as Flag Brook, and the idea suddenly occurred to Ralph, that as it was not yet dark, he might meet with something in that quarter. With a great deal of alacrity, and something like hope, he set out, but had not gone far before the twilight deepened, and the thick shadow of the woods which bounded one side of the swamp, made the obscurity equal to that of night. There was no longer any hope, and forcing his way out of the bushes, and throwing his gun upon the ground, Ralph cast himself beside it and began to ruminate upon matters and things at home. In the meantime the moon rose slowly in the heavens, gradually throwing the shadow of the gigantic trees under which he lay, far out in a narrow field between him and the swamp.

"I wish the deuse had that wife of mine!" ejaculated he, as he turned on his elbow and thrust a hand in his breeches pocket: "an empty stomach and hard names! better sleep out all night." As he muttered this, he struck into a thoughtful whistle. Suddenly Grim sprang up, and elevating his nose, commenced snuffing the air. Ralph grasped his gun and started to his feet.

"What the deuse is it? So ho! boy. So ho! boy. Curse the dog. I see nothing. So ho!"

Grim, however, did not advance, and when his master urged him on, he wagged his tail in acknowledgment of his instructions, and looking up in his face uttered a long, low whine. There was something in this that struck Ralph as mysterious, for the dog was generally as keen in the sport as himself; so he leaned forward, straining his eyes, when he caught sight of a rabbit squatting under a bush at a short distance.

"Ah ha, my little fellow, you are mine!" exclaimed he, joyfully. "I'll pass a peaceable night under my own roof yet!"

As he spoke he raised his gun to his cheek, but when in the act of pulling the trigger, it was suddenly struck up, and the shot went pattering through the tree, bringing down a shower of leaves.

"Let that rabbit alone!" exclaimed a rough voice at his elbow; "what business have you poaching on my preserves?"

Ralph turned round, hot with anger, for with the exception of his wife, he feared neither devil nor man. Upon the upper rail of a ragged fence, within a few feet of him, sat a little, squat figure in Dutch smallclothes, of ample dimensions in the skirts, and gathered tightly at the knees, which were garnished with silver buckles. Ralph had hitherto been unaware of his presence; but there he sat, with his legs crossed, a short, gold-headed cane in his hand, and smoking a Dutch pipe, as composedly as if he had been there an hour.

"Let that rabbit alone, I say!" repeated he, with more emphasis.

Ralph was not a little startled at the outlandish cut of the little man; nor did he feel more easy when he encountered the fierce positive eye which rested on him as if to search his secret soul; but rallying his faculties, and assuming a look of bravado, he tucked his arms akimbo, and leaning back with consequential air, demanded of the other, whom he was, and why he had interfered with his sport!

For some time the person thus addressed made no reply, but kept on blowing out clouds of smoke, which, for volume and density, completely amazed Ralph. At length, after some pondering, he looked him full in the eyes, and gravely blowing in his face a puff of smoke that nearly strangled him, he answered in a more pacific tone—"I am a gentleman generally more talked of than known, Mr. Craft, and one who knows you better than you are aware of, and who, on a pinch, may aid you. But tell me," added he, in a more insinuating tone, "what strange freak has sent you hither sporting by moonlight!"

Ralph hesitated for a moment; but he was a man of few secrets, his affairs were the town talk, the temper of his wife was as much the dread of the village as of himself, and it mattered little whether one person, more or less, was initiated in the secret of his troubles. So, without much parley, he frankly disclosed the nature of the errand on which he had been sent, and the necessity for his success.

"Mr. Craft," said the little man, extending one hand gravely forward, whilst he pressed the other upon his heart, "I respect you—I sympathize with you—I will assist you."

Ralph eyed him dubiously. At length he said, "You are a small man, though corpulent."

"But I'm vigorous!" exclaimed the stranger, stretching out one leg, and working his arms and shoulders as if in the act of rowing, for the purpose of showing off his muscle, "vigorous, sir, very vigorous. I can do anything to serve you, and I *will!* Name your request."

Ralph's eyes sparkled: he looked cautiously about him, made two or three steps forward and looked down the swamp, glanced behind the trees and up among the branches; then coming back, he approached his mouth within two inches of the ear of the other, and asked, with some hesitation, "Do you think you could flog Mrs. Craft?"

"Mrs. Craft! your wife?" exclaimed the other.

"The same," replied Ralph, in a disappointed tone. "She is a tough one. I believe she'd bully Old Nick himself."

"She'd find *that* difficult!" exclaimed the stranger, drawing a hard breath between his teeth, and tightening his coat about him

"Not so difficult as you imagine," answered Ralph.

"*Sir!*" exclaimed the little man, springing from the fence, with his pipe in one hand and his cane in the other, and bridling up to Ralph—"Sir! you are not acquainted with the gentleman of whom you speak!"

"No," replied Ralph, laconically, "but I *am* with Mrs. Craft."

The stranger's choler seemed rising; he thrust his pipe in his buttonhole, and paced rapidly backward and forward. At length, stopping short, he thrust his cane emphatically in the ground and exclaimed—"I'll do it."

"Mr. Craft," said he, "I have some business to attend to at this hour, but will return in half an hour. If you will wait for me, I may do you a good turn that few others would."

Ralph knew that there was little likelihood of his sleeping beneath his own roof, and being in no very particular hurry, promised His new acquaintance then turned abruptly from him, and walking across the field with a speed which, for one of his appearance, struck Ralph as marvellous, disappeared among the underwood that clustered about the head of Flag Brook, shrouding a huge bed of mud and slime.

"In the mire," thought Ralph; "his short legs won't help him much; but that is no affair of mine"

Ralph's first impulse, after his departure, was to reload his gun and to look round for his dog; but Grim was nowhere to be seen. Supposing, however, that he had set off in pursuit of the rabbit, which had also disappeared, he gave himself no further thought about him, but leaning against the fence, thrust his hands in his pockets and amused himself sometimes by wondering who the stranger could be, sometimes by whistling, or by watching the moon as it sailed through the deep blue arch over his head

In half an hour, punctual to his word, the stranger was seen coming across the field He did not move with the elacrity with which he had set out; and upon his near approach, Ralph observed that his coat was nearly torn from his shoulders, his cocked hat was battered and bent in, and there were sundry rents in the nether extremity of his smallclothes. When he came up he panted violently, as if exhausted by great exertion, and as he turned his face in the moonlight, it appeared striped and seamed with scratches, like the bark of a young plum tree. In his hand he held several partridges which he flung towards Ralph

"I have reflected on your situation, Mr. Craft," said he, respectfully, "and find that you are more to be pitied than blamed. Take these birds, and make your peace with your wife—from my soul I pity you."

"You seem to need that yourself," replied Ralph, compassionately; how came your clothes so tattered, and your face so terribly scratched?"

"In the bushes," answered the other, crabbedly; "here are your birds, take them, and ask me no further questions, for I'm not in the humour to answer them. Go home to your wife Good night."

As he spoke he turned on his heel, and ascending the hill was lost in a thicket which shrouded Dorsorus Lane.

Ralph watched him until he was out of sight; then taking up his gift he whistled to Grim; but no dog came. Knowing, however, that the animal would be sure to find his way to the village, he set out with a light step. Within a short distance of his dwelling he fell in with the cur, who seemed almost beside himself with joy at their meeting

Upon entering his kitchen, Ralph was thunderstruck. In the centre stood Mrs. Craft, with a face like a ripened tomato, and a broken broomstick in her hand Tables, chairs, stools, plates and dishes strewed the floor. Windows were broken: everything bore indication of the utmost confusion; and nearly all the furniture was in a state of dilapidation. Her story was soon told to her husband, and to a group of listening neighbours, who had assembled at the noise of the fracas.

About an hour previous, a corpulent little gentleman, in a cocked hat and loose breeches, with a cane in his hand, and a pipe in his buttonhole, had walked in the kitchen. Seating himself in front of the fire, apparently as much at his ease as if the house belonged to him, he lighted his pipe, and with a few whiffs filled the room with smoke. Mrs. Craft was not the woman to put up with this, and accordingly the intruder was requested to desist. He replied that if the smoke was unpleasant to Mrs. Craft, she was at liberty to quit the house, as he should not cease till his pipe was out. One word brought on another, until at length the matter came to blows, and a battle of that kind, which, by way of distinction, is called "*royal*," ensued. It was carried on with great vigour on both sides, but ended in the expulsion of the intruder, although nearly all the household furniture was demolished in the struggle Mrs. Craft was in a violent taking, and was resolutely bent on having the law of the fellow; but, unfortunately for the success of her intention, he was never heard of from that day to this.

From the conversation which had taken place between himself and the little man, Ralph was enabled to give a pretty shrewd guess as to whom he might be. But he kept the secret to himself; for he feared that his character might suffer, were it generally known that he had indulged a sociable chat with a person so notoriously corrupt in his morals. And, moreover, he entertained a lurking feeling of gratitude towards one who had thus valorously enlisted in his behalf, and cared not to see him held up to the ridicule of the world. He kept the secret until his wife was on her death-bed, when by way of comforting her in her last moments, he informed her of the whole of that night's adventure, assuring her that she had gained a victory over no less a person than "Old Nick" himself; and hinting, that as she had overcome him, when he intruded in her kitchen, there was little doubt but that she would be able to give him a hard tussle even in his own domains.

ORIGINAL CRITICISM.

GOETHE'S FAUSTUS.

FOURTH NOTICE

The close of a weary day, and once more for the solace of my library! It is a bank that never suspends. Come what, come may, it always redeems its promises in sterling coin—unalloyed silver, pure gold. Steamers come and go, but thy stock is always at par Other crops fail, but thy harvest is ever true to the prospects of its seed-time! Hand me Faustus

When we parted with our philosopher, he was closeted with his new acquaintance the poodle. Goethe, by the way, is said to have entertained a whimsical aversion to dogs; but this was hardly the inducement to assume the canine shape to Mephistopheles This masquerading is traditional. It is handed down in the books

On entering his study, Faustus soon finds his companion troublesome; and without pausing over the details of the scene, it is enough to say that the poodle turns out Mephistopheles, in the dress of a travelling scholar. Faustus begs to be better acquainted, and asks of his visiter, somewhat peremptorily, who the deuse he may be. Mephistopheles give the following account of himself.

I am the Spirit
That evermore deny,—and in denying
Evermore am I right—"No!" say I, "No!"
To all projected or produced—whate'er
Comes into being merits nothing but
Perdition—better then that nothing were
Brought into being;—what you men call sin—
Destruction—in short, evil—is my province,
My proper element

Here, then, is the first great element of the evil spirit—DENIAL! Doubt, distrust, want of faith in God and nature, in man's capacities and in his maker's goodness, these are the devil's first attributes; and in so far as they are shared by man, they assimilate him to the devil's likeness. Pass we over this scene to the next, where the business of the poem begins in earnest; the scene of the compact, where, after the old legend, Faustus sells himself to the spirit of darkness. The devil is no longer a poodle, or the travelling scholar, but comes in a shape which, no doubt, suggested the graphic description in Coleridge's (better known as Porson's) Devil's Walk.

> "And how then was the devil drest?
> Oh! he was in his Sunday's best:
> His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,
> And there was a hole where the tail came through."

But the devil of Faustus has no perceptible tail, and, indeed, no cleven foot. Nothing of the Coleridge costume do we find but the red jacket, and yet before looking up the passage it seemed to us that there was not a little resemblance. It is only in the general flash and jauntiness of the respective styles. Both poets intended to describe him with an air. Listen to Mephistopheles's own account of himself:

> From your mind to scatter wholly
> The mists of peevish melancholy,
> Hither come I now and bear
> Of a young lord the noble air,
> And mask me in his character;
> My dress is splendid, you behold,
> Blazing with the ruddy gold,
> With my stiff silken mantle's pride,
> And the long sword hanging by my side,
> And o'er my cap the cock's proud feather—
> I'm a fine fellow altogether.
> And now, my friend, without delay,
> Equip yourself in like array,
> That, light and free, you thus may see
> Life's many pleasures what they be!

A most gay and gentlemanlike devil, and withal a devil of the most seeming benevolence of disposition! Attractive, certainly, if not irresistible; coming as he does with no purpose, under heaven, but to draw the philosopher from the toils of his dusty seclusion, and to show him a little fashionable life. In this stage of the temptation, one would be apt to bet on the head of the doctor; wearied as he is, bitterly dissatisfied, and longing restlessly for change—he knows not what or wherefore. The reply of Faustus is one of the most touching and beautiful passages in poetry. It thrills a chord in the universal heart. We copy it, and if any long-eared gentleman should perchance light upon it, who may have heard of Goethe but never read a line of him in the original, or in Anster's noble translation, we commend him, in preference, to seek his intellectual amusement in the echo of his diurnal braying. Dunces there are, who deem these notices "inflictions"—"current calamities," we suppose, though they purport only to extract the essence of a world-work, that hardly ten score of our countrymen can read familiarly in its native tongue, and which has never been reprinted in any shape on this side the Atlantic. Faustus was not written for dunces; but we are wrong, for the sake of saying so, to detain our readers from the doctor's reply:

> Oh! I would feel in such a dress more bitterly
> The narrow cramping limits of man's nature!
> I am too old to yield myself to pleasure,
> Too young to have the appetite departed.
> What can earth give me now? "Refrain, refrain!"
> This is the everlasting song,—the chime
> Perpetually jingling in the ears,
> And with hoarse accents every hour repeats it.
> Each morn, with a dull sense of something dreadful,
> I wake, and from my bitter heart could weep
> To see another day, which, in its course,
> Will not fulfil one wish of mine—not one!
> The teasing crowds of small anxieties,
> That each day brings, have frittered into dust
> All joy, until the very hope of joy
> Is something that the heart has ceased to feel;—
> And life's poor masquerade,—vapid and wayward,
> And worthless as it is—breaks in upon
> And dissipates, the world, which for itself
> The lonely man's imagination builds;
> And when the night is come, with heavy heart
> Must I lie down upon my bed, where rest
> Is never granted me, where wild dreams come,
> Hideous and scaring. The in-dwelling spirit,
> Whose temple is my heart, who rules its powers,
> Can stir the bosom to its lowest depths,
> But has no power to rule external nature;
> And therefore is existence burdensome,
> And death desirable, and life detested.

Mephistopheles suggests that in spite of all this, death is no welcome guest; and recalls the occasion when a certain gentleman, after a long soliloquy, with the view of screwing his courage to the sticking point, forbore to quaff a certain dark-brown liquid. Faustus asks if playing the spy is one of the devil's gentlemanly practices; and the devil informs him that some things he knows, but not all. The philosopher rejoins:

> *And if from harrowing thoughts the rich old chaunt*
> *Did win me; and the old remembered words,*
> *And the old music, like a spell recalling*
> *Faded remembrances; if, in the trance,*
> *All that remained of my boy's heart was captive*
> *To the charmed echo of more happy days—*
> *Know I not,—feel I not it was illusion?*
> We are but what the senses make of us!—
> And this, and all illusion do I curse;
> All that beguiles as man or boy—that winds
> Over the heart its nets, and chains us here,
> In thraldom down, or voluntary trance;
> This magic jugglery, that fools the soul,—
> These obscure powers that cloud and flatter it!
> Oh, cursed first of all be the high thoughts
> That man conceives of his own attributes!
> And cursed be the shadowy appearances,
> The false delusive images of things,
> That slave and mock the senses! Cursed be
> The hypocrite dreams that soothe us when we think
> Of fame—of deathless and enduring names!
> Cursed be all that in self-flattery,
> We call our own,—wife, child, or slave, or plough;—
> Curse upon Mammon, when with luring gold
> He stirs our souls to hardy deeds, or when
> He spreads the couch of indolent repose;
> A curse upon the sweet grape's balmy juice;
> And the passionate joys of love—man's highest joys!
> And cursed be all hope and all belief;
> And, cursed more than all, man's tame endurance.

Very ripe for the devil, one would say, after reading this summary curse. A good time has the tempter taken Hark to the song of invisible spirits—little ones of darkness, and its good children! It seconds the soliciting of Mephistopheles, and would lure the old man from his solitude and misanthropy to mix with his fellows, and to taste the pleasures of life. The fiend promises to manage matters to his liking, and offers to become his comrade or servant. Faustus asks his terms. He gets the uniform rogue's answer, that they will talk of that thereafter. Not so, thinks Faustus. Knowing the devil to be "very selfish," and not hesitating to tell him as much to his face, he insists on present conditions. The fiend agrees then to bind himself to the bidding and beck of Faustus in this world; with the proviso that when they meet in another place, Faustus shall be his servant. The engagement made, and all pleasures should be his, rare devices of devil's craft, strange scenes and merry ones, and sights new to man's eye. But how can the unsatisfied devil impart joys which he may not realize? "What, poor devil, wilt thou give?" we recur to the prose translation of Hayward. "Was the mind of a man, in its high aspiring, ever comprehended by the like of thee? But if thou hast food which never satisfies; ruddy gold which, volatile, like quicksilver, melts away in the hand; a game, at which one never wins; a maiden who, on my breast, is already ogling my neighbour; the bright, god-like joy of honour, which vanishes like a meteor!—Show me the fruit which rots before it is plucked, and trees which every day grow green anew."

Of such treasures the fiend boasts the possession, and promises that with the lapse of time and the improvement of his taste, the doctor shall enjoy them in peace and comfort. None of this would the doctor. Peace and comfort he recks not of, hopes not, asks not. If the devil can flatter or delude him into a moment of repose, cheat him with a day's tranquil enjoyment, he is willing that day should be his last—and thus offers his wager. "Done," says the fiend "And my hand upon it"—replies the doctor. "Think well of it," rejoins Mephistopheles, and, to guard against accidents, hints that it would be well to pass a line or two in writing for their mutual security.

The beautiful passage which follows is an amplification, rather than a version of the original; but it is amplified without being distended, or losing vigour. We must copy it, for no one will say that it is not of the highest order of poetry:

> And dost thou ask a writing, too, poor pedant?
> Know you not Man? Man's nature! or Man's word!
> Is it not enough that I have spoken it?
> My very life,—all that I have and am,
> What is it but an echo of my word,
> Pledge of the will that gives its utterance?
> If words be nothing, what is writing more?
> Is the world's course one sea of stormy madness,—
> Its thousand streams, in conflict everlasting,
> Raving regardlessly? roll they not on?
> Must they not roll?—and can it be that I,
> In this perpetual movement, shall not move,—
> Held back, the slave and prisoner of a promise?
> Yet in this fancy all believe alike.
> If a delusion, all men are deluded—
> And is there one that would be undeceived?
> Truth and the feeling of integrity
> Are of the heart's own essence—should they call
> For sufferings, none repeats the sacrifice.
> Oh, happy he whom Truth accompanies
> In all his walks—from outward cumbrance free—
> Pure of all soil—dwelling within the heart,
> Light to his steps and guidance: oracle
> To lead or to mislead none doth he seek;
> Consults no casuist but an honest conscience;
> Of sacrifices recks not and repents not.
> But a stamped parchment and a formal deed,
> With seal and signature, all shrink from this
> As something that offends and wounds our nature;
> It robs, methinks, the words of all their life;
> The letter and that only binds us now;
> Such virtue, and no other can it have,
> As seal and stamp, as lead and wax can give—
> But why?—why argue for it or against it?—
> Is writing more than the unwritten word?
> What, evil one, what is it you require?
> Bran? marble? parchment? paper?—do you wish
> Graver or chisel? or plain pen and ink?—
> Have which you please—any or all of them.

The devil cries out against this waste of oratory. He wants but the scratch of his name, and in blood; for blood is a "peculiar juice." The name is signed, and the traditional deed is extant, in which Doctor Faustus enters into the compact with "the demon hight Mephistopheles, late *chargé d'affaires* to the infernal prince of the Orient, but now subject to all my demands."

The old man is now wholly the devil's. The evil spirit that was struggling with a better in his bosom wins the mastery. He becomes the slave of sin. The demon of unrest has triumphed; and the pale student, cursed with unsatisfying knowledge, devotes himself,

> Heart, soul and life to rapturous excitement—
> Such dizzy, such intoxicating joy,
> As, when we stand upon a precipice,
> Makes reel the giddy sense and the brain whirl!
> From this day forward am I dedicate
> To the indulgence of tempestuous passion—
> Love agonizing—idolizing hatred—
> Cheering vexation—all that animates
> And is our nature; and the heart, serened,
> And separated from the toil of knowledge,
> Cured of the fever that so long oppressed it,
> Shall cease to shut itself against the wounds
> Of pain: whate'er is portioned 'mong mankind,
> In my own intimate self shall I enjoy,
> With my soul grasp all thoughts most high or deep,
> Heap on my heart all human joys and woes,
> Expand myself until mankind become
> A part, as 'twere of my identity,
> And they and I at last together perish

Here for the time drop we the curtain. The watch-hand points to the little hours. With how many at this moment is an evil spirit bargaining for their eternal bondage—and the lure dazzling as that which purchased Faustus!

ORIGINAL TRANSLATIONS.

THE BRIDE OF THE SUN.

SOME three years ago, there lived at Montmartre, in the private establishment of the kind and indefatigable Doctor Blanche, a woman whose insanity was singular and affecting. She was young, her features were pleasing, and her smile still more so; the only mental disorder she had was the belief that she was betrothed to the sun—he had promised her marriage, she thought, on a bright autumn morning, and her lover had covered his radiant visage with clouds to avoid dazzling the eyes of his mistress. Since that time, he had been hers, and she his; she had felt her spouse's burning kiss imprinted on her hand, and she now lived for him alone. The sun was her joy, and her pride, and her glory; poor creature; she rose at the very instant when her best-beloved cast his first rays across the sky, and hailed him with her looks, as the birds do with their songs, the stream with its murmur, the flowers with their perfume. The finer the day, the clearer the sky, the more radiant the whole face of nature, the happier was the poor wretch! Was it not her godlike husband that distributed light, and warmth, and comfort around him? Was he not the monarch of the world, and was he not hers? So she watched every change of place or appearance which her divinity presented; she seemed anxious not to lose the feeblest of his rays, and the higher he rose in heaven the more ardent was her poetical enthusiasm. She could hardly be persuaded to take her meals, so full of her passion was she; and to make her eat, it was necessary to tell her that it was her divine spouse who had gilded these fruit, ripened this grain and these grapes—so that she had a right to sit down at the table he had himself prepared for her. As night drew near, and the sun was on the point of sinking into the waters of the Seine, his tender spouse became as uneasy as any poor fisherman's wife, whose husband has been absent a couple of months, when she hears the sea roar—"What will become of my husband?" she used to say—"If he only escapes accidents while he is on his journey!" Gradually day would give place to night; then she would clasp her hands, and cry—"Wait for me—wait!" and hurry to rest.

Singular and happy madness! sweet delusion! to feel that one's soul belongs to the sun in heaven—to have no other desire than for an unsullied sky—to fear nothing but the clouds that sometimes obscure the face of the great luminary—to be happy whenever all nature is happy! Such was the life of this poor lunatic for ten years. She had her troubles, too, as much as though she had retained her reason; for as soon as winter approached, and she saw the face of her spouse grow pale, like that of a man mortally wounded—when she saw his glory hidden behind thick clouds, like a great man whose renown is blackened by envy, she became the most melancholy of women. How long and sad were the short days of winter! The more exalted her bridegroom was, the more did she suffer at seeing him debased, obscured, enchained, and helpless. But she is soon to be happy again; yet a little while, and the sun pierces through the thick masses of vapour that conceal his brightness, and reappears in all his grandeur and glory. So, when this poor lunatic found her spouse, at the return of spring, the same as he had been in the foregoing season, and saw the leaves of every tree and bush breaking their prisons to welcome him, joy returned to her spirit—she put on her gayest dresses, and sung her most cheerful hymn: "Rejoice, all ye in heaven and on earth; rejoice, ye stars of the firmament; and rejoice, ye waves of the stream!—ye angels who are above our heads, and ye men who tread the earth beneath your feet, rejoice! for my spouse, the sun, was sick, and has come back in health: he was lost, and now is found!"

This happy delusion, as we have said, lasted ten years, in spite of all the efforts of science. The bride of the sun died some three years ago, and her death was as touching as her life. It was noon of a lovely day; the sun was bright, yet mild, and showered down its purest rays on all creation. His bride, seated on the turf under an aged fruit-tree, watched the movements of her august spouse in the sky. Her heart had never been more filled with love, her glances had never been more tender, her dream had never approached nearer to a reality. They understood each other so well—the sun and she!—he moved so slowly through the sky, doubtless to have the more time to look upon her as she knelt before him. But, oh heavens! all at once the fountain of light and heat stops, and grows dark; all at once it disappears—not as formerly, sinking gradually into the river, after having shaken brilliant gold-dust from his garments; but pauses abruptly, hides his visage, and is seen no more. Where is he? "Yes!" she screamed, "my husband is with a rival—he is false to me! he has left me during the day, and will not return again at night!"—and the poor creature, who lived only to gaze on him by day, to wait for him at night, to greet him in the morning, to sing his praise in spring, to admire him in summer, and weep for him in winter—the poor creature, seeing him disappear so suddenly, without knowing whither he went, or when he would return, died during the eclipse—died of jealousy, love, and despair.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Shakspeare and his Friends; or, The Golden Age of Merry England. In three volumes. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

The suspension of specie payments in our sister city does not appear to have affected its publishing interests greatly if we may judge from the number of new books which come to us from that quarter. "Shakspeare and his Friends" cannot fail to meet with a hearty welcome from the public. It is a racy and ingenious work, full of admirable pictures of the times, and of characteristic sketches of the great bard. The following extract we offer as a specimen of the style:

Master Shakspeare being left alone, did presently draw up his chair closer to the table on which he had been writing, and did recommence his labours with an admirable diligence. Mayhap he was engaged in the inditing of one of those right famous plays which did bring so much honour to his name; but know I not this for a surety; and as a trusty chronicler, I will only subscribe to that of which I have perfect knowledge. However, it be certain that he had not been long so engaged, when a third knock was heard at the door, so gentle it was scarcely audible; and although he seemed at first somewhat impatient of interruption, (for no man liketh to be much disturbed in his privacy,) when, upon his giving permission to the person to enter, he observed his visiter, he gave him most courteous welcome. He was a youth, aged seventeen, or thereabouts, tall, slim, and elegant, and though clad in homely russet, there was that in his graceful carriage, and in his mild yet thoughtful countenance, that did signify something of a far higher quality than such poor apparel did denote. But most remarkable was the exceeding modesty of his deportment. He opened and closed the door almost tremblingly, and respectfully taking off his hat, advanced into the room with downcast eyes, to the great marvel of our illustrious poet.

"I took the boldness, Master Shakspeare," said the youth, falteringly, as he kept smoothing his hat with his hand where he stood in the middle of the chamber—"I took the boldness some short time since to send you a tragedy of my poor contrivance; hoping, from what I had heard of your worthy disposition, that you would honour that humble attempt to such an extent as to give it your perusal; and peradventure if such an obscure individual be not thought altogether unworthy of attention from one so excellently gifted as yourself, you will favour me so far as to grant me your opinion of its matter and management."

"That will I, worthy sir, without fail," replied Master Shakspeare, regarding his young visiter with more than ordinary interest "But you must first acquaint me with your name, and the title of the play you entrusted to my custody; for my reputation, however little deserved it may be, and my influence at the playhouse, which is thought to be greater than it is, are the causes of my being continually applied to for a similar purpose."

"'The tragedy was called 'Hero and Leander,' and I signed my name 'Francis,'" murmured the youth.

"Let me beg of you to be seated, worthy Master Francis," exclaimed the other, as he hastily handed him a chair "I remember it well," he added, as he searched among his papers on the table, "by the token that it did contain many passages that exhibited no mean ability."

The melancholy aspect of the young stranger did brighten up marvellously at the hearing of this commendation, and his eyes looked abundance of thanks. He argued the most favourable conclusion from so promising a commencement, for it is the nature of youth to be sanguine upon very little occasion.

"I have it," said Master Shakspeare, as he laid hold of the manuscript; and, opening it, sat himself down in the chair, as if to give it a careful examination: then added, "but in all honesty, I must acknowledge that it hath a total unfitness for representation." At this the youth's countenance became blanched with a sudden paleness. "It hath a lack of everything which is most necessary for a drama to have: to wit, action—interest—and character, the which if it have not, were it written by King Solomon himself, or the seven wise masters in conjunction, it would have no chance with our modern audiences. The time of mysteries and moralities hath gone by. People now will not listen to dialogues without an object, and plays without a plot David hath ceased to abuse Goliath in a set speech an hour long, and Joseph Lingereth no longer to preach a three tedious sermon to Potiphar's wife. If a play have not action it must needs have but little interest; for although something may occasionally be done in a narrative form, if the ball be not kept up—that is to say, if the *dramatis personæ* be doing of nothing—even if the sentences be proverbs of wisdom, then shall the play be a bad play. Again, if the characters who form the plot have no individuality or distinct features, in accordance with nature or probability, though they look like Alexanders and argue like Aristotles, shall the play be a bad play. Your tragedy, Master Francis, hath these particular defects, and I should be hugely deficient in candour, and in no way deserving the confidence you have been pleased to place in me, were I to refrain from telling you that it cannot be acted with any profit either to yourself or others. There is another objection to it—the subject hath already been done by Kit Marlowe."

Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life, a Selection from the papers of the late Arthur Austin. New-York: Robert Carter, 58 Canal-street.

We are glad to see a new edition of this excellent work, by John Wilson, alias Christopher North. We know of no work of fiction more suitable to be placed in the hands of the young and pure-minded. It is beautifully written, and possesses the charms of highly-wrought interest and striking thoughts clothed in a diction at once animated and refined.

United States Military Magazine, and Record of all the Volunteers of the Army and Navy. Philadelphia: Huddy and Duval.

The coloured embellishments to this valuable work are remarkably well executed. The last number contains a view of Camp Washington, near Trenton, New-Jersey, and a soldier in the uniform of the Washington Light Infantry. It has, besides, fac similes of the handwriting of Major Andre and of Arnold the traitor, with a portrait of himself drawn by the former the day before his execution.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We publish to-day another poem from the pen of Miss Vandenhoff, which will be admired for the grace of its expression and melody of versification.—The thrilling story from the German of the "Dead Guest" *will be concluded in our next number. It is one of the most remarkable and exciting legends we have ever perused.—The sketch relating to Trinity Church by our old correspondent,* "Laurie Todd," *shall appear in our next.—A friend at our elbow assures us that the new work from the press of Messrs. Lea and Blanchard, entitled* "Shakspeare and His Friends," *is the best work of fiction that has appeared since* "Vivian Grey."—*The sonnet to* "Charles Kean," *by* "Alastor," *is doubtless well intended, but it would be more complimentary if it had been better constructed.—Numerous translations from the French and German have been received at our office, which are respectfully declined.—The lines to the Hudson have already appeared in another journal. We agree with our correspondent that they are* "*capital.*"—*We must decline the contributions, signed, respectively,* "T. C.," "Winehurst," "Marion," "Western Bard," "X. E. T." "Juvenal" *and a* "Lounger at the Apollo."

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1839.

Portrait painting and engraving.—We have seen some exquisite specimens of mezzotint engraving by Mr. Sadd, a young artist, recently from London, which cannot fail to excite the attention of amateurs The likenesses of James Sheridan Knowles and Henry Clay, originally painted by our young native artist, S. S. Osgood, and now engraved by Mr. Sadd, have the double merit of being faithful portraits and beautiful pictures. The following notice of the joint labours of Messrs. Osgood and Sadd is from a recent number of the London Weekly Despatch:—"Mr. Osgood, an American artist, of whose works in this country our press has frequently spoken in terms of high praise, completed, just before he left England, a portrait of Sheridan Knowles. The likeness has been well engraved by Sadd, and the public are now in possession of a good resemblance of this very eminent dramatist. Mr. Osgood, during his residence in this country, availed himself of the great advantages which it affords to the study of art in its higher department, and his recent productions were greatly esteemed by the Royal Academy and our amateurs." We learn that Mr. Osgood will pass the coming winter in Charleston, South Carolina. We commend him to the favourable notice of all friends of the art in that city. As a portrait-painter his reputation in London has been very great—and his full-length picture of the celebrated Mrs. Norton, as well as his portraits of Thomas Campbell, Lord Lyndhurst, Charles Dickens, and other distinguished persons, were severally pronounced by the originals the best that had ever been taken of themselves. Mr. Sadd, the engraver, is no less eminent in his profession; and we learn with pleasure that he has been encouraged to settle permanently in this city.

Wooden pavements.—Some of the disadvantages of this new mode of paving begin to manifest themselves. It is found to render our streets quite as unsafe as would a heavy fall of snow, with vehicles passing and re-passing without bells. The space between Bleecker and Fourth streets, recently paved in this manner, appears to be peculiarly calculated to entrap pedestrians. It is so smooth, level, and floor-like, that the temptation to a driver to give his horses full play in skimming over it is very great. Indeed it was no later than last week that we witnessed an accident, which befel a lady, who in crossing this wooden track was struck by the wheel of a light wagon driven by some dashing youth, whereby she was seriously bruised. The considerate young man did not even stop to inquire if the lady were hurt, but drove on as if he had accomplished quite an artist-like feat in running over an unprotected female. Another accident of a far more deplorable character took place some ten days since in Clinton-place, where a wooden pavement had been laid down. A little girl was run over by two carts, furiously driven, and instantly killed. The innocent victim was stooping down to pick up some flowers, and as she rose, she was struck by one of the shafts and knocked down; and before the horses could be stopped, both carts had passed over her! These facts are certainly worth considering before the plan of paving with wood is extended.

The author of "Highways and Byways."—The reader may not be aware that the author of this deeply interesting and remarkable work, Mr. Grattan, is now residing in Boston as British Consul. We learn from the papers of that city that a new work from his pen may soon be expected. It will be welcomed by every lover of literature in the land, and we respond to the wish expressed by a contemporary, that our publishers will, in common courtesy, suffer Mr. Grattan to reap the benefit of the sale of his works in the United States, notwithstanding the non-existence of an international copyright law. Mr. Grattan is one of the best writers of fiction of the day; and as a historical novelist, he has not, since the departure of Walter Scott, had his superior. We cannot doubt that the hospitable people of Boston will cherish the distinguished sojourner amongst them with all the attention that is due to an author of his talents and reputation.

Music.—The beautiful air which the Mirror of this week contains is by Mr. Bassini, who has lately established himself in this city—and who proposes giving instruction in singing in the pure and classical Italian style. Mr. Bassini was a scholar of the Royal Conservatory of Music at Naples, and studied for ten years under Crescentini and Zingarelli, two of the most celebrated masters of Italy. Mr. Bassini is capable of giving a high order of musical instruction, and would be an important aid to those who have acquired considerable proficiency, in obtaining a finished *method.*—Address at Atwill's music store.

Prospects of a new metropolitan theatre.—We learn that the amount subscribed toward the erection of a new metropolitan theatre for James Wallack and his company has been such as to authorize the committee to close their purchase of the site on Broadway, between Chamber and Read streets. This is unquestionably the most appropriate and eligible location for an establishment of this kind in the city. Numerous architectural plans, some of great beauty, have been already handed in to the committee. It is contemplated to have the front on Chamber-street, facing the Park and City-Hall, and commanding an extensive view of Broadway. If the project is successfully carried out, Mr. Wallack will, before next September, find himself at the head of one of the noblest theatrical establishments in the world

Influence of women.—A writer in the New-York Review, speaking of the Roman women, and their influence during the existence of the kingdom, says; "From the time of the Sabines to Theodora's conquest of Justinian, women seems to have been at the bottom of almost all the memorable events of Roman story. Lucretia, Virginia, Veturia, Fabia the wife of Licinius, who became at her instigation the first plebeian consul, are illustrious examples of this; and whatever may be the changes of manners and opinions, as Hume has well remarked, all nations, with one accord, point, for the ideal of a virtuous matron, to the daughter of Scipio and the mother of the Gracchi." Who, then, will doubt the influence of women?

Water-lilies in the west.—The editor of the Peoria Register speaks with enthusiasm of the magnificent water-lilies, which abound in Illinois. He says they grow in water of various depths, sometimes as deep as ten feet, presenting a smooth leafless stalk, till it arrives at the surface, where there is a large circular leaf, often two feet in diameter, not unlike, and full as large as an old-fashioned pewter platter in the time of our great grandmothers. From the centre of this leaf rises a stalk six or eight inches in height, supporting a splendid flower of a light orange colour—some of the petals of which are three or more inches in length. What a field for the florist in our western prairies and forests!

Tribute to genius.—A statue of Sir Walter Scott by Ritchie, a Scotch sculptor, was set up at Selkirk last September. It is seven and a half feet high, and presents a striking likeness of the poet. Sir Walter is in the costume of the sheriff, in his gown, with a roll of papers in his left hand, his right resting on his trusty staff. On the several sides of the pedestal are his hereditary arms, and the arms of the burgh. On the two compartments are emblematic allusions to the character of the poet and the novelist—a winged harp with the word *Waverley* under it, and a finely-cut Scotch thistle on another panel.

Nick's Mate.—We regret that we have room merely to announce the appearance of this new and admirable romance by Rufus Dawes, Esq It is founded on a Boston legend, and the narrative is wrought out with remarkable power and ingenuity. The pictures of character are vivid and faithful, and a strict adherence to truth is visible in the local descriptions. As an interesting work of fiction, it is in fervour to no American novel that has yet appeared; and, apart from all personal predilections in the author's favour, we sincerely recommend it to all who can appreciate the charms of a pure and vigorous style, or have a taste for the highest order of novel-writing. We shall have more to say of this work next week.

Theatrical attractions in anticipation.—We learn on good authority that Fanny Elsler, the celebrated *danseuse*, and her sister will appear at the Park theatre before the close of the next summer. Fanny Elsler is the only rival said to compete with Taglioni. It is also whispered that Miss Ellen Tree will re-appear at the Park next September, and that she will bring over a new play, by James Sheridan Knowles, of a character not inferior to the Hunchback. If all this be true, the prospects of the Park during the coming season are quite brilliant.

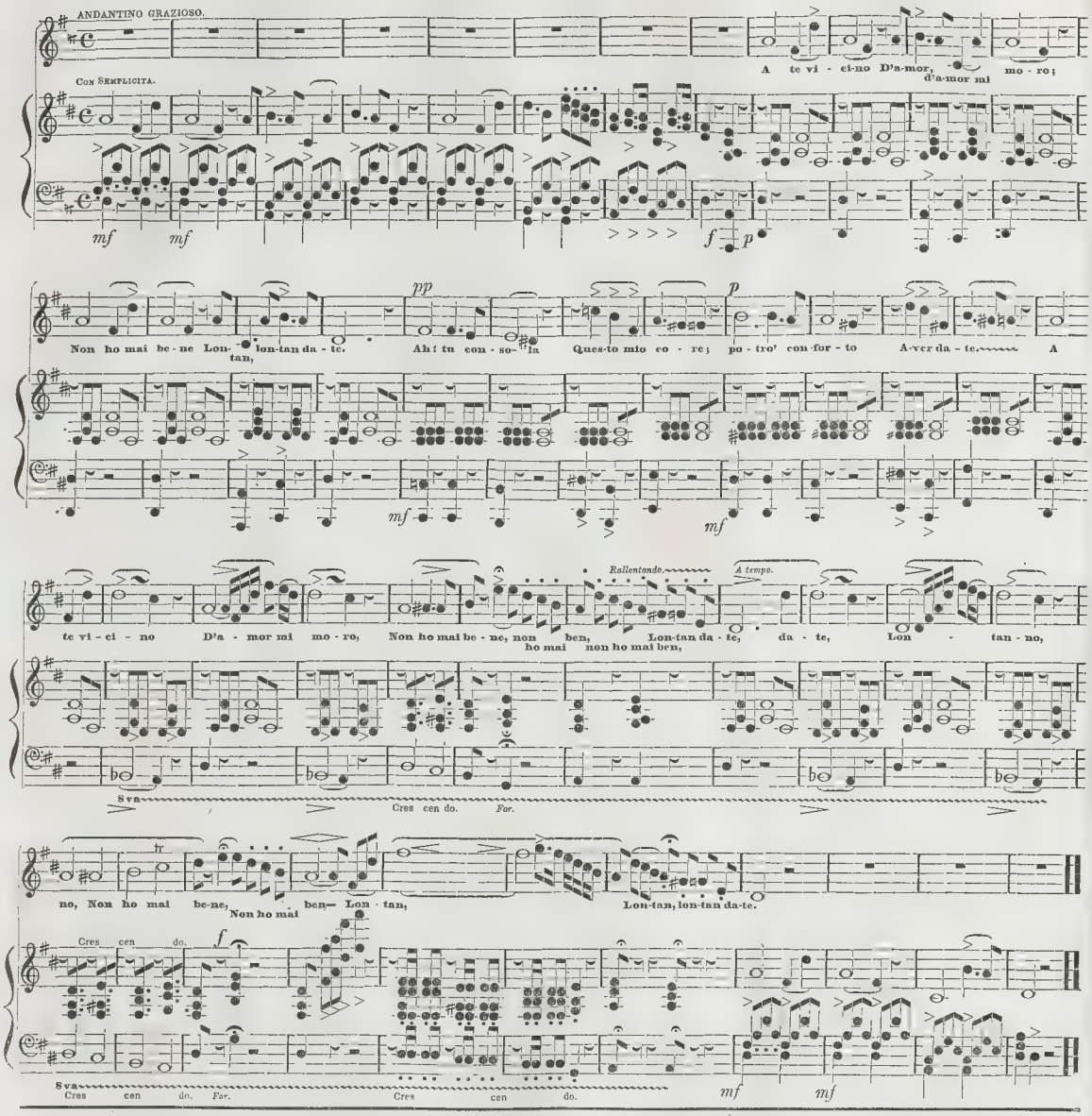
Free admissions.—Some complaints have been made against the managers of the Park theatre, in consequence of the new regulation requiring editors, and those having a free admission, to leave their cards with the door-keepers before entering. Now, if any one has reason to complain of this, we think it is the door-keepers, and not the "gentlemen of the press." The regulation is plainly intended as a check upon the admission of persons having no claim to be admitted. The trouble of producing a card is very slight, and, after all, it is no more than a piece of courtesy due to the manager. The custom has prevailed time out of mind at the London theatres.

An august authoress.—A letter from Dresden states that the Princess Amelia of Saxony has lately finished a new comedy in prose, in three acts, entitled *Die Stieftochter*, which was performed by amateurs, a month or two ago, at the royal residence of Pillnitz, before their majesties, the royal family and the court. The august authoress and Prince John, her brother, sustained the principal parts. We do not doubt that there was a plenty of applause among the courtiers, who composed the audience. There would be no need of hired *claqueurs* upon such an occasion.

Success of newspapers.—It is a fact, which we do not remember to have seen noticed, that newspapers flourish best in times of great prostration of business and scarcity of money. The "Evening Signal," which was commenced immediately upon the suspension of specie payments by the banks of Philadelphia, has attained a circulation second to that of no daily paper in the city of New-York. Its weekly compend, "the New World," is also proportionately successful, and is now everywhere to be seen.

ROMANZA.

COMPOSED, AND DEDICATED TO GENERAL GEORGE P. MORRIS, BY C. BASSINI, MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF NAPLES.



MISCELLANY.

CORRECT SENTIMENTS.—The Louisianian, speaking of the ambition on the part of the American ladies when in a foreign land, who vie in magnificence of apparel and ornaments, with the wives and daughters of noblemen, who bask in the sunshine of royalty, says, that it conceives that American men and women would show better taste and do more credit to themselves and their country, by exhibiting abroad, and particularly in the presence of royalty, the plain simplicity of dress and manners, in which they have been educated, and to which they have been all their lives accustomed. There is a grandeur in simplicity to which no attempt at artificial gaudiness can attain. This, however, is altogether matter of taste, on which it is useless to argue.

POLITICAL DUTIES.—Channing in his remarks on self-culture, says, that among the best people there are some, who, through disgust with the violence of parties, withdraw themselves from all political action. Such, I conceive, do wrong. God has placed them in relations, and imposed on them the duties of citizens; and they are no more authorized to shrink from those duties than from those of sons, husbands, or fathers.

BEAUTY OF PRUSSIAN WOMEN.—Berlin is considered one of the cities of Germany most celebrated for female beauty. The ladies are, literally speaking, fair, and peculiarly happy in the elegance of their figures. They walk with much feminine grace, and are above all esteemed the most literary, talented, and high-bred of the German women. A letter from there says: "I had one day the accidental good fortune to see one of these ladies standing opposite to the most faultless and beautiful creation of art which adorns the picture-gallery, and so equal were the rival claims, to admiration of the animate and inanimate beauty, that it would have been difficult to decide on which to bestow the palm, had not the former, possibly imagining the comparison that could not fail to be made, been piqued into assuming her prettiest smile, and the victory was then no longer doubtful."

VILLANY AND VIRTUE.—Lacon, among many good things, says truly, "Villany that is vigilant, will be an overmatch for Virtue, if she slumber on her post; and hence it is that a bad cause has often triumphed over a good one; for the partisans of the former, knowing that their cause will do nothing for them, have done everything for their cause; whereas the friends of the latter are too apt to expect everything from their cause, and nothing for themselves."

THE AERIAL CONCERT.—A distinguished performer, whom we shall call M. B——, living in the boulevard St. Denis, lately conceived the strange idea of giving a concert on the roof of his house, in imitation, probably, of the nocturnal performances of his neighbours' cats. Some of the performers placed themselves astride of the crown of the roof, and others in the windows and scuttles. M. B——, who led the orchestra, carried away by the brilliance of their execution, unluckily forgot the danger of his position, lost his balance and rolled down along the roof. He soon reached the gutters, to which he clung with the strength of despair, but must have fallen, had not a young tenour, who was posted in one of the scuttles, succeeded in seizing him with a vigorous grasp, and supported him till he could be drawn up by the aid of ropes.

BORROWING.—Mother wants to know as how if you'll lend her two sticks of wood?" "Yes, there are a couple of logs—but you did't return the last." "No—and I won't take them 'ere without you split 'em."

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For the New-York Mirror.

THE DYING GIRL TO HER HARP.

BY CHARLOTTE E VANDENHOFF.

My own loved harp! This heart, though breaking,
To thy music fondly clings;
This hand, though feeble now, is waking
Once again thy fairy strings.

Thy clear chords echo to my fingers'
Lightest touch; thy low tones float
Upon the sunny air, that lingers
Near, to catch each thrilling note.

It is the last I e'er shall waken!
Sleep, sweet musick, in thy cell:
Thy chords are severed—I have taken,
Gentle harp, my last farewell!

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE DEAD GUEST.

BY HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

CHAPTER VII.

Herr von Hahn took his hat and stick, and walked out. He soon saw that he was in a small town, where a stranger is stared at like a wild animal. Right and left, wherever he walked, hats and caps came off, even before their owners passed him, and every one made a wide circuit to avoid him. The windows that he passed by were closed, but he could see a crowd of curious faces peeping behind every blind. The most provoking of all was when he came near the house he was looking for. Not far from it was an open square, with a fountain in the centre, which discharged its waters through seven pipes into a wide basin. Round the basin were a number of servant girls, all busy, and all chattering; some were cleaning fish, some washing salads, some putting their empty pails under the pipes, and others taking home full ones on their heads. Herr von Hahn stepped aside to ask the way to the house he was looking for of one of these ladies, who were so busy talking that they had not noticed him. As soon as he began to speak, however, and they turned their heads to look at him, good heavens! what shrieking, what confusion! One let her fish fall in the basin, another dropped her salad in the mud, a third let her pail drop, its whole contents coming down over her head and shoulders, and all ran away as fast as they could, except one old woman, whose lower spars were probably out of repair, who clasped the column fast, crossed herself as hard as she could, and stared at him with despair in her looks, while her gray hairs stood straight up on her head—like a cat barked at by a dog, which follows all his movements with back up, hair erect, open mouth, and staring eyes Herr von Hahn turned away in disgust at their folly, and soon reached the house with the balcony. The recorder, a well-bred little man, received him with much politeness.

"You sent for me," began the stranger, "and in truth I came very readily; for I hope you will be able to solve my doubts. I have been in your town only one day, and have met with more adventures than in all my other travels."

"So I suppose," said the magistrate, smiling. "I have heard of them, and of some really incredible ones. You are Herr von Hahn, son of a banker in the capital; you have connexions with the house of Bantes in this place, and came here because Fraulein Bantes—"

"Perfectly correct. Shall I satisfy you of my identity?" He produced some papers from his pocket-book. The recorder did not decline glancing at them, but returned them in a few moments, with expressions of his perfect satisfaction.

"I have now, sir, told you and proved to you everything as to which you are entitled to information. It is now my turn to ask you to explain all the singularities of your town. Herbesheim is not so far from the rest of the world but that strangers must come here sometimes; how happens it, then, that I—"

"I know what you were about saying, Herr von Hahn. You shall know everything, if you will have the goodness to answer me a couple of questions."

"I am at your service."

"Place my questions for the present, if you please, among the other singularities of the place; you will easily see the reason of them afterwards. Do you always wear black?"

"I am in mourning for an aunt."

"Were you ever here before?"

"Never."

"Had you any acquaintance previously with any of our townspeople, or have you ever happened to hear or read anything of the history of this place?—I mean of old histories, anecdotes, and tales."

"I never knew any person from here, nor anything about the place, except that the house of Bantes was here, and that the daughter was a very amiable young lady, which, I take pleasure in stating, I have found to be the fact."

"Did you ever hear the story of the dead guest of Herbesheim?"

"I repeat it, the history of Herbesheim, especially its ancient history—and I say it to my shame—I am as ignorant of, as of that of Peru or Siam"

"And yet your adventures here are all to be traced directly to it."

"Pray tell me what I have to do with your old stories?"

The magistrate answered with a smile, "People take you for the dead guest, a spirit in one of our popular tales; and, as ridiculous as the fancy of our good townsmen is, I cannot conceal my surprise at the strange likeness you bear to the hero of our story. Taking it for granted that you are ignorant of the tale, I will repeat it as I have heard it from others. It is certainly the first time that an old woman's story has been brought forward so officially." And thereupon he went over the whole legend.

"Now I see it all," said Herr von Hahn, with a laugh, "the fair ladies of your town are afraid of their necks."

"Joking aside, my dear sir, there are still many things I cannot explain. I am willing to ascribe much to chance, but here the chances are so singular, that I cannot help feeling some suspicion of you"

"Why, sir, do you mean to say that you take me for the hero of your story, who visits Herbesheim every hundred years, to murder poor turtle-doves?"

"Certainly not. But did you never hear any of the particulars before? How comes it, for instance, that you chose the first Sunday in Advent for your arrival, and the time when rain and wind were the fiercest?"

"It is indeed a singular accident, and surprises me myself. I can, however, assure you that I am so ignorant of the calendar that I have now the pleasure of learning, for the first time, that I arrived here in advent. I can also safely swear, that I did not command the storm; on the contrary, I would have gladly countermanded it, for I found the bad weather very inconvenient."

"There are some other points as to which I would gladly be better informed, but I will pass them over for the present. You will see that I am fully informed as to all your proceedings, and indeed I may safely say, that the secret police of Herbesheim is not inferiour to that in Paris, under the renowned Fouché or Savary. If you did not aim at playing the part of our dead guest, how happens it that you this morning, in a very few minutes, became so intimate with Herr Bantes' daughter, whom you had never seen before; that you—I hardly know how to express it——"

"Do you know *that* too?" asked Herr von Hahn, and a flush passed over his pale features. He paused awhile, and proceeded: "Really, sir, I begin to stand in greater fear of you, than your good citizens do of my black coat. The walls must have told it, for I was alone with the lady at the time you allude to. Excuse my saying any more. If the walls have informed you of the subject of my conversation, it is needless to mention it; if not, you will suffer me to respect a lady's secret." The magistrate bowed acquiescingly. "To-morrow, I shall leave the town. My business is concluded, and it is really very disagreeable to play the part of the evil one." And thereupon the conversation changed, and the stranger shortly after took his departure. The magistrate placed himself at the window, to amuse himself with the panic which the appearance of the dreaded personage would produce in the street; but he was not to be seen. On inquiring of the porter, he found that no one had left the house. "That looks a little supernatural, at all events," thought the dignitary. A few minutes afterwards a servant came in, and said the chambermaid was down in the kitchen crying as though her heart would break, and saying that the dead guest was in the parlour with her young mistress, that the lady seemed to be well acquainted with her fearful visiter, that he had made her a present of a splendid pair of bracelets, and was just then whispering in her ear. The magistrate laughed at first, but, the more he thought of the matter, the less inclination he felt to laugh. "What!" thought he, "bracelets! whispering with my Julia! How did he get acquainted with her! If the fellow is not the spirit after all, he behaves plagily like him." In an anxiety he would have been ashamed to acknowledge, he hurried to his daughter's room. There she sat, admiring the superb bracelets.

"What is all this?" was his first question.

"A present for Frederica Bantes from Herr von Hahn," was the answer. "He leaves town early to-morrow morning, and has some reason for not going to her father's again. I'm sure I can't understand—he her lover, and leave so soon! but I am to give it to her for him."

"But when did you get acquainted with him?"

"I was over there this morning when he came in. I trembled from head to foot when I first saw him, for I thought he surely must be the dead guest. But he is a man, and a very amiable one. I happened to meet him as he came out of your room, and he came in to see me."

She told all this so naturally that her father could doubt no longer. However, he ordered the soldier to watch the stranger's movements next morning, to see whether he had actually left the town. Meantime the burgomaster passed a sleepless night. The coincidence was rather too striking after all—especially as he learned in the evening that Her von Hahn had actually paid a visit and some compliments to the pretty milliner, under pretext of a trifling purchase. But when day arrived, came his messenger, who reported, that before he reached the hotel, he had heard that the dead guest had disappeared at night, bag and baggage, and no one knew what had become of him. He had not gone in a carriage nor on horseback, nor by post, nor had he gone out of any of the town gates. The landlord and guard went into the room he had occupied. They found everything in order, as though no one had been there, the beds untouched, every chair in its right place, no trunks, no clothes, not even a scrap of paper—not a trace of them to be seen! On the table there lay, however, the amount of the landlord's bill in hard dollars, which he very wisely refused to touch. "Any one else may have the stuff for me," said mine host, "if I put it up in my trunk, it will be sure to turn to rags." So he magnanimously determined to give it to the poor, and to the poor it was accordingly given. The news of the sudden disappearance ran like wildfire through the town. Herr Bantes and his wife heard it as soon as they got up. The former heard it with surprise, yet with full faith; the latter ventured to suggest some modest doubts, to remove which, her husband proposed sending his book-keeper to ascertain the facts. He returned with a full confirmation of the report in all particulars. The old lady, however, would not be convinced. She was firmly persuaded the thing would be explained one day or other, and determined not to lose sight of reason and common sense. All at once her husband sprung up with such paleness and terrour in his face, that she was really alarmed; for he could not speak a word for a long time. At last he said faintly, "Mother, if one thing proves true, others may. Do you think that our daughter is asleep yet? I lay awake a long time, yet I did not hear any noise in her room."

"Why, what can you mean? Surely you don't suppose our daughter is—"

"Ah, but if one thing proves true, others may—the idea is horrible. I have not the courage to look. I fear, I fear her head is—"

"What, turned round on her shoulders?"

"Yes, yes," screamed the anxious father, nor would he be comforted till his wife went to their daughter's room, and reported that she was in a sweet sleep. Then he took courage; the young lady was cheered by her wooer's departure, and peace and happiness revisited the family.

CONCLUSION.

That very evening they were made still happier, for a carriage was heard to roll through the street, and stop before the house. Frederica was the first to hear it, and to cry "Waldrich!" It was he. All hurried to welcome him home, and Herr Bantes as joyfully as any of them. Of course there were a thousand questions to be asked and answered, till the old man put a stop to the talking and placed the captain on his usual seat by his side. Then the noise began again. "Only think, my dear fellow," cried Herr Bantes, "only think, we have had that devilish spirit, that dead guest and all that, here in town, here in this very house. Yes, and what do you think, he had picked out his three brides too, in one day; there was first Frederica, then Julia, the recorder's daughter, and lastly, Kate, that lives at the milliner's. We were all afraid, like little children, and all that."

The captain laughed loud as he replied, "Yes, I dined with him to day at the post-house. I suppose it is Herr von Hahn you mean?"

The old man grinned, as if vexed. "Herr von Hahn is neither here nor there; no matter who he was, he was the dead guest over again, and he shall never have my daughter, even if he should turn out to be the banker's son, and all that. If he was, so much the worse for him, for he looked exactly like the hero of your story."

"Ah!" replied the captain, "the fault is not his. On that evening when I told the story, and had to describe the appearance of the dead guest, I could not in my hurry think of any other figure to sketch him after than that of Herr von Hahn. That gentleman was especially odious to me at that time, and therefore occurred to me most naturally when I was ordered to Herbesheim with my company. When we were a few miles from the capital, I stopped to dine at a tavern, the King of Portugal, I think. Among the guests at the *table d'hote*, I particularly noticed Herr von Hahn's long body, which towered a whole head above all other mortals, and also his black hair, deadly pale face and black dress. I learned that he was the son of the famous banker of that name. He was altogether

indifferent to me at the time, but I never forgot his figure, and still less at a time when he had ceased to be indifferent to me, because —will you allow me to say so?—he was suing for your daughter's hand."

"Thunder and lightning!" roared Herr Bantes, "so it was all the fancy of a rival, and nothing more! To think that that never entered any of our heads, not even the wise old burgomaster's! We old folks are always old fools, after all. But, captain, you have made a good deal of mischief. The young banker must be terribly angry, and call me an old woman, and all that."

"Oh, by no means!" was the answer, "on the contrary, he is very well satisfied with the turn things have taken. He sends his most friendly regards to all your family. When we first met at table to-day, we were tolerably distant. He was silent and reserved, although he did not know me; and I, because I *did* know him, and supposed he was coming here a wooing. In exchanging some few words of civility with him, he happened to mention that he was going home from Herbesheim, and I felt a natural curiosity to learn more. I could not help saying, that I was well acquainted in that place, and commanded the garrison there. "Aha!" cried he at once, "then you are my fortunate rival, to whom I am really very much indebted for his good fortune." So we made acquaintance, and frankness was the order of the day at once. He told me, to my great surprise I confess, that Frederica had said we were already engaged, and begged him not to make us both unhappy, and that he kissed her hand, and told her that he had come a wooing in obedience to his father's wishes, but in the hope of not succeeding, because he was secretly in love with the daughter of a professor in the capital, who unfortunately possessed little wealth except that of her mind, which union the old banker looked on with aversion. He added that the old man had commanded him to give up all thoughts of his portionless mistress, but that the young one had sworn to be true to her till death, and to marry her at the first opportunity."

"How!" cried the old man, "did you hear all this from him, daughter? Why, you have been making a fool of me! Why did you not tell me this?"

"Think a moment, dear father, and do not find fault with your daughter," was Frederica's answer. "Don't you remember, when I began to praise Herr von Hahn, and was going to tell you what he had said, how angry you got, and bid me hold my tongue, and promised to find me another lover in his place, if I would obey you implicitly?"

"Ah, there is nothing easier than obeying implicitly, when we have anything to gain by it!"

"And don't you remember you were going to put mamma and me in the cellar?"

"Hush, hush, about that! So, captain, your friend was not angry at us, it seems, but didn't he think we had all gone crazy together?"

"Something of the kind, certainly. He thought the behaviour of the people very strange at first, but when the recorder explained the old legend to him, and informed him that people did him the unmerited honour of taking him for a defunct cavalier of the seventeenth century, he was amused at the idea, and took a pleasure in increasing the alarm he had so innocently occasioned. I was honest enough to confess my share in the matter as soon as we could speak for laughing. It was not unnatural that his figure should have flitted before my imagination while I was telling the story, but I should as soon have dreamed of the sky's falling, as of any such results from it. Herr von Hahn laughed as heartily as I did, and told me the tricks he had played to keep up the illusion. He paid a visit to the affianced bride of a soldier of the police, and to frighten his landlord, told him he should start in the morning, and then had his baggage taken away at night by his servant, and walked by moonlight to the next post-house. In a word, no two mortals ever echoed "the unextinguishable laughter that shook Olympus" more loudly than we did. We took leave of each other over a bottle of champagne, the best friends in the world, at a much later hour than we expected when we sat down to dinner."

Father Bantes smiled at the story from time to time, but uneasily Pleasure and vexation contended for the mastery in him, and it was some time before he spoke. At last he began, "See there, children, what a host of follies superstition brings in its train. Even I, old philosopher as I am, put on my fool's cap with the rest. I ought to be ashamed of myself, but begin to think it silly for any one to be ashamed of his poor human nature, and all that. But let us proceed to business. Do you know, captain, that I have disposed of you. I have made you over to Frederica there, to bribe her to rid me of the dead guest. Don't be offended at me for taking such a liberty with you in your absence; I thought myself justified, as your former guardian. There, Frederica, take him, and be happy together!"

Both fell upon his neck.

"Stop!" cried he. "Waldrich, off with the uniform!"

"Off it shall come!" replied the captain, trembling with joyful emotion.

"And resign your commission, for Frederica lives with us here, and I did not give her to you, but you to her."

"I will resign it to-morrow!"

"Children!" said the old man, looking round him delightedly, "your joy makes me thirsty. Mother, bring in the punch!"

An old swan.—In one of the London dailies is a long obituary notice of a famous swan, at the great age of seventy years The animal was bred at Buckingham-palace, but had lately been a tenant of the canal enclosed in St. James's-park.

SELECT DRAMATIC SCENES.

THE STOLEN KISS.

BY MISS MARY R. MITFORD.

Scene—*the interior of a Scottish cottage in a summer afternoon.* Agnes—*waking with a start from a deep slumber—a spinning-wheel before her.*

So! Mother, didst thou call? Did I not hear
A voice, a step? Sure I have slept! Methought
That Lewis, too, was here. 'Tis but a dream,
One of those visions which possess the dream
Like firm realities. A baseless vision!
This sultry summer air, and westering sun
Hotter than noontide, which lulls into rest
Light whirring insects and gay chirping birds,
Joined to the drowsy motion of the wheel,
Monotonous instrument of quiet toil,
Rocked me to slumber like a cradled babe.
Now to my work again!—mother will chide
To find the flax unspun. Now to my work!

[*In seating herself again at her wheel, she glances on the flower-pot in the window,*]

Ah, me! some one hath plucked from out the jar
My roses, my twin roses! the moss bud
Intensely fragrant, and that whitest rose
And purest which unfolds its spotless breast
Like the queen lily to the sun What foot
Hath stolen to this lone chamber? What bold hand
Hath stretched across me as I slept? So only
The roses could he won. Not my dear mother,
She had aroused the sleeper. Charles, perchance,
My unthrift brother?—Nay, that merry boy
Had ne'er restrained the loud and frequent gush
Of laughter, which springs up from his light heart
Like music from the thrush. Young Lewis?—No!
Oh, no! Not Lewis! How could he win here
Despite the guardian eye of my so fond
Yet watchful mother? No. And wherefore come
When I have been as strange as though—No! no!
Not Lewis? Yet last night he somewhat spake
Of a rich kinsman, whose next heir he was,
And how he bid him woo, and wished him wed;
And then—but I was coy, was very coy—
And yet methought even now,—but 'twas a dream:
A silly dream! A false, bewildering dream!
I'll to my sober toil, and chase these visions.

[*She sits to the wheel, and sings.*]

Turn, busy wheel; turn, busy wheel,
And pile upon the circling reel
A thread as fine and free
As that the insect artist weaves
In autumn mornings, 'midst the leaves
Of yon old apple tree,
The moss-grown apple tree,
The dewy, filmy apple tree.

Turn, busy wheel; turn swiftly round
And blend with my wild song thy sound
Of peaceful industry;
Such sound as loads the summer breeze,
When gathering their sweet store, the bees
Crowd yon broad linden tree,
The bright, green linden tree,
The flowery, shadowy linden tree.

Agnes.—Ha! art thou there? My mother
Will hear the manly tread, the clink of arms,
And deem that I—
Lewis.—Sweet Agnes—
Agnes.—Hush! she'll know
That voice of thine. Speak softly, man,—or rather
Depart at once. If she should hear—
Lewis.—What then?
Agnes.—She'll chide.
Lewis.—And wherefore, sweet? I come
On no ill errand What should make her wroth?
Agnes—I know not; but depart. Thou knowest well
Young gallants come not hither. Wend thy way,
Good Lewis! Force me not, in mine own house,
To seem uncivil. Go! She hath full oft
Forbidden and she is right. Away! Thou knows't
That she will chide.
Lewis.—Not now. I've seen her, Agnes;
My wealthy kinsman, he hath seen her too;
And she consents; and thou art mine.
Agnes.—Indeed!
Thou art confident, methinks. How know'st thou, sir,
That I am thine? Say that my mother yield
Her scruples to thy kinsman's gold—what pledge
Have I e'er given?
Lewis.—Thou hast been coyer, Agnes,
Than the high dames of old romance, who held
Their hearts a ten year's siege; hast shrunk away
Even from my touch; hast shunned my speech, hast turned
With sweet confusion from my ardent gaze;
Yet, all unwittingly of thee, I hold
A sacred pledge. See here!

[*Producing two roses from his bosom.*]

Agnes.—My roses! Well!
Lewis.—The very flowers of love!
Agnes—The flowers of love!
Why thou thyself art wild and fanciful
As ever Paladin or dame of old,
To deem that a free maiden may be won
Even in the stealing of a flower. Fie! fie!
I deemed thee wiser.
Lewis.—Listen, maiden mine!
Turn not away, but listen: Dost remember
Last Lammas tide, when midst a merry group
At Donald Graham's the forfeit game went round,
And thou hadst pledged thy silver brooch; the bright
And massive silver brooch, that Isabel,
Who cried the forfeits then, the frank and blunt
Dame Isabel, proclaimed that whoso owned
The trinket in her hand should bide a kiss
From James Kinloch? Dost remember!
Agnes.—Yes—
No—yes—I dimly do remember me
Of what thou tell'st
Lewis.—Well, and the forfeit drawn
Was thine, the silver brooch. Dost thou remember?
Agnes.—I do.
Lewis—And thou didst straightway rise,
And with the frown of outraged modesty
Bending thy virgin brow, a frown that lent
New nobleness to beauty, bade her keep
The bauble, and walketh forth. Dendingly
Isabel laughed, and Kinloch loudly urged
His precious privilege; till thou didst pause,
Waving them from thee with such awful charm,
Yet gentle, as in that old masque divine
The lady who defied his ribald crew
And vanquished Comus. Then—forget not this,
Beseech thee, sweetest! thou didst strongly vow
Who touched thy lip, might claim thy hand (so sacred
Seemed that mute pledge to thy young purity,)
And calmly turned thee homeward, unpursued
By aught save fond respect. Hast thou forgotten?
Agnes.—No. But the roses?
Lewis.—Well! to-day I came
With my kind kinsman to thy house. My Agnes,
Thou hast been coy—but, so far, only coy
As maids may seem who love; I found a hope
Even in thy shyness, sweet! and when thy mother
To our frank proffer, yielded frank consent,
I flew to seek thee.
Agnes—Well?
Lewis.—And found thee here
Asleep; thy fair head, all for heat declined
Toward one fair shoulder; thy small pretty feet
Resting upon the silent wheel; the thread
Listlessly hanging from thy listless hands;
And over all such softness, such repose,
Such innocence, such beauty! In the casement
A jar of freshest flowers mixed their sweet breath
With one far sweeter,—and I leant behind thee,
And stole—
Agnes.—The roses!
Lewis.—Ay. but not alone
The roses. Tush! that was an after thought,—
A token. From those rosy lips I stole
A balmy—dost thou doubt me, Agnes? Say,
Shall I repeat the theft, and show thee—
Agnes.—No!
No, no!
Lewis.—Well, then, thou dost confess the pledge
Is won?
Agnes—Ay, ay.
Lewis.—And thou dost not repent thee
Of that same forfeit play? Thou dost not wish
The words unsaid?
Agnes.—No.
Lewis—Nor these token flowers
Unstolen?
Agnes No, no.
Lewis.—Now blessings on thee, love!
My frank and noble love! And triple blessings
On that sweet theft of mine!

LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.

THE MILLER'S MAID.

There is a lonely mill close beside the little hamlet of Udorf, near the Rhine shore, between the villages of Hersel and Ursel, on the left bank below Bonn. This mill is said to have been the scene of the following story.

It was on a Sunday morning, "ages long ago," that the miller of this mill, and his whole family, went forth to hear the holy mass at the nearest church, in the village of Hersel. The mill, which was also his residence, was left in charge of a servant-girl named Hannchen, or Jenny, a stout-hearted lass, who had long lived with him in that capacity. An infant child, of an age unfit for church, was left in her charge likewise.

The girl was busily employed in preparing dinner for the return of her master and his family, when who should enter all of a sudden but an old sweetheart of hers, named Heinrich Bottelor. He was an idle, graceless fellow, whom the miller had forbidden his house, but whom Jenny, with the amiable perversity peculiar to her sex, only liked, perhaps, all the better because others gave him no countenance. She was glad to see him, and she told him so too; and although in the midst of her work, she not only got him something to eat at once, but also found time to sit down with him and have a gossip, while he despatched the food she set before him. As he ate, however, he let fall his knife.

"Pick that up, my lass," said he, in a joking way, to the good-natured girl.

"Nay, Heinrich," she replied, "your back should be more supple than mine, for you have less work to make it stiff. I labour all day long, and you do nothing. But, never mind! 'twould go hard with me an I refused to do more than that for you, bad though you be."

This was spoken half sportively, and half in good earnest; for, kind-hearted as the girl was, and much as she liked the scapegrace, she was too honest and industrious herself to encourage and approve of idleness, and a suspicious course of life in any one else, however dear to her. She stooped down, accordingly, to pick up the knife. As she was in the act of rising, however, the treacherous villain drew a dagger from under his coat, and caught her by the nape of the neck, griping her throat firmly with his fingers to prevent her screaming the while.

"Now, lass," he said, swearing out a bad oath at the same time, "where is your master's money? I'll have that or your life; so take your choice."

The terrified girl would fain have parleyed with the ruffian, but he would hear nothing she could say.

"Master's money or your life, lass!" was all the answer he vouchsafed to her entreaties and adjurations. "Choose at once," was the only alternative he offered her; "the grave or the gold!"

She saw that there was no hope of mercy at his hands; and, as she saw it, her native resolution awoke in her bosom. Like the generality of her gentle sex, she was timid at trifles; a scratch was a subject of fear to her; a drop of blood caused her to faint; an unwonted sound filled her soul with fear in the night. But when her energies were aroused by any adequate cause, she proved, as her sex have ever done, that in courage, in endurance, in presence of mind, and in resources of emergency, she far surpassed the bravest and coolest men.

"Well, well, Heinrich!" she said, resignedly, "what is to be, must be. But if you take the money, I shall even go along with ye. This will be no home for me any more. But ease your gripe of my neck a little—don't squeeze so hard; I can't move, you hug me so tight; and if I can't stir, you cannot get the money—that's clear, you know. Besides, time presses; and if it be done at all, it must be done quickly, as the family will shortly be back from Hersel."

The ruffian relaxed his gripe, and finally let go his hold. Her reasons were all cogent with his cupidity.

"Come," she said;—"quick, quick!—no delay: the money is in master's bedroom."

She tripped up stairs, gaily as a lark; he followed closely at her heels. She led the way into her master's bedroom, and pointed out the coffer in which his money was secured

"Here," she said, reaching him an axe which lay in a corner of the room, "this will wrench it open at once: and while you are tying it up, I shall just step up stairs to my own apartment, and get a few things ready for our flight, as well as my own little savings for the last five years"

The ruffian was thrown off his guard by her openness and apparent anxiety to accompany him. Like all egotists, he deceived himself, when self-deceit was most certain to be his destruction.

"Go, lass," was all he said; "but be not long. This job will be done in a twinkling."

She disappeared at the words. He immediately broke open the chest, and was soon engaged in rummaging its contents.

As he was thus employed, however, absorbed in the contemplation of his prey, and eagerly occupied in securing it on his person, the brave-hearted girl stole down the stairs on tiptoe. Creeping softly along the passages, she speedily gained the door of the chamber unseen by him, and likewise unheard. It was but the work of a moment for her to turn the key in the wards and lock him in. This done, she rushed forth to the outer door of the mill, and gave the alarm

"Fly, fly!" she shrieked to the child, her master's little boy, an infant five years old, the only being within sight or sound of her. "Fly, fly to thy father! fly on your life! Tell him we shall all be murdered an he haste not back. Fly, fly!"

The child, who was at play before the door, at once obeyed the energetic command of the brave girl, and sped as fast as his tiny legs could carry him on the road by which he knew his parents would return from church. Hannchen cheered him onward, and inspirited his little heart as he ran.

"Bless thee, boy—bless thee!" she exclaimed, in the gladness of her heart; "an master arrives in time, I will offer up a taper on the altar of our blessed lady of Kreutzberg, by Bonn."

She sat down on the stone bench by the mill-door to ease her over-excited spirit; and she wept, as she sat, at the thought of her happy deliverance.

"Thank God!" she ejaculated, "thank God for this escape Oh, the deadly villain!—and I so fond of him, too!"

A shrill whistle, from the grated window of the chamber in which she had shut up the ruffian Heinrich, caught her ear, and made her start at once to her feet.

"Diether! Diether!" she heard him shout, "catch the child, and come hither! I am fast. Come hither! Bring the boy here, and kill the girl!"

She glanced hastily up at the casement from which the imprisoned villain's hand beckoned to some one in the distance, and then looked anxiously after her infant emissary. The little messenger held on his way unharmed, however; and she thought to herself that the alarm was a false one, raised to excite her fear, and overcome her resolution. Just, however, as the child reached a hollow spot in the next field—the channel of a natural drain, then dry with the heats of summer—she saw another ruffian start up from the bed of the drain, and, catching him in his arms, hasten towards the mill, in accordance with the directions of his accomplice. In a moment she perceived her danger, and in a moment more she formed her future plan of proceeding. Retreating into the mill, she double-locked and bolted the door—the only apparent entrance to the edifice, every other means of obvious access to the interior being barred by means of strong iron-gratings fixed against all the windows; and then took her post at an upper casement, determined to await patiently either her master's return, and her consequent delivery from that dangerous position, or her own death, if it were inevitable.

"Never," said she to herself, "never shall I leave my master's house a prey to such villains, or permit his property to be carried off before my eyes by them, while I have life and strength to defend it."

She had barely time to secure herself within, when the ruffian from without, holding the hapless child in one hand, and a long sharp knife in the other, assailed the door with kicks, and curses and imprecations of the most dreadful character

"Confound thee," he cried, applying the foulest epithets of which the free-speaking Teutonic languages are so copious; "open the door, or I'll break it in on ye."

"If you can you may," was all the noble girl replied. "God is greater than you, and in him I put my trust."

"Out the brat's throat!" roared the imprisoned ruffian above; "that will bring her reason."

Stout-hearted as poor Hannchen was, she quailed at this cruel suggestion. For a moment her resolution wavered; but it was only for a moment. She saw that her own death was certain if she admitted the assailant, and she knew that her master would be robbed. She had no reason to hope that even the life of the infant would be spared by her compliance. It was to risk all against nothing. Like a discreet girl, she consequently held fast in her resolve to abide as she was while life remained, or until assistance should reach her.

"An ye open not the door," shouted the villain from without, accompanying his words with the vilest abuse, and the fiercest imprecations, "I'll hack this whelp's limbs to pieces with my knife, and then burn the mill over your head. 'Twill be a merry blaze, I trow."

"I put my trust in God," replied the dauntless girl; "never shall ye set your foot within these walls whilst I have life to prevent ye."

The ruffian laid the infant for a moment on the sward as he sought for combustibles wherewith to execute his latter threat. In this search he espied, perhaps, the only possible clandestine entrance to the building. It was a large aperture in the wall, communicating with the great wheel and the other machinery of the mill, and was a point entirely unprotected, for the reason that the simple occupants had never supposed it feasible for any one to secure admission through such a dangerous inlet. Elated with his discovery, the ruffian returned to the infant, and, tying the hands and feet of the child, threw it on the ground even as a butcher will fling a lamb destined for the slaughter, to await his time for slaying. He then stole back to the aperture, by which he hoped to effect an entrance. All this was unseen by the dauntless girl within.

In the meanwhile her mind was busied with a thousand cogitations. She clearly perceived that no means would be left untried to effect an entrance, and she knew that on the exclusion of her foe depended her own existence. A thought struck her.

"It is Sunday," said she to herself; "the mill never works on the Sabbath; suppose I set the mill a-going now? It can be seen afar off; and haply my master, or some of his neighbours, wondering at the sight, may haste hither to know the cause. A lucky thought," she exclaimed; "'tis God sent it to me!"

No sooner said than done. Being all her life accustomed to mill gear, it was but the work of a moment for her to set the machinery in motion. A brisk breeze which sprang up, as it were by the special interposition of Providence, at once set the sails flying. The arms of the huge engine whirled round with fearful rapidity; the great wheel slowly revolved on its axle; the smaller gear turned, and creaked, and groaned, according as they came into action: the mill was in full operation.

It was in that very instant that the ruffian Diether had succeeded in squeezing himself through the aperture in the wall, and getting safely lodged in the interiour of the great drum-wheel. His dismay, however, was indescribable when he began to be whirled about with its rotation, and found that all his efforts to put a stop to the powerful machinery which set it in motion, or to extricate himself from his perilous situation, were fruitless. His cries were most appalling; his shrieks were truly fearful; his curses and imprecations were horrible to hear. Hannchen hastened to the spot, and saw him caught, like a reptile as he was, in his own trap. It need not be added, that she did not liberate him. She knew that he would be more frightened than hurt, if he kept within his rotary prison; and she knew, also, that unless he attempted to escape, there was no danger of his falling out of it, even though he were insensible and inanimate all the while. In the meantime, the wheel went round and round with its steady unceasing motion; and round and round went the ruffian along with it, steadily and unceasingly too. In vain did he promise the stout-hearted girl to work her no harm; in vain did he implore her to pity on his helpless condition; in vain did he pray to all the powers of heaven, and adjure all the powers of hell to his aid. She would not hear nor heed him; and, unheard and unheeded of them likewise, muttering curses, he was whirled round and round in the untiring wheel, until, at last, feeling and perception failed him, and he saw and heard no more. He fell, senseless, on the bottom of the engine, but even then his inanimate body continued to be whirled round, and round, and round, as before; the brave girl not daring to trust to appearances in connexion with such a villain, and being, therefore, afraid to suspend the working of the machinery, or stop the mill-gear and tackle from running at their fullest speed.

A loud knocking at the door was shortly after heard, and she hastened thither. It was her master and his family, accompanied by several of their neighbours. The unaccustomed appearance of the mill-sails in full swing on the Sunday, had, as she anticipated, attracted their attention, and they had hastened home from church for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of the phenomenon. The father bore his little boy in his arms; he had cut the cords wherewith the child was tied, but he was unable to obtain an account of the extraordinary circumstances that had occurred from the affrighted innocent.

Hannchen, in a few words, told all; and then the spirit which had sustained her so long and so well while the emergency lasted, forsook her at once as it passed away. She fell senseless into the arms of the miller's eldest son, and was with difficulty recovered.

The machinery of the mill was at once stopped, and the inanimate ruffian dragged forth from the great wheel. The other ruffian was brought down from his prison. Both were then bound, and sent off to Bonn under a strong escort; and, in due course, came under the hands of the town executioner.

It was not long till Hannchen became a bride. The bridegroom was the miller's son, who had loved her long and well, but with a passion previously unrequited. They lived thenceforward happily together for many years, and died at a good old age, surrounded by a flourishing family. To the latest hour of her life, this brave-hearted woman would shudder as she told the tale of her danger, and her deliverance.

STIMULANTS OF GREAT MEN.—It is interesting to notice the different articles which have been taken by eminent men, as stimulants to the mental faculties. It is interesting, as showing how diametrically opposite means may produce the same effect in various systems; and it is interesting as showing how much the mind sympathizes with the body. Haller drank plentifully of cold water when he wished for great activity of the brain; Fox, for the same purpose, used brandy. The stimulants of Newton and Hobbes were the fumes of tobacco; those of Pope and Fontenelle, strong coffee. Dr. Johnson, at one period of his life, was a great wine drinker; but, in the latter part of it, found strong tea a good substitute. Don Juan is said to have been written under the influence of gin and water, and it is reported that a certain legal lord, of great learning and talent, plies himself hard with port when he wishes to shine. Pitt was a great drinker of wine; Sheridan, also, was fond of his bottle. Dr. Paris tells us, that when Mr. Dunning wished to make an extraordinary display of eloquence, he always put a blister on his chest a few hours before he was to speak, in order that it might irritate the brain by sympathy during his speech.

The following beautiful passage is taken from Euripides:

> "While o'er the battlements Capaneus sprung,
> Jove struck him with his thunder, and the earth
> Resounded with the crack; meanwhile mankind
> Stood all aghast; from off the ladder's height
> His limbs were far asunder hurl'd, his hair
> Flew to'ards Olympus, to the ground his blood,
> His hands and feet whirl'd like Ixion's wheel,
> And to the earth his flaming body fell."

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE SABBATH MORN.—BY CHARLES SWAIN.

> LIGHT of the Sabbath—soul-awakening morn,
> Thou mirror of the mystery above!—
> Oh, sainted day! on prophet pinions borne,
> How waits the heart thy solemn rest to prove;
> How longs the soul with DEITY to move,
> And drink thy deathless waters!—and to feel
> Thy beauty—and thy wisdom—and thy love—
> Sublimely o'er the soaring spirit steal,
> Till ope the heavenly gates JEHOVAH to reveal!—
>
> Whilst, mounting and expanding the Mind's wings
> Thus like a seraph's reach eternal day;—
> Futurity its starry mantle flings
> And shrinks the past an atom in its ray!—
> So mighty—so magnificent—the way
> Which leads to GOD!—so endless—so sublime!—
> The skies grow dark, THEIR grandeur falls away
> Before the wordless glory of that clime
> Which feeds with light the suns and thousand worlds of Time!
>
> Light of the Sabbath—soul-awakening morn;—
> Take me, Religion, on thy holy quest;—
> Lead me 'mid desert hills, the wild and lorn,
> To mark the lowly shepherd hail his guest
> And bless the voice which ever leaves *him* blest!—
> Makes his rude cot an altar to God's praise!—
> Where 'neath a mother's pious bosom prest,
> His child, with little hands, and upward gaze,
> Pleads for its parents' health, and happy length of days!
>
> Sun of the Sabbath—lead me to the vale
> Whose verdant arms enfold yon village fair;—
> Afar from towns where passions stern prevail,—
> Afar from commerce and her sons of care—
> Guide me where maidens young for church prepare
> In cottage grace—and garments Sunday-white!
> With reverent step, and mild submissive air,
> Oft let me hear their tuneful lips unite
> To hail with humble hearts the Sabbath's sacred light!
>
> Oh, sight the loveliest human eyes e'er found!
> To view two sisters o'er the same page bend,
> Their lovely arms each other's waist around—
> Their soft, bright hair in careless ringlets blend—
> Their mingling breath like incense sweet ascend
> Over God's book—His angel book of Truth!—
> Their hearts, minds, feelings, all emotions lend
> A vision of that paradise of youth
> Ere Adah's beauteous form drooped 'neath the serpent's tooth!
>
> Morning of worship!—with thy beams arise
> Devotions sanctified by memories dear;
> With thee the hymns of nations wake the skies!—
> The broken prayer;—the sinner's contrite tear;
> Hail, blessed morn, that brings the *dis'ant* near;
> Bids *kindred* meet the hallowed page around:—
> Pours comfort in the friendless *widow's* ear,
> For Who the wild birds fed whilst winter frowned,
> Will succour *her* poor babes when she sleeps in the ground!
>
> Some hand, she prays, an INFANT SCHOOL may raise!
> And learn—oh, task divine!—their lips to bless!
> Teach him *that hope* the Book of Christ conveys,
> To be their consolation in distress!
> And He—the father of the fatherless—
> The sheltering wing of the poor orphan dove,—
> God,—more than words may show—or thought express,—
> Shall aid them with his own almighty love!—
> For *angels* plead for *these—the motherless!*—above!
>
> Hail Sabbath hour!—hail comforter and guide!
> Hour when the wanderer home a blessing sends;
> Hour when the seaman o'er the surges wide
> To every kindred roof his heart extends!—
> Hour when to *all that mourn* thy peace descends!
> When e'en the captive's bonds less sternly lower:—
> Hour when the Cross of Christ all life defends;—
> Hour of Salvation!—God's redeeming hour!—
> Eternity is thine!—and heaven-exalting power!

STREAM OF SIN.—As in religion, so in the course and practice of men's lives, the stream of sin runs from one age to another, and every age makes it greater, adding somewhat to what it receives, as rivers grow in their course by the accession of brooks that fall into them; and every man when he is born, falls like a drop into this main stream of corruption, and so is carried down it, and by the reason of its strength, and his own nature, he accordingly dissolves into, and runs along with it.

APHORISM. The appearance of vice is always more easily assumed by the virtuous than the appearance of virtue by the vicious; as it is evidently much easier to become bad when we are good than good when we are bad. Understanding, sensibility, talents, genius, virtue, or religion, may with much greater facility be lost than acquired. The best may descend as low as they please, but the worst cannot ascend to the height they might wish.

THE CELEBRATED JAILER OF BONAPARTE.—The remains of Sir Hudson Lowe, whose coercive treatment of the late emperour of the French excited such a sensation throughout Europe, and for which he was publicly horsewhipped, were recently landed from a foreign steamer at London-bridge wharf, in a puncheon of spirits, from which they were taken and placed in a shell.

VIRTUE AND VICE.—The destinies of a nation depend less on the greatness of the few than the virtues or vices of the many. Eminent individuals cast further the features of her glory or shame; but the realities of her weal or wo lie deep in the mass. The curling tops of the lofty waves are the crest of the ocean, but from its depths flows the overpowering strength of its tides.

PERVERTED TALENTS.—Education, says Dr. Channing, is now chiefly a stimulus to learning, and thus men acquire power without the principles which alone make it a good. Talent is worshipped; but if divorced from rectitude, it will prove more of a demon than a god.

EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.—The Chancellor Aguessau wrote a work on jurisprudence, in five volumes, in the quarter of an hour each day his wife kept him waiting for dinner.

For the New York Mirror.

LINES TO A LOST FRIEND.

Solemn and slow the summer now is leaving
The fair, bright earth, where she has long been seen,
And Winter in yon fleecy clouds is weaving
His frosty web to shroud her mantle green;
Coldly the winds are through the forest flying,
Stripping the branches as they humbly bend,
And autumn comes in "russet mantle" sighing,
But wherefore com'st *thou* not, my gentle friend?

From out my breast a stream of love is gushing,
Which fain would meet and bubble o'er thine heart;
Stronger it grows, like mountain cat'ract rushing,
To think that we shall meet no more to part!
Come thou, for whom this weary heart is longing,
And gladden once again this lonely breast:
Come like the spring—like summer birds when thronging,
Each to his native home—his vacant nest.

Alas! thou comest not to him who weeping,
Waiteth with anxious ear to hear thy tread;
Despair, even as a poison'd vine is creeping
About my heart, to tell me thou art dead!
Say, do the soft and mellow sunbeams shining
From distant skies, rest on thy lowly grave?
Or is the green and shining sea-weed twining
About thy form, in ocean's hiding wave?

I may not know if thou the loved and cherish'd
Art still on earth to bless once more my sight,
Or whether thou by death's chill hand hast perish'd,
And closed thine eyes in his unbreaking night;
But ah! there is another sphere where sorrow
Comes not with heart-wrung tears the eye to wet;
Where joy's enlivening presence knows no morrow,
Where hope still whispers, I shall see thee yet! R. S. C.

METROPOLITAN SKETCHES.

THE SALE OF PAINTINGS.

BY JAMES ALDRICH.

——"The Roman and the Lombard line
One coloured best and one did best design.
Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part,
But Titian's painting looked like Virgil's art."—*Dryden.*

One day, subsequent to the declaration of independence, all lovers of the palette and pencil—all amateurs in lights and shades—in perspective and foreshortening, who were then resident in New-York, were startled by reading in the newspapers, and on the walls and pumps, that on the following evening there would be submitted to public sale by Moses Lovy, (a distinguished cognoscenti,) a rare and invaluable collection of oil paintings by the old masters Flattering ourselves with the belief that we had some taste for paintings, and desirous also, perhaps, of awakening this belief in others, we went to Mr. Lovy's auction-room at an early hour, and secured an elevated and conspicuous situation. Mr. Lovy, at the moment of our arriving, was busily engaged in rubbing the pictures with a wetted sponge, whilst another person was writing something upon the backs of them. Before examining a picture, we procured a catalogue, and read, with a reverential feeling, the names of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Claude, Titian, Domimchino, etc., the authors of the paintings then about to be offered *under the hammer.* Having perused the catalogue, we awoke from a pleasing reverie produced by those great names, and looked at the pictures. "Have we been dreaming? or has fancy so highly coloured the ideal pictures as to make the real appear mean and insignificant?" were the questions we propounded to ourselves; for we saw before us nothing but the rudest and roughest specimens of the art, contemptible in everything but design; in short, we saw a collection of miserable copies, of copies of good pictures, the primary efforts, doubtless, of some low Dutch school, which, after lumbering up some academy in Antwerp for many years, had, in all probability, been bought on speculation by some Yankee trader who might then have been present to prompt the eloquent auctioneer, and laugh in his sleeve at the critical taste of the company.

The room was now well filled, and Mr. Lovy mounted upon a chair, said, "Gentlemen, the paintings we offer you to-night is a wery fine collection, the finest ever seen on this hemisphere or South America. They belonged to an English nobleman who lost all his property by the wice of gambling. I shall sell them in the order in which they appear on the catalogue—terms is cash on delivery to all, and no uncurrent money taken. Gentlemen will oblige me wery much by not smoking, as it clouds the atmosphere and diminishes the effect of the light on the painting. Number one is the first—please look at your catalogues, gentlemen, as I sell. Number one is a landscape by Salvator Rosy, and a wery fine one it is; how much is bid? Gentlemen, don't nobody want a Salvator? Who starts it at something handsome?"

"Five shillings," said a little man in green spectacles

"Thank you, sir," said Mr Lovy: "five shillings, five shillings, five shillings; aint no more bid? five shillings, once, twice, three times! It's yours, sir; name, if you please?"

"Mr. Varnish," cried the purchaser.

"Mr. Warnish takes number one, at five shillings," said Mr. Lovy to the clerk; then, turning to the purchaser he added, "and a wery cheap picture it is, too, let me tell you, Mr. Warnish."

"Make a capital fire-board for you, Mr. Varnish," said a wag in the back part of the room, "if you have not introduced grates into your house."

"Silence!" cried Mr. Lovy; "them that comes here to talk had better go, and make room for the lovers of the divine art. Number two—gentlemen, look at your catalogues—is a wirgin and child, by Carlo Dolcy; how much is bid for the wirgin and child?—they are a gem, and no doubt good likenesses; who says twenty dollars to start it?"

"One dollar," cried a goggle-eyed man, with an imitation cameo breast-pin, as large as an ancient warriour's shield, hanging in his shirt-bosom.

"Shame, gentlemen!" said Mr. Lovy, "if my friend, Mr. Paff, *was* here, you would not get that picture for an hundred dollars. One dollar, one dollar, going—"

"An eighth," said some one in the crowd.

"I don't take eighths, you must advance," said Mr. Lovy. "One dollar, one dollar—oh, gentlemen, it's a shame to let such a picture go for such a price; why the wirgin is worth more than that, to say nothing about the child!—one dollar—going—once, twice, gone! Who's the happy man?"

"Smith," cried the purchaser.

"Mr. Smith, your bill will be ready at nine o'clock in the morning," said Mr. Lovy. "The next is number three; hold that up to the light, Patrick; a wenus, gentlemen, by Canova; aint it, Patrick? look on the back."

"Michael Angell," said Patrick.

"Ah! gentlemen, by Angell—a wery excellent painter. How much for the wenus? You'll bid on this, Mr. Benedict; she's a beauty. How much is bid? Gentlemen, the genuineness of these pictures is indisputable; for the names of the masters is written on the backs of all of them. How much is bid for the wenus? I can't dwell."

"Ten dollars."

"Thank you, sir; ten dollars, ten dollars—and by a man of taste, too"

"Fifteen."

"Fifteen, fifteen dollars—going—once, twice, gone! It's yours, Mr. Spear. (To the clerk)—Put down the wenus to Mr. Crayon Speer, fifteen dollars; cheap as blackberries."

Courteous reader, we could go on with a true description of the sale of every one of those rare pictures, so strongly impressed is our memory with the recollections of that evening's auction; but, out of respect to thy patience, we forbear. We observed that, with one exception, the paintings sold as those by Michael Angelo brought higher prices than any others. We were unable to account for this, as it is well known that the oil-pictures by that great master, or rather those *attributed* to him, are mean and pitiful. The *Fates* at Florence, and the *Witches* in Cardinal Fesch's collection at Rome, are not worthy of the company they keep. Expressing our surprise of the high estimation in which he seemed to be held by Mr. Lovy's customers, a friend attributed the partiality shown to M. Angelo to a mistake on the part of the audience, in supposing the pictures to have been painted by Mike Angell, an artist who, at the time of which we write, executed the transparencies exhibited, during elections, at Tammany-hall

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

REMINISCENCES OF TRINITY CHURCH.

Mr Editor.—The letter of one of your correspondents in a late number of the Mirror in relation to Trinity Church has suggested some reminiscences of my own, which I hope may not prove uninteresting to your readers, while this venerable pile lies crumbling in the dust

The members of the first Protestant Episcopal Church first held stated religious services in this city in a chapel erected in the fort, which stood near the present Battery. In this place, under the Dutch administration, the service of the church of Holland had been performed. On the surrender of the colony to the British, in 1664, the service of the church of England was of course introduced. The congregation, however, increasing, Trinity Church was founded in 1696, in the reign of William and Mary The rector, the Rev. William Vesey, afterwards and for many years the commissary of the Bishop of London, first performed divine service in this church, on the sixth of February, 1697. It was originally a small, square edifice, and was enlarged in the east end in 1735, and again on the north and south sides in 1737 Its length was then, including the tower and chancel, one hundred and forty-six feet; its width seventy-two feet, and the steeple one hundred and eighty feet high. This steeple was struck by lightning in the summer of 1762; but little damage was done.

On the twenty first of September, 1776, in the memorable fire which laid waste so great a portion of the city, this venerable and majestic edifice was destroyed. It lay in ruins during the remainder of the revolutionary war, and was replaced by the structure just demolished. This edifice was consecrated by the Right Rev. Bishop Provost in 1791.

Trinity Church is the parish church of the parish of that name, which contains also St. Paul's, erected in 1766, and St. John's, erected in 1807. St. George's Church was also formerly a Chapel Trinity Parish is under the pastoral charge of a rector and three assistant ministers.

Notwithstanding the antiquity of this parish, the present rector is only the eighth that has held that office.

Among the communion-plate belonging to this parish, are several articles presented by William and Mary, and Queen Anne; and others with the initials G. R., but from which of the first three Georges, I have not learned—probably some from each. There are also a few articles from private donors, and among these, two plates presented by a lady on Christmas day, 1718.

But old Trinity is gone! With her and with the hand-writings on her walls, my earliest and fondest associations are blended; but she will rise more glorious than before, an emblem of the resurrection of thousands who worshipped there, and whose bones lie mouldering in her clay. From the best information I am able to obtain, upwards of four hundred thousand have been deposited in the Trinity Church burying-ground since its first erection in 1697.

Now, Mr. Editor, if you think these facts worth a place in your Mirror, and are not afraid of its occupying too much space, the following touching lines, cut from the New-York American, will make an excellent finish to my story. GRANT THORBURN.

TRINITY CHURCH

Farewell! farewell! they're falling fast,
Pillar, and arch, and architrave;
Yon aged pile, to me the last
Sole record of the by-gone past,
Is speeding to its grave:
And thoughts from memory's fountain flow,
(As one by one, like wedded hearts,
Each rude and mouldering stone departs,)
Of boyhood's happiness and wo,—
Its sunshine, and its shade:
And though each ray of early gladness,
Comes mingled with the hues of sadness,
I would not bid them fade;
They come, as come the stars at night,—
Like fountains gushing into light—
And close around my heart they twine,
Like ivy round the mountain pine!
Yes, they are gone—the sunlight smiles
All day upon its foot-worn aisles,
Those foot-worn aisles! where oft have trod
The humble worshippers of God,
In times long past, when Freedom first
From all the land in glory burst!
The heroic few! from him, whose sword
Was wielded in his country's cause,
To him who battled with his word,
The bold expounder of her laws!
And they are gone—gone like the lone
Forgotten echoes of their tread;
And from their niches now are gone,
The sculptured records of the dead!
As now I gaze, my heart is stirr'd
With music of another sphere,
A low, sweet chime, which once was heard,
Comes like the note of some wild bird
Upon my listening ear,—
Recalling many a happy hour,
Reviving many a wither'd flower,
Whose bloom and beauty long have laid
Within my sad heart's silent shade:
Life's morning flowers! that bud and blow,
And wither, ere the sun hath kiss'd
The dew-drops from their breasts of snow,
Or dried the landscape's veil of mist!
Yes! when that sweetly-mingled chime
Stole on my ear in boyhood's time,
My glad heart drank the thrilling joy,
Undreaming of its future pains:—
As spell-bound as the Theban boy
List'ning to Memnon's fabled strains!
Farewell, old fane! and though unsung
By bards, thy many glories fell,
Though babbling fame hath never rung
Thy praises on his echoing bell,—
Who that hath seen, can e'er forget
Thy gray old spire? who that hath knelt
Within thy sacred aisles, nor felt
Religion's self grow sweeter yet?
Yes! though the decking hand of Time
Glory to Greece's fanes hath given,
That, from her old heroic clime,
Point proudly to their native heaven;
Though Rome hath many a ruin'd pile
To speak the glory of her land,
And fair, by Egypt's sacred Nile,
Her mould'ring monuments may stand,—
The joy that swells the gazer's heart,
The pride that sparkles in his eye,
When pondering on these piles, where Art
In crumbling majesty doth lie,
Ne'er blended with them keener joy,
Than mine, when but a thoughtless boy,
I gazed with awe-struck, wond'ring eye,
On thy old spire, my Trinity!
And thou shalt live like words of truth,—
Like golden monuments of youth—
As on the lake's unrippled breast
The mirror'd mountain lies at rest,
So thou shalt lie, till life depart,
Mirror'd for ages upon my heart!

Advice and caution.—When old persons inveigh against the vanity and nonsense of the world, in order to check the wishes and curiosity of young persons from making their experiments also, they remind me of the indifference with which a man hands a newspaper to his neighbour, after an hour's enjoyment of it, saying—"there's nothing in it, sir." Shakspeare speaks more philosophically on this subject:

——"For youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Imparting health and graveness."

Luxury of travelling.—On the Richmond and Fredericksburgh railroad, berths have been fitted up in the cars, so that passengers can repose as comfortably as if in their own chambers. What next?

SELECTIONS FROM NEW WORKS.

NIX'S MATE.

When we heard that Rufus Dawes was engaged upon a novel, we were sure, from the dramatic power evinced in his tragedy of "Athenia," that it would be one of extraordinary interest, displaying inventive faculties of the highest order, and a mastery and affluence of language seldom equalled. We have not been disappointed. "Nix's Mate" is a production which will be permanently incorporated in the American standard library of fiction.

An analysis of a novel can never adequately convey a proper idea of its merits, and we have no taste for such barren outlines. We must refer the reader to the book itself. It is rich in revolutionary incident, character, and the fidelity of its historical allusions and descriptions. By Bostonians it will be highly relished, if for these qualities only. But the work is characterized by still higher attributes. It is deeply philosophical in its tone and spirit, at the same time that the vividness of its scenes and the animation of the style keep the curiosity sustained and heightened to the close. In a word, "Nix's Mate" is the work of a man of true genius, and as such it will be welcomed by all the lovers of a pure and elevated literature. We give a brief extract from "Nix's Mate," which is not an unfavourable specimen of the style.

THE ENCHANTRESS.

After walking for a few minutes, they came to the rocky cavern where the enchantress dwelt. They descended over rough stones and gravel close to the water's edge.

"See where Nameoke dwells!" she exclaimed, "a brave dwelling, where she sleeps and is lulled by the lapsing of the waters; but we must have a light."

With one stroke of her mace she caused the fire to stream from a huge fragment of flint upon a handful of dry moss, and throwing on this pieces of wood that had floated from some wreck, in an inconceivably short time a fire flamed up through the cavern, and sent across the water toward the vessel a brilliant sheet of light.

As the flame arose a current of cold air swept through the fissure, and a hundred different sea-birds went flapping and screaming to the night, and a dozen bats came driving against the fire, attracted by its dazzling splendour

"Nameoke is not alone!" said the sibyl, "hear how the fowls scream at her coming—hark! 'tis the roaring of the sea-monsters, the fire has aroused them from their slumbers."

The enchantress now took an iron pot from beneath some seaweed, and dipping up salt water with a shell, poured it therein. She then cast into the same handfulls of dried herbs, the Heliotrope, Virga-Pastoris, Centaurea, Nepta Verbena, Rosa Serpentina, and other magical plants, to which she added Aloes and bits of Sandalwood. She then climbed within the fissure of the cavern, and brought down a couple of star-fish, which she cast into the pot, murmuring over it a charm in the Arabian dialect approved by Albumazah.

Instantly a peculiarly red flame shot forth, and then, a dense smoke smothering it, rose and filled the cavern. Nameoke now murmured a brief incantation, and the smoke again drove away and left the fire flaming as before

She now strained the decoction through a silver seive, and pouring a part into a goblet of the same metal, threw what remained into the sea.

"Now drink from this, exclaimed the enchantress, and it will render you invisible to all who work charms for evil, and then come, with Nameoke, and she will show you things equally novel and wonderful."

"Charming Nameoke!" cried the ardent voluptuary, "I have drunk so deeply from the magic of thy beauty, that further sorcery would kill me. Come to my arms," he cried, clasping her violently; "come to my arms, beautiful Nameoke, and make me the happiest of mortals"

"*Felton!*" said the enchantress, in a tone that surprised him even more than the utterance of his name, "drive away that viper from your bosom, or it will sting you to death. I know you well, and those with whom you are living. Begone from me, unless you can be a man and not a fiend!"

"Is it any crime to adore one so beautiful!" exclaimed Felton; is there anything more innocent than love?"

"There is love in the heavens and love in the hells," replied the enchantress; "would Felton see the difference between them?"

"Love knows no difference," said the mariner, his visage reddening with excitement, and his eyes gloating on the imperial beauty, with the fire of the black snake when he would charm a bird to its destruction; "Love knows no difference, Nameoke; it must be the same wherever it lives—whether in a palace or in a rocky cavern, whether in your fabled heaven or in your hell."

"Nameoke will show you then the difference," exclaimed the sibyl, "and when you know how far they are from being the same, perhaps you may fly from the love that curses, and leave her and your evil courses, unless you are too fixed in their delights. This talisman will draw away the veil that hangs between the natural and the spiritual: take it!"

So saying, she suspended a mystic charm about his neck, while she threw wood of the aloes, crocus and balsam into the fire, and at the same time smote the rocky cavern with her mace: when immediately a peal of thunder burst above their heads with the uproar of an earthquake, and, as if a thousand gongs had been smitten at once, the cavern split asunder and Felton found himself with Nameoke in the midst of sylvan scenery, more magnificent and lovely than the imagination of poet ever conceived in dreams of Arabian intoxication

They were walking hand in hand in a garden, where apparently nature and not art strove for mastery; for though flowers of innumerable genera and species were blooming in every direction and in the exactest order, there was a wildness in the arrangement which was the result of perfect contrivance. In all directions there were walks of natural mosaic, where countless stones of every imaginable shade were blended in beautiful forms; and with such skill had the artist designed them, that pictures of the most exquisite loveliness varied like moving kaleidoscopes, and seemed to carry out the very happiness of the gazer into bodily creations; over these walks, trees of infinite variety, in blossom, in leaf, and hanging heavily with delicious fruits, arched in fantastic garlands, and swung gracefully and wooingly in the air. At the termination of some of the alleys stretched immense lawns, bordered by gently undulating uplands, and swelling higher and higher in the distance, till hills were overtopped by hills more lofty and still more lofty, and at length terminated by majestic mountains, that sent their towering pinnacles among the clouds, and rested in perpetual sunshine.

In the intermediate spaces were seen meandering rivers, that, winding among the swelling waves of greenery, broke out at intervals like sparkling crystal, where swans were sailing two and two, and plashing in the wider and nearer lake-like harbour that reflected from its unruffled surface the whole landscape and the sky around them; thus deepened toward the zenith, from the brightest ultramarine to the celestial sapphire. In all directions fountains of clearest water burst forth in forms that mocked all human contrivance, and painted on the heavens such glorious rainbows, that the heart overflowed with gladness while the eye rested upon them. Here and there were children engaged in innocent delights; some of them sitting on banks of flowers, and weaving garlands for each other's heads; others sporting with lambs of brilliant whiteness, and bounding with them over the waving hills of close herbage, laughing and shouting, and clapping their hands, the very pictures of careless enjoyment.

The enchantress watched the mariner, who gazed around with a pale and haggard countenance. Surprise was depicted in his features, but gladness was a stranger to their expression

"This is a paradise of beauty and innocence," exclaimed the enchantress; "how does it suit the rover of the seas?"

"I see no beauty here," exclaimed Felton, "it is more insipid and irksome than a dead calm."

"But look upon the skies," said the enchantress, "Nameoke would live there for ever; look upon the landscape, see how the lights and shades blend harmoniously around us; can anything be more lovely than these walks and arbours? See there, how the shadows from those beautiful clouds chase each other over the fields and are now lost in that dark forest; and these fountains breaking up in so many directions! Nameoke will tell you what they mean. They are the correspondencies of divine truth, and they all come from one source. Their reservoir is among those distant mountains, and they fall into the earth and fertilize the ground, and take a thousand different directions, that they may scatter blessings in their path. See how they break up again, and lift themselves toward their heaven, and rise to their source proclaiming truth in their operations; how beautifully they paint hope among their rainbows?"

"I see the skies and the clouds, the shadows and the landscapes, the fountains and the rainbows," exclaimed Felton, listlessly; "but I see nothing to give me any pleasure—come, let us go away!"

"Stay awhile," said the sibyl, "Nameoke has not shown you all. Cast your eyes through those smaller mountains, where toward the east they break into a vista, and one more lofty and magnificent than the rest rises toward the heavens: do you see the one Nameoke means?"

"I see a mountain higher than the others," replied the mariner

"And do you see anything uncommon about its appearance?"

"I see a bright light streaming from the side, like a small cloud blushing in the sunset."

"Nameoke would have you watch it narrowly," said the enchantress

As she spoke, it came rapidly onward toward the place where they were standing; and as it approached, a strong light streamed as from a centre of intense brightness surrounded by a circular Iris of transcendant glory. As it approached, the day seemed to dawn anew, and the birds among the branches of the fruit-trees sang aloud with the buthesomeness of morning. The clouds, which were hanging about the sky in thick masses, and showing their fine tints by every variety of contrast, now put on the richest dresses of crimson and gold, while the air seemed at once to be laden with the fragrance of water-lilies and verbena

Presently the seeming blaze of radiance assumed another appearance. There was a chariot of mother of pearl, wreathed into a more graceful form than a sea-shell, and shining with enamel, in which diamonds and chrysolites circled it in many beautiful bands, and which was drawn by four white horses abreast, whose manes and tails flowed like masses of silver hair, and whose forms were such as never were before seen by man, so faultlessly were they modelled. As they trampled through the atmosphere, it seemed as if they threw up clouds of gold and diamond dust, which the winds scattered behind them in glittering profusion; while the Iris deepened its colours, and from the midst of it appeared a man more glorious than the Apollo of antiquity, in the lustre and beauty of early manhood, with his head bound by a wreath of myrtle. His face shone brighter than the sun, but so mildly in its lustre, that to gaze on it was peace and tranquillity; and his hair flowed over his shoulders like tresses of shadowing topaz. Presently the chariot reached the ground, and as it touched the earth, the trees snowed down their blossoms, and the vines waved their graceful festoons, and the birds sang so melodiously that it seemed as if an atmosphere of love were the breath that gave life to everything present.

On a sudden, the young man who sat in the chariot appeared as two, a bride and a bridegroom. His form and features were unchanged, but there sat by his side a female, whose loveliness was so surpassing all imagination, that it were mockery to attempt its description. Her attention seemed wholly occupied with her partner, and she gazed on him with such gentle and delicate affection that she appeared to be the imbodied form of one delicious emotion, which was that of a first and only love. He gazed on her with reciprocal fondness, and seemed like personified thought dwelling enamouredly on the ideal object of its adoration. They were goodness and truth living in inseparable communion

The young man now gave his hand to the female, and they both sprang lightly to the ground; and as they walked in one of the arbours like two angels in the paradise of marriage, music, from an undiscovered source, swelled sweetly and softly among the foliage; while the fragrance of the water-lilies and verbena gave place to that of the orange-blossom and the lime

The enchantress turned from gazing on those celestial objects to watch the mariner: but his eyes were fixed on the earth. There was gladness everywhere but in his own bosom, and the cloud that shadowed his heart cast its gloom upon his pallid countenance

"Take me," exclaimed he, "in pity take me from this place, which is more horrible to me than the grave."

As he spoke, she smote the ground with her mace, and in the midst of deafening thunder they were once again by the seaside in the cave

The sea-breeze sighed fitfully, swept coldly through the fissures of the rocks, and fanned the cheek of Felton, who, on reviving, found Nameoke feeding again the flame that was nearly extinguished

"Are you awake?" inquired the maiden.

"Yes!" replied the mariner; "but I have had a disagreeable dream."

"Nameoke would have the dream instructive," said the enchantress, with a look of melancholy; "return now to thy vessel yonder, and think no more of love, which flames only to destroy."

"Never!" exclaimed the mariner, more impassionately than ever; the insipidity of such love as comes to us in dreams of flowers and romance will never do for Felton. Nameoke, you must be mine to-night, or I perish!"

"Stay!" cried the enchantress, "did not Nameoke say that she had seen the star of love in gloom, and the cynosure dropping blood from the bear? Did not Nameoke say that the moon might rise this night drenched in the white-man's blood?"

"You are wild, beautiful creature," cried the enamoured mariner, "but your surprising beauty inflames the more for your very extravagance. By the mad dogs of hell, you shall be mine this moment!"

"Hold!" shrieked the sibyl, as the rude touch of the sailor would have profaned her person! "hold, for the love of heaven. There is one chance for Felton yet, before the moon shall bathe within his blood—Appear!"

As she spoke, she threw a portion of galbanus, dark sandalus and resin on the fire, and amidst the most deafening clangor that roared from beneath the sea, the cavern of the enchantress was rent from its basis, and she stood with the mariner in the abodes of the damned.

They were standing in one of a long, interminable succession of caverns that were vaulted by black and smoky rocks, where bats of all horrible forms were fluttering to and fro, and lizards and centipedes were crawling amidst the damp, dripping walls There was a table spread in the centre of this apartment, with a crimson cloth, and was lighted by flambeaux of pitch; a number of guests were seated at it, carousing from large goblets, their heads bound with poppy and mandragora, their faces red and glistening with excitement. There were men and women in that company, seated alternately; and the women were in half undress, and were kept from falling to the ground by the arms of the men, so drunken were they with the drink; but every now and then a centipede dropped from the wall into a goblet, and the man and woman who drank from it fell together under the table, when a scream of delight went up from the company, and scared the reptiles on the walls.

The enchantress shuddered as she gazed on the scene, and the heavy dew stood upon her forehead, when she turned away sick at heart, for a smile of delight was gleaming from the face of her companion.

"This is rare sport," said he in a whisper, his heart beating violently with emotion; let us join them, Nameoke!"

"Wait awhile," responded Nameoke, "let us see more before we do that. Follow me!"

They passed the hall of the drinkers, and came where were sounds of music and dancing. Here were crowds of both sexes half naked, with their arms encircling each other, and wheeling round the room in the delirium of the waltz: their faces wore an expression of loathing mingled with morbid desire, and their limbs could hardly support their bloated bodies. Some of them were emaciated and haggard; but they all had garlands on their heads, which had been drenched in alcohol, and they were now faded and dry. On one side of the cavern, which was like the other in most respects, but was lighted by lamps of skulls, was a number of persons, who dealt out drink to the dancers, which was cold and black, and seemed to refresh those who drank it, for they lay down on couches and appeared to fall asleep

"Let us join these people, charming Nameoke!" exclaimed the heated Felton, "let us drink and waltz together;" and he would have thrown off his clothes for the pastime, but she checked him.

"Stay a moment," said she, touching his arm; "follow me yet a little further!"

They turned now into a hall, the odour of which was horrible The faint light which served it, came only from the phosphorescence of putrifying bodies. Thousands of coffins were piled up along the walls, and pyramids of skulls and bones of men were heaped up without number. There was a solitary couch in the room, but it was without an occupant.

"Come," said the enchantress, "we have seen enough—let us depart—it is time for us to begone."

"Not without one hour of love with my Nameoke—see, our bridal bed is ready!" exclaimed the infatuated man.

And he seized her in his arms, and would have thrown her on the couch in the midst of all the horrours of the grave.

"Enough!" screamed the enchantress, and she smote the solid rock as she spake amidst the wailings and blasphemies of a million dissolute spirits; and the same terrific sounds brought her with her companion once more where the sea-breeze was moaning in her cave.

Felton passed his hand across his eyes, as if to relieve himself from a sudden attack of giddiness, and exclaimed—

"You shall not escape me so easily, fascinating enchantress; your charms and your sorceries only inflame me the more. By the powers of evil, you shall be mine this moment!"

"Stay!" cried the enchantress, while her eyes gleamed with wildness; "for the love of heaven, stay. Felton! you have seen a picture of heavenly love and its reward, and a picture of hellish love and its retribution; Nameoke might have shown you better and worse. Choose now between them! The three sisters are ruled by the stars, and the stars are ruled by the will of man."

"Nameoke!" exclaimed the mariner, frantic with passion, attempting to spring towards her.

"Forbear!" replied the enchantress—"the star of love is even now in mourning, and the pole-star of the mariner reddens for thy life; fly me ere it be too late."

"I care not for the stars, but for Nameoke only; then come to my bosom, for I will not endure delay!"

The expression of his countenance too well proclaimed his purpose, and he was already springing toward his victim, when her mace smote on his forehead like a thunderbolt. He fell like an ox before the altar; and as his body rolled to the mouth of the cave, the round red moon came up from out the water, and the prophecy of Nameoke was fulfilled.

Swearing.—Pierre Boudelot, a physician and scholar attached to the court of Christina of Sweden, was so accomplished a swearer that the eccentric daughter of Gustavus Adolphus chose him for her master in that art. The pupil soon beat her tutor.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

CRITICS AND CRITICISM.

BY L. F. TASISTRO.

The first great requisite of a critic is knowledge—not of Greek, Latin, Hebrew, High Dutch, History, Politics, Geology, Pantology, or anything of that kind—but it is necessary that he should have a perfect knowledge of the religious and political creed of all authors, a knowledge of their rank in society, and of what hour they dine at, if at all. It is impossible, in the nature of things, that a man who dines at three o'clock should have so great a knowledge of humanity and mathematics, as he who dines at seven: yet some of these ignorant people write books, which, to the uninitiated, look as if it really contained something worth reading, but it is mere fudge—they are written by the incompetent, and nobody knows their incompetency but the critic, who has ascertained at what time the writers dine, and in what style they live, and who knows what is the religious and political creed they profess. What can be the use of a critic who only forms a judgment of a book from the book itself. Every reader can do that for himself. But many readers live in the country, and in remote suburbs, who know nothing of what is going on in that little circle called the great world; and these simple people would be entertained with an entertaining book, or instructed by an instructive one, without once thinking who was the author. In consequence of this weak and foolish propensity to like what they like, and to be amused with what is amusing, the people of America have frequently suffered their taste to be sadly corrupted: and they have suffered books to become standard works, which ought, years ago, to have been consigned to the pastry-cooks and trunk-makers. All this has arisen from people judging for themselves, instead of taking knowing critics for their guide. For instance, during the last century, when criticism in England was at a very low ebb, and scarcely understood as a science—when editors of magazines and reviews did not care a straw for a publisher's name—there was a book published called the Vicar of Wakefield. People liked it, because they liked it; there was not a word in it from beginning to end about silver forks, and for anything that appears on the face of the work, it cannot be known that Oliver Goldsmith was even aware of the existence of silver forks. Furthermore, the book was essentially and absolutely vulgar; ay, vulgar! That one word alone would have crushed and annihilated the work in the present refined and advanced state of criticism. Oh! gentle reader, avoid vulgarity as you would avoid a pestilence, and if ever you meet with a book in which the author speaks with contempt of molasses, or ducks and green peas, close the book on the instant—burn it—never mention that you have read it. You may read blackguardism and slang as much as you please—you must not be disgusted with the brutality of highwaymen and pickpockets—you must take no offence at what savours of the brothel and gaming-table; all this is pleasant relief to the insipidity of the drawing-room; and there cannot be a finer school of philosophy than a den of thieves.

The value of criticism then is, that it points out to ordinary readers that which they cannot find out by their own sagacity. We do not want critics to tell us what is amusing, everybody can find out that; we do not want critics to tell us where to laugh or cry, nature will do that for us; but we want critics to tell us what is the pink and perfection of fashionable life. It would be a monstrous bore to read a tailor's catalogue or a cook's bill of fare; but when we are informed by competent critics that such things belong to, and form the substance of fashionable life, then they are delightful in the extreme. There is nothing very philosophic or interesting in tripe and cow-heel, but when we are critically informed that tripe and cow-heel, form part of the secret of that mystical cave of Trophonius, called Fashionable Life, then we can peruse with unmingled pleasure two volumes post octavo, all about tripe and cow-heel. The real business of the critic is to find out, when an author has written two such volumes, whether he is really familiar with tripe and cow-heel, or whether he treats of them only from the reports of others.

Next to knowledge, a critic ought to possess a great deal of contempt—contempt of honesty, contempt of his own character, of the world's judgment, and of human feelings. He ought to hold honesty in great contempt; and if by any accident his employer should tell him to praise a good book, he had better let it alone altogether, for fear of spoiling his hand. In the art of criticism there is the dishonesty of praise, and the dishonesty of blame, which ought to be thoroughly understood by the critic. There is no man living capable of writing a book so purely and so well, which a disciplined critic may not craftily demolish, and ingeniously ridicule; and, in like manner, there is no critic who is properly skilled in his business, who cannot find in the stupidest book that ever was written, something to praise, provided the book be published by the proper bookseller. A thorough-paced critic ought not to care a straw for his own character; he should have no hesitation in pronouncing an opinion of a book in direct hostility to his own judgment; and he should be prepared to back his opinion with bluster and swagger. If the world should contradict him, he has nothing to do but contradict the world, and to tell it to its face that it is mightily pleased with the works that it neglects, and that it never reads those books which are in everybody's hands. But the perfection of criticism is to hold human feelings in supreme contempt. All feeling ought to be sacrificed to the laudable and glorious object of puffing. It is a fact well known to the skilful and scientific, that if all books had a fair sale according to their real merits, there would be no chance of one publisher keeping others out of the market; therefore, to make room for the books of one or two publishers, it is necessary to keep down and suppress, as much as possible, all books published by any but the favoured houses; and for this purpose, if there should be published by a wrong house any work of real merit, in which the author had evidently laboured with great diligence, and from which he was anticipating profit and fame, then the thorough-paced critic is to distort and misrepresent the said book as much as possible, or if that be too much trouble, he may just slur it over as a thing scarcely worth notice; this is perhaps the best and surest method; for to attack a book savagely, shows that there is something in it worthy of notice—to neglect it altogether looks spiteful—but to give it a careless notice, as if it were neither good, bad, nor indifferent, is the surest way to smother it.—*New-York Sun.*

Convenient criticism.—Sheridan had a very convenient formula as a reply to the new publications that were constantly sent to him, viz.: "Dear sir—I have received your exquisite work, and I have no doubt I shall be highly delighted after I have read it."

ADVENTURE ON THE CLYDE.

After an agreeable residence of a few weeks on the sea-shore near Gourock, which may be styled the Margate or Ramsgate of Glasgow, I went one day on board a steamer to re-ascend the Clyde. The weather was fine, and the deck of the boat was crowded with passengers of all kinds, from the portly manufacturer of the western capital, returning like myself from a little pleasurable rustication, to the poor shattered invalid, whom the beautiful day and the low fare had tempted to take a sail down the river and back again. Many were the vessels passing to and fro, that day, on the Clyde; but one only of these drew any particular attention from our company. This was a large Irish steamer, which shot past us just as we were opposite to Dumbarton, being probably on its way to Belfast or Dublin. Perhaps it was the number of genuine and unmistakeable Milesians on the deck, all returning, ragged as they came, to their native soil, that made myself and others fix our gaze for a minute or two on this vessel. While doing so, we heard a loud cry emitted by some one on board, and saw a great bustle take place on the deck, all the passengers running to one side. Almost immediately the steam was let off, and the vessel brought to a stop. Our captain, on seeing these movements, said: "Surely there is some one overboard?" But the distance was every moment increasing, and we failed to satisfy ourselves that such was the cause of the stir. In a little while, the passengers, one after another, turned loungingly and indifferently away, and the Irish steamer was soon alike out of sight and out of mind.

Our own vessel moved on. We passed the terminus of the Roman wall and site of Henry Bell's well-deserved monument. A fiddle, tolerably well played, was struck up by a musician hitherto undistinguished in the crowd of passengers. As we were approaching Erskine ferry, a female voice was heard exclaiming: "My bairn! my bairn! Where is my bairn?" and, on turning round, I found that the words proceeded from a young woman of six or seven and twenty, who bore one child in her arms, and led another in her hand. Her countenance was turned anxiously and imploringly to the captain, as she uttered the words just mentioned. The captain was close behind me. "My good woman," said he, "don't distress yourself. If you have missed one of your children, it cannot be far away." "Oh, sir," returned the mother, "I missed it but shortsyne; but I looked everywhere about the deck before I spoke. Oh, where is my bairn!" The passengers had assembled around the spot, and the poor woman's appealing eyes were cast on the circle, as she gave vent to the last exclamation. "Some of the men may have taken the child below for amusement," said the captain, soothingly, and away he went to ascertain the truth of his own conjecture. The young wife followed him. The result, however, was, that the child could not be seen or heard of in the ship. The captain began to look gloomy, and the company on board the steamer were again in a buzz of sympathizing curiosity. Conjecture once more was busy, though it could only tend to one single point—that the child was overboard. But how it had got overboard was the question. Being but five years of age, (the eldest of three who had been with the mother,) he could scarcely be supposed to have climbed the side of the vessel, even if he had been desirous of looking over into the water. How, then, could the thing have happened?

One man only could throw a single ray of even conjectural light on the fate of the child. This passenger stated, that while he had been seated by the side of the vessel occupied in reading, and in such a position that his eye could see the water nearly to the side of the boat, he had at one time got a momentary glance of what seemed to him a piece of paper or rag on the water; but, through the motion of the vessel, the object had been but an instant before his sight, and could scarcely be said to have occupied his thoughts for a second's duration, if at all. Shortly afterwards, he observed another circumstance, which he did not *then* suppose to have any connexion with what he had previously seen. This was the open state of the gangway door, or that portion of the bulwark which is so constructed as to open for the admission of passengers and goods. On observing it open, he had risen to shut it, but thought no more of the matter. Both incidents were so trifling that he could not say at what period of the voyage they had taken place.

The passengers and captain proceeded to the gangway door. The bolt was examined, and it was found, on trial, that the wood beneath the staple, and the staple itself, were so much worn away as to cause the door to burst open to the outside, on the instant that any force was applied to it from the deck or inside. Every face looked sad, and yet satisfied, at this discovery. Here was, in all human probability, the place and the cause of the child's unhappy disappearance; and the object seen on the water by the reading passenger confirmed the supposition. We remember feeling pleased with the conduct of an Englishman present on the occasion. With the straightforward and fearless candour of his country, he openly administered a severe reprimand to the captain for his carelessness in permitting the gangway door to remain in such a condition. "It is nothing less," said the rebuker, "than a direct *trap* for children! Where can they think themselves safe, when agitated by natural fears at finding themselves for the first time in a ship, if not when they seat themselves on deck, and lean for firm support against the vessel's sides! This child has entertained the thought, and has fallen a victim to it."

Who can describe the state of the poor mother all this while? When the discoveries just related had been made, hope seemed to take flight for the first time. Her exclamations went to the heart of all on board. She was the wife of an humble tradesman in Glasgow, and her children having been attacked by an epidemic, she had been sent by her husband to take a trip down the Clyde and up again, in order to speed their convalescence. "Oh! what will their father say!" was her constant cry: "I took *three* away, and bring home but two! What will *its* father say!" The prospective distress of her husband seemed to pain her more than anything else; yet, ever and anon, all feelings but the mother's departed, and she shed the agonizing tears of a "Rachel weeping for her children." While glancing now and then at her grief-steeped countenance, which was naturally a comely and interesting one, every person on board that vessel would have given much to have been able to alleviate her distress: and when the boat landed at the Broomielaw, many were eager to assist her on her course homewards. But she was accompanied by a friend of her own sex, who precluded the necessity of any such aid. With this person, then, she wended her way to the home which, for the first time, probably, she felt reluctant to enter. What were the feelings of the father on hearing of the accident, can only be imagined.

I afterwards learned that the distress of the honest pair lasted but one night. Joy came to them with the morning and the Greenock coach; for in that vehicle, before breakfast-time, arrived the missing boy. As conjectured, he had fallen backwards through the treacherous gangway door, and been precipitated into the water. The receding tide had carried him rapidly down the river for a short space. Luckily he was observed from the Irish steamer, the captain of which instantly stopped to pick him up. This was the cause of the bustle we had observed in that vessel, and I now wondered that no one had thought of the possibility of such being the case when the mother was wailing for a lost son. By using the proper exertions, life had been restored to the poor child, and when they reached Greenock the parties on board left him to be sent back to his parents, each contributing a trifle to pay the necessary expenses. I could not help thinking it almost worth while to have a son thus endangered, and suffering the acutest pain on his account for a night, in order to draw forth so much good feeling from one's fellow-creatures, and experience so joyful a relief from temporary sorrow.

THE SPANIEL OF DARMSTADT.

A new phenomenon has recently appeared in the musical world. Marvels of this kind are not uncommon, in the shape of a little biped urchin, not yet out of petticoats, who executes variations, upon the fourth string, and writes fugues without knowing a note of music. But this novel phenomenon is of an entirely different order, being a modest quadruped of the canine race. Dogs have been occasionally observed, both in modern and past days, to show an extreme sensibility to music. On some of them, fine music has been known to produce an apparent painful effect, causing them gradually to become restless, to moan piteously, and, finally, to fly from the spot with every sign of suffering and distress. Others have been seen to sit and listen to music with seeming delight, and even to go every Sunday to church, with the obvious purpose of enjoying the solemn and powerful strains of the organ. All these displays, however, of musical tendencies on the part of the canine race, are as nothing in comparison with the following, which a recent German paper gives an account of, for the amusement of the world of harmony.

Frederick S——, a musical amateur of Darmstadt, in the grand duchy of Hesse, possesses a female spaniel, which has become a strange source of terrour to all the mediocre musicians of the place and its vicinity. Having acquired a competency by commercial industry, Mr. S—— retired from business, and devoted himself, heart and soul, to the daily and hourly enjoyment of his favourite science. Every member of his little household was by degrees involved more or less in the same occupation, and even the housemaid could in time bear a part in a chorus, or decipher a melody of Schubert. One individual alone in the family seemed to resist this musical entrancement; this was a small spaniel, the sole specimen of the canine race in the mansion. Mr. S—— felt the impossibility of instilling the theory of sounds into the head of Poodle, but he firmly resolved to make the animal bear *some* part of other in the general domestic concert, and by perseverance, and the adoption of ingenious means, he attained his object. Every time that a *false note* escaped either from instrument or voice—as often as any blunder, of whatever kind, was committed by the members of the musical family, (and such blunders were sometimes committed intentionally,) down came the master's cane on the back of the unfortunate poodle, till she howled and growled again. By and by, simple menaces with the stick were substituted for blows, and at a still more advanced period of this extraordinary training, a mere glance of Mr. S——'s eyes was sufficient to make the animal howl to admiration. In the end, Poodle became so thoroughly acquainted with, and attentive to false notes and other musical barbarisms, that the slightest mistake of the kind was infallibly signalized by a yell from her, forming the most expressive commentary upon the misperformance.

When extended trials were made of the animal's acquirements, they were never found to fail, and Poodle became, what she still is, the most famous, impartial, and conscientious connoisseur in the duchy of Hesse. But, as may be imagined, her musical appreciation is entirely negative; if you sing with expression, and play with ability, she will remain cold and impassible. But let your execution exhibit the slightest defect, and you will have her instantly showing her teeth, whisking her tail, yelping, barking, and growling. At the present time there is not a concert or an opera at Darmstadt to which Mr. Frederick S—— and his wonderful dog are not invited, or, at least, *the dog*. The voice of the prima donna, the instruments of the band, whether violin, clarionet, hautboys, or bugle—all of them must execute their parts in perfect harmony, otherwise Poodle looks at its master, erects its ears, shows its grinders, and howls outright. Old or new pieces, known or unknown to the dog, produce on it the same effect.

It must not be supposed that the discrimination of the creature is confined to the mere *execution* of musical compositions. Whatever may have been the case at the outset of its training, its present and perfected intelligence extends even to the secrets of composition. Thus, if a vicious modulation, or a false relation of parts, occurs in a piece of music, the animal shows symptoms of uneasy hesitation, and if the errour be continued, will infallibly give the grand condemnatory howl. In short, Poodle is the terrour of all the middling composers of Darmstadt, and a perfect nightmare to the imagination of all poor singers and players. Sometimes Mr. S—— and his friends take a pleasure in annoying the canine critic, by emitting all sorts of discordant sounds, from instrument and voice. On such occasions the creature loses all self-command, its eyes shoot forth fiery flashes, and long and frightful howls respond to the immelodious concert of the mischievous bipeds. But the latter must be careful not to go too far; for when the dog's patience is tried to excess, it becomes altogether wild, and flies fiercely at the tormentors and their instruments.

This dog's case is a very curious one, and the attendant phenomena not very easy of explanation. From the animal's power of discerning the correctness of musical composition, as well as of execution, one would be inclined to imagine that Mr. S——, in training his dog, had only called into play faculties existing (but latent) before, and that dogs have in them the natural germs of a fine musical ear. This seems more likely to be the case, than that the animal's perfect musical taste was wholly an acquirement, resulting from the training. However this may be, the Darmstadt dog is certainly a marvellous creature, and we are surprised that, in these exhibiting times, its powers have not been displayed on a wider stage. The operatic establishments of London and Paris might be greatly the better, perhaps, of a visit from the critical Poodle.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"Youth's Keepsake." A Christmas and New-Year's Gift for Young People. Boston: Otis, Broaders and Co.

A NEAT little work is this, but mostly made up of selections from English annuals. We would rather have seen something original. The plates have rather an "old, familiar" appearance. The poem by Mr. Laman Blanchard, entitled "The Mother's Hope," will be found a beautiful thing.

"The Lady's Annual Register, and Housewife's Almanac," for 1840. By Caroline Gilman. Boston: Otis, Broaders and Co.

Here is a specimen of the useful and the elegant combined—beautiful poetry with recipes for curing pork and hams—neat engravings, and a monthly garden calendar! Mrs. Gilman is a lady of fine talents, and can amply dignify any subject which she chooses to touch. From the amusing little items with which the work abounds we select the following:

HORROURS OF MOVING.—"I have such a horrour of moving that I would not take a benefice from the king if I was not indulged with nonresidence. What a dislocation of comfort is comprised in that word moving! Such a heap of little nasty things, after you think all is got into the cart; old dredging-boxes, without brushes, gallipots, vials, things that it is impossible the most necessitous persons can ever want, but which the women, who preside on these occasions, will not leave behind if it was to save your soul; they'd keep the cart ten minutes to stow in dirty pipes and broken matches, to show their economy. Then you can find nothing you want for many days after you get into your new lodgings. You must comb your hair with your fingers, wash your hands without soap, go about in dirty gaiters. Was I Diogenes, I would not move out of a kilderkin into a hogshead, though the first had nothing but small beer in it, and the second reeked claret."

THE LAST YANKEE STORY.—A lady passing through New-Hampshire observed the following notice on a board: "Horses taken into grass. Long tails three shillings and sixpence, short tails two shillings." The lady asked the owner of the land the reason for the difference of price. He answered, "you see, ma'am, the long tails can brush away the flies; but the short ones are so tormented by them that they can hardly eat at all."

HARD BARGAINING.—A countryman in one of the western states, with a load of meal, drove up to a lady's door, when the following brief conversation took place:—"Do you want to buy any meal, ma'am?" "What do you ask me for a bushel?" "Ten cents, ma'am—prime!" "O I can get it for a fip." (In a despairing voice) "*Dear lady I* will you take a bushel for *nothing?*" "Is it sifted?"

FEMALE MOSQUITOES.—It is a curious fact in natural history that it is only female and not male mosquitoes which are the torments of mankind. As nature delights in contrasts, may she not have meant to exhibit one kind of females in opposition to another?

THE STAGE.

AN exceedingly clever actress is Mrs. FITZWILLIAM in a style of acting in which success is rare and difficult; a style that depends for its interest and effect solely on that vivacious naturalness which is always captivating, and but seldom attained. There is a laughing, gay, buoyant spirit about this actress, which lends a charm to every character that she personates. She has unusual versatility, sings well, plays on the harp, guitar and piano, and is in all respects a most attractive and agreeable lady. The little farce of *The Widow Wiggins* affords ample opportunities for the display of all her powers. It was written for her, we believe, by Buckstone, and is admirably got up

The old comedy of *The Country Girl* has been revived at the Park, during Mrs. Fitzwilliam's engagement. In its present shape it is an adaptation by Garrick of Wycherley's *Country Wife;* made very popular by Mrs. Jordan's celebrated personation of Peggy, the character that has since been appropriated by Mrs. Fitzwilliam. The situations of the play are dramatic and effective; and the plot is well developed. The conversation is lively and spirited, without abounding in brilliant conceits of wit. There is a good, hearty nature about it, however, which gives life and interest to the dialogue.

Wycherley is best known as the author of the *Plain Dealer*. He flourished among the wits of the loose court of Charles I., and was a particular favourite of the merry monarch. A lover of the Duchess of Cleveland, and a friend of Villiers, he was a man of gallantry and fashion. His dramatic pieces were four in number, only one of which, in the change of fashions and manners, keeps possession of the stage, and that in the revised drama of Garrick. In his old age, Wycherley was the friend and correspondent of Pope; and the letters that passed between them indicate the mutual respect entertained by them for each other's genius and literary merit. We like to see the revival on our stage of these old domestic plays, when they are purified and adapted to our modern tastes. They link us with the men and manners of past generations.

In *The Will*, Mrs. Fitzwilliam played *Albina*, a part admirably well adapted to her. This is one of Reynolds's many comedies, and one of the best of them. It is throughout a production of the tamest mediocrity. The dialogue is stupid, the incidents are stale, and the plot is ridiculous; but in spite of all this, it is capable of being made by clever acting a very tolerable dramatic exhibition. It was exceedingly well cast at the Park. Placide's *Sir Solomon Cynic* was capital. Richings did the tutor to the life; but the whole drunken scene is revolting to the last degree, however well it may be carried through. In this Richings was more natural than nature itself; one could almost have believed that he was as tipsy as he pretended. Nothing could have been more like the real thing. *The Will* was first acted about forty years ago. It still keeps possession of the stage; but Reynolds is not one of the immortals, and his numerous litter of comedies will soon be quietly gathered in the wallet of the old gentleman, who goes about seeking alms for oblivion.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Texan correspondent is respectfully informed, that we cannot avail ourselves of his manuscript.—Another poem by Miss Vandenhoff graces our paper to day. It shows poetical ability of no common character. We perceive that her contributions are everywhere copied.—"Y. S." attack on the Terpsichorean performances at the National are too violent and personal.—The letter from Boston in relation to the Rev. Mr. P., is unfitted for our columns.—The lines written during "the late exquisite autumnal weather, are not worthy of the subject.—Our Cincinnati correspondent, "O. T.," writes very pretty verses, but is unfortunate in the choice of his subjects. Try again.—We have received a critique upon Charles Kean in reply to a commendatory notice, which appeared in our columns some weeks since. We disagree entirely with "Cibber" in his opinions.—Our obligations are due to the author of the beautiful lines upon Trinity Church.—"A sail to Hoboken" is lively and well done, but marred by some defects, which must exclude it.—Another number of "Faustus" in our next.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1839.

Editorial.—Some comments of an ungracious character have appeared in two or three of the Philadelphia papers, in consequence of an editorial allusion, in the last plate number of the New-York Mirror, to an original poem by the proprietor of this journal. The intimation that the author of the poem referred to had the remotest agency in inducing the allusion, is totally unfounded. He did not see or hear of it until it appeared in print—and then was the first to object to its appearance. We saw no impropriety in it, however, and decided not to stop the press to strike it out. The departments of the editor and proprietor of this paper are *distinct*—and this fact has been repeatedly stated to the public, in advertisements and prospectuses, during the last two years. Had we thought any misapprehension existed on this point, we should certainly have been more cautious in affording to any one the shadow of an apology for the charge of self-laudation brought, unreflectingly we are willing to believe, against an honourable man. One word more, while we are upon this subject, in relation to the offence taken by the Philadelphia Herald and Sentinel at the circumstance of receiving, with the plate number of the Mirror, a circular from the proprietor, calling attention to the costly embellishment, with which it was enriched. Such has been the custom with publishers time out of mind, and we cannot, for the life of us, see why it is not "a fair business transaction." At a period of unequalled financial depression, a very expensive engraving is given to the readers of a periodical work. The object is of course to increase its claims upon public attention as an elegant journal of literature and the fine arts; for, nothing but a liberal public subscription could warrant so great an outlay. A circular is sent with the plate, calling the attention of editors to its merits. What is there in this to elicit animadversion and rebuke? Why has not the proprietor of a journal the same privileg to do this, that a merchant or a mechanic may have to circulate his advertisements and cards? We trust, that upon a review of these circumstances, the presses which have assailed the course of the proprietor of the Mirror, will see reason to revoke their unfriendly judgments.

Autographs and albums.—It is one of the natural penalties of fame and notoriety to be assailed with demands for autographs, or at least with requests to write in albums. The following, as we learn from the Baltimore Post, was written by Daniel Webster in a lady's album on being requested to inscribe his name. It is a little enigmatical:

> "That name is blest whose fame receives
> Its record on these stainless leaves;
> But would the owner leave impart
> To write that record on her heart,
> The autograph a page would hold
> As pure as this, but not so cold."

Sir Richard Phillips claims to be the first collector of autographs, and it is certain that he was early in possession of reams of these precious relics, each arranged by the alphabetical name of the writer. He was so well aware of their value, at a time when they were little thought of by others, that he has been heard to say he would as soon part with a tooth as a letter of Colley Cibber's; and that he expected a grant of land in America for a manuscript of Washington's. William Upcott has been styled the emperour of autographs, and his labours have been executed in a truly imperial style. He has had printed for distribution among his friends and for public bodies, a magnificent catalogue on royal quarto, containing thirty-two thousand items, and he has spared no expense in the binding, or in the portraits, by which they are illustrated. This collection is wholly autograph; but, at the same time, it contains much that is curious and original in antiquity, history, topography, and state affairs.

Mr. Espy, the storm prophet.—On the twenty-first of October, Mr. Espy made an announcement in Philadelphia of a storm, as having then been going on for thirty-six hours in the south-west, although at the time the weather, where Mr. Espy was, was clear and serene. The perfect accuracy of the statement will appear from an extract from a letter dated Wilmington, North Carolina, October twenty-second, which says:—"Our river has been so low for three months past, that nothing could come to market; but for the last four days we have had a continued rain, and our streams are all up." What a walking barometer must Mr. Espy be!

Raphael's fresco paintings.—The pope, says a writer from Rome, has just caused the fresco paintings of Raphael in the Vatican, to be restored. They had not been cleaned since 1702, and were almost entirely concealed from the eye by a thick coating of dust. They have now recovered their original freshness and splendour.

Female school at Rahway.—We learn from the United States Gazette, that the well-known instructress, Mrs. Lincoln Phelps, opened on the sixth of this month an institute for young ladies at Rahway, New-Jersey. We have much confidence in the assurance of a correspondent, who says—"This lady is favourably known to the literary and scientific world by her published works on Female Education, and on various branches of Natural Science, which have earned her a reputation to which few of her sex aspire, while an intimate acquaintance with the discipline and course of study observed in the well-known Troy Seminary, founded by her sister, Mrs. Willard, of which Mrs. Phelps acted as vice-principal during the absence of Mrs. W. in France, will assure the patrons of a raised grade of female education of her capacity and practical ability as a chief instructress. The other ladies to be concerned in the Rahway Institute will bring high endowments, both of mind and character, to sustain their principal in her arduous and responsible undertaking; and parents may rely that daughters educated under the direction of Mrs. Phelps will be mature scholars, and accomplished ladies, imbued with sound moral principles, and well fitted to enter upon the discharge of their duties in life, be that sphere whatsoever their rank or their duty may call them."

Apollo Gallery.—One of the best exhibitions of American paintings ever presented to the public is now open at the Apollo Gallery It contains some specimens of extraordinary merit. Miller's Rocky Mountain scene, representing an immense assemblage of Indians of the Snake tribe, is truly a remarkable production. Hubard's "King Philip" is also marked by genius of a high order; it is somewhat in the style of Retzch. There is a large landscape, by Doughty, entitled "The Indian Summer," which is extremely beautiful; it has been much praised and admired in London. Cole's "Sunset Scene" is admirable; and there are several little gems by Chapman, executed in a masterly style. The portraits are not, for the most part, remarkable; but there are some exceptions to this remark, to which we shall hereafter allude. Osgood's "Liberation of the Captives," numbered one hundred and thirty, is one of the most beautiful things in the collection; it should be placed in a more favourable light. Mr. Rossiter, a young artist of Troy, has several portraits in the collection, highly creditable to his talents. There are a number of busts in the room, by American artists, worthy of examination. We shall take a less cursory view of this exhibition next week.

Noah Webster.—This veteran in American literature, as has been well remarked, seems to be laying aside his armour, or rather after the manner of the ancient heroes, suspending it in our temples of science. May he long enjoy the green old age in which he at present rests from his labours. He has given to the library of Yale College, his Alma Mater, a number of rare and valuable books, Saxon, Russ, and Ethiopic. He has made a donation of classical and other books to the library of Middlebury College, of which one of his sons-in-law was professor; among these is an elegant edition of Pliny's works, in folio, which belonged to Lord Hardwicke. He has given a number of valuable books to the library of Amherst College in Massachusetts, of which he was one of the founders. He has made a donation of miscellaneous works to the Proprietor's Library in Hartford, the original seat of his ancestors, the first of whom was one of the founders of the colony of Connecticut. These books are now transferred to the library of the Young Men's Institute. He has also made a donation of books to trustees in West Hartford, the place of his nativity, for the purpose of beginning a social library. These are made the basis of such an institution as the donor intended.

Alleghania.—We perceive that a number of respectable journals throughout the country have seconded Washington Irving's proposal that the name of *Alleghania* should be applied to this country, instead of the clumsy, indefinite, and unmanageable title of "The United States of North America." It is for the poets of the country to effect this reform. Let them branch out as "Alleghanians"—invocate the land of their birth as "Alleghania"—stick to it through thick and thin—and, our word for it, twenty years will not pass before the name will be transferred to our maps and geographies as designatory of the vast extent of territory now embraced within our limits.

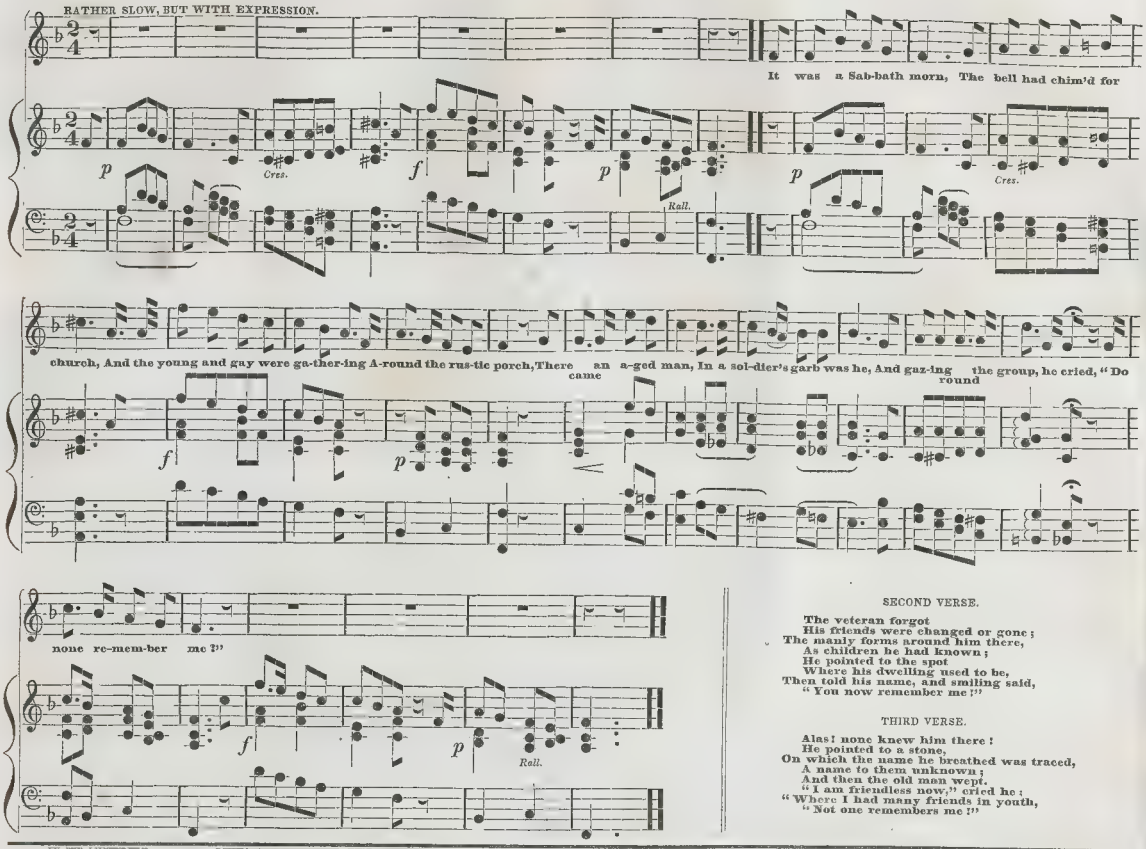
The Dead Guest.—We decline the application of J * * * *. This powerfully written and intensely interesting story, which has created so great a sensation among the readers of the Mirror, is our exclusive property, and we solemnly protest against its being republished either in the form of a volume, or transferred from these columns, without due acknowledgment. If Mr. J. has a desire to publish the tale, let him translate it, as we have done, and not endeavour to avail himself of literary wares, which should be held more sacred from the circumstance, that we did not consider it necessary to secure a copyright in the first instance.

Paul Pry.—We inadvertently omitted to give credit to an article which we copied, some weeks since, from this clever little weekly sheet. It was entitled, if we remember aright, "Manufacture of a modern melodrama," and we cheerfully take occasion to make amends for our neglect, as well as to commend to the public the by no means intrusive "sayings and doings" of Paul Pry. Mr. Corbin is the highly competent editor, and we wish him ample success.

Female kindness.—Ledyard, the traveller, gave it as his opinion, that women are ever kind, whether in the most enlightened or the most savage condition. Mr. Matthew, a clergyman sent out to Terra del Fuego, by the English Church Missionary Society, for the purpose of endeavouring to convert the natives to christianity, has borne additional testimony to the kindness of the female heart.

THE VETERAN.

A BALLAD—THE POETRY BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY—THE MUSIC BY JOSEPH PHILIP KNIGHT.



SECOND VERSE.

The veteran forgot
His friends were changed or gone;
The manly forms around him there,
As children he had known;
He pointed to the spot
Where his dwelling used to be,
Then told his name, and smiling said,
"You now remember me?"

THIRD VERSE.

Alas! none knew him there!
He pointed to a stone,
On which the name he breathed was traced,
A name to them unknown;
And then the old man wept.
"I am friendless now," cried he;
"Where I had many friends in youth,
"Not one remembers me?"

MISCELLANY.

LET SMILES AND BRIGHT EYES BEAM ON ME.

Let smiles and bright eyes beam on me,
To glad my fleeting hours;
I love thee as a honey-bee
Loves the bright, blushing flowers.
Nay, let no pouting curl thy lip,
No tear-drops dim thine eyes;
But from the morn of life we'll sip
Joy's sun-beams as they rise.

This world would be a mournful one,
If doubts, and fears, and sighs
Were giving us their lingering tone
To cloud our starry skies.
So smile, dear girl, and let us say,
When time has cull'd the flowers,
Our life was as a summer's day,
Pass'd with the laughing hours.

J. ST. H. M.

A MARRIAGE AT FIRST SIGHT.—The Milledgeville Journal states that a marriage took place recently in that city, under the following circumstances:—"A lady from an adjoining county made her appearance in the morning in our city, for the purpose of selling chickens, butter, and eggs, when she was accosted by a jolly swain, brim-full of love, with the pleasing interrogatory—'Dear madam, will you marry me?' Astonished, but not displeased, the fair lady blushingly answered in the affirmative A license was immediately procured, a parson or justice employed, and the happy couple were buckled to each other for life."

POOR DELIVERY.—A waggish fellow, somewhat troubled with an impediment in his speech, whose quips and quibbles have been heard and relished by many of us, while one day sitting at a public table, had occasion to use a pepper-box. After shaking it with all due vehemence, and turning it in various ways, he found that the crushed peppercorns were in nowise inclined to come forth. "T-t-th-this p-pe-pepper-box," he exclaimed with a facetious grin, "is so-some-something li-like myself." "Why so?" interrogated a neighbour. "P-poe-poor delivery," was the reply.

A MELANCHOLY FACT.—"The Canons of Good Breeding" says: "To get money from a man who owes you and wont pay it, is a nice matter, and certainly a very important one." A melancholy fact, certainly, as we all know.

SHAM DEAFNESS.—A marine, while serving on board a ship of war, complained from time to time to the surgeon that he was gradually losing the sense of hearing, and at the end of several months asserted that he was completely deaf. It being, however, presumed that the alleged infirmity was feigned, and as he could not be made to perform his duty, he was brought to the gangway and flogged; but previously to his being paraded for punishment, and during its infliction, he was informed that he should be pardoned if he would admit the fraud and return to his duty. Every means that promised to be successful in surprising him into showing that he possessed the sense of hearing, was resorted to, but without success, firing a pistol close to his ear, suddenly rousing him during sleep, and endeavouring to alarm him, elicited nothing satisfactory. The officers at Haslar-hospital, to which he had been sent, resolved to punish him a second time. Dr. Lind, who was then physician to the hospital, begged that punishment might be deferred, with the view of gaining time to try by another experiment whether the man was an impostor or not. His request was granted. The doctor chose a favourable opportunity, and coming unperceived behind him, one day, he put his hand on the man's shoulder, and said, in an ordinary tone of voice: "I am happy to tell you that you are invalided at last." "Am I!" replied the overjoyed marine. The imposture being thus rendered evident, he was forthwith punished and sent on board ship.

KILL OR CURE.—A doctor was employed by a poor man to attend his wife, who was dangerously ill. The doctor gave a hint that he had fears of not being paid. "I have five pounds," said the man to the doctor, "and if you *kill* or *cure*, you shall have them." The woman died in the doctor's hand, and after a reasonable time he called for his five pounds. The man asked the doctor if he *killed* his wife? "No." "Did you *cure*?" "No." "Then," said the poor man, "you have no legal demand."

SINGULAR PROBLEM.—There was a singular problem among the Stoics, which ran to this purpose: "When a man says, 'I lie,' does he lie, or does he not? If he lies, he speaks the truth; if he speaks the truth, he lies." Many were the books written upon this wonderful problem. Chrysippus favoured the world with no less than six; and Philetus studied himself to death in his vain endeavours to solve it.

A WATER SPANIEL.—A young gentleman near Manchester having a fine water spaniel, in order to exhibit his powers to some spectators, threw a stone into a pond; the dog plunged in after it, and brought up a green bag containing a fine violin and bow. An Irishman cried out, "throw another stone; who knows but that the dog may bring up the fiddler himself! and then we can have a jig on the spot."

NAME FOR THE OCEAN.—Scaliger said that he once heard a man who saw the ocean for the first time, pronounce it "a pretty thing."

PAUL DE KOCK.—A new novel by Paul de Kock creates a more powerful sensation than the speech of the king himself; and, on the day of publication, not a diligence, not a mail, not a public conveyance leaves the French metropolis without bearing to the country librarians of all parts a package of the anxiously-awaited volumes. There is not a circulating library throughout France that does not possess one or more complete sets of his works; there is not a news-room where, among the few dozens of standard books which grace the little shelf in the corner, the novels of Paul de Kock are not to be found. His popularity extends to the meanest and most distant cottage in the empire; there exists not a labourer who tills the land, in the remotest province, that has not heard of Paul de Kock, and laughed at the village pedant's recital of the best episode in his last work. Mount the imperial of the diligence, and the conducteur will talk to you of Paul de Kock. Converse with the *fille du comptoir* in a *café*, and she will ask you to lend her his lately-published novel. Hire a cabriolet de place, and the driver will tell you that he has just perused Paul de Kock's new work. Chatter with your porter's wife when she brings you your newspaper in the morning, and she will call your attention to the critique of Paul de Kock's book in the Feuilleton. Speak to your cook relative to your dinner having been late the day before, and she will throw the blame on Paul de Kock. Ask your friend why he broke his appointment, and the reply will be the same. In fine, M. Charles Paul de Kock engrosses public attention as much as the prices of the funds, the measures of the ministers, or the war in Spain. He is a "Monsieur Tonson," whose existence is interminable.

STEAM COMMUNICATION.—The extraordinary fact was happily commented on by Governour Everett, in his speech at the opening of the Boston and Springfield Railroad, that when the line of steamers shall be established between Boston and Liverpool, there will be a continuous length of artificial communication, almost wholly by steam, from the western shores of Lake Michigan to the eastern coasts of British India—a distance of one hundred and sixty degrees of longitude, including very nearly half the circuit of the globe, and the whole of its civilized portion.

WIVES IN ENGLAND.—A man was placed at the bar of the police office in Glasgow, a short time since, on a charge of striking a lady with a stick on the head, and damaging her bonnet. The prisoner pleaded in excuse that he thought it was his own wife whom he had struck. The prosecutrix said she would be satisfied if the damage to her bonnet was made good, but the case was delayed for further consideration.

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ORIGINAL SPORTING SKETCHES.

HARKAWAY!

The following humorous sketch will be relished particularly by the lovers of the turf, and, at the same time, be very acceptable to the general reader. It is from the pen of Mr. Mills, the author of "The Queen's Stag-hounds," "The Favourite Maid of Honour," and other light and amusing papers, which have been communicated to the Mirror, and extensively copied, not only in this country but in Great Britain. "The Exquisite at Cover" is extracted from a work now in preparation, called "Harkaway, or Brushes of the Flood and Field," which we feel confident will be exceedingly popular with the admirers of the chase, and with the public at large.

THE EXQUISITE AT COVER.

"——Huntsman, bring
Thy eager pack, and trail him to his couch.
Hark! the loud peal begins, the clamorous joy,
The gallant chiding, load the trembling air."

"Hark in, hark in!" shouted the huntsman, as the eager pack rushed into a promising, thick-set cover.

"Gracious me! what exceeding hensum enimels, to be sure," exclaimed a perfect young-lady cultivater, looking at the hounds through a suspended eye-glass "I had no idea the *thing* was half so picturesque."

"Now, sir, foxes have ears, recollect," remarked the huntsman in a reproving voice.

"Is it possible? I never saw a specimen; but still—"

"I wish you would be still, sir. How the deuse can a 'warmint' break with your clapper ringing like any old woman's?"

The highly indignant huntsman was regarded with a profound stare of astonishment from the glass of the hero, Mr. Charles Olivier. He had not the slightest conception that breathing the lowest whisper was contrary to the strict rules of hunting when the hounds were in cover—that a sneeze was unpardonable, and that a cough at once merited choking. Mr Olivier wondered what on earth he had done to excite the portrayed anger of the huntsman "Gracious me! what did I say to excite that horrid vandal?" mentally asked Mr. Olivier, and he was screwing up his lips to whistle an opera tune, when a musical cry from a hound, ringing through the wood, announced that sly Reynard was a-foot.

"Hark to Rattler—hark to Ringwood, Fearless, Warbler—hark to Warbler!" hallooed the huntsman, as one after the other joined, helter-skelter, in the music of the chase. The impatient sportsmen, with palpitating hearts, surrounded the cover, holding tightened reins upon their ardent horses. All were watching for the glorious "break," with "Tally-ho!" ready to burst from every longing tongue. The horses, with pricked ears and glaring eye-balls, pawed the ground and champed their bits with anticipation of delight.

The personification of tailors', hatters', and perfumers' advertisements, Mr. Charles Olivier, seeing his friend Colonel Scourfield within a few yards, cantered his graceful galloway towards him.

"Ah! my dear colonel, how de doo?" inquired Mr. Olivier, checking his ambling nag. "I never saw this enimel called a fox By what means shall I be enabled to distinguish it?"

"By his brush," briefly responded the colonel, with a smile.

"Brush!" pray what is a brush?"

"A *tail*, my dear fellow—a tail, resembling your well-trimmed whiskers round a broom-handle."

"How very odd!"

"You cannot mistake him; but surely you have no intention of following the hunt in that gear?" said the colonel, laughing.

"Gracious! No. The truth is, I was obliged to say last night that I had never seen a thing of this kind. It appeared Goth-like, and so I determined to venture this morning, and examine what is called, I believe, the *throw-off*; but *I've* no intention of being thrown off. Dear me!. No. I abominate danger in all shapes," replied Mr. Olivier, elegantly kissing his white glove to his friend, and cantering away He had proceeded but a few yards, when he returned, and said: "If I should see the enimel, what shall I say, colonel?"

"Not a word, if in cover."

"And if the creature comes out?"

"Halloo 'Tally-ho!' as loud as you can," replied the colonel, turning his horse's head away from Mr. Olivier, leaving him alone to ponder upon his instructed duties.

The dress of Mr. Olivier had anything but the appearance of a fox-hunter's; a superfine black coat and prunella pumps not being generally donned for the casualties of the dashing chase. His steed was slight-limbed, showy, and high-spirited, but suited only to carry a lady—*or* Mr Charles Olivier, who was unaccustomed to flying gates, or scrambles through prickly hedges.

The hounds continued to drive the fox from one corner of the cover to the other, without effecting the desired *exit*. Reynard had no inclination to quit his quarters, although his enemies were in such unenviable proximity. Every now and then he would come to the verge of the wood and take a survey; but, disliking the appearance of the surrounding pink coats, in he popped again, much to the annoyance of many who flattered themselves that now "break" he must, and the view halloo ready to escape died into a grumble of suppressed disappointment.

Every hound now pressed close to the fox, and it was certain that out he must come, or submit to the degrading fate of being "chopped"—killed upon his own hearth, without a meritorious struggle for life.

"Tilly-hoo-oo-oo, Tilly-hoo-oo-oo-oo!" to the astonishment of all, came evidently for a broad "Tally-ho!" from some novice with the view halloo.

"For'ard, for'ard, for'ard!" shouted the huntsman, galloping towards the spot, with a few of the hounds, from whence the sound came.

"Come away, come away!" bawled the whipper-in, cracking his whip for the remainder to leave the cover and join the huntsman.

The horn winded a cheering "Hark-forward!"—horses reared and danced with delight. "Hold hard," everybody said—"Let them get at it."

"Now for luck, and no checks," said one.

"He'll go for Sydenham earths," said another.

"Not he. The wind's wrong," suggested a third.

"A cool hundred that he makes for Ealing," a fourth offered to bet

The huntsman arrived at the place where "Tilly-hoo-oo" proceeded from, and there sat Mr. Charles Olivier, perseveringly chaunting "Tilly-hoo." An observation about "a post sometimes points out the road," undoubtedly came from the lips of the old huntsman as he saw the source from whence it came Rising in his stirrups, he took off his cap and cheered the hounds to pick up the scent.

Wagging their tails, they snuffed the earth with distended nostrils, but no response was given. They ran to and fro, each endeavouring "to snatch the track, and lead the willing pack," but all to no purpose.

"Where did he break, sir?" inquired the huntsman, puzzled by the hounds being at fault.

"Gracious me! Close where you stand, the enimel jumped out," replied Mr. Charles Olivier, with a confidential air.

Again the hounds were tried, but in vain. No scent could be found.

"It's very astonishing," soliloquized Mr. Olivier.

"No fox has been here, I'll swear!" said the huntsman in a voice of unqualified rage.

"My good fellow, I must request you not to impeach my veracity," replied Mr. Charles Olivier indignantly.

"There's no hound in the pack of that name," said the huntsman, purposely miscomprehending the observation.

"Point out the exact spot, Olivier," said Colonel Scourfield.

"Gracious me! Why there the creature is *now*."

"Where—where—where?" was shouted in every direction.

Mr. Charles Olivier placed his glass quietly to his right eye, and pointing to the topmost branch of a lofty elm, said:

"There it is—I knew him by his tail."

Who shall describe the horrour, the astonishment, and disgust of all, upon obeying the direction of the pointed finger, at seeing a squirrel, with his bushy tail curled over his head, peeping at the scene below with indubitable pleasure "at being above all danger."

Laughs, groans, and hisses proceeded from every quarter. Mr. Charles Olivier began to suspect that he had committed some mistake; but, conceiving it politic to appear cool and collected under any accidents or awkwardness, he, with admirable *sang froid*, continued to look at the "enimel," and occasionally observe that he "recognised him by his tail."

"Go home and shave young poodles," said the old huntsman, compelled to give vent to his wrath.

"I'd be glad to know whether your ma knows ye're out?" inquired the whipper-in, with a laugh which caused a decided sensation in the nervous system of Mr. Olivier.

"Flog him off!" "Duck him in a horse-pond!" "Go home!" "Get your nurse to come with you next time!" Such were the various little pleasant suggestions from the enraged sportsmen, at being subjected to the grievous disappointment occasioned by Mr. Charles Olivier's ignorance of natural history.

With fears, which were very excusable under the circumstances, the mistaken innocent felt that he was one too many. If in carving a goose the ill-shaped bird had glided into the lap of the fairest creature in the world, Mr. Charles Olivier could have imitated that refined personage who said, upon an occasion of the kind, "Madam, I'll trouble you for that goose." He could even have added: "Pray don't apologise; such trifles *will* occur." However collected he would have been under such a trying ordeal, Mr. Olivier could not appear so comfortable under the present. "Flogging" and "horse-pond" possessed so much of the nerve-agitating system, that, with chattering teeth, he looked beseechingly and requested "to be heard."

"Hear him, hear him," cried the majority, laughing.

"No, no. Duck him—duck him!" shouted others, among whom the huntsman's voice was the loudest.

As the reporters say, after a noisy squabble in the house, "order was restored," and Mr. Olivier thus commenced:

"Gentlemen, I certainly have mistaken an enimel, which I learn to be a squirrel, for a fox."

Roars of laughter.

"I confess my errour."

"Gentlemen, upon my honour I *do*," replied the speaker, placing his hand upon his heart.

"A voice shouted "Tilly-hoo."

"I asked my friend, Colonel Scourfield, how I should know the fox—that is, by what feature? and he said—"

"What did I say?" sharply interrupted his friend, disliking the appeal.

"By his tail, my dear colonel, you certainly said," replied Mr. Olivier with praiseworthy decision.

Bursts of laughter.

"As if a fox had a *tail*," said the old huntsman.

"I presume, by that observation, that the enimel is without a tail. That is no fault of mine. I was informed by the colonel that the creature had a brush—"

The huntsman cried: "So he has."

"That the brush expressed tail—"

Cries of "Monkeys have tails; so have puppies; unfurl your own."

"I shall not notice the last observations, however personal their allusion," continued the self-vindicator "The colonel also stated that I could not but know the enimel, although I informed him that I had no idea of the creature's form; for his brush or tail, which appear to be synonymous, bore a strong resemblance to one's whiskers round: broom-handle—"

Roars of continued laughter.

"Now, gentlemen, you must admit a strong resemblance exists between that little creature's bushy tail and my whiskers, both in shape and colour," said Mr. Charles Olivier with a triumphant smile, pointing to the exalted squirrel.

After loud mirth for some minutes, it was unanimously decided that the speaker had satisfactorily justified himself. The sportsmen good-humouredly shook Mr. Olivier by the hand, rather too roughly, perhaps, for his delicate fingers, and some said with courtesy that they'd "back him against the parson for an argument."

"Try-back, try-back," hallooed the huntsman, and away the hounds went to pick up the lost scent. "Hark back, Musical—hark back, I tell ye!"—off galloped the old favourite leader to obey the mandate In a few moments "Tally-ho" rang from a corner of the cover, from which burst a splendid fox, closely followed by the crying Musical.

"For'ard, hark for'ard—hark to Musical!" shouted the huntsman. The horn was blown; the whipper-in hurried on with the tail hounds, and, in an instant, on rushed the pursuing and pursued—the many for sport, the one for life.

"Gracious me! Be quiet," said Mr. Charles Olivier to his courser as the animal caught some of the enthusiasm of the sport. "Heavens, don't! I certainly—shall—not be able to hold him." Our hero was correct in this opinion; for his horse pulled upon his hands, unused to exertion, so violently that, after a few useless struggles, he followed his own inclination by galloping after the others, to the great discomfiture of his rider.

"What shall I do!—what *shall* I do? He surely will not attempt to leap that wall!" exclaimed Charles Olivier as they neared one of tolerable altitude. Still the resolute horse approached it with a determined manner. "Heavens! I certainly shall be off!" said the rider, clinging to the pommel of the saddle with pertinacity; "I certainly shall." They were within a few strides of the wall, when the horse's ideas corresponded with his master's, that he should not attempt it. Throwing himself suddenly upon his hocks, the careful animal succeeded in preventing any accident to himself by stopping on the right side of the barrier. This quick decision, however, did not hinder Mr. Charles Olivier from enjoying a leap. The impetus had the effect of sending him in a straight line over the horse's ears—clean over the wall, like the stick of a rocket, head-foremost into a duck-pond on the opposite side.

Crash, splash went the luckless horseman—Quack, quack, quack screamed the ducks. "Gracious me!" bubbled from the lips of Mr. Charles Olivier, as he crawled from the water and the mire—"I—I—I never will see another fox-hunt as long as I breathe."

We have reason to believe that our "Exquisite at Cover" sincerely meant what he said, and as religiously kept his resolution.

No more with him did hound or horse display,
Rejoicing, at the loud, bold "Harkaway!"

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

THE GREEK MAIDEN.

At the commencement of the massacre upon the island of Scio, Ellen, a beautiful girl of Callemasia, (town in Scio,) fled with her father's family to the mountains, where they lay concealed beneath a rock surrounded with shrubbery. They supported themselves with grass and snails, which they collected by night. After two weeks, their confinement and spare diet began to prey upon their health. They at length ventured to go abroad and procure some more substantial nourishment. They had not proceeded far before they were surprised by a party of Turks in ambush. The father and mother of Ellen were immediately killed in her arms. She and her sister were spared for their beauty; but as the hostile band was too numerous, they could not agree to whose lot the captives should fall. Her sister was cut in pieces, but Ellen herself was retained alive by the Bouloukbas or chieftain, who gave to each of his men two dollars to prevent further disturbance.

Ellen was led by the Bouloukbas to a konak in the city of Scio, where she was obliged to perform the duties of a slave. Her master was so brutal that she meditated a scheme to regain her freedom. One night she left his residence and fled to the English consulate, the doors of which were closed Not succeeding in gaining admittance, she climbed into one of the orange trees in the garden and remained there till morning; when the Bouloukbas, her master, summoned his gang and started in pursuit of her. He came to the English consul and asked permission to search his garden for a fugitive. The request was granted. He soon discovered Ellen and compelled her to descend to the ground. He then seized her by her beautiful long dark hair, and dragged her around the garden. The consul had power to prevent this disgraceful proceeding, had he listened to the voice of injured innocence. But he allowed the Turk to drag her away, as she cried, "Oh God, is there no man on earth to pity us!" Those words made a strong impression upon the mind and heart of an English officer, who was present. He determined immediately to purchase her.

He proceeded to the konak of the Bouloukbas, and offered two thousand piastres for the Greek captive; but the master declined parting with her for any sum whatever, and declared that she should always live with him Ernest, so the Englishman was called, went away deeply wounded in his feelings and began to imagine some method to obtain possession of the beauty. At last he determined to make one final effort to obtain the object of his wishes. He called upon the Bouloukbas, and increased his offer to five thousand piastres.

The Turk, observing his love for Ellen, was flattered with a prospect of a still greater sum, and ordered her to present herself to the sight of her lover. Ernest knew Greek, and immediately asked her if she was willing to accept a plan of escape to unite herself with him for life. Ellen replied that she hoped he would for mercy's sake spare no effort to liberate her. At the same time it was agreed between them that they should leave the island that very night. Ernest promised to send her a man's dress, that she might assume it to avoid the suspicion of the watch. The Turk, who did not understand the import of the conversation, was still obstinate in his refusal to part with her, and Ernest, who understood sufficiently well the Turkish language, promised to come again and make some proposal which he hoped would not be resisted by her unfeeling owner.

They separated; and Ernest rejoiced in the hope of possessing one of the fairest of the fair. He bribed the servant of the Bouloukbas, and by him forwarded to Ellen the disguise which had been proposed. At midnight he appeared under her window, and clasping her in his arms placed her upon the ground. They then fled to the sea-shore, where they entered a boat which conducted them beyond the reach of the Turks as far as Cerigo. I have not heard where they went afterwards.

FACTS AND FICTIONS.

A CHAPTER ON ELOPEMENTS.

Mischievous entertainments are like made dishes. They delight not so much on account of their own merits, but of their concomitant savouries. This is much the case with elopements, for an elopement *per se* (we beg at once to inform our readers that we are not adepts in the romantic conjuring of instructing young ladies in the art of descending rope-ladders,) is, we should imagine, a matter of rather a disagreeable nature, seeing that the success of its object depends so much upon a score of perilous uncertainties over which the principles can have but very little control. These consist in the greater or less amount of moral energy in the postboys, in the quantum of strength and speed which characterize the legs of the horses, in the tact and fidelity of the novel-reading lady's maid, in the height of the window from which the indiscreet fair one has to descend, in the number of pieces of wine bottles in the garden wall which she has to surmount, in the nature of the road and the distance to be travelled, in the watchfulness and activity of the guardian or father and his domestics, in the amount of confidence the lady has in the gentleman's honour, in the amount of money contained in the purse in the gentleman's pocket, and a thousand other things which are considerably too numerous to mention for several reasons, to which it would occupy too much valuable space to allude.

There are some kinds of elopements upon the subject of which it would be extremely unbecoming in us, and we are by no means inclined, to allude in the present paper, which deals with things pleasurable only. Other kinds of amatory runnings away from savage and afflicted parents are characterised by a great deal of what is classical as well as romantic, and gratifying as well as facetious. Imagine, for example, an old grasping guardian with a young, very innocent, and very beautiful ward—a guardian and ward, indeed, in such as are part and parcel of the stock in hand of farce writers, and are generally uncle and niece—the lady has a great deal of money, a fact, the pleasing nature of which the guardian fully appreciates, and the more especially because his own finances are considerably less extensive than his desires. The old gentleman resolves upon marrying the young lady—not to the abominable captain of the light dragoons, (whose recommendations, in the eyes of the guardian, are really quite offensive,) but to himself. What a change comes over the person, as well as the spirit, of the old gentleman. How he is quite as much another individual as, continuing to be the same one, he possibly can be. How improved is he about his neckcloth, what a decided change for the better has taken place as far as regards his knee-buckles, and how impossible is it not to observe, with a feeling of mingled satisfaction and surprise, that his shoes are not now so much too large for his feet as they generally have been, and that several muscles have suddenly burst forth about the region of his silk stocking*ed* calves. All the old gentleman's efforts tend to the attainment of the now one great object of his existence. His love for the money which he *has* got is diminished by his burning desire to acquire more. His determination to succeed and his vanity assist to make him believe that it is quite without the bounds of possibility that he can do anything *but* succeed. Six months of what he imagines to be his "love making" perfect his faith in the not to be resisted charms of his pleadings, his asseverations, etc., and the idea that it is barely possible that somebody else may after all be the young lady's husband never, of course, enters his head. The fatal evening approaches, however. 'Tis October, and about eight o'clock, P. M. The weather is most propitious, the fidelity of the lady's maid put beyond a doubt. In the lane, at the most retired side of the old gentleman's garden, there is a postchaise, superintended by a postboy of the highest integrity, and whose fidelity to any gentleman who would pay him handsomely to run away with any young lady, has been upon more than one occasion satisfactorily tested. A yard of bottle-glass has been removed from that portion of the wall over which it has been arranged the young lady should climb. In a room on the first floor (the lady's chamber happens, luckily, to be in no more elevated situation) is the lady's maid, cheering her mistress with ungrammatical eloquence, and holding some strong salts to her nose, for now that the time has arrived her mistress gives symptoms of a very decided intention of fainting. The old gentleman is napping in the dining-room after his dinner, and the abominable captain of light dragoons is standing anxiously in the garden, just beneath the fair one's window, of which he is momentarily anticipating the opening, and the subsequent appearance at it of his beloved, her maid, and the rope-ladder. The dreams of the sleeping guardian are totally unconnected with the important situation of affairs. The lover gently claps his hands thrice. The sash of the window is thrown up. The maid appears there and nods several times, smiling at the same time in such a manner as to assure her employer that things are as they should be. In another second the lady appears herself. She is considerably agitated. The captain stands on his toes as long as he possibly can, and kisses his hand with astonishing vigour, partly because his love urges him to do so, and partly because he desires thereby to strengthen the lady's resolution to make him forthwith decidedly the happiest of his sex. By signs he intimates the necessity there is that no time should be lost; by signs he inquires if there by anything to which he can apply his energies to make her mind more easy; by signs she replies that her mind, like the parcels in the postchaise, is quite made up The ladder is thrown down—the lover holds it at the bottom—the lady descends in a twinkling, the lady's maid in another twinkling—and before any one has had afforded him a sufficient period of time to make an exclamation of the name of Mr. John Robinson, the lover is hurrying his panting mistress over the old gentleman's strawberry beds (the lady's maid running behind) to that part of the wall which has been made less inconvenient to surmount by the removal of the bits of bottles. The prompt post-boy throws the other rope-ladder over the wall from the other side of it. The anxious parties are soon in the lane. "Now then, Tom," cries the lover, as, having placed his mistress and her maid into the coach, he is about to enter it himself—"now then, Tom, ride for your life." Tom jumps upon his horse with a Ducrow facility, and in two hours' time the couple are about twenty miles from the dinning-room of the guardian, who has just at that time awakened from his nap, and from its dreams of the ten thousand a year and the wife forty years younger than himself.

Oh! the vicissitudes of human life!

New, there is no drawback to the pleasure afforded us by the contemplation of elopements of this sort. They are of the most ancient kind of elopements, perhaps, in existence; the gods and goddesses of the heathen mythology and the fairies were frequently exhibited in the habit of indulging in them, and frequently exhibited in them considerable taste and decision, and what would now be called "no little knowledge of the world." The whole affair, withal, from beginning to end, is exceedingly moral, seeing that the guardian is old and worldly, (at least nine guardians out of every ten are so,) that the lady, by her youth and the fact of her affections being given to another, is wholly unfit to be the bride of her Cerberus, and that the captain is a fine young, handsome, noble-spirited fellow, (at least nine captains of light dragoons out of every ten are so,) "cut out" in every respect to be the lady's partner for life, if only for the simple reason that the affection is mutual. No doubt there are some other kinds of elopements which, when we hear of them, exceedingly excite our laughter for the time being, but which it is quite impossible to look upon otherwise than as rather improper, to use a mild word. Elderly and old maiden ladies, with property in the funds, very frequently play the parts of *prime donne* in these little amatory burlettas. The gentleman is generally a mere worthless adventurer, whom it would be a great pleasure to see *not* succeed on all occasions; while the lady is, in most cases, a kind of old soul, whom it would be a delight to have for one's mother, and for whose disappointments we accordingly feel a sort of filial regret. Old maiden ladies are the last persons in the world whom any one can like to see hurt or imposed upon. Their situation is one of pathetic unity; they are little lone islands, as it were, beside the great continent of the mass of their fellow-creatures Generally speaking, they are old maids only because they have been faithful for years to the beloved of their earlier days, who has died or proved false, but whom, whether he behaved ill to them or not, each of them continues to love, with memory-wedding truth, until the hour of her death. But we must have another paper on this subject.—*Court Journal.*

TWICKENHAM NEW TOWN AND POPE'S VILLA.

The dowager queen having taken up her residence at Bushy, has rendered Twickenham more popular than it has been for some years, although it has generally been a favourite, and always celebrated as a healthy village. Of late, occasionally some of the best houses were unoccupied; but since her majesty queen Adelaide has resided in the neighbourhood, there has been a demand for houses of the better description, and at present there is not a good tenantable house to let. During Sir Wathan Waller's residence at Pope's Villa, and while the baroness Howe was living, no expense was spared to render that magnificent seat worthy of its owner; and such was the spirit which actuated Sir Wathen, that he thought nothing of purchasing a seat in his neighbourhood, to demolish the house, that he might appropriate the land and render the estate more complete. Since the demise of the baroness Howe, this estate has changed hands, and the policy of the present owner is quite the reverse of of that which guided his predecessor. A portion of the land is now on let or sale for the purposes of building; and there is no doubt but the persons who are first in the field, with good, convenient, and tasty houses, will find ready occupants. There has been a subscription for the building of a new church, to which the duke of Northumberland, Mr. Pownal, Archdeacon Cambridge, Mr. Twining, and Mr. Clay, have each contributed five hundred pounds. At present, almost without solicitation, it amounts to more than four thousand pounds. The ground selected and purchased for the church is a part of the Pope's Villa estate, opposite the village green on the high road to Hampton; and the ground for building in the vicinity has been sold at prices varying from three hundred to four hundred pounds per acre. It will be called the new town, and it is proposed that two crescents opposite the green, shall be built, and called Adelaide Crescent and William Crescent. In the road leading to Bushy, always exceedingly narrow and inconvenient, overhung with trees, and cooped in with high walls, a vast improvement is in progress. The wall opposite Pope's Villa has been thrown down for the purpose of widening the road. A new private road to Twickenham Common has been commenced, for the purpose of building half a dozen or more residences. It is proposed to divide Pope's Villa into four houses; the chief division is the original mansion before any additions were made; but it is to be regretted that a domain, such as it now exists, should not be taken by some wealthy person, for it has always been considered unique, and now that the approach will be improved, and the opposite point is to be opened and rendered an ornamental entrance to a wide and picturesque road, it is worthy of being made the residence of a prince. A vast improvement to the neighbourhood is contemplated in the conversion of a foot-path which leads to Teddington into a carriage-road, and thus shortening the distance for vehicles of all sorts very considerably. The increase of the facilities for travelling adds greatly to the temptations to locate in so delightful a spot, and it will not be long ere Twickenham surpasses Richmond in popularity as a fashionable place of residence.—*Court Gazette.*

THE AUTUMNAL SEASON.

The "melancholy days of autumn, the saddest of the year," and some will say the sweetest, have come at last, and how brief has been the space since the bright festival of spring time, when frost, tempest, and desolation were all forgotten amidst the song of birds in their green bowers of bliss: the sounds of the bubbling fountain and gushing stream: when nature threw off her frozen mantle, and resumed their kindest inspirations, changing the earth from "gloom to glory." It was but as yesterday that summer beamed upon us with its sunshine, unvarying heat, and the insect's evening hymn. Yet summer's done! the leaf turns pale, trembles, dies; the groves are deserted; the tenants have departed to a more congenial clime; the last sheaf is gathered in, and the cold harvest moon is pale and wan. The moss-cup, the tulip, the whole beauteous sisterhood of flowers, have been hung withering on autumn's shrine. There is something sad in the reflection that earth's loveliest things must fade; that there is nought too beautiful to escape the unsparing hand of time; that the fair buds which have opened their folded leaves to the sunbeam, should wither, decay and die; and the earth, so lately clothed with fertility and fragrance should become bleak, solitary, and desolate. But there is a sunlight amid these deepening shadows. A spirit of beauty pours glory upon the autumn woods, deep, varied, and magnificent, as if they had borrowed the summer's rainbow for a covering. The silvery garniture of the heavens is seen stretched far away into the dim hazy distance The hill sides are clad in a habit of crimson and gold. The hoary forest, in their autumnal beauty, present a spectacle, compared with which the verdant plains are dull and comfortless. And then the going down of the sun, the intermingling of the beauty of earth with the glory of the heavens, like the images in a poet's dream. Sinking slowly from our sight, he changes the wreaths of vapour from glory to glory, into the same image, imbuing them with his own peerless magnificence, and creating a fit pavilion for the king of day. There is a moral in the falling leaf and perishing blossom. When all things are dying around us, we are admonished that change and decay come alike to all; that the chill hoar frost cuts down the tenderest plant and the noxious weed. As the head sinks upon the hand, and memory calls up the thronging images of the past; as the eye wanders around the friendly circle, and finds it narrowed since the last vernal season, a strange feeling of insecurity comes over us. We know that in a few years, or days, perhaps, the falling leaves will rustle above our resting-place. May we be enabled, by a holy faith, to look forward to an immortal spring-time.

Apropos of the battle of Lake Erie.—We once heard an "old salt" who, if we remember rightly, was in the engagement, describe the subsequent scene on board the brave Perry's vessel. One poor fellow was sent below to the surgeon, with his right arm dangling like an empty coat-sleeve at his side. It had been shattered near the shoulder, and amputation was pronounced unavoidable. He bore the painful operation without a groan or a murmur, although "cold drops of sweat stood on his trembling flesh." An hour or two after his arm was amputated, he called the surgeon to his side, and said, "I should like to see my arm, if you have no objection" "None in the world," replied the surgeon, "if you desire it." The amputated limb was brought, and poor Jack, pressing the cold hand, which had forgot its cunning, in his left, he exclaimed, with tears in his eyes: "Farewell, messmate! you and I have weathered many a tough gale together, and now we must part. You have been a good friend to me; I shall never find such another."

THE OLD DRAWING-MASTER.

"Ah! bah! Mademoiselle, and you call dat a copie? a copie of dis outline? Regardez dis line dat ought to be straight, he is crookt—de line dat ought to be what you call curve, he is straight—de foreground is light, and de background dark! Mon Dieu! Mademoiselle! vat is it that you tink of, ven you draw?"

Monsieur La Trobe was certainly very impatient; cross I called him then; but now, when I recollect him through the softening mist of years, and remember the provocation I so frequently gave the good old gentleman, I can only call him impatient. He had visited England long before I was born—an emigrant; and having settled, after the lapse of a few years, in our neighbourhood, felt it as a stain on his professional character, that a child he had known from the time she was able to destroy a pencil, should pervert the crooked to the straight, and the straight to the crooked. "Dere!" he would exclaim; "you can copie ver well de Irish womans, vid dere childs on dere backs, and dere pipes in dere mouths—and de Irishmens, vid spades and pigs—and boats and ships—vy you not de landscapes? vy you not copie me?"

Dear Monsieur La Trobe! I *could* imitate them, but not him: yet I was doomed to try an hour and a half per diem by the great hall clock—simply, because Monsieur La Trobe professed to teach only this branch of art; and because all the papas and mammas in the neighbourhood thought it their duty to make their children copy M. La Trobe's landscapes—I say M. La Trobe's landscapes, for nature had little or nothing to do with them. But the old drawing-master was a picture himself—no earthly consideration would have induced him to wear a round hat—his three-cornered one, banded with neat gold lace, was decorously placed over his white and well powdered hair; his coat was an unchanging record of the fashions of 1793—brown—a deep brown; his waistcoat was brown satin; but on Sunday, and when dining out, he wore one of rich embroidery—the flaps descending nearly to his knees, and his stockings were, on state occasions, of black silk, and his high-fronted shoes accorded with his quaint attire, which no one seemed to consider strange, the old drawing-master had never worn any other—but nothing (except, it may be, a large and sudden tear, called forth by the mention of Queen Marie Antoinette, or a subject of still deeper interest,) could dim the lustre of his keen, piercing, blue eyes; they were very bright, almost dazzling, flashing and sparkling beneath his white eyebrows—abrupt eyes they were, whose expression you were never sure of. Imagine the high wrinkled features—the eyes I have endeavoured to describe—the long lean person—the cocked hat, and ebony cane, and a large snuff-box, with a fine miniature of the fair, but hapless sovereign of France on the lid, which he generally carried in his hand—and you will believe that Monsieur La Trobe was, indeed a picture—a touching one, when we met him on the sea-shore, along which he always strolled on a summer evening—for then he would sit down upon a rock, and while the tide rippled at our feet, lay his cane across his knees, take out his snuff-box, and, as if inspired by the beautiful countenance of that most beautiful queen, tell us long sad stories of the French Revolution, which sunk into my heart and memory. It was then that the fine ennobling parts of the old drawing-master's character were developed. During his morning lesson, he struggled with the irritation which his sensitive mind could not overcome, occasioned by the knowledge, that he was engaged in an occupation which, however necessary, he was not born to. He was then alive to every little word—every look, that could be construed into even the shadow of a slight, and I always received instructions to courtesy to M. La Trobe—to say "Monsieur" always to M. La Trobe, and to say, "I thank you very much, Monsieur, for the pains you have taken with me to-day." Notwithstanding this, the old man would get offended sometimes.

But meet Monsieur La Trobe away from his palette and crayons, you saw at once the gentleman of the old regime—most charming to converse with—full of spirit and anecdote—the acidity vanished, the sourness gone, and the tones of sadness that usually pervaded his countenance broken up, by vivid flashings of enthusiasm. When he was surprised by anything that struck upon his feelings, there was an earnestness in his words, and a music in the deep, full tones of his voice, that could not fail to interest every one who felt its magic influence. Broken English has frequently something puerile in its sound; but his English, though broken, never made his observations weak or ridiculous: his mind was well stored with the events of by-gone years—of the present when apart from his lessons, he seldom spoke or thought. This living with the past to him, was to me a world of romance; and though I had heard his tales more than once, still there was a freshness about his conversation that seemed to me like reading some book that I had never read before—hearing him talk of the French Court—and the queen—and the trials and troubles of the country—used to send the tears flowing over my cheeks. he liked telling his tales of trouble to his young pupils, because always certain of their attention and sympathy. But his great sorrow arose from events connected with his only daughter, whom according to his own account, he had treated most harshly—it was only at particular times that he would speak of "his Ernestine." The incident which had so great an influence over the latter days of Monsieur La Trobe's life, occurred on the anniversary of that lost daughter's birth-day. He ought to have been with us in the morning, but sent an apology, on the plea of indisposition; and in the evening we walked toward the cottage he called his own, but which really belonged to the Catholic priest of our parish, a gentleman who had received his priestly education in France. They lived together, and agreed admirably upon all but one or two points, which I need not mention now. "Monsieur La Trobe," Father Joseph said, "has gone to the sea-shore; he was in bad spirits; but he had good reason to believe he would be in better before he slept." We did not place much reliance on father Joseph's prediction, for he was very fond of a little bit of mystery, and yet it was seldom he looked so happy—and we hastened our footsteps to what we had called the "Sketching Point;" for the worthy man took all his sea-views from one point—what would Stanfield say to that? and there he was, not sitting as usual, but leaning "on the top of his staff," looking out over the sea, yet perfectly unconscious that in five minutes more the water would have covered his shoes. We called out to him from the cliff to move, and never shall I forget the inexpressible mournful expression of his countenance when he turned it towards us—we felt as if we had intruded upon some silent sorrow—disturbed a holy melancholy, by the abruptness of our laughter and our thoughtless cries, and were angry we had done so. As he moved slowly forward to meet us, we lowered our voices and spoke almost in whispers, so natural is it to subdue emotions before those we respect. The old man looked very sorrowful, and I thought I could clearly discover the traces of recent tears upon his cheeks; he saw that he had made us sad, and his continental spirits rallied

"Dear children," said he, "poor Monsieur La Trobe have make you sorry, I see it in your face, your round Irish face, he look longe! Eh bien! I ought to be glad, for though my childe, my Ernestine, is not here to rejoice my heart, she rejoice the hearts of wherever she be. Yes, yes, she is loved, as she ought to be, though she was false to me, to love without my leave, and take de leave I never give to leave me! Ah! I was angry, angry to de death; I could have killed her; but now I grow old and de grave vill soon open for Monsieur La Trobe, and the time dat passes softens, and I forgive her, so she vill not be here to close my eyes. I shall have no friend to close my eyes."

"Oh, shame, Monsieur La Trobe, are not we your friends?"

"Ah! chere demoiselles! you are all sweet, kind young ladies—you very sweet and good, *ven you not draw*, and monche, monche, de tops off your crayon, and lose your engee rubbere, and make skies green and grass blue; you are all most charming ven you away from your lessons, and I would be *imgrat*, if I did not remembere all de kind tings you have done for the poor refugee paintre: but you not my Ernestine, de childes dat play on my wife's bosom; not de childe's dat she press to her hearte; not de childe dat she clasp in de *convulsion* of death: and den, just as her spirit fly to heaven, you, my dear young ladies, are *not* the childes dat she gave to my arms, and say, 'Louis, chere Louis Auguste, cherish her as you would my heart, my life, mon ami!' and then she die and leave me her living image, her miniature. Oh, my heart must be hard, or it would have broke, long, long ago."

"But you did cherish, and love her, Monsieur La Trobe; you have, therefore, no reason." The old man uttered an exclamation of violent anguish. In an instant the expression of his countenance changed—it had told the softened nature of his feelings, but never can I forget the bitterness of self-reproach that marked it, while he exclaimed: "No, Mademoiselle, I did not cherish, not love her, as I promise my angel Adele, my vife. I not do as I ought. I forgot that when she grew, my white rose, from a little bud, dat I carry next my heart, into a beautiful womans dat de sun shine on, and all the birds of the air admire, I forgot it was natural she should do, as her mother did, and fall in love! Ah dear! she have no animosity to de foes of France because her heart so large, poor dear, she like de whole world—and she take glory dat her Rolland was brave soldat. She knew I would nevere give consent dat she would marry soldier—nevere, nevere."

"And what did she do?"

"Ah! bah!—she marry without. I should have forgiven her, but no, I turned her away. She *kneel* at my feet—I spurn her, though my heart bled; and I would have raised her to it, but her husbande, *he that stole her from me*, came in, bah! so confidante, vid his proud blue eye, and his —— vat you call swaggere, and take her in his arms, and say to me—me, who was peer of France—dat if I had not been an old man, he would have tse his sword. Old! as if honour was ever old. I call him coward—I strike him—and den he draw, and I draw mine. *She*, my Ernestine, she hold down her husband's arm, and I never knew how it was, but the point of mine wounded her. Oh, le bon Dieu! I saw *her* blood—*her* blood—drawn by my sword."

The old man became almost convulsed, and we, little more than children, stood trembling around him.

"Do not be afright," he continued after a pause, "do not be afright, my dear young ladies. I am quite harmless—a harmless old man—I would not shed a pigeon's blood. He take her from me, and refuse dat I should kneel to beg *her* pardon! *he not a father then*, though he is now. I never see her since—I shall never see my child again. They become rich, and I would not let them know where I was; I hide myself in Ireland, for if I did de proud soldier might tink I want his charite—ah bah!" And the old man, forgetful of the past agony in the present pride, took a pinch of snuff from his jewelled box, with the air of a prince. Again his tone and manner became subdued. "Dis is her birthday," he repeated, as if to himself, "dis is her birthday, and I shall never, never see her more!"

It certainly has a melo-dramatic effect, but it is, nevertheless, true, that, at the very moment he had so said, we perceived that Father Joseph, accompanied by a gentleman and lady of middle-aged appearance, and followed by two young ladies, had descended the cliffs, and were close to us, before we perceived them

"Ah, bah!" said Monsieur La Trobe, "dat dear good Father Joseph is von great fool; he know I not vant to see strangers today. Ah bah!" And he turned to meet them with no very good grace. There was an expression of quiet enjoyment in Father Joseph's eyes, that made me expect some very great happiness: nor was I disappointed. The elder lady looked at Monsieur La Trobe for a little time, and then murmured—"Father, do you not know your Ernestine?" Oh, what a scene it was—and all managed so cleverly by that good old Father Joseph—poor Monsieur La Trobe could hardly believe the evidence of his senses, but seizing his daughter's arm, bared it to where the scar was; then, indeed, they wept in each other's arms: and the "soldier," he wept, and in truth, we all wept; but the two beautiful young ladies, who called Monsieur La Trobe "grand-papa," they wept the most of all: and I am sure everything was explained, forgotten, and forgiven; the whole country wished the old man joy, and praised father Joseph, and visited the general and his lady; and the only alloy to all this happiness was, that very soon after the occurrence of this incident, we lost THE OLD DRAWING-MASTER.

WHITFIELD'S ELOQUENCE.—An officer in Glasgow, who had heard Mr Whitfield preach, laid a wager with another that at a certain charity sermon, though he went with prejudice, he would be compelled to give something. The other, to make sure, laid all the money out of his pockets; but, before he left the church, he was glad to borrow some and lose his bet. On another occasion, Mr. Whitfield preached in behalf of the inhabitants of an obscure village in Germany, which had been burned down, and collected for them *six hundred pounds*. After the sermon, Whitfield said: "We shall sing a hymn, during which those who do not choose to give their mite on this awful occasion may sneak off." No one stirred; he got down from the pulpit, and ordered all the doors to be shut but one, at which he held the plate himself, and collected the above sum.

ILL-DESERVED COMMENDATION.—Praises of the unworthy are felt by ardent minds as robbers of the deserving.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE MOTHER'S HOPE.—BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

Is there, when the winds are singing
In the happy summer-time—
When the raptured air is ringing
With earth's music heaven-ward springing,
Forest-chirp, and village-chime!
Is there, of the sounds that float
Minglingly, a single note
Half so sweet, and clear, and wild,
As the laughter of a child!

Listen; and be now delighted.
Morn hath touched her golden strings;
Earth and sky their vows have plighted,
Life and light are re-united,
Amid countless carollings:
Yet, delicious as they are,
There's a sound that's sweeter far—
One that makes the heart rejoice
More than all—the human voice!

Organ, finer, deeper, clearer,
Though it be a stranger's tone;
Than the winds or water dearer,
More enchanting to the hearer,
For it answereth his own,
But of all its witching words,
Sweeter than the songs of birds,
Those are sweetest, bubbling wild
Through the laughter of a child.

Harmonies from time-touched towers,
Haunted strains from rivulets,
Hum of bees among the flowers,
Rustling leaves, and silver showers—
These, ere long, the ear forgets;
But in mine there is a sound
Ringing on the whole year round;
Heart-deep laughter that I heard,
Ere my child could speak a word.

Ah! 'twas heard by ear far purer,
Fondlier formed to catch the strain—
Ear of one whose love is surer;
Hers, the mother, the endurer
Of the deepest share of pain;
Hers the deepest bliss, to treasure
Memories of that cry of pleasure;
Hers to hoard, a lifetime after,
Echoes of that infant-laughter.

Yes; a mother's large affection
Hears with a mysterious sense:
Breathings that evade detection,
Whisper faint, and fine inflection,
Thrill in her with power intense.
Childhood's honeyed tones untaught
Hiveth she, in loving thought;
Tones that never thence depart,
For she listens—with her heart!

EXTRACTS FROM LAVATER

"Since the soul of man is the nearest approach to the Deity, it was not proper that God should clothe that which most resembled himself in dishonourable garments; but with a body befitting an immortal mind, and endued with a proper capability of motion. This is the only body on earth that stands erect. It is magnificent, superb, and formed according to the best proportion of its most delicate parts. Its stature is not terrific, nor is its strength formidable. The coldness of its juices occasions it not to creep, nor their heat to fly. It does not necessarily swim, for want of density. Man eats not raw flesh, from the savageness of his nature, nor does he graze like the ox. But he is framed and adapted for the execution of his functions. To the wicked he is formidable; mild and friendly to the good. By nature he walks the earth, swims by art, and flies in imagination. He tills the earth, and enjoys its fruits. His complexion is beautiful, his limbs firm, his countenance is comely, and beard ornamental. By imitating his body, the Greeks have thought proper to honour their deities."

"Oh that I could speak with sufficient force? Oh that I could find faith enough with my readers to convince them how frequently my soul seems exalted above itself, while I contemplate the unspeakably miraculous nature of the human body! Oh that all the languages of the earth would lend me words that I might turn the thoughts of men, not only to the contemplation of others, but, by the aid of these, to the contemplation of themselves!" . . . . . "I cannot behold the smallest trait, without reading wisdom and benevolence, or without waking as if from a sweet dream into rapturous and actual existence, and congratulating myself that I, also, am a man

"In each, the smallest outline of the human body, and how much more in the whole body, however old and ruinous the building may appear, or be, how much is there contained of the study of God, the genius of God, the poetry of God! My trembling and agitated breast frequently pants after leisure to look into these revelations of God; pants to remember I am not pure enough, innocent enough, to shudder in his presence, internally to adore; pants at feeling I want words and signs to express my astonishment! Oh most incomprehensible, yet most revealed, what is it that veils the all-visible from our eyes, that prevents us seeing the all-invisible in the all-visible, others in ourselves, ourselves in others, and God in all!"

"Imagine to thyself the most translucent water flowing over a surface on which grow beateous flowers, whose bloom, though beneath, is seen through the pellucid waves: even so is it with the fair flower of the soul, planted in a beauteous body, through which its beauteous bloom is seen. The good formation of a youthful body is no other than the bloom of ripening virtue, and, as I may say, the presage of far higher perfection; for as before the rising of the sun the mountain tops are gilded by his rays, enlivening the pleasing prospects, and promising the full approach of day, so also the future maturity of an illustrious soul shines through the body, and is to the philosopher the pleasing sign of coming good."

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

JOURNAL OF THE PERSIAN PRINCES,

DURING THEIR RESIDENCE IN ENGLAND.

This work is quite a jewel, of its kind. We are so plagued with the trite and commonplace diaries and journals of trite and commonplace people now-a-days—so *ennuied* with their small adventures, small criticisms, small misfortunes, and small satisfactions—that it is really mighty exhilirating to take up a book of travels that puts one in mind of the Arabian Nights, and of the good old times when travellers were not restricted to matters of fact, but walked about the out-of-the-way places of the world, and saw

"Anthropophagi,
And men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders."

It may, perhaps, dwell in the recollection of a few of our readers that three *real* Persian princes visited England a few years ago, and bestirred themselves with rather un-oriental activity, in order to behold the wonders of the west. One of them, it appears, not to be behind the fashion of the age, kept à journal of his goings to and fro in the land, which, on his return to his own country, went through a course of circulation. This journal has been translated into English by an intelligent Persian, Assad-y-Kayat, who accompanied the princes during their visit. The result is one of the most amusing books of the season.

The journal is written with a true Oriental contempt for realities and matters of fact; and phlegmatic or discontented Englishmen, who have spent no inconsiderable portion of their lives in growling at and disparaging their country, (though, at the same time, perfectly ready to quarrel with and fight any accommodating foreigner who politely agrees with them in opinion,) must be perfectly astonished to find in what a terrestrial Paradise they have been spending their grumbling existences. The princes were pleased with their visit, and everything is painted *coleur de rose*—they were not the men to travel from "Dan to Beersheba and find all barren;" though, doubtless, had their impressions been rather disagreeable, their feelings would have found vent in the opposite extreme, and the "fast-anchored isle" would have figured in their description as a combination of all that was barren, beggarly, vile and villanous.

The work, too, possesses an interest for Americans, inasmuch as the United States may be considered as an enlarged edition of England; not, it is true, quite so highly finished or prettily bound as yet, but still a reprint and continuation of the same work; and we may therefore form a shrewd guess from the present journal in what point of view our Atlantic cities, our social state, and our political institutions would strike an observant and intelligent son of the Orient.

Of course we must not look for grave statistics or literal descriptions from a Persian Of all the Orientals, the Persians—"the Frenchmen of the East"—as they have been called, have the greatest aversion to "a dull, tame medium." When a Persian tells you that "all he possesses in the world is at your service," he merely means that he is willing to show you any trifling civility that will not materially inconvenience himself. This is in part the key to this journal. The prince is not deficient in intelligence, and makes some shrewd hits about duelling and other wise Frankish customs, but everything is seen through the illuminated haze of an Eastern imagination. Many of the things recorded, to be sure, we would not scruple, in our harsh western phraseology, to term "lies;" though if it be borne in mind that this is a Persian giving an account to Persians, of a land and state of things diametrically opposite to all he had ever seen or even dreamed of—and if it be recollected at the same time what notable absurdities John Bull and Brother Jonathan have fallen into in visiting each other's near-akin countries, it would be as well if a more charitable term was substituted. Doubtless he knew his readers, and if he had used a more subdued tone, perhaps he would have been misunderstood. The quiet humour and simple pathos of the Vicar of Wakefield would at present scarcely suit the pepper and salt taste of the public.

And now for a few of the princes' pleasant extravagancies And first, as rather a rich specimen, take a

VISIT TO VAUXHALL.

"In the evening we visited a large garden, beautifully lighted up, and the fireworks we saw here made us forget all others we had already seen. A garden—a heaven—large, adorned with roses of different colours in every direction, the water running on the beautiful green—pictures were drawn on every wall. Here and there were young "moonly" [female] faces selling refreshments. There were burning in this place about two millions of lights, EACH giving a different colour; the lanterns and lights are so arranged as to make poetry, in such a manner that they have no end. On every side there appeared the moon, the sun, with the planets, moving in its orbit; and in every walk there were about ten thousand Frank moons [English ladies] walking and gazing about, *where the roses and their tribes were admiring their beautiful cheeks.* Each was *taken by the hand.* Such a company in such a place, say to the soul—Behold thy Paradise! Pleasure and joy appear; woes and sorrows are banished; every hand asked for a glass of refreshment to present to the *possessors of jasmine hands,* [few tee-totalers visit Vauxhall.] Thus we were happy to have in each hand a *Paradisean companion,* and to point out the beauties of the place, in order to draw forth the sweet music of their replies! [Well said, prince.] We left the rose, and met a pink! Are we awake or in a dream? We walked in this garden from one place to another, till we came to a place where we saw crowds of people gazing at a boy, elegantly clad, who was *playing* on a rope; now we were as though we had lost our mind. This rope was made fast high above in the garden on which the boy was dancing; indeed, *he was like a bird with wings in the air.* Afterwards a young and beautiful girl, handsomely dressed, increased our surprise; she joined the boy, and they played together in the most wonderful manner, enough to take the senses away to look at them. When the boy and girl had finished their manœuvres, the people in the garden went to another place, where there was a wheel which was set on fire: As soon as it was lighted it began to ascend, throwing out fire of red, green, blue, yellow, and other colours wonderfully, *as if all the world had taken fire, and continued to ascend till it reached the sky.*"

After this, alas for "the Gardens of Gull in their bloom!" The Vale of Cashmere, and the (hitherto considered) glowing descriptions in Moore's Lalla Rookh become absolutely frigid when placed alongside of this account of the Cockney Paradise. True, Englishmen, especially of late, have been in the habit of regarding Vauxhall, with its "two millions of lights," as rather a vulgar and commonplace exhibition, by no means celebrated for the selectness of its company—its "moons" especially—and the chief associations connected in their minds with the place is the dearness of the punch and the thinness of the cuts of ham—"a Vauxhall slice" having become a metaphorical expression significant of lightness and unsubstantiality. But see, from the above, the disadvantages of a cold temperament. The ardent and lively Persian is astonished—delighted—transported with all he beholds. An Englishman would probably "pooh!" and "pish!" at one half of the exhibition, and grumble most heartily at the other, amusing his wife, at the same time, by assuring her every now and then that he was morally certain it would "rain before they got home!"

But the visit to Vauxhall is almost transcended by Ducrow's Amphitheatre, which the prince felicitously calls—"The Opera of the Horse!"

THE AMPHITHEATRE.

"It is the same in form as the Opera House or Theatre, and in the same manner it contains boxes and seats for the spectators. There were on this day *about fifty thousand ladies, with charming faces like the moon, and the ray of their beauty gave a most powerful splendour to the place.* The principal parts in this theatre are performed by horses, including other wonderful exercises. In the first place, an Asiatic emperour, in Eastern splendour, came out upon the stage, where a fire was lighted up, the light of which made the whole place look as red as crimson. The horses ran up and down exactly like cats. Some little boys, of seven years of age and under, clad in different-coloured dresses, played by turning their bodies as if they had no bones at all. They formed, by joining their bodies in different ways, any figure they liked. For instance, they wished to form an elephant. One of them represented the proboscis, another the head, one the neck, and another the feet. Thus they form an elephant, *exactly like the original;* so wonderful that one could scarcely distinguish it from a real one. * * * * The most astonishing part of this exhibition was a ring of wood [*Anglice hoop*] which was held by a man ten yards distance, around which were fixed some spars. Some persons, while playing on the rope, passed most wonderfully through the ring without being hurt. Afterwards some beautiful young female performers, WITH ANGELIC FACES, DRESSED EXPENSIVELY WITH JEWELS, came out! They played in different ways, and their beauty and exercises exceedingly delighted and astonished all of us. * * * A young female appeared, of beautiful complexion, brilliant as Venus She actually danced on the horses, and made those large, powerful animals themselves dance Sometimes this young lady, with a stick in her hand, gave a sign to the horse, which he understood as well as a human being, and fell down as if dead; again, she gave another sign, which made him rise up and dance. In fact, nothing was wanted to this horse but speech. After this young lady had finished her wonders, then other performers were introduced. I will only add, that what we saw done here was as if by magic—indeed, you may call it a complete necromancy."

Almost the only piece of matter-of-fact in this journal is the description of Ducrow, which (with the exception of the two words in italics) those who have seen that inimitable horseman, will recognise as merely literal.

"Afterwards the master of this establishment himself came out, and performed so wonderfully, that he might be called the first horseman in the world. This man, standing on a large and powerful horse, exhibited such distinguished powers of horsemanship, that what I have already mentioned is nothing in comparison to it. While the horse was at full speed, he filled his pipe, struck a light and began smoking. He also took a pen and ink in his hand, and while at full gallop, wrote letters. Likewise he loaded his gun and fired. Again, two men stood and held a circular screen of paper in his way, *ten yards* above him, through which he jumped, though the horse was in full speed, and alighted on his back. In fine, what was exhibited here was miraculous."

Dr. Watts, who was a little man, expressed a desire to be "measured by his mind." The Persian prince measures everything by his mind, and excellent measure he gives, invariably changing feet into yards at the least

When giving the impressions made upon the Eastern traveller by the places of amusement of the western Babylon, we may as well append his exceedingly *naive* description of the Queen's Theatre, or Italian Opera House. He appears at all times to be a most unreserved and enthusiastic admirer of Frankish feminine beauty, and even the fruit-women come in for their share of the princes' admiration.

OPERA HOUSE.

"There were in the boxes around more than a thousand young and beautiful ladies, splendidly dressed with jewels; the beam of their beautiful faces illumines the place—the brilliancy of their sweet faces takes away the heart; *my whole soul cried out to leave my body, that it might go near those houries!* The heart beats with ravishment of that sight. There are also distinguished places about this house, where are fine-looking women [true enough] with arms like jasmine, and faces like a shining mirror. These handsome young women sell refreshments; and, on the whole, *this place seems to furnish the nourishment of life.*"

Of the ladies generally, he says—"Most of the ladies and females are more delicate and refined than the blossoms of roses Their waist is more slender than a finger-ring, their form is beautiful, their voice gains the affections."

But this general description falls far short of one particular instance, in which he appears to have fallen several "fathom deep" in love, or, as an eastern man of the western world would express it—"pretty considerably over head and ears."

AN ENGLISH BEAUTY.

"While we were sitting when it was about the asser, behold! a sun appeared from our east shining and flashing. On seeing this incomparable beauty, and beholding this lovely face, like the full moon, I lost my senses, not to say that I lost my sight in admiration. No! my eyes by beholding her smiling became a hundred times more powerful. The delightful colour of her hair fell into my heart, and I was obliged to rise up and sit by my side, paying her all honourable respect. My heart died away, and unless my mind had gained strength to maintain conversation with this visiter, I should have appeared as if I were lost. I asked who she was. This full moon was the daughter of a captain in the East Indies."

What a pity the gallant prince did not take a passage in the British Queen. The fair damsels of the west would then have had homage done to their charms in a style of which phlegmatic Johns and calculating Jonathans are constitutionally incapable.

About grave matters the Persian is equally liberal. The number and variety of the charitable institutions in London, calculated for the at least temporary relief or alleviation of the "ills that flesh is heir to," have for years past been objects of admiration to the enlightened traveller and philanthropist. But the prince cannot be content with the bare truth, and looks at London, and indeed all England, in this respect, through a magnifying glass of extraordinary power. He says—"In charity, and supporting the poor and orphans, they are exceedingly liberal, so much so, that they give *ten per cent er annum of their income to institutions of charity.*" He then goes on to say that, "out of the twenty-seven millions of population, there may be seven thousand also poor; *but not a single person begs in the streets, or in any part of the kingdom!* In fact, if there should be any one begging, he would be taken up immediately and punished for it, as it is against the law, because in every quarter there is a house built on purpose for charity where the poor are accommodated." Doubtless the prince has been told that the laws are omnipotent in England; and doubtless he has also heard that there was a law against begging; and, putting the two statements together, has come to the not unnatural though mightily erroneous conclusion that there were no beggars. Yet we have known travellers, with better opportunities of judging, make as wonderful mistakes as this.

After the shabby and factious conduct of the House of Lords in refusing an adequate grant for the establishment of a national system of education—the only true remedy for chartism and other social and political evils—there is a stinging satire in the following intended compliment

EDUCATION

"Perhaps out of this twenty-seven millions of population, there is *not a single soul* who does not know how to read and write, not even the deaf, dumb, or blind."

The radicals would, past question, be mightily gratified if the following account of the liability of the chancellor of the exchequer to rough handling were literally correct:—"Every person that has given ten tomans of the revenue, in case he should see anything wrong in its expense, has a right to rise up in the House of Commons, and seize the vizier of the treasury by the collar, saying—'What have you done with my money?'" Mr. Spring Rice, the late vizier of the treasury, and now called to the "Upper House" as Baron Mounteagle, will doubtless be doubly thankful for his peerage after he reads this

With the statistics of commerce and the details of naval engagements the prince seems not to be very familiar, for he says—"All the ships of the other nations on the globe could not equal the English ships alone, nor *ten* foreign men of war stand in battle against *one* English."

Many of his miscellaneous remarks are amusing:

"GAS.—In all their cities, villages, towns, hamlets, mountains, hills, plains, bazaars, and every street, the light at night is just the same as in the day time."

"COACHES.—There are through England, Scotland, and Ireland, about two millions of stage-coaches, which afford the government an extraordinary income."

"HAND-WRITING.—They do not give credit for fine hand-writing, and say writing is good enough if it can be read."

"LEARNING.—They have several thousand colleges and schools for instruction in every class of learning, on which they have spent millions of money. All this for education and wisdom! Verily, such a magnificent kingdom and high nation is not, in these times, in any other part of the world, nor has such an one been, *even in ancient times,* mentioned in the histories."

The following are not bad specimens of the system of generalizing from particular instances—a system which has very generally prevailed, in all books of travel, both ancient and modern, and which has not unfrequently led to the most laughable deductions and conclusions:

"Reception of company.—It is not the custom of this country to receive anybody in their families, not even a friend or a brother, therefore it is necessary to lodge in a hotel; and all travellers in this country, even the natives themselves, go to these public houses."

"Hotels.—In *every* hotel there will be more than two hundred servants, male and female, who are ready at any moment to receive orders, day and night."

Here is a cool hit at men in office, which derives additional vigour from the grave and unhesitating manner in which the presumed fact is stated:

"Whigs and tories.—The administration consists of two parties. The one is named Whig, and the other Tory. *The difference between these parties is as follows:*—The Tories, in ancient days, have always been in office, and thereby they have established to themselves some privileges *by which every one is now a possessor of some millions of money!*"

Upon the whole this is a most amusing book. And it is not without its uses either as a guide to all who travel or intend to travel. There are more unconscious Munchausens in the world than the Persian princes. C.

LITERARY CORRESPONDENCE.

ON THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET.

We are indebted to General Prosper M. Wetmore for a fac simile copy of a correspondence, which passed between Ex-President Adams and James H. (now Baron) Hackett, some time since, on the character of Hamlet. It will be found very entertaining. The theory of Mr. Adams is quite ingenious and lucidly expressed; but we concur with Mr. Halleck in the opinion that the actor has the best of the argument:

Washington, 19th Feb. 1839.

James H. Hackett, *Esq., New-York.*

Dear sir—I return herewith your tragedy of Hamlet, with many thanks for the perusal of your manuscript notes, which indicate how thoroughly you have delved into the bottomless mine of Shakspeare's genius. I well remember the conversation, more than seven years bygone, at Mr. Philip Hone's hospitable table, where, at the casual introduction of the name of Hamlet, the Dane, my enthusiastic admiration of the inspired (muse inspired) bard of Avon, commenced in childhood, before the down had darkened my lip, and continued, through five of the seven ages of the drama of life, gaining upon the judgment, as it loses to the imagination, seduced me to expatiate at a most intellectual and lovely convivial board, upon my views of the character of Hamlet; until I came away ashamed of having engrossed an undue proportion of the conversation to myself. That my involuntary effusions and diffusions of mind on that occasion were indulgently viewed by Mr. Hone, so as to have remained with kindness upon his memory to this day, is a source of much gratification to me; and still more pleasing is it to me that he should have thought any of the observations which fell from me at that time worthy of being mentioned to you.

I look upon the tragedy of Hamlet as the masterpiece of the drama—the masterpiece of Shakspeare—I had almost said the masterpiece of the human mind. But I have never committed to writing the analysis of the considerations upon which this deliberate judgment has been formed. At the table of Mr. Hone I could give nothing but *outlines* and *etchings*. I can give no more now—snatching, as I do, from the morning lamp to commune with a lover and worthy representative of Shakspeare* upon the glories of the immortal bard.

What is tragedy? It is an imitative representation of human action and passion, to *purify* the heart of the spectator, through the instrumentality of *terror* and *pity*. This, in substance, is the definition of Aristotle; and Pope's most beautiful lines, in the prologue to Cato, are but an expansion of the same idea.

Hamlet—is the personification of *man*, in the prime of life, with a mind cultivated by the learning acquirable at an university, combining *intelligence* and *sensibility*, in their highest degrees, within a step of the highest station attainable upon earth, crushed to extinction, by the pressure of calamities inflicted not by nature but against nature—not by physical but by moral evil. Hamlet is the heart and soul of man, in all their perfection and all their frailty, in agonizing conflict with human crime also in its highest preeminence of guilt. Hamlet is all heart, and all soul. His ruling passions are filial affection, youthful love, manly ambition. His commanding principles are filial duty, generous friendship, love disappointed and subdued, ambition and life sacrificed to avenge his father.

Hamlet's right to the throne has been violated, and his darkest suspicions roused by the marriage of his mother with his uncle so speedily succeeding his father's death. His love is first trammelled by the conflicting pride of his birth and station operating upon his ambition; and although he has "made many tenders of his affection" to Ophelia, and "hath *importun'd* her with love, in *honourable* fashion;" yet he has made no proposal of marriage to her—he has promised her nothing but love, and, cautioned both by her brother and her father, she meets the advances of Hamlet with repulsion. Instead of attributing this to its true cause, he thinks she spurns his tenderness. In his enumeration of the sufferings which stimulate to suicide, he names "the pangs of *despised* love," and his first experiment of assumed madness is made upon her. He treats her with a revolting mixture of ardent passion, of gross indelicacy, and of rudeness, little short of brutality; at one moment he is worshipping at her feet—at the next insulting her with coarse indecency—at the third, taunting her with sneering and sarcastic advice, to go to a nunnery. And is this the language of splendid intellect, in alliance with acute feeling? Ay, under the insupportable pressure of despised love, combined with a throne lost by usurpation—a father murdered by a mother and an uncle—an incestuous marriage between the criminals—and the apparition from the eternal world, of his father's spirit, commanding him to avenge the deed.

The revelation from the ghost caps the climax of calamity—it unsettles that ardent and meditative mind—you see it in the tone of levity instantly assumed upon the departure of the "perturbed spirit"—you see it in the very determination to "put on an antic disposition. It is the expedient of a deadly but *irresolute* purpose. He will execute the command of his father, but he will premeditate the time, the place, the occasion, and, to fore-arrange the most convenient opportunity, will feign occasional madness, with intervals of clear and steady rational conversation. And thus it is that "the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

This perpetual action and reaction between the mind and the heart; the feeling spurring him on, and the reflection holding him back, constitute that most admirable portrait of human nature in its highest state, little lower than the angels, little above the Hottentot of the African cape, which pervades every part of the character and conduct of Hamlet. The habitual turn of his mind is to profound meditation. He reflects upon life, upon death, upon the nature of man, upon the physical composition of the universe; he indulges in minute criticism upon the performance of the players; he reads and comments upon a satire in Juvenal; he quibbles with a quibbling grave-digger; commemorates the convivial attractions of an old jovial table companion, whose bones the good man Delver turns up in digging the grave for Ophelia, and philosophizes upon the dust of imperial Cæsar, metamorphosed into the bung of a beer barrel. During all this time he is charged with the command of his father, risen from the dead, to take the life of his murderer, to execute divine justice in the punishment of his crime. He has firmly resolved to execute this command—has frequent opportunities for the execution of it, which he suffers to escape him, and is constantly reproaching himself for his delays—he shrewdly detects and ingeniously disconcerts the practices of the murderers against his life, discloses to his mother his knowledge of her guilt, kills Polonius most rashly, *pretending* to kill a rat, and *intending* to kill the king, whom he supposes to be the person behind the arras, and to have been there listening and overhearing his terrible expostulations with his mother. When he discovers that the person he has killed was not the king but Polonius, instead of compunction and remorse, he begins by a cruel joke upon the dead body, and finishes by an apologetic burst of indignation at the wretched, rash, *intruding* fool who had hidden himself behind the arras to overhear his interview with his mother. Yet the man whom he has killed is the *father* of Ophelia, whom he loves to distraction, and whose madness and death are immediate consequences of this murder of her father. Shakspeare has taken care not to bring Hamlet and Ophelia into the presence of each other after this event. He takes no notice at the grave-digging scene, that the grave over which he so pathetically and humorously disserts upon the bones of Yorick, the king's jester, was about to receive the corpse of Ophelia.* Afterwards, at the funeral scene, he treats Laertes as roughly, but finally apologizes to him, and desires him to attribute his violence and unkind treatment to his madness. The reasoning faculty of Hamlet is at once sportive, sorrowfully indignant, and melancholy. His reflections always take the tinge of the passion under which he is labouring, but his conduct is always governed by the *impulse* of the moment. Hence his madness, as you have remarked, is sometimes feigned, and sometimes real. His feigned madness, Polonius, without seeing through it, perceives has *method* in it. His real madness is *towering passion*, transient, momentary, the *furor brevis*, which was the ancient definition of anger. It overwhelms at once the brightest genius, the soundest reason, and the kindliest heart, that ever was exhibited in combination upon the stage. It is *man*, in the ideal perfection of his intellectual and moral nature, struggling with calamity beyond his power to bear, inflicted by the crime of his fellow-man—struggling with agonizing energies against it—sinking under it, to extinction. What can be more terrific? what can be more piteous?

This is the hasty outline of my view of the character of Hamlet. I regret that time will not allow me to fill the canvass with lights and shades borrowed from the incidents and dialogue of the play. But after bestowing so much of my own tediousness upon you, I can only repeat my thanks for the perusal of your own very ingenious comments upon this incomparable tragedy; and add the assurance of my best wishes for your health and happiness, and of my cordial sympathies with your devotion to the memory of the immortal bard. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

*A compliment to my *Falstaff*, which Mr. Adams had recently seen.—J.H.H.

* Hamlet did not then know of her death.—H.

22, Charlotte-street, Bedford Square, London, 24th July, 1839.

To the Hon. John Quincy Adams, *Boston.*

Dear sir—I have at length an opportunity to acknowledge your obliging favour of the nineteenth February last, which was duly received by me at New-York, prior to my sailing thence for this country; that you should have esteemed me worthy of such pains will remain graven on my memory as one of the most gratifying incidents of my life, and your autograph document shall be treasured in my archives.

The elements, of which that matchless character, Shakspeare's *Hamlet*, is compounded, are generally as justly analyzed by you, as they are throughout beautifully described; but there are some causes you impute as contributing essentially to his madness, about which I beg leave to differ, and quote here and there a sentence of yours, the better to refresh your memory. "*Love disappointed and subdued.*" Now I have always considered *filial piety*, in both Hamlet and Ophelia, the most prominently developed trait of character; a father's fate in both cases operates so powerfully on their sensitive natures as finally to overthrow the seat of *reason;* their love for each other was quite secondary; in pursuance of his voluntary oath to the ghost, that "thy remembrance all *alone* shall live, etc., unmixed with baser matter." Hamlet's first scheme is to feign madness, and he begins "to put an antic disposition on" in the presence of Ophelia, for whom he was reputed to entertain a tender affection, in order, as it seems to me, that she may (as she does) tell her father, and that Polonius' garrulity may advertise the whole court of his being mad for her love—a cause and effect calculated to mislead and calm the apprehensions of the guilty *usurper*, and better enable Hamlet to scrutinize his unguarded behaviour thereafter.

Had Ophelia's love for Hamlet been strong, she would naturally not have yielded so readily to become the medium of assisting the espionage of her parasitical father, and the conplotting king, when it is proposed, in her presence, to "let her loose to Hamlet," whilst they watch them behind the arras; and here let me remark upon your sentence—"*he treats her with a revolting mixture of ardent passion, of gross indelicacy, and of rudeness, little short of brutality*"—that from his previous conduct "when she was sewing in her chamber," he knows she esteems him *mad* and will not feel wounded at anything he may say, for example! when he is most censorious of her father, she prays, "Oh help him, you sweet heavens!" further extenuation may be found in another and not unreasonable *supposition*, that, at the *time*, Hamlet had some lurking suspicion of her unfair position; else, why change his tone so suddenly from the incipient complimentary supplication, "Nymph, in thy orisons be all my sins remembered!" to such pointed rebuke When asked, "Are you *honest?*" she evades a categorical answer by, "My lord!" then he follows, "Are you *fair?*" and explains to her why, if she is both, and would preserve her honesty from the contaminating influences of beauty, she should not admit them to any discourse with each other; "because the power of *beauty* will sooner transform honesty, from what it is, into a ["corrupt"] bawd, than the force of honesty will translate beauty into his ["honesty's] likeness, now the time gives proof." (As here is she herself, for instance, allowing the effect of her *beauty* upon him, to be used by her father for a sinister purpose and at the expense of her *honesty*.) He "did love her once," but upon consideration, "loved her not," finding that she has inherited so much of her "old stock" (viz., her father's courtier-like insincerity) as to render her nature incapable of thorough honesty—"for virtue cannot so innoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it." "We are arrant knaves all!"—the aptitude of his epigrammatic sentiments, whether from accident or design, evidently embarrasses and betrays her into an absolute falsehood; for when questioned, "Where is your father?" she answers, "At home!" knowing Polonius to be a covert listener to them at that moment: and, by the way, be it remembered of this scene, that the *king*, who witnessed it, and was a keen observer, remarks, "Love! his affections do not that way tend!" and also of her when mad, he says, "This is the poison of deep grief—it springs all from his father's death:" in short, Ophelia never in her madness alludes to Hamlet, nor does *he* but once, subsequently, refer to his love for *her*, and then only when chance informed him of her death and had brought him to her burial, where in a fit of temporary derangement, he lets the bravery of Laertes' grief "put him into a towering passion," which he afterwards, by way of apology to him, "proclaims, was madness."

Permit me to quote you further:—"*His love is first trammelled by the conflicting pride of his birth and station operating upon his ambition.*"

As regards Hamlet's ambition; in the course of what he stigmatizes to the courtiers "as their trade with him," he certainly pretends to them his cause of madness is, "I lack advancement!" but this he says *after* he has discovered the necessity of having an eye of them and a determination to "trust them" only as he would "adders that have fangs;" for in his *first* interview on their arrival, and before he inquires whether they have not been "sent for," he welcomes his old schoolfellows with, "Excellent, good friends!" and unreservedly scouts their notions of his being ambitious because he esteems Denmark a prison; and when they suggest, "it is too narrow for your mind," adds, "Oh God! I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself a king of infinite space, but that I have had bad dreams"—in fact, had he not had "bad dreams" concerning his father's fate, I doubt if disappointed *ambition* had ever caused him to express regret, much less urged him to any active measures about his deferred succession to the throne of Denmark. You continue:—"*And although he has made many tenders of his affection to Ophelia, and hath importuned her with love in honourable fashion, yet he has made no proposal of marriage to her, he has promised her nothing but love.*"

To the consummation of his love by *marriage*, his queen mother refers, when scattering flowers during Ophelia's obsequies:

> "I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's *wife*?
> I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid
> And not have strew'd thy grave."

The inference is, that the only reason for a truce to his love pursuit, was its interference with a paramount consideration—the performance of his *vow* to his *father's unrevenged* and *perturbed spirit*." But you say, "*cautioned both by her brother and her father, she meets the advances of Hamlet with repulsion.*"

Her brother's caution arose, not from a suspicion that Hamlet's ambitious pride of "birth and station" would hinder their *marriage*, but that the "state" on which it depended might not confirm his choice, and adds,

> "Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
> If with too credent ear you list his songs;
> Or lose your *heart*; or your chaste treasure open
> To his unmastered opportunity."

Her father's command, as he afterwards confesses, sprung from his "fear that Hamlet did but trifle and meant to wreck thee," therefore his "love in honourable fashion and countenanced with all the holy vows of heaven," Polonius calls "springes to catch woodcocks," and charges her, "Do not believe his vows," to which she replies, "I shall obey my lord," and so she does—making it evident that *both* their *lows* were subservient to *filial duty*; but the nicest search cannot detect a line indicating that his heart contained a scrupulous thought that Ophelia was beneath his *station*, nor that the repulsion of his letters, or denial of his access, or attempted return of his gifts, was a source of any serious disappointment to him, or as you think, "*of acute feeling under the insupportable pressure of despised love*," inasmuch as he never subsequently refers to either circumstance. You also say—"*instead of attributing his repulsion to its true cause, he thinks she spurns his tenderness; in his enumeration of the sufferings which stimulate to suicide he names the pangs of despised love.*" "The pangs of despised love," in my humble opinion, have no more immediate reference to his own case, than "the law's delay, the insolence of office and the spurns" and other vexations to which "all flesh is heir;" and one fact that particularly weakens his self-application of this line, is, that the folio edition of 1623 (now received as the best authenticated) reads not "*despised*," but "disprized love;" a distinction, to my thinking, not without a difference, though corrupters of the text since, have not even deigned an excuse for their license; for as love begets love, and hate, *his* kind, so love that finds itself *despised* instead of returned by its object, soon flies the human breast, and its *void is supplied* by rank *hatred*: but the pangs of *disprized* love, are those of one whose spirit sinks and writhes under the pride-stung consciousness that the being towards whom his own heart yearns, *disprizes* his strong affection—it is this species of love which unvalued or entertained with indifference, cannot be diverted or superseded, or as if *despised* find a relief in *hatred*, but brooding over its own subtile mortification, produces that poignant melancholy, which rankling in a proud soul may stimulate to suicide. A marked characteristic from the outset in Hamlet, is, self-dissatisfaction:

> "The time is out of joint—O cursed spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right."

He is a creature of impulse, he cannot take the life of the regicide when in his power—his heart revolts at so *cold-blooded* a deed, though just—he puts up his sword and tries to find an excuse to himself in the refined notion that it would be "hire and salary, not revenge," to kill his uncle whilst "praying and purging his soul," who took his father's unprepared "with all his crimes broad-blown"—without excitement, his nature is prone to meditation, and all his philosophical reasoning upon his wrongs and their villanous causer—the player whose whole function readily yielded to his conceits—the equanimity of Horatio, in whose nature the "blood and judgment" are so enviably "co-mingled"—all contrasts serve but to paralyze his own energies and almost blunt his very purpose instead of arousing him to indignant action. Thus, "conscience makes a coward" of Hamlet, who possesses the *moral principle* of a hero, but is deficient in *physical nerve* requisite to avenge *coolly and resolutely* his father's murder—an attainment he seems to despair of, after discovering his fatal mistake in killing Polonius; and it is *after that event*, that the tumult created in his sensitive soul reaches its climax, and the mind, which, though hitherto predisposed, has exhibited but *counterfeit phrensy*, breaks forth at intervals of *subsequent excitement*, into paroxysms of *decided madness*.

But the only excuse I can offer to you, for permitting my love of the subject to render me so *diffuse*, is, that I, too, "from boyhood," have been "enthusiastic" in relation to this character, and have habituated myself for years to ponder over its points, as a miser would pore over his gold, collecting the earliest editions of this play, and searching the *accumulated* annotations of its numerous critics—many of whom, in attempting to explain, have often only mystified the meaning of a *clear original* text, by alterations, omissions and substitutions, and shown themselves "ignorant as vain," and as wide of the author's *design*, and as *vexatious* to every *true* lover of the bard, as *must* be some of the actors of our time, who exhibit to audiences, seemingly "capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise," a sort of *conventional, stage-beau-ideal* of Hamlet, *overflowing* with *bustle, starts and rant*, and *entirely destitute* of that *meditative* and *philosophic repose*, which *Shakspeare* has made the *leading feature* of the *character*.

Hoping at no distant day to have the pleasure of a "large discourse" with you *in person*, about Hamlet, and that your useful life, with continued health of body and vigour of mind, may be prolonged many years, I remain, honoured sir, your humble servant ever,

JAMES H. HACKETT.

TAGLIONI.—M. Taglioni is composing a new grand ballet for the theatre of St. Petersburgh and his daughter's performance. The music is composed by M. Adolphe Adam, who is shortly expected for the purpose at St. Petersburgh.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE APOLLO GALLERY.

SECOND NOTICE

WE noticed in our last number the two principal compositions of a class, which hitherto has been but seldom attempted by our artists; they are in fact the only pictures in this exhibition which can be considered as illustrative of Indian history, and yet how extensive is the field, how ample the materials! We shall, in the present notice, confine our observations to a more numerous class, landscapes, views, etc., of which there are about eighty in the catalogue. Of these, eight are by T. Doughty, whose slightest works evince a mastery in this department, and whose best productions ought not to be permitted to be left unsold a single day after they are finished.

No. 196. A View from West Point looking up the Hudson, possesses all the peculiar characteristics of Doughty's style. One of the most picturesque and beautiful scenes on the Hudson, though oftimes studied by painters of all degrees, acquires new charms from the chaste and delicate pencil of this admirable artist. The fleecy clouds that float across the summer sky, and mingle their reflections with the wavy shadows of the river craft in the noble stream, have been seldom equalled, even by Doughty. It is a peculiar merit in this, as in nearly all of Doughty's pictures, that there is no attempt to produce a striking effect by strong contrasts of colours, or of light and shade. It is all broad day-light, and nature in repose.

There are by T. Cole two landscapes, neither of them for sale.

No. 59. Sunset on the Cattskill, is rich in colour, and combines in harmony all the treasures of the palette.

No. 54. Landscape, with a Gipsy encampment. Contrast of Firelight and Moonlight, by Daniel Huntington. For sale. This talented young artist is now in Italy, storing his mind with the treasures of genius, and striving to accomplish similar effects by the same means, which the great masters of the ancient and modern schools of art have used in their best works. We understand he has gone abroad, not to copy pictures which have been copied a thousand times, to fill his portfolios with "sketches" and "memorandas," but to examine and study, and *on original designs to imitate* the practice of those who have been famous in their profession. The first of his productions on this plan is the landscape now at the Apollo, and which, if not bought by some of the numerous friends and admirers of the artist within the month, we venture to predict will be taken by the Association, and we shall be well satisfied should we have the good-fortune to draw it as our "lot" on the sixteenth of December. It is an excellent imitation of the style of Vernet.

Joshua Shaw, of Philadelphia, exhibits four pictures.

No. 46. A View of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, (for sale,) is one of the best of this artist's American subjects, which we have lately seen, and although we think he colours his pictures with too little attention to the ever-varying hues of nature, the hand of the master must be acknowledged, and his productions always are pleasing. But we must ask that talented artist to abandon his favourite dove-colour and drab, and to remember the maxim of Du Fresnoy:—"The hand that colours well, must colour *bright*."

Nos. 62 and 69. Views in Venice, by Pritchett, of London. Gems, of which the owner may be justly proud.

No 68. Moonlight, also by an English artist, Pether, is a sweet little picture.

No. 89. View of Petworth Park, the seat of the earl of Egremont, by G. O., (the initials of a well-known amateur of this city,) is a picture of great merit, and of immense labour; full of interesting details and accessories, well chosen, and skilfully managed. We could point out some landscapes in this exhibition, from the hands of professional artists, that have little or no interest in them, because they are *bare copies of inanimate nature*. Pictures of huge rocks, or mountain peaks, which appear to have been shunned alike by man and beast, may be, for aught we know, good studies, but we think they will be as unsaleable, as they are uninteresting to everybody, except to the artist himself, who, with labour and fatigue, found his way into their unexplored vicinity.

GAIETIES AND GRAVITIES.

MARENGO, NAPOLEON'S WAR HORSE.—The skeleton of Marengo, the horse which Napoleon rode at Waterloo, and at most of his great battles, was recently presented to the museum of the United Service Institution in England. Marengo was a beautifully-formed Arab steed of purest blood, about thirteen hands and a half high. He was frequently wounded, and at Waterloo was struck by a musket ball in the hip. The skeleton will undoubtedly be preserved as a rare curiosity, and be gazed and commented upon by every visiter to the museum. What awful scenes have these bones passed through, and what momentous events will they recall to the mind of the spectator! Their careful preservation is another evidence of the great value attached to everything that belonged to the great captain whom they once bore in triumph over the tented field, and whose own bones now moulder amid the rocks of St. Helena. The bones of the horse is honoured and preserved with religious care, by a people who have denied to the dust of the illustrious rider a resting-place in European soil!

APHORISM.—The appearance of vice is always more easily assumed by the virtuous than the appearance of virtue by the vicious; as it is evidently much easier to become bad when we are good than good when we are bad. Understanding, sensibility, talents, genius, virtue, or religion, may with much greater facility be lost than acquired. The best may descend as low as they please, but the worst cannot ascend to the height they might wish.

VILLAGER'S WINTER EVENING SONG.—BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

> NOT a leaf on the tree—not a bud in the hollow,
> Where late swung the blue-bell and blossom'd the rose;
> And hush'd is the cry of the chirping young swallow,
> That perch'd on the hazel in twilight's dim close.
>
> Gone, gone are the cowslip and sweet-scented brier,
> That bloom'd o'er the hillock and gladden'd the vale;
> And the vine that uplifted its green-pointed spire,
> Hangs drooping and sere on the frost-covered pale.
>
> And hark to the gush of the deep-welling fountain,
> That prattled and shone in the light of the moon;
> Soon, soon shall its rushing be still on the mountain,
> And lock'd up in silence its merrisome tune.
>
> Then heap up the hearth-stone with dry forest branches,
> And gather about me, my children, in glee;
> For cold on the upland the stormy wind launches,
> And dear is the home of my loved ones to me!

THE SOCIETY OF WOMAN.—No society is more profitable, because none more refining and provocative of virtue, than that of refined and sensible women. God enshrined peculiar goodness in the form of woman, that her beauty might win, her gentle voice invite, and the desire of her favour persuade men's sterner souls to leave the paths of sinful strife for the ways of pleasantness and peace. But when woman falls from her blest eminence, and sinks the guardian and the cherisher of pure and rational enjoyments into the vain coquette, and flattered idolator of idle fashion, she is unworthy of an honourable man's love, or a sensible man's admiration. Beauty is then but, at best,

> "——A pretty play-thing,
> Dear deceit."

We honour the chivalrous deference which is paid in our land to women. It proves that our men know how to respect virtue and pure affection, and that our women are worthy of such respect. Yet woman should be something more than mere woman to win us to their society. To be our companions, they should be fitted to be our friends; to rule our hearts, they should be deserving the approbation of our minds. There are many such, and that there are not more is rather the fault of our sex than their own; and despite all the unmanly scandals that have been thrown upon them in prose or verse, they would rather share in the rational conversation of men of sense than listen to the silly compliments of fools; and a man dishonours them, as well as disgraces himself, when he seeks their circle for idle pastime, and not for the improvement of his mind and the elevation of his heart.

THE BATTLE-FIELD OF ECKMUHL.—As they arrived at the top of the hills of Lintach, which separate the valley of Isar from that of the Laber, the French, who came up from Landshut, beheld the field of battle stretched out like a map before them. From the marshy meadows which border the shores of the Laber, rose a succession of hills, one above another, in the form of an amphitheatre, with their slopes cultivated and diversified by hamlets and beautiful forests clothing the higher ground. The village of Echmuhl and Laichling, separated by a large copsewood, appeared in view, with the great road to Ratisbon winding up the acclivities behind them. The meadows were green with the first colours of the spring; the osiers, and willows, which fringed the streams that intersected them, were just bursting into leaf; and the trees that bordered the roadside already cast an agreeable shade upon the dusty and beaten highway which lay beneath their boughs. The French soldiers involuntarily paused as they arrived at their summit, to gaze on this varied and interesting scene; but soon other emotions than those of admiration of nature swelled the breasts of the warlike multitude who thronged to the spot. In the intervals of these woods, artillery was to be seen; amidst those villages standards were visible; and long white lines, with the glancing of helmets and bayonets on the higher ground, showed columns of Rosenberg and Hohenzollern in battle array, in very advantageous positions, on the opposite side of the valley. Joyfully the French troops descended into the low ground; while the emperour galloped to the front, and hastily surveying the splendid but intricate scene, immediately formed his plan of attack.

CHARACTER OF GEORGE BENDA.—He was famed for absence of mind and forgetfulness, many instances of which are related. Mildness and benevolence were also highly predominant in his character; but he was extremely sensible of any affront or disrespect, and did not readily forget it. He loved his children, yet left their education to chance. Rightly as he judged in the case of others, and good as was the counsel he gave his friends, he often mistook his own interest, and neglected the duties incumbent on the father of a family. His first passion, which he carried to excess, was to relieve the wants of others; his next was for society and cards, though with the exception of almost all games of chance; and he has often seriously said, that he could scarcely believe it possible for a man to be a good composer of music who had no skill at either cards or draughts. Benda was partially the model of Mozart in dramatic composition, and perhaps the greatest improver of the instrumental music of his country that has existed.

THE ANGEL AND HIS GUIDE.—A young angel being sent down to this world on some business, for the first time, had an old courtier's spirit assigned him as a guide; they arrived over the seat of Martino, in the midst of a long day, and in sight of an obstinate fight between the fleets of Rodney and De Grasse. When, through the cloud of smoke he saw the fire of the guns, the decks covered with mangled limbs or dead bodies, or dying, the ships sinking, burning, or blown into the air, and the quantity of pain, misery, and destruction of the crew, who were yet alive, were with so much eagerness dealing around to one another, he turned angrily to his guide and said, "You undertook to conduct me to the earth, and you have brought me into hell!" "No," said his guide, "I have made no mistake; this is really earth, and these are men. Devils never treat one another in this manner; they have more sense, and more of what men call humanity."—*Dr. Franklin.*

A SMOKY STAGE.—At a provincial theatre, Weber's opera "Der Frieschutz" was performed, and in the course of the evening, in consequence of a fire being lit in the green-room, the stage was enveloped in smoke, just as the principal tenor was about to sing the grand scena, "Oh! I can bear my fate no longer." While the band was playing the introduction, the poor vocalist kept coughing and sneezing, at length he burst forth, "O! I can bear this place no longer!" and off he scampered.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"The Poetical Works of Edmund Spencer." In five volumes. First American edition, with introductory observations on the Faery Queene, and notes by the editor. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown.

We have been a nation somewhat more than half a century, during which time some hundreds of thousands of books have been given to the public, of which a few hundreds, perhaps, are destined to survive the century. The superfetated trash of the English press during the last forty years has been revamped and republished in this country with a promptitude worthy of a better cause. We have had novels by the cart-load, and books of travels by the cargo. Nor has poetry been neglected. We have had Byron's poems and Marsh's poems; but never, till now, have our publishers given us an American edition of the poetical works of Edmund Spenser. As if to make amends for the neglect, this edition is put forth in a truly worthy and beautiful style, appearing under the supervision of one of the ripest scholars in the country, Mr. George S. Hillard, of Boston. His introductory notice is a brilliant specimen of literary criticism, while the notes scattered through the work are collated with evident taste and industry. No true lover of literature should be without the "Faery Queene." It is amusing to trace throughout Spenser's works the numerous germs of thought of which his great contemporary, Shakspeare, availed himself. What an era was that which was dignified by two such gigantic intellects, whose works alone are sufficient to shed a blaze over English literature which ages cannot dim!

"The American Journal of Medical Sciences for November, 1839." Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

This number contains its usual quantum of valuable matter, thus sustaining the high character it has heretofore maintained. Among other articles, we notice a monograph on diseases of the stomach, by our distinguished friend and able physician, Doctor Chapman, of Philadelphia Anything from the pen of this clever writer will be received with great pleasure by the profession at large. There is also a report of some cases of cutaneous diseases, by Dr. C. A. Porter, of this city, which is highly creditable to the practical sagacity of this gentleman. Under the head of improvements and discoveries in the medical sciences, we observe that the celebrated Sanson, one of the chief surgeons of the *Hotel Dieu*, has undergone the operation of lithotrity. It is stated that there were great difficulties in the case. This speaks much for this operation, which we understand has been decried in this city by most of the medical men. This reminds us that we witnessed our friend Doctor A Goldsmith, of this city, perform an operation of this kind, with extraordinary skill and success. Indeed, the subject is of so much importance to the human family, that it is a matter of congratulation to our citizens to have a gentleman of such powers of manipulation among us; for, from all we can learn, great dexterity is required. Notice is also taken in this number of a case of Cesarean section, by Doctor Hoffman, of this city, which is highly creditable to him—the life of the mother being preserved. Although we do not pretend to much knowledge of the condition of the medical world, yet we think it a duty incumbent on the profession to sustain a work like this, that has already done so much for the science to which it is so ably devoted.

"The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby." By Charles Dickens, (Boz,) author of "Pickwick Papers," etc. With numerous illustrations by Phiz. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

This is a neat edition of one of the most popular fictions of the age. The denouement is admirably managed. Poetical justice is satisfied, and all passes off much to the content of the reader. We understand that Messrs. Lea and Blanchard have made efficient arrangements for presenting Dickens's next new work to the American public simultaneously with its appearance in England. These publishers deserve well at the hands of the "reading community" for their untiring enterprise.

"The Life and Times of Martin Luther." By the author of the "Three Experiments of Living," "Sketches of the Old Painters," etc. Boston: Hilliard, Gray and Co.

A popular biography of Luther is what has long been wanted, and here it is supplied in a manner that leaves us little more to wish upon this subject. The style of the work is luminous and engaging. The marked traits of Luther's character are displayed in a strong light, though we think a little too much leniency is observed in depicting the darker shades. We commend this work to our readers, in the full assurance that it is a good and interesting book, from the pen of a lady of extraordinary talent and fine acquisitions.

"Memoirs of His Own Time: including the revolution, the empire, and the restoration." By Lieutenant General Count Mathieu Dumas. In two volumes. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

Unlike the great body of French memoirs of the revolution, this work is evidently written in sincerity and good faith. It is full of interest, although occasionally the author is a little too minute upon topics of subordinate importance. The notices of Napoleon bear the stamp of truth, and possess an historical value

The concluding numbers of "Nicholas Nickleby" have appeared, embellished with a fine portrait of Dickens on steel; the story is conducted to the close with unflagging ability. A new work by Thomas Moore, entitled "Alciphron," has been published in London; it is appended to a new edition of his "Epicurean," which has been issued with splendid illustrations by Turner.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The letter of our Boston correspondent, describing the brilliant performances of Charles Kean in that city, and his extraordinary success, was received a little too late for insertion. We are glad that Kean's noble personations have been so handsomely appreciated.—"Garrick" is informed that we have no "greenroom intelligence" upon the subject of Macready's visit to this country.—"X." will perceive that we have duly called attention to Alexandre's remarkable exhibition.—We must decline the Wall-street sketch of "W. M."—A batch of poetry sent us last week, under the signatures of "L. Y." "Alpha," "E. X." "Julia," and "U. D." is at the disposal of the several authors.—We are gratified to learn that Dawes's admirable novel of "Nix's Mate" has met with a prompt and extensive sale.—The communications signed "Broadway," "O. O." "Manhattan," and a "Butt-ender," are respectfully declined.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1839.

American hotels.—A correspondent of the London Court Gazette gives the following picture of his arrival at a hotel in Philadelphia. The account, if true, is discreditable to the country; but we suspect that the writer must have put up at a third-rate establishment. Certain we are that he would not have encountered such treatment from any respectable hotel either in Philadelphia or New-York:—"The arrival," he says, "at a hotel seems doubtless, to an English reader, to be a very pleasant termination to a long day's journey; but, although I do not mean to accuse the Philadelphians especially, or the Americans generally, with any Quixotic exhibition of hospitality, I can distinctly rescue them from the charge that a stranger is likely, in any part of the United States, to

"Find his warmest welcome at an inn."

Upon entering one of these mammoth establishments, the visiter has to make his way through the reading-room, which usually occupies the principal space of the lower part of the house, and which is filled with a host of lounging smokers, and having navigated with sufficient care among the horizontal legs of these gentlemen, and having duly avoided putting his foot into any of the numerous spitoons with which the floor of the department is, to judge from appearances, uselessly sought to be protected, he at length makes his way to the 'bar.' If, as was my case, he has a lady with him, he should previously usher her to the public drawing-room, leaving her there until he learns whether he can obtain a lodging; but at first, as of course he will be unacquainted with this fact, and as he will not find any servants prepared to give an answer or to show attention, he must leave her standing in the passage until he has completed the requisite inquiries. Arrived at the bar, where all is bustle and confusion, and speaking to the gentleman under whose superintendence a constant dispensation of cigars, wines, and compounds is going on, he at length gets an answer to his request for accommodation. 'Well—I guess we're pretty full—I'll see, right away.' In five minutes the said gentleman casts his eye over a list containing the numbers of the various apartments, and if he is fortunate enough to find a vacancy, a rough-looking negro is forthwith summoned, and the lady is conducted to her room. The luggage will follow in the course of two or three hours, provided its owner possesses sufficient activity of disposition to descend to the smoking-room at frequent intervals during the period, for the purpose of reiterating to the bar-keeper a request to that effect. Having proceeded thus far, the next thing requisite is that he shall read the 'Regulations,' to which he is required to submit, and to ascertain thereby the hours fixed for meals. In the present case, immediately upon entering the room, I rang the bell; a waiter entered. 'Did you ring?'—'Yes—we have just arrived from New-York, and this lady has not taken anything since seven o'clock. I know that it is after your dinner hour; but if you can let us have the most simple thing in the way of dinner, I shall be very much obliged to you.'—'Well—I guess not—but I'll inquire.' In two minutes the gentleman returned. 'I've been to inquire—it's now five—tea hour is half-past six—you can't have anything before.' After a week's experience I knew remonstrance to be vain. 'These people,' I exclaimed, 'complain about the misrepresentations of travellers! If a man were to utter the request that I have just made at the door of a Tartar hut or an Irish cabin, he would get an answer that when it came to be written down would not call for suppression beneath the stale clap-trap of 'national prejudices' and 'wilful misrepresentation'."

The President steam-ship.—This noble vessel, intended for the British and American Steam Navigation Company, is, as we learn from a London paper, nearly completed. It was expected to be launched the latter part of October. She is a much larger vessel than the British Queen. Extreme length from stem to tafferel, (including the figurehead,) two hundred and sixty-seven feet; extreme breadth of her deck, forty-one feet, including paddle-boxes, sixty-seven feet; depth in the hold, thirty-one feet six inches; and her tonnage about two thousand five hundred tons. Her engines will consist of two, each of two hundred and fifty horse power. Her paddle-wheels are to be ninety feet in circumference. She is to be commanded by Captain Campbell.

Miniature painting—Madame Guillet.—We have examined with much gratification some specimens of miniature painting, the work of Madame Guillet, the wife of the distinguished French instructor, Isidore Guillet. Her rooms are in Barclay-street, a few doors from the Astor House. In perfect fidelity, beautiful colouring, and exquisite finish, the miniatures of this lady are equal to those of any artist in this country. We strongly advise those persons who may be in quest of a first-rate miniature painter, to look at the specimens of this delicate art, which may be seen at the rooms of Madame Guillet.

Our Indian summer.—A writer in the Cleaveland Herald on the influence of the lakes on our autumnal sunsets, says that the beauty, blandness, and the mingled glories of a western Indian summer belong alike to the earth and sky. In the valley of the great lakes they are blent with a mellow richness and loveliness unknown in other climes. The spirit of beauty can worship in no temple more resplendent than the arched heavens lit up by an autumn sunset, and burnished with flashes and crimsoned colourings, deepened by the many-tinted foliage of the primeval woods, mirrored and reflected from waters broad and bright as the Mediterranean of the old world. The forests—pen nor pencil can do justice to the spectacle nature presents, when the frost of a night has changed the lingering green of summer. "It is as if a myriad of rainbows were laced through the tree-tops; as if the sunsets of a summer—gold, purple, and crimson—had been fused in the alembic of the west, and poured back in a new deluge of light and colour over the wilderness. It is as if every leaf in those countless trees had been painted to outflush the tulip; as if, by some electric miracle, the dyes of the earth's heart had struck upward, and her crystals and ores, her sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies, had let forth their imprisoned colours, to mount through the roots of the forest, and, like the angels that in olden time entered the bodies of the dying, reanimate the perishing leaves, and revel an hour in their bravery."

Mr. J. G. Vandenhoff.—This young gentleman, a son of the distinguished actor now in this country, made a successful debut lately at Covent Garden theatre, in the part of "Leon," in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife. The Liverpool Albion says, "though brought up to the law, in which he had acquired considerable practice, having recently held the important situation of solicitor to the Dock Estate, he had always a bent towards the stage. It is said he has abilities which cannot fail to place him, ere long, in a high rank, not as a comedian only, but as a tragedian also." He is, it is known, the author of several songs, etc.; and a piece of his was produced at Liverpool, entitled "The Three Beauties of Dresden," when he was not more than sixteen years of age.

Beauties of royalty.—The Leipsic Gazette, in a letter dated Naples, third September, relates the following curious little incident: "Last Friday the driver of a hackney-coach had the ill-luck to cross the Toledo-street, just when the king entered it with his carriage. The former's horses being too tired to proceed quickly enough, the king's progress was stopped for about five minutes. The poor hackney-coachman has been, in consequence, sentenced to an imprisonment of four months; moreover, his vehicle has been solemnly burnt in the courtyard of the grand palace, in presence of thousands of spectators, and the horses are to be sold for the benefit of the poor."

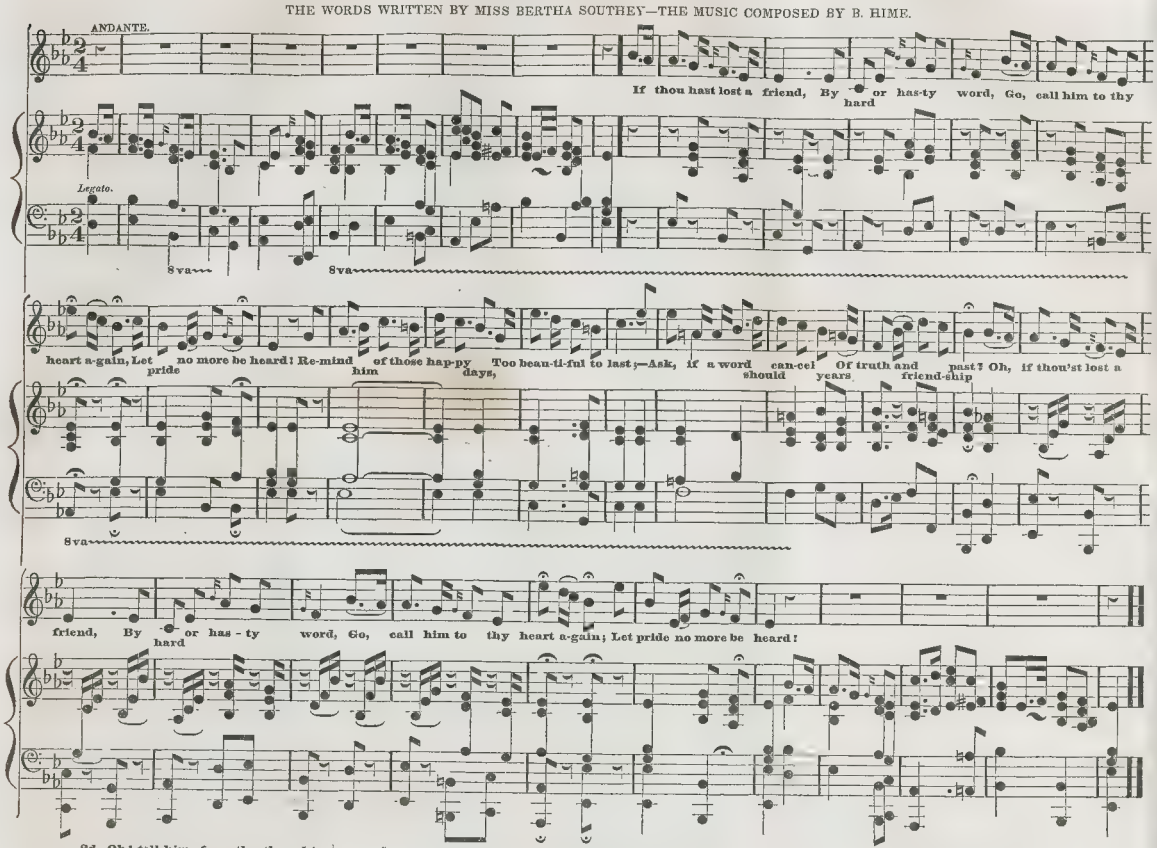
An imperial name.—When Shakspeare made his heroine ask, "What's in a name," it is very plain, that he had never heard of the imperial title of one of the potentates of Java, the sultan of Djocjokarta, who is called Hamankoeboewonosenopattingatogongabgurrachmansaydinpanotogomode. We should think it would puzzle his majesty's poet laureate to make melody of this name in verse.

The mammoth Jonathan.—Brother Jonathan is advertised to appear the mammoth to-day, being double its ordinary size. If, as promised, it contains the cream of all the English and American souvenirs, it will be a valuable and entertaining magazine of literature, which will keep one engaged nearly a week in reading.

Alexandre's exhibition.—We publish the following communication with much pleasure, coming, as it does, from an eminent and liberal-minded citizen, who has done much for the fine arts in this country, and whose opinions are always entitled to much respect:—"The times are hard; I therefore, in the true spirit of philanthrophy, propose a plan by which a small investment can be made to produce great returns. There is an exhibition at the rooms of the National Academy, Clinton-Hall, of the richest cabinet of original drawings and sketches ever exhibited here. They belong to Monsieur Alexandre, the celebrated ventriloquist, who is acting at the Park Theatre. This exhibition is made by the proprietor with the greatest liberality, as the proceeds are to constitute a fund for premiums at the exhibitions of the academy; and never did artist, or amateur, or man of taste lay out twenty-five cents to more advantage than in the study of this perfectly original and unique collection. M. Alexandre has travelled in every part of Europe, and had access to all the most distinguished persons—emperours, princesses, statesmen, men of science and artists, and has gleaned a port-feuille of the works of the most eminent painters, done in most instances especially for him. The works of each country form a specimen of the school of modern art in that country, and bear the impress of the genius of each artist, original, authentic and characteristic of his particular style; some of surpassing merit, and others interesting as the productions of individuals, whose lofty rank places them out of the sight of ordinary mortals. In the latter class are sketches by the emperour of Russia, princess Gallitizen, the king of Portugal, duke de Reichstadt, and prime ministers, councillors of state, and "grave and reverend seignors" in vast numbers. Added to which, he has letters from men of *letters*, autographs of *autocrats*, and notes from persons of *note*, which must have required the greatest perseverance, industry, and (I should be inclined to think) personal cleverness, to obtain. It is certainly a most interesting exhibition for us simple folks; and I trust his American port-feuille, which he is desirous to add to his other treasures, will prove worthy of its association. The artists owe much to the liberality with which he has lain open his riches to their inspection and that of the public, and can by their contributions greatly enhance their value. LESLIE.

IF THOU HAST LOST A FRIEND.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS BERTHA SOUTHEY—THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY B. HIME.



MISCELLANY.

THE CAPE COD FISHERMAN.

TUNE—"*The Bonny Boat.*"

Or, swiftly glides our gallant barg
The bounding billows o'er,
While sinking gulls more dolymark
The rough New-England shore.
We spread our sail, to catch the gale,
Upon the stormy sea,
And dauntless rice the raging tide,
With hearts of mounting glee.

Our tackl ngs sweep the rocky bar
When storms are howling nigh,
And o'er the heaving depths afar
We chase the ocean fry.
Full oft we troll the treacherous shoal
Unsearch'd by mortal ken,
Full oft encay the monster prey
Within his watery den.

Tho' threatening clouds the welkin fill,
Though roaring billows cal,
No wintry wind our breasts can chill,
No wave our hearts appal.
With spirit stout, that ne'er g.ves out,
With hand that never tires,
Can there be one New-England son
Unlike his sturdy sires?

Our wealth is in the ocean blue,
The waves are our comam, true,
But homeward prompts remembrance
Nor prompts us home in vain.
For all that's dear lies treasured here,
Upon this rugged strand—
Then strike all sail, and welcome hail
Our glorious, native land.

THE MISTAKE.—Dr Mead dabbled considerably in the stocks. One day, prior to his visiting his patients, he received intelligence that the stocks had suddenly fallen. At this moment he was sent for, in a great hurry, to visit a lady who was very ill. Having considerable property in the funds, the news made so strong an impression upon his mind, that while he was feeling the patient's pulse, he exclaimed: "Mercy upon me, how they fall—lower! lower! lower!" The lady, in great alarm, flew to the bell, cried out, "I am dying; Dr. Mead says my pulse gets lower and lower, so that it is impossible I should live!" "You are dreaming, madam," replied the physician, rousing from his reverie, "your pulse is very good, and nothing ails you; it was the stocks I was talking of."

A STRONG WIND.—A Tennessee paper says, that John L. Wind, Esq of Mississippi, it is said, recently thrashed three men in four minutes That wind must have blown a strong hurricane at the time. The chap would make a fortune in the West Indies, by running an opposition against tornadoes.

A COPPER CONSCIENCE.—Mr. Curran, on examining a witness of the name of Halfpenny, began with, "Halfpenny, I see you're a *rap*, and for that reason you shall be nailed to the counter." "Halfpenny *is sterling*," exclaimed the opposite counsel "No, no," said he, "he's exactly like his own conscience, only *copper-washed*."

THE DECEITFULNESS OF HOPE.—Alas! are not the blessings of the world like the enchanted bullets? that which pierces our heart is united with the gift which our heart desired.

ALLEGORIES.—There are many revolutions of infinite moment and magnitude which have originated in trifles. Every man may learn the elements of geography from an attention to the temperature of his own mind Melancholy is the North Pole, Envy the South. Choler the Torrid Zone Ambition the Zodiac, Joy the Ecliptic line, Justice the Equinoctial, Prudence and Temperance the Artic and Antartic circles. Patience and Fortitude the Tropics; Justice should be a man's governour. Prudence his counsellor, Temperance his friend, Fortitude his champion, Hope his food, Charity his house, Sincerity his neighbour, Wit his companion, Patience his wife. Reason his guide, and Judgment his director in all things.

ROYAL ECONOMY.—When Charles the eighth of France was once at Bourges, he ordered a pair of boots to be made for him. As he was trying them on, the intendant of his household came in and said to the shoemaker—"Take away your boots; we can't afford a new pair yet; his majesty must wear his old ones a month longer." The king, it is said, commended the intendant for his prudence. Now-a-days, he would be sent to Bedlam as a lunatic.

HOW TO PAY A DOCTOR.—In days of yore, a South Carolina planter, in reply to a letter from his physician, containing the items, "*to visits and mixtures*," replied, "that he would return his visits; and if the physician would honour him with his company at dinner the next day, he would give him more palateable mixtures than those which he received."

LIFE.—Daily, customary life is a dark and mean abode for man; and unless he often opens the door and windows, and looks out into the freer world beyond, the dust and cobwebs soon thicken over every entrance of light; and in the perfect gloom he forgets that beyond and above there is an open air.

LETTER-WRITING.—A French wife wrote this affectionate and laconic letter to her husband: *Je vous ecris parceque Je n'ai rein a faire: Je finis, parceque Je n'ai a dire.*" I write to you, because I have nothing to do: I end my letter, because I have nothing to say.

WESTERN "HELP."—The author of "A New Home" says she once had a damsel living with her, who used to put her head in at a door with—"*Miss* Clavers, did you holler? I thought I *heered* a yell."

AN ECONOMICAL WAITER.—"You are an excellent *packer*," said Theodore Hook to a waiter at the Athenæum." "How so, sir?" returned the other. "Why," responded the wit, "you have contrived to pack a *quart bottle* of wine into a *pint* decanter."

FRIENDSHIP.—Friendship is a dangerous word for young ladies; it is love full-fledged, and waiting for a fine day to fly.

MATRIMONY.—Matrimony is a medicine very proper for young men to take. It decides their fate—kills or cures.

SYRIA.—The dress of the people, the customs of society, the idiom of thought, the salutations of courtesy—all are living records of remote ages; nor can a more striking illustration be adduced than that which I relate to you, when, on approaching Bethlehem, the aged inhabitants, with tears and lamentations, came out and met me, to beseech my intercession on the cruel oppression then inflicted on them; and one thousand eight hundred years after the memorable record of that custom, they strewed their abaye and garments in my path, which, with my suite, I literally rode over; while my heart beat, and my eyes were bathed with tears, at such a striking memorial of past ages amidst such a scene of present wretchedness

COMFORT OF CHILDREN.—Call not that man wretched who, whatever else he suffers as to pain inflicted, pleasure denied, has a child for whom he hopes and on whom he doats. Poverty may grind him to the dust, obscurity may cast its darkest mantle over him, the song of the gay may be far from his dwelling, his face may be unknown to his neighbours, and his voice may be unheeded by those among whom he dwells—even pain may rack his joints, and sleep may flee from his pillow, but he has a gem, with which he would not part for wealth defying computation, for fame filling a world's ear, for the luxury of the highest health, or for the sweetest sleep that ever sat upon a mortal's eye.

EXPERIENCE PETRIFIES THE HEART.—The drops that trickle within the cavern harden, yet brighten into spars as they indurate. Nothing is more polished, nothing more cold, than that wisdom which is the work of former tears, of former passions, and is formed within a musing and solitary mind!

GRAVE AMUSEMENT.—The following introduction to a piece of poetry in a late periodical, is quite novel to us: "The following lines were written more than sixty years ago, by one who has for many years slept in his grave, *merely for his own amusement.*"

SINCERITY OF PASSION.—That which the heart most asks is that which no words can convey. Honesty, patriotism, religion, these have their hypocrites for life; but passion permits only momentary dissemblers.

MATERIALS OF POETRY.—Good sense is the *body* of poetic genius, fancy its *drapery*, motion its *life*, and imagination the *soul* that is everywhere and in each, and forms all into one graceful and intelligent whole.

Published every Saturday, at No. 1 Barclay-street, near the corner of Broadway. Terms, FIVE DOLLARS per annum, payable, in all cases, in advance. All letters must be post paid, and directed to the editor.

George P. Scott, Printer, corner of Gold and John streets.

NEW-YORK MIRROR,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Embellished with Engravings, and Music arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.] SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, NO. 1 BARCLAY-STREET, NEAR BROADWAY. [PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME SEVENTEEN. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1839. NUMBER TWENTY-THREE.

For the New-York Mirror.

TO A GIRL IN HER TEARS.

BY MISS VANDENHOFF.

Maiden, weep not! why dost thou
Wear this sadness on thy brow?
Why should care's dark rayless wing
Hover o'er so bright a thing?

Why should thy fair bosom rise,
Giving birth to heart-sent sighs?
Why are thy soft curls unbound,
Hanging like a veil around?

Love has crept within thy breast,
Stealing all thy soul's sweet rest;—
Love!—'tis but an idle thought,
More with grief than gladness fraught.

Cast these wo-drops from thine eyes,
Let them beam like sunny skies;
Though thy spirit pine away,
Let thy lip and cheek be gay.

Let no sigh reveal thy heart,
Let no gushing tear-drop start;
Let no trembling tone betray
Aught of sorrow—now away!

ORIGINAL SPORTING SKETCHES.

HARKAWAY!

The popularity of the sporting sketch, published in the last number of the Mirror, has induced us to make another selection from the manuscript of Mr. Mills's new work.

THE OLD WHIPPER-IN.

"I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,
Doth with his lofty shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine ——"

It was Christmas eve. A thick sleet was falling fast, and drifting against the windows of the park-lodge, as the superannuated whipper-in sat in a large chair before a blazing fire, instructing his son, now occupying the same situation that he did, before "age made him slacken his pace," in the important duties of "first whip," to Lord Leyborough's pack. A small round table was between the father and son, upon which stood a huge brown jug, frothing to the brim with October ale, mellowed by time and the seasons. The silver hair upon the old man's head was thin, and worn away from his smooth forehead; but health glowed in his ruddy cheek, and contentment beamed in his laughing eyes The son, an athletic fellow, just in the strength of manhood, with ample shoulder and sinewy limb, resting his elbows upon the table, listened with profound attention to his father; occasionally he rose and supplied the fire with fresh logs, and then again resumed his attitude of ease, and eagerness to hear.

"It's not much believed," said the old man; "that a good whipper-in is of more consequence than a good huntsman; but my lord knows that he is—he knows that a pack ought to be kept steady, and together, which are the chief duties of a whipper-in. Now his lordship supposes that as I did these to his satisfaction, you, being my son, ought to be able to fill the place just as well as I did; and you will too, if you follow my directions. Help yourself."

This last desire was obeyed by the son taking a long deep draught of the ale.

"Show your genius," continued the old man, "when you've a chance, by clapping for'ard to an open earth that the fox is making for; keep him off his foil, and be sure never attempt to stop the hounds before you get well to their heads. Don't rate before you flog; when a hound deserves the lash, hit him first and rate him afterwards. Encourage them well in cover, and give 'em plenty of, have-a-care! it's the best holloo you can use; for if they're on a good scent, they won't mind it; so no harm will be done; if on a bad, it's a good warning. Always think of the tail hounds; get them on as fast as you can; but never halloo forward, except when a fox is found, as then they'll always fly to it. Bring home all your dogs, nothing is more slovenly and careless than losing hounds; keep them up and well together, then you'll seldom miss one. Never ride into the midst of the pack for a riotous hound; wait for an opportunity, and then single him out, otherwise some may be rode over and the whole thrown into confusion. Be sure not to encourage a particular hound, by crying out his name for the others to bark to him! without certain of being right, as it balks and makes all of them careless of your hollow. Young whips are always wishing to get on too fast: but mind, it's the greatest fault one can commit to ride on, if a single dog remains behind. Follow these instructions, and you'll give satisfaction, Bill, my boy, to my lord, and to the hunt"

At the conclusion of this homily, the old gentleman embraced the jug, and imitated the example of his son, by quaffing a stiff pull rom its contents.

"I'll mind what you say, governour, never fear. I've seen the way in which you make the bow-wows run. A table-cloth would cover them at any time," replied Bill.

The old man smiled at the compliment and [illegible] cold night, 'faith I think it a fair excuse for [illegible] Come, spice up some ale, and clap it on the fir[illegible] hand Bill obeyed the order by filling a bright[illegible] blood of Sir John Barleycorn," and adding to [illegible] nutmeg, cloves, sugar, and a brown crust of brown bread. So[illegible] the concomitants hissed and steamed fragrantly upon the bright embers, occasioning from Bill's father a peculiar twitching of the organ having the sense of smell.

"Governour, you're like poor old Merryman upon ——"

"The right scent," interrupted the governour, "poor old fellow!"

"He *was* a tearer, an' no mistake," said Bill, stirring up the smoking beer with a silver ladle; the handle of which was a fawn's foot.

"An out-an'-outer. I sha'nt put eyes upon his like, that's my belief, without I see his spirit again," rejoined the old man seriously.

"His what!" exclaimed Bill, stopping, with surprise, in the act of pouring the prepared beverage into a flagon.

"His spirit, I say; but go on, my boy, that stuff smells uncommonly nice," replied his father.

Accordingly, the savoury mixture was conveyed to the wishful palate of the old man, and after it being pronounced "excellent," he took his pipe from a capacious pocket in his scarlet coat, which he continued to wear notwithstanding time had decreed that no more with him should

"Horse and hound fierce joy display,
Exulting at the hark-away"

"Instead of smoking, governour, I wish you'd say what you meant by seeing Merryman's spirit again," said Bill, "one would suppose you had seen it already."

"So I have, boy."

"Have you, though!" exclaimed Bill, a disbeliever in ghosts, spirits, hobgoblins, and all sorts of immaterial beings, "through which the moon shines unchecked."

"The truth is, Bill," slowly said the old gentleman, with a contemplative look at the white-washed ceiling, and a smack of his lips, which is often a demonstration of self-supposed importance, "I have my own particular belief, as to spirits, and such-like. Why shouldn't there be ghosts of dead monkeys as well as dead men, I should like to know. A man isn't a more wonderful beast than a monkey, and both are great rascals, to say the best of them. Some people pretend to say, that when a monkey 'turns his toes up, to the root of the daisies' there's an end of him. Stuff o'nonsense! There's no end to anything. The old bricks and mortar are fresh worked into other moulds, after this fashion: monkeys become christians, being next to human nature, and christians, as tops of the tree, again become hay-seed or cabbages. That is to say, their shells, or outsides, so alter; their spirits may be disposed of differently; but I think they accompany the carcase, or vegetable, as the case happens to fit."

"Why, governour! you're not a christian," said Bill

"The archbishop of York couldn't prove that he was a better one than I am," rejoined the old man. "Deal as you would be dealt by, is my religion—Isn't that christian?"

"Yes; but that's not enough to make a man a thorough-bred one," replied Bill.

"Quite enough, my boy—quite enough; for if we act towards others as we wish them to act towards us, there will be no ground for complaint in our lives—no injustice committed—no wrong intended; and these are all that can be expected from the best christian that ever lived"

"But this has nothing to do with the subject we started with," said Bill.

"Not altogether; and yet it has something. You see, that I believe everything living has a spirit. I think, in fact, it very probable that even a turnip has a soul; at any rate, I know that a dog has, and that I saw Merryman's on the night of his death," replied the old man, looking earnestly in his son's face, to see what impression this novel statement had made.

"Do tell me all about it," rejoined Bill, his curiosity much excited, "I never heard the whole of that day's work which killed the old hound. It was a splitter, I believe."

"Do you want to hear the beginning?"

"Yes, and the end of it," replied Bill.

"Put some more wood on the fire, and close the shutters first; the cold increases with the night," said the old man, drawing his chair closer to the fire.

When Bill had obeyed this order, he placed himself in a snug corner opposite to his father, who, with a preliminary clearing of his voice, commenced—

"It will be six years ago, the ninth of next February, that we threw off at the Lynallet cover. The sky was cloudy, and the ground covered with dew. My lord, and all the gentlemen of the hunt were out. The cover not having proved a blank any one day; the weather good, and the ground in fine order, had turned out every [illegible] of them, and a pretty crack set they were. Bob, the hunts[illegible] [illegible]ted all the best hounds from the kennel; not one was [illegible] of riotous, and appearances were in favour of a run not to [illegible] beaten.

"We threw off, and drew up the wind towards a stopped earth. All was very silent, for Bob as you know is never noisy, as most huntsmen are; but in the finest style of any fellow in the world, he hunts the hounds. I was about to give 'em a cheer-up, when the old leader, Merryman, gave such a long bell-like note that pleased the ear like music. Hark to Merryman! hollooed I.—Tallyho! tallyho! shouted some one immediately afterwards, as the fox broke. Yoiks for'ard! for'ard! shouted I, and out burst every hound close to his brush; not one tailed. There was no occasion to bawl out, hold hard! No one, except Bob and me, thought of starting before my lord, and he's too good a sportsman to tear away before the proper time. But when he gives the hark-away! and any one hesitates to ride or take a leap before him, the way in which he asks what he's waiting for! is a caution not to show him so much respect for the future. He can't abide humbug in any shape."

"In a handful of seconds, on went as strong a fox as ever rattled across a country—as fine a pack o'hounds as could be unkennelled in England—as fine a gentleman for a master as ever owned a pack, and two score and six of as well mounted, straight riders, as could cross saddles; not to say anything of Bob the huntsman, and ——"

"My father, the whipper-in," chimed in Bob.

"Just so, my boy; but don't interrupt me."

"For a quarter of an hour we ran in view over a heath, as level as a howling-green. The pace was so great, and no raspers to clear, that it was more like a race than a hunt. At the other side of the heath was a deep sloping hollow; at the bottom of which was a thick growth of furze; down dipped sly reynard among the prickles; but the hounds were so hot upon him, that they ran him through without a check, in full cry. On the side he came out was a steep hill, which he climbed at his best speed; but Merryman increased upon him so at this work, that he was obliged to turn his sharp nose again to the hollow. Now he managed to make a greater distance between the hounds and himself, by running in a slanting direction towards the bottom of the hill. When he got there, he struck along the valley with his brush straight out, and, before the dogs reached the end of the slope, he became lost to view, through this cunning gallop of his. Every hound was in full tongue, and each strained his muscles to near the fox; making the hills ring again with his hearty cry. For about twenty minutes we rattled on, without any check, and the scent breast high. The ground was rather heavy; but no strong leaping fatigued our nags. Hoggerel woods were now in sight, to which the fox was making, and where there were some earths; but the stoppers had been the night before to close them up, so that there was no danger of losing him, or our having any great trouble of getting him out of these thick covers.

"I and Bob were riding neck-and-neck, when the first stiff jump was before our horses' heads. It was a rail, a deep water-course, and another rail on the opposite side; a regular fly of twenty feet Bob and I exchanged looks as we neared it. I believe, and often have told him so, that he wouldn't have switched that rasper if I had not been at his side; as it was, he went at it very cautiously. Neither of the horses swerved a hair's width as they took their spring at it; but the ground being much lower on the other side, made both stagger upon their legs, as they cleared the splitting leap.

"The hounds dived into the cover, about one hundred yards before we reached the edge of it, and, the earths being stopped, they ran the fox clean through it, just as they did with the other one. Before we reached the end of the wood, all were out, and again the sneaking rascal was in view, doing his best to get away. We gave him a good tallyho! and he seemed to take the cheer like a hero, for he lifted his brush a little, as much as to say, catch me who can. We now were going over a grass country at a killing pace. Mile after mile we scoured, sometimes losing sight of the fox; but for the most part running him in view; so close did the hounds press to him.

"As near as I can guess, we crossed sixteen miles nearly in a straight line from Lynallet to Gosford-brook, without a breathing moment. Here we had about a couple of minutes, from the sly vermin having dipped himself in the water to lose the scent; but making a wide cast, the hounds soon picked it up, and on we went again at the same rate. Still there was a good field up, although many had been floored at the leap Bob and I took; and those who had been thrown, not only off, but out of the sport, being unable, from the speed we went, to make up the lost distance. That day his lordship rode at everything he came to, and was close behind me the whole of the distance

"The hounds now began to tail one after the other. I did all that was in my power to get them on; but it was no use; the poor fellows wanted as much as I did to go ahead; but the pace and distance had taken their strength away; on they could not go. 'Never mind them, James, go on, go on, they must be left and found afterwards,' said my lord, galloping past me, as I was flogging four or five of the tired dogs on.

"I was on that tip-top mare, the Maid-'o-the-Mill, and leaving the hounds to drop off, as they did, one by one, at almost every stride, I 'took every thing as God sent it,' with but five couple of them now running before us.

"After going with these over a heavy woodland country for thirty minutes, I turned my eyes round to see the state of the field; his lordship held his place; but there were but six beside him in sight. We now mounted Beach-tree hill, and were swinging [illegible] like coursing greyhounds, when I heard the view hollow from the other side. As I dipped over the top, there I saw a farmer halloo the fox, tearing along at the bottom, as strong as ever. We kept him in view for three miles across Rington Park; but did not gain a yard upon him A new six feet fence was being made round the park, and part of it was up, at the end he was steering for I thought he would double when he came to it; but there was no turn in him; he charged it fresh as a three-year old, and made for a straight course to Chalk-pit rock. The dogs went at it pretty much together; four jumped against the fence, about half-way up, and fell powerless to the ground; three reached the top—scrambled upon it, for a second or two, and over they came, backwards, to join the others, panting, without strength, or breath, upon the earth Merryman, Hopeful, and Struggler, flew across, but were the only three out of the whole pack able to continue the chace.

"Bob was a short distance before me, and, to my surprise, for he has good judgment in riding, I saw him prepare to have a go at the rasper His horse was much too tired, and so was he for such a leap; but there was no flinching in either of them. Over! cried Bob, dashing his persuaders into his horse's flanks, and throwing out his whip-hand as they rose at it. By heaven! in my whole life, I hardly ever saw such a fall! The horse struck the edge of the fence with his fore-legs, just below his knees, and over they pitched headforemost on the opposite side, enough to break every bone in their bodies. I pulled up, and, to my utter astonishment, saw Bob wiping the perspiration from his forehead, as if nothing had happened, standing by the side of his fallen horse.

"Are you hurt?" said I.

"No," replied he, "not much; but the horse is done up. I can't go any farther"

"What's the injury?" inquired my lord, arriving at the spot.

"Bob's horse, and all the hounds but three, are tired out," replied I.

"Then follow on, James. I'll not have the leash whipped off," said his lordship.

"I turned the Maid-'o-the-Mill's head to where the fence ended, and cutting across at her best speed, I was close again to the crack three, having the hunt all to ourselves; not one rider being now up, except myself. For nearly an hour longer we kept the pace still the same: but now I felt the mare reel and stagger under me, and I was certain another mile would be all that she could accomplish. I had not seen the fox since he jumped the park fence till now, when I saw him go into a thick osier bed, by the side of a stream, a quarter of a mile before the hounds. Merryman pressed before Hopeful and Struggler into the osiers, which made me fear both these were about giving up. Before I arrived there, the fox was through, with the old leader not fifty yards behind him; but neither of the other two with him, or in sight. At every stretch the mare took now, I expected that she would fall from weakness; the spur was not answered; and sure that she could not last five minutes longer upon her legs, I pulled up and dismounted. Upon going into the middle of the bed, I found both the hounds lying down, with their tongues stretched out, upon the ground, and their eyes ready to start from their sockets. I could still hear the cry of old Merryman, which became fainter and fainter, until I lost it altogether, as I led the mare, and made the dogs crawl after me, towards a cottage in sight

"After attending to the poor, worn-out, and punished animals, I procured a sort of a conveyance on wheels, and a lame pony, to take me to the nearest post town, where I got a chaise and pair of fast tits to help me on the road home. Knowing our master would be very wishful to know what became of us, I was determined to get home that night, and send the next morning for the horse and dogs I had to travel thirty-seven miles from the cottage to the hall, and it was late in the evening before I arrived home. Upon sending in word to my lord that I had returned, I was summoned into the dining-room, where I found him comfortably stretched upon a sofa smoking a cigar."

"Well, James, did you kill him?" inquired his lordship.

"I then told him all that had happened. He was very much pleased with old Merryman's continuing the hunt; and, after hearing what I had to say, he told me that all the hounds, but a brace, were picked up on the way home, and ordered me to start, with some help, early in the morning, to get these, and Merryman."

"Do you think the old hound would run much farther?" asked he.

"Both the fox and hound were very strong, my lord, when I left them," replied I.

"The noble old fellow! Get to rest as soon as you can, and start with the dog-cart, by day-break, for him," said his lordship.

"It was a clear bright night when I turned into the bed, which you now occupy, over the kennel. Nothing could be heard save the deep breathing of the tired-out hounds, that were crouched in sleep, and the bubbling of the stream through the water-court; however, I soon became unconscious of these sounds.

"I was dreaming of

> 'Merryman, spurs, and leather breeches,
> Falls, fences, and swinging o'er rails and ditches,

when I awoke with every dog howling at his utmost stretch. I jumped up, blessing the cause of the noisy brutes' row, and was soon among them whip in hand; but there was no quarrel or fight, and I could see nothing amiss. All were huddled together like a frightened flock of sheep, and on they kept crying just as if the cord was being put upon them. To tell the truth, I felt somewhat queer at this, and my voice didn't seem quite so firm as usual, when I halloo'd out [illegible] them to be quiet. In a short time I managed to get peace, and [illegible] to find out the reason of all this rumpus. I looked he[illegible] here to no purpose, and began to think that a hound had b[illegible] in his dream, which set the others on, when, in the airing gr[illegible], I saw, as plain as I now see you, old Merryman standing in the pale light of the moon, with his bushy tail fanning to and fro, and his ears thrown back upon his white neck, as it was his custom when pleased Not thinking of the impossibility of his return, I called the old fellow to me, delighted and surprised at seeing him; but there he remained, waving his tail and looking at me. I walked two or three steps towards him, when he glided away into the mist, gradually fading from my sight, till he disappeared altogether, just as the first rays of light broke through the morning fog

"I felt very uncomfortable, if not frightened at this sight, and returned to my room, to dress and prepare for my journey As soon as the apparition, or whatever it was, left, the dogs recovered from their fright, and began to stretch their legs as usual about the yard. With a heavy heart, I started in the dog-cart, with a pair of good horses, to search for the old leader, and the other two hounds After inquiring along the road, I found at a farm house, about twenty miles from the kennel, the brace, foot-sore and famished I boxed them up in the cart, and proceeded, with fresh horses, to the cottage where I had left the mare and the other brace of hounds I put a stable-boy, that I had taken with me, upon the mare, directing him to walk her gently home, and went on to inquire for Merryman. After much asking, a man ploughing told me, that he saw one hound in full cry cross the road, about where I was, on his way from his work the night before. This was the first piece of intelligence I had received concerning the old hound As I proceeded, and was turning down a lane in the direction that he took, according to the ploughman's statement, I saw a shepherd unfolding his flock. I inquired of him if he had heard or seen the hound"

"Yes, sir," replied he, "just inside of that brushwood I saw a dead hound and fox, lying close to each other, this morning at sunrise; and there I left them."

"I ran as fast as I could to the spot. About six feet in the thicket laid poor old Merryman and the fox, dead and stiff. Both had run their lives out at the same time. The gay old hound's teeth had not touched the fox; he had not been mouthed; but died, as the hound did, with the race alone.

"A white frost had crisped the hair of the two matchless fellows, and the rays of the morning sun glittered upon their frozen coats, as I looked upon them with a quivering lip, and tearful eyes For six years he had been the favourite; I was with him the first time he sung his song at a cub, and from that moment, when his cry was rung, he never was at fault. Poor old fellow! there he was, stretched upon the ground dead; never could his note again make our hearts leap with joy, as it used when he gave his signal for reynard to unkennel. However, if he had lived, he would have been on the shelf now, as I am; as it was, he died the dashing leader of the pack."

A pause ensued for some minutes, after the whipper-in had concluded the account of old Merryman's last hunt. At length Bill said

"There's nothing to be sorry for in a hound like him, ending his day in the way he did!"

"No, my boy, no. I agree with you in that. Here I am, you see, worn out, and obliged to take an old nurse's place now of lodge-keeper, to open the park gates"

"Not obliged, father—for my lord wished you to live in a cottage upon the estate, and do nothing," replied the son.

"I know that; but I'm not going to eat the bread of idleness as long as I can crawl, Bill," rejoined the father.

It was past twelve, and the old whipper-in was beginning to evince signs of required sleep, when the hunt was taken by Bill, who slowly rose from his position of comfort before the fire, and lighted his stable-lamp. After peeping into the ale jug, which, to his surprise, had been emptied at intervals by his father, he buttoned up his warm coat, and shaking the old man's hand, wished him a "merry Christmas," and took his leave. The door had but just closed, when he returned, and, with a look of assumed seriousness, said—

"What do you say as to the ghost or apparition that appeared on the morning of Merryman's death?"

"What do I say!" repeated the old man. "Why, that it was his spirit come to warn me of his death, to be sure."

"Did you ever see it again?" inquired his son.

"Never, my boy—never," was the reply.

"What do you think became of it?" asked Bill

"Why, as to that matter, I can't say exactly; but I shouldn't wonder, when I reflect," said the old man, pressing a finger upon his brow, "that the spirit of Merryman may be in the puppy Trimbush."

GAIETIES AND GRAVITIES.

THE EDITOR, BY ONE.

The editor is the dupe of destiny. His lot was knocked down to him a bargain, and it turns out to be a take-in. His land of promise is a moving bog. His bed of roses is a high-backed chair stuffed with thorns. His laurel wreath is a garland of nettles. His honours resolve themselves into a capital hoax—his pleasures are heavy penalties—his pride is the snuff of a candle—his power but volumes of smoke. The editor is the most ill-starred man alive. He, and he alone—the thousand pretenders about town notwithstanding—is indeed the identical martyr commonly talked of as the most ill-used individual. He seems to govern opinion, and is in reality a victim to the opinions of others. He means more than nine-tenths of the risk and responsibility, and reaps less than one tenth of the reward and reputation. The defects of his work are liberally assigned to him—the merits of it are magnanimously imputed to his correspondents. If a bad article appear, the editor is unsparingly condemned—if a brilliant one be inserted, Anonymous carries off the eulogium. The editorial function is supposed to consist "in the substitution of 'if it be' for 'if it is,' and the insertion of the word 'however' here and there, to impede the march of a fine style." Commas and colons are the only points he is reputed to make—his niche of fame is merely a parenthesis—he is but a note of admiration to genius! His life is spent in ushering clever people into deserved celebrity—he sits as charioteer, outside the vehicle, in which prodigious talents are driven to immortality

It is his fortune to insert all his contributors in the temple of glory, and to exclude himself for want of space. He is always to "go in," but expires unpublished at last. He bestows present popularity on thousands, without securing posthumous renown as his own share. His career in this life is a tale of mystery—"to be continued in the next." He is only thought of when things go wrong in the journal. Curiosity then looks out at the corners of its eyes, and with brows and lips pursed up, querulously ejaculates, "who is he?" If by any chance, praise instead of censure should be meditated, the wrong man is immediately mentioned. People are only certain of their editor when they are going to horsewhip him Is there a bright passage or two in an indifferent article, you may be sure that they are not indebted for that polish to the editorial pen. Is there a dull phrase or a harsh period in some favourite contribution? Oh, the editor has altered it, or neglected to revise the press! But if the editor is abused for what he inserts, he is twice abused for what he rejects It is a curious feature of his destiny, that if he strikes out but a single line of an article, whether in verse or in prose, that very line is infallibly the crowning beauty of the production. It is not a little odd, that when he declines a paper, that paper is sure to be by far the best thing the author ever wrote.

Accepted articles may be bad; rejected ones are invariably good. It is admitted that judgment is the first essential for an editorship, and it is at the same time insisted on, that judgment is exactly the quality which the editor has not. An author is praised in a review—he is grateful to an individual writer, whose name he has industriously inquired for; an author is condemned in a review—he is unspeakably disgusted with the editor. Week after week, month, after month, the said editor succours the oppressed, raises up the weak, applauds virtue, exalts talent—he pens or promulgates the praises of friends—of their books, pictures, acting, safety-lamps, and steam paddles—but from the catalogue of golden names, his own is an eternal absentee.

Dionysius, the listener.—Among the "rubbish" of the ruined city of Syracuse, in Sicily, there is a cavern cut out of the rock called the "Ear of Dionysius," which is no less a monument of the ingenuity and magnificence, than the cruelty of that tyrant. It is in the form of the human ear, in perpendicular height eighty feet, and in length not less than two hundred and fifty feet. The cavern is said to be so contrived that every sound made in it was collected and united into one point. This was called the tympanum, and opposite to it the tyrant had made a small hole which communicated with a little apartment where he used to conceal himself, and applying his own ear to this hole he could hear distinctly every word that was spoken in the cavern below. No sooner was the apartment finished, and a proof of it made, than he put to death all the men who had been employed in its construction; he then confined all whom he suspected were his enemies, overheard their conversation, judged of their guilt or innocence, and condemned or acquitted them accordingly

Ballooning.—According to a Paris paper a M. Carneim is constructing a balloon at the Ecole Militaire, which he hopes to direct through the air as he pleases. On each side of the car he has adapted four *palettes*, resembling the wings of a wind-mill, which he puts in motion by means of a secret internal mechanism. The resistance of the air to every *palette* that strikes it is reflected upon the balloon and carries it forward, just like the flying bird or swimming fish

Singular charity.—A Russian countess being persecuted by her creditors for debt, on the porter's acquainting her excellency that the poorer class attended at the gate, she ordered the servant to throw out a bag of copper money among them, and while they were scrambling for it, to let loose a bear at them.

Curts on pumps. —"The fact is, 'we are all in one ship'—and when she has sprung a leak, and the gale is carrying away spars and sails, we shall all go to the bottom together, unless *all* are willing to take their turn at the pump, or perform such other duty as the exigency requires."

Quacks.—Quacks are said to be good friends to regular physicians, as they limit the number of murders of which they commit. The physicians might say, "save us from our friends."

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MEHEMET PACHA.

The history of Mehemet Pacha, the viceroy of Egypt, the remarkable man on whom the eyes of all Europe have now for a very considerable period been fixed, has in it the usual characteristics of an oriental tale—it is wild, startling, and bloody.

He was born in that year so fruitful of extraordinary men, which gave birth to Wellington and Bonaparte, 1769, or 1182 of the Hegira. His humble origin contrasts strangely with his present exaltation, as it was his lot to commence his career in the condition of a slave

His father was captain of the corps appointed to protect the public roads, and Mehemet was yet a child when his father died. The governour of the town took Mehemet under his care, and gave him that education which he deemed suitable to his present circumstances and future prospects.

Since the rise of his fortunes it has been gravely affirmed that his mother was forewarned that she was to be the parent of no common mortal before he saw the light. Mysterious dreams disturbed her mind, and she sought to have them expounded by the learned men of the east. She is said to have consulted certain soothsayers on the subject, though from her condition in life it may be conjectured that she could ill afford to pay the fees necessary to unlock their recondite stores of knowledge. Any sacrifice that she might make was, however, amply rewarded by the revelations which it produced, for she was assured that the child she was about to usher into life would triumph over his enemies, laugh to scorn obstacles which others would hold to be insuperable, and become one of the greatest men of his time. The prediction, like some others, perhaps worked its own fulfilment; for the young Mehemet, apprised by her of his high destiny, soon began to aspire Favouring circumstances encouraged his ambition, and his daring mind was not to be restrained by the apprehensions which bound others in subjection, and he disdained to be enslaved by unnecessary scruples of conscience. He resolved at any price to work out his mother's dreams, and to be a sovereign "in men's despite."

The tchorbagi of the district, whose duty it was to collect the taxes from an impoverished people, found them rebellious and resolute not to pay. Mehemet put himself forward to compel submission. His services being accepted, he entered a village, the scene of the revolt, attended by a few soldiers badly armed. In the first instance he did not threaten; but pretending that he came on a pacific mission, he invited some of the principal inhabitants to meet him in an amicable way. The artifice succeeded. They came, and after a brief show of negotiation, he rudely seized them, bound them, and directed that they should be forthwith carried off as prisoners to Cavalla. Their friends, indignant at the outrage, attempted to interfere, and talked of vengeance. He met the full tide of their resentment, and, defying their fury, declared the captives should instantly be put to death, if any attempt were made to rescue them. Overawed by his stern resolution, they gave way; he executed his purpose, and his prisoners were only saved by payment of the impost which had before been refused.

This was a great triumph for Mehemet. The tchorbagi felt this service to be one of importance, and requited the daring act by naming Mehemet a boulouk bashi. Nor was this all; he had a female relative who was wealthy, and a widow. Through the tchorbagi's influence she became the wife of Mehemet: by her he had three sons, Ibrahim, who now commands his army, and two, named Ismael and Toussoun, who are dead

The money which he gained by marriage he did not disdain to employ in trade. He was assisted by a French merchant named Lion, and his speculations proved most fortunate. The merchandise in which he dealt most was tobacco, and the profits he made were said to be enormous

But war was still his delight, and when the French invaded Egypt, Mehemet distinguished himself by the valour with which he opposed the soldiers of Bonaparte, and this advanced him to the rank of Bin Bashy, and subsequently to that of *Sare-shisme*

Wretched dissensions soon ensued. The Turkish chiefs, in gratifying their own rapacity, forgot their duty to the Porte. Mehemet watched his opportunity, and ingratiated himself with the troops, by insisting on their receiving their pay. He soon found himself strong enough to set his superiours at defiance. They accused him of misconduct, but he refused to allow them to call him to account. A rebellion broke out, which he secretly encouraged The tyrannical viceroy, Koursouf, who had been his enemy, thought it necessary to fly. His successor, Taher Pacha, was less fortunate: his head was severed from his body, and thrown from the window of the palace to gratify the infuriated populace. Other viceroys followed, who failed to restore order. The troops remained unpaid, and, discipline and subordination lost, threatened the inhabitants. All Cairo was in a state of awful alarm, and no man had courage to meet the storm but Mehemet. He seized the ringleaders and beheaded them, and by this severity reassured the populace. The misconduct of the viceroy, however, was continued, and the people were in a highly-excited state, when a firman was received from the sultan, appointing Mehemet pacha of Djedda, and that part of Mecca. He was leaving the city when his discontented military attacked him, claiming their pay. He had the address to turn their rage against the viceroy, and was allowed to proceed

The course of misrule continued, new commotions arose, and again the eyes of the inhabitants of Cairo were turned towards Mehemet. He came to their aid. The Mamalukes committed great disorders, and threatened to besiege Cairo. On this occasion Mehemet acted with his wonted address. Mr. Webster thus tells the story:

"They approached Cairo, and commenced negociations with some of the principal Sheiks, who were persuaded by Mehemet to lend their services on the occasion, and act as decoys to the unheeding enemy Those Sheiks however had, in truth, received ample provocation, inasmuch as, in all the ravaging excursions of the Mamalukes, their respective villages had not been only ransacked, but taken possession of, until duly and dearly ransomed. They played their parts remarkably well, deceiving the Mamalukes in the completest manner. These last came by the Mokattam to the gate of Victory, which happened to be open for the purpose of admitting some countrymen with their loaded camels. The Mamalukes entered, and finding no force on the spot to guard its safety, they put implicit faith in all the wild promises of the heads of the people; and dividing their number into parties, they hurried into the city. In rushing along they shouted in triumph, and sounded all their instruments of martial music in joyous anticipation of success. But their eyes were soon opened to their situation: being attacked on all sides, driven from post to post, slaughtered like so many bellowing bullocks by the infuriated multitude, who were sufficiently recompensed by the large booty they collected, not only by stripping the dead and the prisoners, but by easing the dromedaries of their packages, which, according to ancient custom, and on every occasion, followed their owners, loaded with whatever of the greatest value they possess. Meanwhile the chief prisoners were carried before the rampant pacha. He received them with supercilious contempt, marking out especially Ahmed Bey of Damutta, for his piercing mockery. But he was addressing, to use the words of the poet, one of the

'Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
With whom revenge is virtue,'

and who would have made a manifestation of his possession of that most excellent virtue; but the star of the viceroy had the ascendant, Ahmed's hands were tied. He complained of thirst, and the guards loosened the cords which bound him, and handed him a vessel of water. On the instant, he caught a dagger from a bystander's side, and rushing towards his taunter, would have stabbed him to the heart. The pacha fled, and Ahmed fell under the innumerable blows of the assailant guard. All the prisoners were massacred without mercy, and eighty-three heads were sent in trophy to adorn the seraglio walls of Constantinople."

But funds were wanting to Mehemet, and he now demanded from the receiver-general, who was named George Gonary, his accounts for the five preceding years. This led to the discovery of great abuses on the part of that officer, and he was obliged to buy safety by giving the pacha five thousand purses, and giving up his office.

The steps which he had taken, and the authority he had assumed, caused representations to be made at Constantinople, which had proved fatal to any ordinary man. The Capitan Pacha arriving with his fleet at Alexandria, summoned Mehemet to appear before him. He declined the honour, shrewdly suspecting that, had he done otherwise, the bowstring would have been ready for his neck To the sheikhs and the people he appealed for support. His mind was made up. "I should be a recreant, or a fool," said he, "to abandon the prize within my grasp." The same spirit which makes him now press more extensive claims, gained him the Viceroy's high station. By the determination he manifested he inspired awe. Some well-timed supplies of money furnished the government with an excuse for recognizing him; and on his agreeing to pay four thousand purses into the treasury of the sultan, and giving his son, Ibrahim, and other members of his family, as hostages for the fulfilment of the engagement, his diploma was duly forwarded from the Turkish capital.

Generally recognized as viceroy, his authority was opposed by the Mamalukes. He resolved to crush them for ever. The vengeful deed was accomplished, and by his command, and under his eyes, their blood was relentlessly shed

"The grand senior," says the author already quoted, "had sent his kislar aga to Cairo, as bearer of costly presents to the pacha, and the firman appointed Toussoun, the son of Mehemet, to the dignity of a two-tailed pachalic The same youth had been by his father nominated general of the army of Arabia. The first of March, 1811, was the day set apart for the investiture of Toussoun: and the ceremony was ordered in the citadel. The principal portion of the Mamaluke body had been enticed some time previously into the city, loaded with honours and attentions, and quartered in an appropriate part of the city. These Mamaukes had been invited to take part in the parade and festivities of the day, and they consented to do so. In the morning Chahyn Bey, with his staff and officers, apparelled in whatever they possessed of the greatest cost and magnificence, came to the pacha's hall of audience in the citadel, to offer their congratulations on so joyous an occasion. Mehemet received them with the greatest affability. They were presented with coffee, and he conversed with them seemingly with openness of heart and serenity of brow. But the serpent lay hidden in its bed of roses!

"The procession was ordered to move from the citadel, along a passage cut in the rock. The pacha's troops moved first, followed by the Mamaluke corps. As soon, however, as they had passed the gate at that end of the rocky passage which leads to the citadel, it was shut suddenly against the latter, and Mehemet's forces were ordered to the top of the rocks, where they were perfectly secure from the aim of their victims, and whence they leisurely fired upon the defenceless Mamalukes, and butchered them in cold blood, almost to a man, for escape was difficult, that end of the defile by which they entered having been also closed, and its breadth in many parts being so scanty, that two horsemen could with difficulty stand side by side. Of those who were fortunate enough to find shelter in the pacha's harem, in Toussoun's abode, and elsewhere, all were mercilessly dragged forth, conducted before Kiaya Bey, and beheaded on the spot. The body of the brave leader, Chahyn, was exposed to every infamy. A rope was passed round his neck, and the bloody carcass dragged through various parts of the city, exposed all the while to the execrations and the contumely of the infuriated populace. The citadel itself looked like a hideous slaughter-house, newly deluged with the blood of victims, and overstrewn with a multitude of reeking carcases. Dead steeds lay confusedly along the streets, with their golden caparisons soiled in the filthy compound of dirt and gore; their knights, some with limbs hacked off, others without their heads, still clenching their cimeters with the last despairing, yet desperate grasp of death, were flung near the war-horses, prostrate in a black puddle of their own life-blood. Their numerous followers were cast around their masters, pierced with many balls, their faces depicted that malice which raged in their breasts at not being able to bequeath their dying hatred to a successor.

"Among the number of the slaughtered, Mehemet counted four hundred and seventy Mamalukes. Orders, however, had been generally circulated for their universal destruction throughout the country."

This dreadful sacrifice established his power. He deemed it necessary to the well-being of Egypt, which he identified with his own. He vindicated the act as just and expedient, and never appeared to know the slightest compunction for having ordered it.

The way to be happy.—Cut your coat according to your cloth, is an old maxim, and a wise one; and if people will only square their ideas according to their circumstances, how much happier might we all be! It is not what we have or what we have not, which adds to or subtracts from our felicity. It is the longing for more than we have, and the envying of those who possess that more, which destroys our peace of mind, and eventually leads to ruin.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

AFFECTION.

O lead thy children in affection's way—
With every living thing to sympathize—
'Tis better to be kind than to be wise.
"Our boy's from school," the mother cries, "to-day.
How many will rejoice!" "Puss, pur and play;
And Rover, leap," the little sister cries.
How many will rejoice!"—Now home he hies—
Indulgence gives. He takes his swing and sway;
Th' ungenerous boy becomes the general dread;
Stick, stone, and gun, the weak and aged molest—
The red-breast that came daily to be fed
Is blown away, the muzzle at his breast:
"How many will rejoice!" say rather, weep—
Who sow in joy unwise, in sorrow reap.

THE WARNING.

The storm-cloud came, o'er heaven's large pathway strode,
The billows roll'd around with awful roar—
Two brothers parted on the sea-lash'd shore.
"I go," said one—"nor heed what ye forebode,
My bark shall ride where she hath proudly rode."
He went—was wrecked; he went—returned no more.
The other, calm and thankful, bow'd before
The mercy-sign—and sought his safe abode.
O, fear ye Him, whose hand, as with a rod,
Scourgeth the seas, and measures with a span—
Through whom, a passage once was safely trod,
When upwards all the refluent waters ran:
The warning winds are but the voice of God,
Of disobedience is the voice of man.

EQUINOCTIAL GALES.

Howl on, ye winds, and fill the world with fears,
Ye now have license—yet a little while—
A voice shall call you from your far exile:
The heaven-commission'd spirits that touch the spheres
With holiest fingers, and angelic ears
Charm with celestial song, shall reconcile,
With various stop, you and your wild compeers,
To waft soft airs o'er many a summer isle.
O, ye harmonic spirits, your skill transfer
To rebel passions, till their tumult cease,
Or even they subdued shall minister
To virtue in her glorified increase;
And every thought like sainted chorister
Breathe in its sunlit sanctuary—peace!

THE PLANETARY AND TERRESTRIAL WORLDS.

To us, who dwell on its surface, the earth is by far the most extensive orb that our eyes can anywhere behold: it is also clothed with verdure, distinguished by trees, and adorned with variety of beautiful decorations; whereas to a spectator placed on one of the planets, it wears an uniform aspect, looks all luminous, and no larger than a spot. To beings who still dwell at greater distances, it entirely disappears. That which we call alternately the morning and the evening star, as in one part of the orbit she rides foremost in the procession of night, in the other ushers in and anticipates the dawn, is a planetary world, which, with the four others, that so wonderfully vary the mystic dance, are in themselves dark bodies, and shine only by reflection; have fields, and seas, and skies of their own, are furnished with all accommodations for animal subsistence, and are supposed to be the abodes of intellectual life; all which, together with our earthly habitation, are dependent on that grand dispenser of Divine munificence, the sun; receive their light from the distribution of his rays, and derive their comfort from his benign agency. The sun, which seems to perform its daily stages through the sky, is in this respect fixed and immoveable: it is the great axle of heaven, about which the globe we inhabit, and other more spacious orbs, wheel their stated courses. The sun, though seemingly smaller than the dial it illuminates, is abundantly larger than the whole earth, on which so many lofty mountains rise, and such vast oceans roll. A line extending from side to side through that resplendent orb, would measure more than eight hundred thousand miles. a girdle formed to go round its circumference, would require a length of millions. Were its solid contents to be estimated, the account would overwhelm our understanding, and be almost beyond the power of language to express. Are we startled at these reports of philosophy? Are we ready to cry out in a transport of surprise, "How mighty is the Being who kindled such a prodigious fire, and keeps alive from age to age such an enormous mass of flame!" Let us attend our philosophic guides, and we shall be brought acquainted with the speculations more enlarged and more inflaming. This sun with all its attendant planets is but a very little part of the grand machine of the universe; every star, though in appearance no bigger than the diamond that glitters upon a lady's ring, is really a vast globe, like the sun in size and glory; no less spacious, no less luminous than the radiant source of the day: so that every star is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent system; has a retinue of worlds, irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence, all which are lost to our sight in immeasurable worlds of ether. That the stars appear like so many diminutive and scarcely distinguishable points, is owing to their immense and inconceivable distance. Immense and inconceivable indeed it is, since a ball, shot from the loaded cannon, and flying with unabated rapidity, must travel at this impetuous rate almost seven hundred thousand years before it could reach the nearest of these twinkling luminaries. While beholding this vast expanse I learn my own extreme meanness, I would also discover the abject littleness of all terrestrial things. What is the earth with all her ostentatious scenes, compared with this astonishingly grand furniture of the skies! What but a dim speck, hardly perceptible in the map of the universe! It is observed by a very judicious writer, that if the sun himself, which enlightens this part of the creation, was extinguished, and all the hosts of planetary worlds which move about him were annihilated, they would not be missed by an eye that can take in the whole compass of nature, any more than a grain of sand upon the sea shore. The bulk of which they consist, and the space which they occupy, is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that their loss would leave scarce a blank in the immensity of God's works.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MARY LIVINGSTON; A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

BY JAMES ALDRICH.

"She moved upon this earth a shape of brightness,
A power, that from its objects scarcely drew
One impulse of her being—in her lightness
Most like some radiant cloud of morning dew,
Which wanders through the waste air's pathless blue,
To nourish some far desert; she did seem
Beside me, gathering beauty as she grew,
Like the bright shade of some immortal dream
Which walks, when tempests sleep, the wave of life's dark stream."

In one of the loveliest spots on the banks of the river Rhine, beneath the ruined castle of Eisleben, which hangs like a dark cloud over the waves, are the remains of a Roman fountain, the design of which is a lion reposing on a massive marble pediment. The pediment is elaborately and exquisitely adorned with appropriate figures in relief—the subjects taken for the most part from the heathen mythology. For ages tradition has awarded to the fountain its Egeria, and travellers passing up the Rhine seldom fail to stop at the little hamlet of Urloff, hard by, to visit the castle, or to consult, if possible, the divinity of the place. But neither the divinity nor the castle had induced the young sculptor, Ernest Wernlander, to visit the fountain; he was attracted by its fame as a work of art, and came to study and copy the reliefs.

Wernlander had been educated in one of the best German universities; at times he had given up his whole soul to the study of chemistry, astronomy, and poetry; these he left in disgust for the chisel of the sculptor; he did not lack genius nor ability, but that resolution and firmness of purpose, without which mental power is ever unproductive. His character was an anomaly not infrequently observed in young men of genius; he was a misanthrope, and had lived twenty-three years in the world without loving any one; at times he doubted the existence of virtue, the truth of the revealed religion, almost his own being, and was ever sighing for an ideal good which never existed except in the imagination; yet no base thoughts nor passions found a home in his heart, which was ever alive to noble sentiments and tender sensibilities: with truth he might have said of himself:

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

It has been well observed by the author of Christabel that the best way to bring a clever young man, who has become skeptical and unsettled, to reason, is to make him *feel* something in any way. Love, if sincere and unworldly, will, in nine instances out of ten, bring him to a sense and assurance of something real and actual; and that sense alone will make him think to a sound purpose, instead of dreaming that he is thinking.

In the autumn of 18—, an American gentleman, with his son and daughter, was making a pilgrimage up the Rhine; the father was an invalid, and on arriving at Urloff the party stopped partly to recover from the fatigue of travelling, and partly to enjoy the beauty and sublimity of the scenery which there meet the eye of the traveller at every turn.

"The day was in the golden west," and the dark shadow of Eisleben lay upon the river and valley, making an agreeable twilight, when Mary Livingston—for such was our fair traveller's name—tempted by an adventurous spirit, and a natural fondness for solitary musings, wandered alone to the haunted fountain. Mary Livingston was then in her nineteenth year, of that delicate figure characteristic of the American lady; the curved lines of her fine form, the beauty of its flexible sinuosity, it were difficult to portray in words; her countenance, though inexpressive of impassioned melancholy, was marked with a tender and pathetic beauty, harmonizing with the spirit within her, and expressing at once innocence and sublimity of soul; her eyes were large and full, of a dark lustrous brown, telling of tender feelings and a constant serenity of mind; but the most beautiful feature of her face was her lips, around the tremulous curve of which a faint smile of indescribable sweetness ever circled.

In the dark shade of some linden trees beside the fountain, his head resting upon his hand, lay Ernest Wernlander; beside him were his unfinished drawings, which the gathering twilight had caused him to lay aside, and he was lost in a day-dream in which visions of the past, present, and future, were all indistinctly blended. On the approach of his fair visiter he started in astonishment from his reverie, half believing in the tradition which assigned to the fountain a spiritual attendant.

"Gentle lady," said Wernlander, "if I may be pardoned in addressing one in whose presence nothing, certainly, but the most fortunate chance could have brought a poor artist—there is a legend, with which you are doubtless well acquainted, that an attendant spirit presides at this fountain, whose only employment is in doing acts of charity to the pilgrim and wayfarer; forgive me for saying, when first I saw you, the fiction—for such in sober reason we must regard it—seemed reality; nor without cause, for none but one of gentle heart would, unattended, seek this lonely recess at such an hour."

"The hour is later than I deemed it," said the fair visiter, with timidity, "or I should not have ventured so far without the attendance of my brother, who, with my father, is at the inn in the hamlet below."

"Fear not, lady," replied Wernlander, "for such poor attendance as I can offer I shall be too happy in granting"

Mary Livingston, gathering confidence from the kindly tones and demeanour of Wernlander, said, "I would the twilight were not so deep, for much of the delicate tracery of the reliefs is imperceptible for want of light, and I have been told the ornamental designs are the chief attractions of the fountain as a work of art."

"But the effect of the whole is greatly heightened," replied Wernlander, "by twilight; the rough outlines of those rocks are softened, and the beautiful is almost exalted to the sublime: even that rude cross, bending with age, to the left of the fountain, which in the glaring light of noon would be nothing more than a monkish device, is now a hallowed symbol, subduing by its presence the turbulent passions of the heart, and lifting the soul above the gloom of this cloud-encircled world into the serene light of the stars."

"It is doubtless as you say; to-morrow I will come here at noon, that I may contrast the effects of different lights upon a scene so picturesque and beautiful," replied Mary Livingston, and turned to depart, in such a manner as to signify to Wernlander that his attendance would not be unwelcome. Wernlander gathered up his drawings and accompanied her to the door of her inn, and taking respectful leave promised, at her request, to send his drawings on the following day for her to examine.

The morning of a new existence had dawned upon Wernlander; his past life seemed an idle and half-forgotten tale, and he felt the moment of the meeting at the haunted fountain to be the point of time from which to date his new being Restless and tortured with conflicting hopes and misgivings he retired to his chamber, but in vain essayed to sleep; in the drapery of his couch he saw the delicately moulded form of Mary Livingston; he looked from his window, and in the blended beauty of the sky and stars beheld her eyes; he listened to the night-wind, and in its low breathings recognized the gentle tones of her voice

The following morning Mary related to her father, and brother Herbert, her adventure at the fountain, and the interest the young sculptor had awakened in her; her father listened with pleasure to the unaffected narrative, but Herbert petulantly expressed his displeasure at what he was pleased to term his sister's imprudence. While they were conversing upon the subject, a servant brought into the drawing-room the address of Wernlander. "Bid him come in," said the old gentleman, and Wernlander entered with a portfolio of drawings Herbert sneeringly looked at him and left the apartment. The insult momentarily placed Wernlander under painful restraint, from which, however, he was soon relieved by the marked civilities of both father and daughter. The conversation was unrestrained, turning chiefly upon the masterly works of ancient art, a subject introduced by the drawings which Wernlander had brought with him.

"We shall set out to-morrow," said Mr. Livingston, "on our pilgrimage; our destination is Rome, where we propose spending the winter, and it were fortunate for me if I could meet you there and avail myself of your taste and assistance in making a small collection of statuary, which I am anxious to take to the new world, as relics of the glory of the old.

Wernlander's heart sank within him when he heard the time of the intended departure was so near; Mary observed his emotion and could not misunderstand its cause; a feeling of sympathy, akin to love, prompted her to say that her heart responded to her father's wishes that they might meet again at Rome; "at least," continued she, fearing she had expressed herself too warmly, "it would be gratifying to have you write to my father there, and give him such aid as could be conveyed by a letter. Her words were soothing to the feelings of Wernlander, who felt if he could continually enjoy the presence of the fair being before him his love would soon be exalted into adoration. Wernlander departed from the inn; he saw not Mary Livingston again till the next morning, as she was entering her father's carriage on the point of taking a final leave of Urloff; as she bade adieu she carelessly dropped a flower from her hand, which Wernlander caught. Who could estimate the value of that little flower to him! In a few moments the carriage receded from sight. The accustomed pursuits and pleasures of life became repulsive to Wernlander, who suffered that mental enervation which always succeeds extravagant mental excitement.

When time had somewhat softened his regrets, he again pursued his studies and endeavoured to forget the adventure at the fountain, or only to remember it as a pleasing incident in the drama of life. A month had passed away since the parting, when, one evening, sitting in his solitary chamber, his memory recalled the form of Mary Livingston, her tones, her words, and above all her look at parting; the fountain of his love was unsealed, and tears were the silent expression of the emotion that thrilled his heart.

To the heart-afflicted it is a consolation to weep in silence—to conceal the sorrow that cannot be assuaged; and it was not to excite sympathy in the breast of Mary Livingston that Wernlander wrote to her the following letter:

"In addressing one whom I can never hope to see, from whom I can never hope to hear, there can, at least, be no insincerity. The bitter pangs of disappointed wishes torture me with their stings, and despair mocks me with melancholy sighs, like the lamenting voice of the night-wind breathing through withered sedge; yet, when I recall the past, my heart's *miserere* is changed to

'A more precipitated vein
Of notes, that eddy in the flow
Of smoothest song, they come, they go,
And leave their sweeter understrain,
Its own sweet self—a love of thee
That seems, yet cannot greater be.'

Before I knew you, I had supposed that love, such as is traced by the glowing pencil of genius, existed only in the fervid imagination of the poet; experience has taught me how erroneous was my opinion.

"You are now in Rome, the sepulchre of the past. What a world of human woes, of love, ambition, and glory, lies there entombed! the thought is a satire upon the contending emotions which afflict me. Last night I dreamed I sat beside you upon a fallen column, among shattered capitals and cornices of delicate sculpture, within the ruins of the coliseum; through the immense rifts in the walls and crumbling arches, over which enormous blocks of stone were hanging tottermgly, the full moon rained down its sanctifying beams upon us: my sense of pleasure was unutterable, and I awoke to weep that it was only a dream.

"In a few weeks I shall set out for Florence; but I shall depart without that ardour so necessary to ensure success in a difficult pursuit. Do you remember the closing part of poor Thekla's song! *I have enjoyed the happiness of this world—I have lived and I have loved.* Adieu! Heaven love and protect you."

In accordance with the determination expressed in this letter, Wernlander removed to Florence, and placed himself under the tuition of the greatest modern sculptor. With Florence—that museum of the arts—he was delighted; the gloomy grandeur of its public edifices, those stupendous and enduring monuments to the genius of Lappo, accorded happily with his feelings, and became to him holy and spiritual companions.

Mary Livingston remained, during the winter, with her father and brother at Rome. Her beauty, the gentleness of her manners, and the brilliancy of her genius, captivated the best of the foreign society then residing there. Early in the ensuing spring, while her father was making preparations to depart from Rome, she was attacked with a fever, peculiar to the place, and in three days thereafter, she, who seemed made to bless all who came within the rainbow circle of her influence; she, to whom the future seemed only a continuation of innocent delights, had departed—Mary Livingston was no more! Her grave was made in the beautiful protestant cemetery, a burial-ground of which one who now sleeps there said, "It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place."

The protestant cemetery is devoted to the burial of strangers who die in Rome, and no spot in the world urges on the mind of the spectator such melancholy reflections, such silent and profitable admonitions of the utter vanity of human life and human ambition On that beautiful plain a host of young and ardent aspirants for fame "have pitched in heaven's smile their camp of death;" painters, poets, and sculptors, "the inheritors of unfulfilled renown," there repose, who were cut off in the morning of existence, ere the prize for which they were toiling was won; and many who in life mourned over broken affections, whose hearts were living sepulchres, there sleep, unwrecked by dreams, beneath a green coverlet, prankt with wild violets and daisies.

"Go thou to Rome,—at once the paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shatter'd mountains rise,
And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses dress
The bones of desolation's nakedness,
Pass, till the spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead,
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread."

Spiritless and broken-hearted, the disconsolate father pursued his way to Florence, for the purpose of completing his collection of statuary. In an obscure street he found the studio of an eminent artist, and examining a variety of specimens of his workmanship, he was suddenly overwhelmed with astonishment by seeing before him a statue, exquisitely chiselled, and perfectly representing the form, features, and expression of her whom he had recently consigned to the grave The old man could not conceal his emotion, his eyes were suffused into tears as he inquired into the history of the statue.

"That," said the sculptor, "is the work of a young German artist, named Wernlander; he called it *the nymph of the fountain*; the execution is admirable, but the design faulty—almost ridiculous—if, indeed, he intended it as an ideal creation to ornament a fountain; but his singular history justifies the belief that the statue is a representation of some object of his affections; he was found dead beside it some weeks since, having destroyed himself with poison."

The old man covered his face and left the apartment. That statue now adorns a mansion in the state of New-York

GERMAN LITERATURE.

GOETHE'S FAUSTUS.

FIFTH NOTICE.

Pass we over the interview between Mephistopheles, in the professor's garb, with the student, and join Faustus on his airy journey with his servant. The old man enters upon his new life. And first, to Anerbach's cellar at Leipzig, and the drinking bout of merry companions; a novel brotherhood, surely, for the recluse student. Here Mephistopheles gives the doctor a touch of his jugglery. Whimsical enough is this scene, strangely contrasting, in its effects, with the previous incidents of the poem; but we cannot quote it at length, and it may not be mutilated.

Anerbach's cellar is a favourite resort in Leipzig; after the same fashion, we suppose, with less classic cellars in other European cities—the like whereof we may not find in our own metropolis, save in the subterranean chambers of Payne, or Sandy Welch. Hayward tells us that he supped at Anerbach's during his last visit to Germany, and took some pains to learn the traditions connected with it from a communicative waiter. Thus he learned that there was no doubt of his being seated in the very vault where both Faustus and Goethe had caroused; and was favoured with the sight of an old copy of Widman, which had been in the cellar, as a sort

of heir-loom, for at least three centuries. In the vault are two very old paintings, supposed to commemorate Faust's achievements. One represents him carousing at table with the students; the other exhibits him in the act of passing out the door upon a cask, while the spectators are holding up their hands in an expression of wonder.

Roscoe, in his German Novelists, gives the following account of the magical exploits which are developed in Goethe's text: "At the city of Prague is a publican's house, known by the sign of the anchor, where the doctor one day called as he was upon a tour. Seating himself among the travellers, in a short time he thus accosted them. 'Gentlemen, would you like to partake of all kinds of foreign wines in the world?' The whole party, with one accord, cried out—'Yes, yes!' 'Then, will you first like to taste the French, Spanish, Rhenish, Malaga, or any another kind?' continued he—'whichever you most approve.' Upon this, one of the guests exclaimed: 'Doctor Faustus! whatever wine you please to furnish, doctor, we shall find some means of disposing of it.' Whereupon he begged them to provide him with plenty of bottles and glasses, and he would supply the rest. This being done, he bored several holes in the table, and, placing a funnel in each, he held the bottles under it, and decanted as much wine as they would contain. As he laid them down one after another, the delighted guests began to laugh heartily, and heartily did they regale themselves."

Next the curtain rises upon the witches' kitchen. Here we find Faustus and Mephistopheles, surrounded by the strange figures of cat-apes; the room furnitured with all manner of fantastic articles, and on a low hearth a large caldron boiling over the fire. This a female cat-ape is watching, skimming it, and careful that it does not over-boil. The object of this visit seems to be, to procure a draught from the witches that shall make Faustus young again. The fountain of youth is to bubble from the witches' caldron:

FAUSTUS

This senseless witchcraft sickens and disgusts me—
And sayest thou that I shall recruit life's powers,
Here, in this loathsome den of filthy madness?
Shall I petition an old hag for counsel?
And can the nauseous puddle of that pot
Make me a younger man by thirty winters?
There's little hope if thou hast nothing better—
My expectation is already gone!
Is there in Nature no restorative
But this? Has Spirit never yet devised
Means different to restore the spring of life?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now do I recognize my friend's good sense.
Yes! there are also natural means, by which
Life's bloom and vigour may again be given;
But in a different book this lesson lies,
And it forms an odd chapter.

FAUSTUS.

I will learn it

MEPHISTOPHELES

There is a means, and it requires not gold,
Magic, or medicine; away with you
Into the fields—begin to hew and delve—
Confine yourself, and limit every wish,
Within a narrow circle—feed upon
Meats, simple, undisguised—and live, in short,
Beast-like, 'mong beasts; deem it no degradation
Thyself to spread the dung upon the field,
The growth of which thou art to reap. This is,
Indeed, the best way to repair life's powers,
And wear at eighty a hale countenance.

FAUSTUS.

This cannot be. I am not used to it—
Nor can I learn to take up now the spade.
Such narrow life would never do for me

No, surely! That day has passed. The simple, sober, unexciting pleasures of rural life can find no sympathy in a heart filled with the demon of unrest. To the spirit that consumes itself—that joys not but in repining—that looks back upon a void past, and forward to a void future, there is no hope or health in the gentle restoratives of nature. "Babble not to such a spirit of green fields, the pomp of autumnal forests, the magnificence of the uprising dawn, the musical flow of waters, or the quiet influences shed from the resplendent heavens in the star-light ramble. The chase delights him not; for, Actæon-like, he is the victim, and not the huntsman; the hell-hounds are unkennelled, and have fastened their fangs upon his soul

Rejecting nature, Faustus must revert to witchcraft. The cat-apes play strange gambols, and Mephistopheles jests with them with a most gay familiarity. Faustus keeps aloof, disgusted with their ugly shapes and fantastic tricks, till his eye rests upon a glass, which reveals to him a vision of unwonted beauty.

FAUSTUS

What is this that I see?—how heavenly fair
The form that shines in this enchanted glass!
Oh! lend me, Love, thy swift and silent wings,
That I may fly away to where she is!
Near me she seems, yet hopelessly removed,
And living in another atmosphere!
Alas! if from this spot I do but stir,
If I but venture to approach more near,
There seems a dusky cloud to gather o'er her
Image of woman, beyond woman fair,
Oh! beautiful transcendently—has earth
Charms such as this?—in that reclining form,
Say, rather, that all charms of many heavens
United are. Can this, indeed, be woman?
Can this, indeed, be a created being?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Fine cause of wonderment!—after seven days
Of work, if he who made this pretty world,
And who admired his workmanship, made something
Worth looking at! Ay, gaze on her in rapture—
This, by the way, is one of these same treasures
That I am pretty safe in promising.
Blessed is the man who brings the fair bride home!

(*Faustus continues looking into the glass—Mephistopheles, lolling on the settee, and with the whisk in his hand, continues speaking*)

Here on my kingly throne I sit me down,
With sceptre too—I only want a crown.

(*The apes, who have been playing all kind of fantastic gambols, bring Mephistopheles a crown with loud acclamation.*)

Monarch proud—
With sweat and blood—
Swear it—wear it—

(*They handle the crown awkwardly, and break it in two pieces, with which they go dancing about.*)

'Tis done—'twas to be—
We speak and we see—
We hearken—we listen—
We rhyme and we reason.

Faustus still remains with his eyes fixed upon the glass. His heart is on fire, and he would fain quit this scene of loathsome jugglery. But, in their sports with the funny and lively Mephistopheles, the cat-apes have forgotten the caldron, which boils over; a great blaze arises and streams up the chimney. This brings down through the flame the old witch, mistress of the mansion, who had been carousing on the house-top. Screaming she comes, and salutes with strange imprecations her unexpected visiter. Dipping the ladle in the caldron, she sprinkles the flames upon the intruders and the neglectful cat-apes. Mephistopheles thinks all this "exquisite fine fun," and whisks his fan about, breaking the pots and glasses, and kicking up a most diabolical bobbery.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Broken, broken!
Hell-broth splashing,
Glasses crashing,
Payment for the words you've spoken!
It is all in sport, my honey!
Nothing but a frolic funny!
Keeping time, old carrion odious,
Fitly with thy voice melodious!

(*The witch steps back with rage and astonishment*)

Knowest thou no more than that o' me,
Thou raw-boned old anatomy!
Skeleton! the devil blast her!
Know you not your lord and master?
Shall I dash the old deceiver's
Bones into a thousand shivers!
Smash her and cats and crocks together?
Know ye not my vest's red leather!
Know ye not the cock-tail feather?
What mask is there upon my features,
To hide me thus from my own creatures?
And am I called upon to mention
My name, my rank, and my pretension?

THE WITCH.

Pardon, my lord, this rough salute;
I do not see the cloven foot—
And where are your two ravens?—where?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Enough, old fool; for once I spare
'Tis long since we have met, and strange
Has been, in such a time, the change—
The world's grown wise—in every movement
Is seen the Spirit of Improvement—
Reform to everything extended;
Among the rest, the devil is mended;
For court has left his wildernesses,
Thrown off his ancient savage dresses;
The curling tail, and talons horrid,
And horns to guard the wrinkled forehead.
All gone—the northern phantom's vanished,
By modern education banished!
As to the foot—against my will,
I bear that witness with me still;
'Twould injure me in the good graces
Of some who figure in high places,
So, what I can I do to hide it,
And for the purpose am provided
With padded calves; and thus am able
To limp no more than fashionable—
Many young men, that I might mention,
Avail themselves of the invention

THE WITCH.

Satan again—my own old boy,
Once more with me! I'll die with joy.

After some further discourse of the same fashion, the witch asks them, with all civility, what they would desire to drink. Mephistopheles tells her that he will have a bumper of the right old stuff. Forthwith the witch describes a circle, with extraordinary gestures; the glasses, meanwhile, begin to ring, and the caldron to make music. Racing the cat-apes within the circle, she brings a great book, which she rests on the back of one of these fantastic creatures, while others of them hold torches. Faustus, also, must come within the magic ring, and the witch begins to declaim from the book with great vehemence in very good witch-nonsense. Mephistopheles bears with the foolery till he thinks of the beverage that was brewing about to his taste, when he exclaims:

Enough—enough! incomparable Sybil!
Hands us the drink—fill the cup to the brim;
No thimblefuls for us—no niggard dribble—
Fear not—such draught will never injure him—
He is one of us, and of the highest grade—
Has drunk deep before now—be not afraid!

(*The witch, with many ceremonies, pours the drink into a cup; as Faustus raises it to his mouth, a light flame rises.*)

Off with it, fast—why should you fear it?
Once down, 'twill warm your heart and cheer it.
How's this?—my friend, and much the same
As one of us, afraid of flame!

(*The witch dissolves the circle. Faustus steps out.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUSTUS.)

Now! out at once! you must not rest!

WITCH (*to* FAUSTUS.)

Much good may it do! (*Aside.*)—I hope the best!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to the* WITCH.)

If I can serve you, sure you might
Command me, on Walpurgis' night.

THE WITCH.

Here is a song—a pretty glee.
Hum it a few times—you will see
Some merit in it, and effect
More than you would at first expect.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUSTUS.)

Come, quick! be for the present guided!
This draught will do you good, provided
It gets fair play; but it requires
Brisk motion till the frame perspires,
And its full force is felt to dart
At once through each and every part.
And then, not sooner, will I teach
What joys the lazy hand can reach
Of indolent voluptuousness—
The pleasures that our nobles bless.
Soon in thy cheery heart, I trow,
Will Cupid rock him to and fro.
Already the young urchin lurks
Within, and in the spirit works.

FAUSTUS.

Once more!—one other look into the glass!
Fair form—too fair more than a form to be!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come! come! no form the beauties can surpass,
That soon in living woman thou shalt see!

(*Aside.*)—With this draught in him, he will meet
A Helena in every street.

Sent abroad thus ripe for mischief, we may well believe that he makes rapid progress in the arts of his new scholarship. Of that more on the return of Saturday. There has been a blank of some weeks between our numbers, lest by too frequent coming we might wear out our welcome. This we shall mend. Parting the present company of the witches—walks before us, as before Faustus in the Mirror, the matchless MARGARET. May we live to see you better acquainted!

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

JOURNAL OF THE PERSIAN PRINCES.

INN AT EXETER.—A wonderful lofty building; consisting of many rooms which are royally furnished. These rooms have places for washing, the hot water was quite ready placed on the wash-hand table, standing before the large looking-glasses, and towels hanging down exceeding clean, with perfumed articles and fine soap. Every traveller is shown to a room to himself, attended by a servant. In every room there is a splendid bedstead with everything belonging to it; ink and pen, with fine paper, are placed on a table, for the convenience of travellers. Fine-looking women also serve here, and everything is most desirable. The rooms for eating are separate from the bed-rooms; where there are fine large tables, furnished with all sorts of eatables, both cooked and uncooked; everything that you may desire and imagine is placed on the table. Many people were sitting round the tables taking their breakfasts, others reclining on the sofas. We were quite astonished at this house, and asked whose it was, and we were informed that it belonged to an individual whose business is to entertain strangers and travellers; and as he knows the time that the mails come in, all things are made ready for travellers to take their breakfast, that no time may be lost. Moreover, we were informed that there are in this country about five thousand such public places; each of them gains about one thousand tomans per day; indeed, the money here is like dust.

WINDSOR CASTLE.—This superiour palace is situated in a garden, or park, fifty-two miles in circumference, which is surrounded by a wall of iron bars about three yards and a half high. The park has forty gates, splendidly wrought, and through it runs several fine streams like rose-water, and its trees are most noble, producing a most beautiful shade. The carriage-roads are so finely paved, that a person might take his repose upon them. Roses of every kind, and flowers of every hue, are in this park. Its land is green, like emerald, its prospect is pleasure to the eye. Gazelles, antelopes, and deers, are here in thousands. Pheasants, partridges, woodcocks, and game of every kind, abound, all of which are enjoying this delightful place. Nightingales, goldfinches, and their associates, keep, with their sweet voices, watch in this garden. It is naturally carpeted with a rich green velvet. My pen tells me, do not proceed; I am incapable of describing it—it is Paradise. In one

part of this Eden, there is a hill, two miles in circumference, on which the palace is built; it is about two thousand yards in height, and affords a most beautiful view of the park. The mind cannot but be astonished at this splendid edifice, whose description exceeds the power of human writers. Each of the kings, for two hundred years past, has had a separate palace in this castle, with distinct majestic splendour of sovereignty, as may be now seen, just as they were when these sovereigns occupied them. And whatever unique jewels each sovereign obtained during his reign are placed in his palace, with his statue, either of marble, jasper, or porphyry, seated on a jewelled throne; so beautifully made, that you might say it is alive, and can speak. One statue of a former king cost more than twelve thousand tomans. All his ministers and officers of state during his reign, have also statues placed by him in the room, each with arms of the age, and appearing as if they were alive. In the royal rooms of the late kings all are seated on their thrones and chairs of gold, embroidered with precious stones, which cost millions of minted gold; each has his crown on his head of a hundred mauns of solid pure gold, and adorned with precious stones, so magnificent as to take the senses away. These crowns are supported by chains of gold, and suspended over the heads of the sovereigns. We also noticed several rooms, three hundred feet long, and a hundred broad, all adorned with beautiful pictures. These are for balls, where the king and queen invite their noble guests, the king himself dances, and the queen also with whom she pleases. When such balls take place, the sounds of the musical instruments in these rooms is heard at a distance of twenty miles.

Description of the road from falmouth to london.—From the time that we left Falmouth till we arrived at London, we did not see a span of earth uninhabited. In all places along the roads and streets we observed men and women walking arm in arm; also coaches and carriages, in which there were ladies like the houries, running in every direction; every moment increased our surprise as we advanced Even the peasants that dwell in villages have lofty and beautiful houses; outside of every house there are beautiful gardens, adorned with very fine flowers, where ladies splendidly dressed take their walks. All the time of our travels in this country, our eyes did not see a single handbreath of earth but all covered with delightful green, roses and all kinds of flowers guarded by the nightingales' singing. Such air and water are scarcely in the world; indeed, what there is to be seen is enough to take away the senses. It is the first story of paradise, the majestic moon, the nightingales on the trees standing with pride, the roses resembling the cheeks of the inhabitants. At length, all this night we went on, passing by gardens, edifices, and lights; there was no darkness at all. In all the roads, there are lanterns lighted, also the houses give out their lights from the windows; in short, our travelling in midnight was not less pleasant than that of mid-day.

Zoological gardens.—There is no possibility of describing these strange and wonderful animals; for, however they may be recollected in the mind or imagined in the head, these kind of creatures cannot be described by the pen. There is to be seen an elephant twenty-four feet high, and his proboscis forty feet long. This wonderful elephant was brought from the extreme parts of the East India islands. The tooth of this mountain-like beast stretches out like a long ivory promontory, and on the whole this animal presents a most frightful appearance. * * * There is also one of the wonderful amphibious animals of a curious form. It is as large as a horse. It was brought from the interior of Africa. It is a very beautiful creature. When it stand and walks it very much resembles mankind. All kinds of baboons, of wonderful sizes and forms. They act like human beings. Bears, white, red, green, yellow, and indeed all colours. Also a kind of monkey, which is of all the animals most like the human figure, the size of a mule, with an extraordinary long tail. These animals act like human beings, and laugh wonderfully, and play at chess with men, and some of those who visit the gardens play with them. To-day a Jew happened to be at this place, and went to play a game with the monkey The monkey beat, and began to laugh loudly, all the people standing round him. The Jew felt exceedingly ashamed, and was obliged to leave immediately. The most wonderful animals of all, were a pair of creatures larger than an elephant, and higher than a camel; their necks are fourteen feet long; their legs are handsome; their tails are like that of an Arabian horse of red colour, with white spots on the face. They were brought from Africa, and their flesh is said to be excellent. They go as fast as a gazelle: all the world from England, Scotland and Ireland, come to see them. There are also more than thirty thousand kinds of birds—in truth, we do not know how even to write their names; to describe their colour is impossible. Some elephant birds, just like an elephant, but without a proboscis. Their wings are about fifteen yards long.

Verily a visit to a place like this brings to mind the power of the Omnipotent. The eyes are dazzled, the mind is surprised, the heart is agitated, and curiosity takes its utmost fill. All this gives a most excellent opportunity to the lover, to lead his favourite by the hand to show her this and that curiosity. Besides all the above, you will see beautiful moon-like ladies, led by the hand to gaze at these wonderful spectacles, and repose under the delightful shade of the beautiful trees. In truth, unless the eye should see, the mind cannot form an idea of this place.

Shipping in the thames.—The ships on this river are like forests. The large men-of-war are twelve hundred in number, some of which are one hundred and twenty guns; these, besides the packets and steamers. The least of their navy carries thirty guns. The British mercantile vessels are above twenty-five thousand, such is their extreme and extensive commerce. In fine, all the ships of other nations on the globe could not equal the number of English ships alone, nor ten foreign men-of-war stand in battle against one English; they have always been victorious over their enemies. One of the twelve viziers of government has the management, of the navy; he is called the high lord of the admiralty; Lord Minton fills this high station at present. In his hand is the direction of the whole navy. Besides the abovementioned ships, they have innumerable others in the West and East Indies, in America, and Australia, which are called out at the time of necessity. The water of the river Thames is very heavy, and not at all good for the digestion, nor could it ever produce an appetite. Yet the people of this country do not use water as a drink; when it is necessary, they take a little, once in three or four days.

Description of the english.—The people of this kingdom are of genteel nature, and delicate constitution; most of the ladies, and females in general, are more delicate and refined than the blossom of the roses Their waist is more slender than a finger-ring, their form is beautiful, their voice gains the affections. The men are very particular in their disputes, which are carried on with great ability If there should be the widest possible misunderstanding, still they keep up the rules of politeness. If it should rise so high as to produce vindictive feeling, still they carry on their disputes in a genteel style, and bad language (God forbid!) is not used. To be called a liar is the utmost insult; this will lead to a duel; the duel is allowed here.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

TOM TIPP, THE MAN OF GENIUS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF YANKEE NOTIONS.

Tom Tipp was a great genius. His infant years were marked by uncommon precocity of intellect The same thing, indeed, has been said of sundry other persons; but in Tom's case we have the fact upon unquestionable authority. The first bent of his genius displayed itself by a shrewd discovery in the science of bread and butter. How many full-grown people there are who cannot tell which side of their bread is buttered! Yet Tom found this out very soon after he cut his teeth! As he grew bigger, he grew more cunning, and was pronounced as bright a child as you would see of a summer's day. He demolished picture-books, and smashed crockery, in a style that showed he would speedily become a "smart, enterprising young man." These anticipations were soon fulfilled, He played truant, and beat the schoolmistress, by the time other boys had mastered half the alphabet. Need I say more? Everybody called him a lad of spirit, and predicted he would make a noise in the world.

It is not exactly known at what age he first got into debt—that manly exploit which is sure to mark the career of a man of genius at a very early period. Let it suffice, that he ran up scores in various quarters, to the annoyance of his parents and the astonishment of the neighbourhood Other trifling school-boy pranks may be passed over; "tricks had he in him which gentlemen have" At college, Tom kept up his character; he robbed hen-roosts, badgered the tutors, raised rebellions, set fire to the college, and attained to the glory of a speedy expulsion. A career so brilliant at the outset promised great things, and Tom was set down by all his acquaintance as a lad of undoubted spirit and genius. In truth, he thought as much himself, and was determined to make his fortune as soon as he had sown his wild oats. He had five thousand dollars to begin with.

Two or three years did Tom spend in admiring the smoothness of his pantaloons, as he walked up and down Broadway; two or three more in cultivating whiskers; and two or three more in cocking his hat over the left ear. He now thought himself finished, and quite the thing; and all the town called him a likely fellow. At this critical moment, he put his hand in his pocket for a five-dollar bill, and, to his great surprise, found his pocket empty. T'other pocket was empty too, and his surprise grew into astonishment when a further scrutiny informed him that all his cash was gone. "Five thousand dollars!" exclaimed he in amazement; and is it all gone?" Echo answered —"Gone!"

Was ever a discovery more *mal-apropos?* An ordinary mortal would have been overwhelmed by it; but Tom instantly bethought himself that he was a man of genius, and thus set all to rights. "I have only to make my fortune," said he, "that's all Yes, I'll make my fortune without putting it off any longer; what signifies waiting?" So saying, Tom went off to the theatre, and thought no more about it.

But a day or two afterwards, a tailor's bill came staring him in the face. Tom put his hand in his pocket again, and was again reminded of his want of cash and his possession of genius. "Pshaw!" said he, "I'll make my fortune—I'd quite forgot to do it; but it seems to be time now." Tom, having said this, lighted his cigar with the bill, pulled up his cravat, and sallied forth upon a stroll.

Not many weeks afterwards came a third remembrancer, in the more emphatic shape of a constable, with an awkward-looking scrap of paper. Tom got rid of him with some difficulty; for constables are a sort of folks that hold young men of genius in no great respect. "Really," said Tom, "I *must* make my fortune: I may as well do it now and have it over—so let me think of it the first thing to-morrow morning." With these words, Tom went off to What's-his-name's, up the street, and called for champagne and oysters.

Tom's fortune-making scheme appeared to be totally forgotten by him for three months longer, and nobody can tell to what extent his forgetfulness would have run, had it not been disturbed by another of those perverse accidents which seem to be designed by the malignant fates to bother gentlemen of genius, likely fellows, and such high-minded sublimities on two legs. Tom was one evening lacing up his pantaloons for a ball. "Not handsome," said he, as he looked in the glass—"but killing genteel." At this moment the cassimere gave way in a most disastrous rent at the knee! "T'other pair, then," said he; but, alas! Tom had not another pair! "Bah!" he exclaimed, "cash, credit, and pantaloons gone! then I *must* make my fortune, and so here goes!

At these decisive words Tom sat down to make his fortune; and began to rub his head and think. A man of genius has, of course, the world at his command; and Tom debated at first with himself, whether he would be secretary of state or minister to the court of St. James. Both officers had some thousands of dollars salary, and Tom was of opinion that either might do till something better cast up. His cogitations, however, were awkwardly interrupted by the recollection that possibly neither of the actual incumbents could be displaced without some loss of time, while tailors are plaguy impatient. So Tom concluded that the safest project would be to make love to the daughter of old Niggs, the tallow-chandler. She had red hair, and was considerably short and thick. "A dumpy thing," said Tom, "but what of that? The old one will cut up heavy when he goes off, besides what he'll fork over on the wedding-day.

Dorothy Niggs was neither coy nor coquettish, and as for Tom, was not he irresistible? To make a long story short, Tom found no great difficulty in gaining her heart, for let me whisper the secret—it was the first offer she had ever had, although more than—no matter how many years old. Tom considered the business as good as done; so being desirous to despatch matters because creditors cannot wait for ever, and a man of genius without money is constrained to keep his talents, and possibly his person, hidden from the public gaze, to the great loss of the community, he waited upon old Niggs, to receive his consent. He sat in his arm-chair reading the Price Current. A sheepskin pocket-book, very much worn, lay at his elbow on a thin quarto volume, entitled Rowlett's Tables of Interest. Tom stated his business, and the old man lifted up his spectacles, but kept fast hold of the newspaper.

"Oh, I understand. Are you in the grocery line?"

"No, sir," replied Tom, in some surprise.

"Beg pardon. I thought I had seen your name in the advertisements. Hem! hem! where was it? Ah! here it is 'Thompson and Tipp, Water-street, two hundred hogsheads of molasses.'"

"Altogether a mistake, I assure you," said Tom

"In the hardware trade?"

"Not at all."

"Perhaps dry goods?"

"By no means," returned Tom, growing a little uneasy.

"Crockery?"

"Neither."

"General commission?"

"Can't say it is."

"You an't in the soap-boiling way?"

"Never was."

"Speculating, I'll warrant."

"Not exactly," replied Tom, beginning to feel quite alarmed at the oddity of these queries; "I—I don't do much in the way of business just now."

"Ah! I understand," said old Niggs, with a knowing kind of grin, and at the same time laying down his newspaper. "Property all snug, living on your income! Real estate? hey! or bank stock?"

Tom sat with his head bent considerably forward during these awkward questions. He felt a sort of fidgety embarrassment quite unusual for men of genius in the presence of tallow-chandlers. He fumbled with the tassel of his cane, and faltered out a reply.

"Neither, sir; the fact is, that owing to peculiar circumstances, my property has very considerably diminished of late, or rather, I may say, entirely disappeared."

The first movement of old Niggs at these words, was to throw back his head with a stare of unutterable astonishment. The next was to let it fall again with a very forcible sniffy expiration of breath through the nose that spoke a whole volume of language. His face instantly assumed the most stubborn and stoical indifference of expression, while he adjusted his spectacles with the greatest calmness, took up his newspaper, crossed one leg over the other, and pretended to study the fluctuations of Russia tallow with might and main. There was no mistaking this demeanour. Tom saw in an instant it was all over with him. He caught up his hat and rushed out of the room.

Such a catastrophe as this he had never so much as dreamed of. A man of genius to be without cash or credit, and not able to get a tallow-chandler's daughter for a wife! The thought was madness. To-morrow the whole story would be about town! "What *is* to become of me?" exclaimed Tom. "By heaven! I won't live another hour in this rascally world! I'll shoot myself! I'll hang myself!" Tom, in his confusion, had quitted the house by the wrong door, and at these words found himself in the back-yard. A well was before him. "I'll drown myself!" said he, and jumped in!

Now drowning one's self is no joke, although talking of it may be. Many a man thinks better of his determination to do it, in a short walk to the head of the wharf Tom Tipp did this in a short jump down a well Before he had fallen half way, he caught at

the rope, and hung dangling for some minutes, till his strength failed, and then he gently slipped to the bottom. Don't be frightened, reader, the water was only knee deep, and our hero landed with no other harm than wet feet

I would advise all sensible persons not to jump into a well till they have thought twice of it. Tom had not been in the well ten minutes before he was heartily sick of drowning. He would fain have climbed up but he was not able; and there he was forced to remain counting the minutes and the hours till he was positive his legs had been in the water half a century. How long it really was I never learned, but just as he had given himself up for lost, he heard a voice above crying wildly, "I'll drown myself! I'll drown myself!" Tom was in such astonishment at these words, that he had no power to speak. Presently some one approached the well, exclaiming, "Poor Tom, dear Tom! I shall never see you again. Cruel, hard-hearted father! I'll drown myself! and break his heart."

"'Tis Dorothy! by heaven!" said Tom to himself. "She's going to drown herself for love of me, the dear, faithful, kind-hearted soul."

"To lose a lover so devoted! so ardent! so generous! No, no! I cannot live! Ye stars, farewell! Oh deep abyss open thy awful jaws, and take a wretched, despairing maid!"

"Capital!" exclaimed Tom, at the bottom of the well, "and all so exquisitely sincere! She's an angel! Come to my arms, thou sweet enchantress—one leap and it's done!"

But Dorothy did not leap: she was resolved, like Cæsar, to "die with dignity." So she laid hold of the rope and slid gently down, perhaps from a misgiving that her purpose might cool before she got to the bottom, in which case it is convenient to suspend the body as well as suspend the resolution. Now, it is much easier to slip down a rope than to climb up, so that Dorothy's change of opinion on the subject of drowning, which took place *in transitu*, did not prevent her from plumping souse into the water and uttering a most unearthly scream at finding herself in the arms of a man.

"In the name of heaven, who are you! a man, or a fish?"

"Only your own dear Tom. Do I look like a fish?"

"My blessed stars! and how came you here?"

"Jumped in out of pure despair—meant to drown myself."

"Poor fellow! don't die, I beg of you, for my sake, don't!"

"I won't indeed—besides, this drowning isn't exactly what it's cracked up to be."

"Mercy on us! what shall we do?"

How long they continued to ask each other questions of this sort, we are unable to state, but a *tete-a-tete* at the bottom of a well must be long enough in all conscience, if it lasts but half a day. So thought our two lovers, who just began to feel serious apprehensions of being the subjects of a 'crowner's quest, when they heard a noise above. It was the voice of old Niggs, who approached the well, exclaiming in a most rueful tone, "I'm undone! I'm undone! I won't live to endure it!"

"What! more drowning!" said Tom, in greater astonishment than ever. "What can all the old put?"

"Lost! lost! lost!—lost!" exclaimed old Niggs, leaning his head over and looking down into the well.

"Ah! his daughter!" said Tom, "how he takes her loss to heart! kind, fatherly old soul!"

"My cash! my cash! I shall never see it again!" bawled out the old man.

"Not in a well," replied Tom

"Oh! that cursed Cape Flyaway Land Company that I bought into—"

"And this cursed well that I jumped into," said Tom.

"I'll drown myself! I'll drown! I'll drown!" With these words old Niggs caught hold of the rope and went, hand over fist, down nearly to the bottom, when Tom put a stop to his descent by a tremendous "halloo!"

"Mercy preserve us!" cried the old fellow, "who's there?"

"An unfortunate man!" said Tom

"Land speculation?" demanded Niggs, fearfully

"No—a love speculation," replied Tom.

"Oho! I think I know you. Came here to drown?"

"Exactly. And now I think we know one another. You may drown if you see fit, and then I'll take your daughter"

"I think I won't," replied old Niggs, "for I've no doubt the company will pay at least fifty per cent. I've thought better of it"

"Good!" exclaimed Tom. "We'll all live and be merry. You wouldn't have me tell of this queer affair about town, you know it might set some folks a laughing, eh?"

"For heaven's sake, never mention it, Mr Tom, and Dolly is yours!"

How they all got out of the well we have not time to say, but old Niggs was soon reconciled to the loss of half his money. Tom married Dorothy, kept the secret, and went into partnership with his father-in-law. He has given up his pretensions to the character of a man of genius, but enlightens the world by selling mould and dipped candles on the lowest terms for cash or approved credit

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BIGOTRY.—In a market town in England, the wife of a "gentleman" of the Baptist society lately gave instructions to her surgeon to vaccinate her children for the cow-pox. The surgeon accordingly proceeded to execute her commands; but, when about to communicate the infectious matter to the arm of one child, the lady, out of curiosity, (for women are always curious,) inquired from whom he took it? "A son of Mr. ——," was the reply. "What, the Churchman!" vociferated the lady. The surgeon having replied in the affirmative, she declared most positively he should not proceed—"he should never make her children churchmen."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have sent the communication of Darlin, relative to the proposed Atlantic and Pacific ship-canal to one of the daily papers.—"Inceptor" *wishes us to inform him whether he "can have any hopes of success in wooing the muses" So far as our experience goes, Master Inceptor, they are sorry jilts, and least forward when most sedulously wooed. Slight them, pique them, and they may grow kind and propitious—but we assure our young correspondent, that, at the best, it is very unprofitable wooing. The stanzas by "Irene" are touching and beautiful, and remind us of Shelley. They are imbued with the true spirit of poetry.—If "A. L." be but a beginner in the "art of poetry," we say very frankly, "go on and prosper. Your versification is smooth and melodious, and your imagery in good taste. Publish less than you burn, be not afraid to blot, or reluctant to part with a pet idea should it not be altogether appropriate, and we cannot doubt your ultimate success."—We cannot meddle with the theatrical tittle-tattle sent to us by "A. Y."—"S. T. L." will find her manuscript at the office. It is altogether too cumbrous for our purposes.—"The Model" is in type, and shall appear in our next. We were reluctantly compelled to omit it this week, especially as it was promised; but tide, time and type are equally beyond our control. The author will bear with us for the unintentional delay.*

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1839

America against Alleghania.—A correspondent objects to the proposition to change the name of our country to Alleghania. He says:—"With all due deference to the superiour judgment of our country's favourite, Mr. Irving, I think he has erred in suggesting the new (and I will admit musical) name of Alleghania to the land of his birth. I cannot suppose he is ashamed of our present name! Nor will I believe he has not found the title of American a sufficient passport, in all his transatlantic travels, to all the attentions he could have wished for or expected. Nay, he believes a citizen of the United States would be recognized in any country, by the good old title of American, but suggests the change because, forsooth, our name is not a good word to jingle in rhyme, because it has not the sweetness of Alleghania. Opposed to this, the only tangible reason in favour of the change, there are many and strong ones against it. And first, under what title would our revolution sail down the stream of time? As the Alleghania revolution? Phœbus, what a name! Who would conjecture that that was our war for liberty, the war that freed us from British oppression? Who would think that the first *Alleghanian* congress was composed of Hancock and his compeers? Who would recognize the fifty six signers of the '*Alleghanian*' independence? or, who believe that Washington planted the tree of *Alleghanian* liberty? Besides this reason—that the change would be a stumbling-block to the historian—there is another that comes home to each *American* heart, and cannot fail to make some impression. It was the proudest boast of an inhabitant of the seven-hilled city, that he could say, 'I am a Roman citizen.' If you had said to him, 'your name is unpoetical,' he would have replied, 'my sires were Romans, and I, too, will be a Roman.' He would have added, 'there's magic in the name; mention it to the foe, and he will shudder at the sound.' So say we. Our sires were *Americans!* they fought the battles of *America*; conquered as *Americans*; died as *Americans*; and, whether living or dying, let us, too, be *Americans*. In conclusion, I must express my hope and confident expectation that the sound of Alleghania, like the late Dr. Mitchill's '*Fredonia*,' will be quickly blown to the consistency of a bubble, and then burst in the clouds of *smoke* which will have been raised about it *to blind our eyes*." Our correspondent has left out of sight the main objection to the adoption of the name of Alleghania, which is, that when new states begin to be formed beyond the Rocky Mountains, there will be no appropriateness in the title

Philadelphia Opera-House.—A meeting was held at the Marshall House in Philadelphia, on the ninth instant, for taking into consideration a plan for the erection of a new opera-house on a liberal scale. Mr. J. R. Ingersoll presided upon the occasion, and set forth the objects proposed in a clear and eloquent manner. From his remarks, we learn that it is not intended to limit the exhibitions of the contemplated establishment to such as are strictly within the class of operas. Spectacle, melo-drama, spirited and correct afterpieces, classical and heroical illustrations of different times and countries, are within the very comprehensive and ambitious scheme. It is believed that a moral community may witness its success with satisfaction and pride. To succeed, it must have sterling merit. An elegant, rational, pure, and moral entertainment will then be always at hand to receive the patronage, and repay the encouragement, of our own fellow-citizens. Its freshest enjoyments will be within the reach of the mechanic and tradesman of humble means; for the right of admission is intended to be placed at the lowest price. The plan of the building, as submitted by the committee, consisting of Dr. Samuel Jackson, John Butler, and Edward P Fry, esquires, designates the lot of ground at the south-east corner of Ninth and Chestnut-streets as an appropriate site. According to the plans drawn by the architect, this building will cover an area of one hundred and forty-seven feet on Ninth-street, by two hundred and forty feet on Chestnut-street. It rests on a marble basement, fifteen feet high, subdivided into stores. The principal entrance to the first and second tiers of boxes and parquette is to be on Ninth-street. The boxes are in the form of a parabola or semi-circle, with diverging sides, *five tiers in height*. Every seat in the house will be a large and comfortably cushioned arm-chair, the total number of which chairs will be five thousand and seventy. The orchestra will contain six hundred and seventy-five superficial feet, sufficient for the accommodation of seventy-eight musicians. The best feature in the establishment, however, is that expressed in the following terms: "By the use of chairs only in the house, by the employment of an efficient police, by affording in the saloons and ante-rooms every desirable comfort to the audience, by excluding persons professedly licentious, by prohibiting the sale of ardent spirits, and by adopting very moderate rates of admission, it is intended to merit general patronage among all respectable classes of the community, and to invite especially the attendance of the numerous strangers who are always ready to encourage places of public amusement" We heartily wish success to an enterprise commenced in such a spirit, and with views so judicious. The names of the committee are a sufficient guaranty that their promises will be abided by. They are: J. M. Sanderson, William Norris, Edward P. Fry, John W. Field, Joseph Sill, Dr. J. K. Mitchell, W. W. Haly, L. J. Levy, Pierce Butler, Henry C. Carey, Jacob Snider, jr. and E. N. Scherr.

Mr. Castanis.—We accidentally omitted to mention that the "Tale of Scio," in our paper of last Saturday, was from the pen of C. P. Castanis, a young gentleman, who is, we believe, a native of the time-renowned island, the events in whose recent history he commemorates. Mr. Castanis has acquired quite a mastery of the English language, and his lectures upon Greece, at Clinton-Hall, have attracted large and intelligent audiences. Should he ever devote himself to the task of writing a full and elaborate history of the last Greek revolution, we cannot doubt that his success will be great. No one more competent to the undertaking could be designated We shall be pleased to hear from Mr Castanis again, and in the meantime commend his lectures strongly to the public attention. He does not speak from *hearsay*. He describes what he has himself seen

The Maverick-House at East Boston.—We endorse with much pleasure the following merited tribute, which we find in a contemporary journal, to the host of the Maverick-House. We can from experience attest the truth of the compliment: "Major Barton, of the Maverick-House, is a princely host, and keeps—we were on the point of saying—the best hotel in the country; we are not sure that we should have been in error, had we ventured the assertion explicitly. Certain we are, that the Maverick-House, in the cheapness, commodiousness, and airiness of its accommodations; the perfect order, cleanliness, and efficiency of its internal arrangements; and the kindness, attention, and gentlemanly demeanour of its landlord—is second to no establishment in the United States. If the Bostonians will not give such a man opportunities enough for making his fortune, let him come on here. New-York will receive him with open arms. We speak advisedly."

The Park.—The management of the Park theatre have had the good fortune and the good taste to effect an engagement with Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff, who have been playing at Philadelphia with marked success. We trust now to witness the representation of Bulwer's play of "Richelieu" in a manner creditable to the Park. These eminent performers sustain the principal characters, it is said, in a manner at once original and highly effective. Wherever Miss Vandenhoff has appeared in public, she has created a sensation altogether unsurpassed since the palmy days of Fanny Kemble; and it gives us pleasure to state that she is equally a favourite in private circles. Giubilei, Manvers, Martyn and lady, and "last not least" in our kind regards, Miss Pool, remain firm *attachés* of old Drury. We regret to hear that there is a prospect of Mr. Alexandre's speedy return to Paris—we say *regret*; for he is both in private and in public one of the most worthy and extraordinary men connected with literature and the stage, that ever crossed the Atlantic.

Women at a premium.—The congress of Texas have passed a law granting two thousand nine hundred and eighty-two acres of good land to every woman, who will marry *during the present year*, a citizen of that republic, who was such at the time of the declaration of their independence. Young gentlemen from Texas will, we suspect, be in demand during the present year.

Wooden pavements.—We find the following in a late London paper. It is confirmatory of the remarks we made a week or two since upon the subject of wooden pavements:—"The numerous accidents which have occurred in the Old Bailey since it has been paved with wood have at length awakened the city authorities to the expediency of making some alterations, and workmen were on Saturday employed in 'notching' the wooden blocks."

Prince Puckler Muskau.—It is stated that this distinguished character is making arrangements to purchase the possessions of the late Lady Hester Stanhope in Syria, and there establish a principality according to his own ideas. The heirs of Lady Stanhope, however, are said to be reluctant to sell.

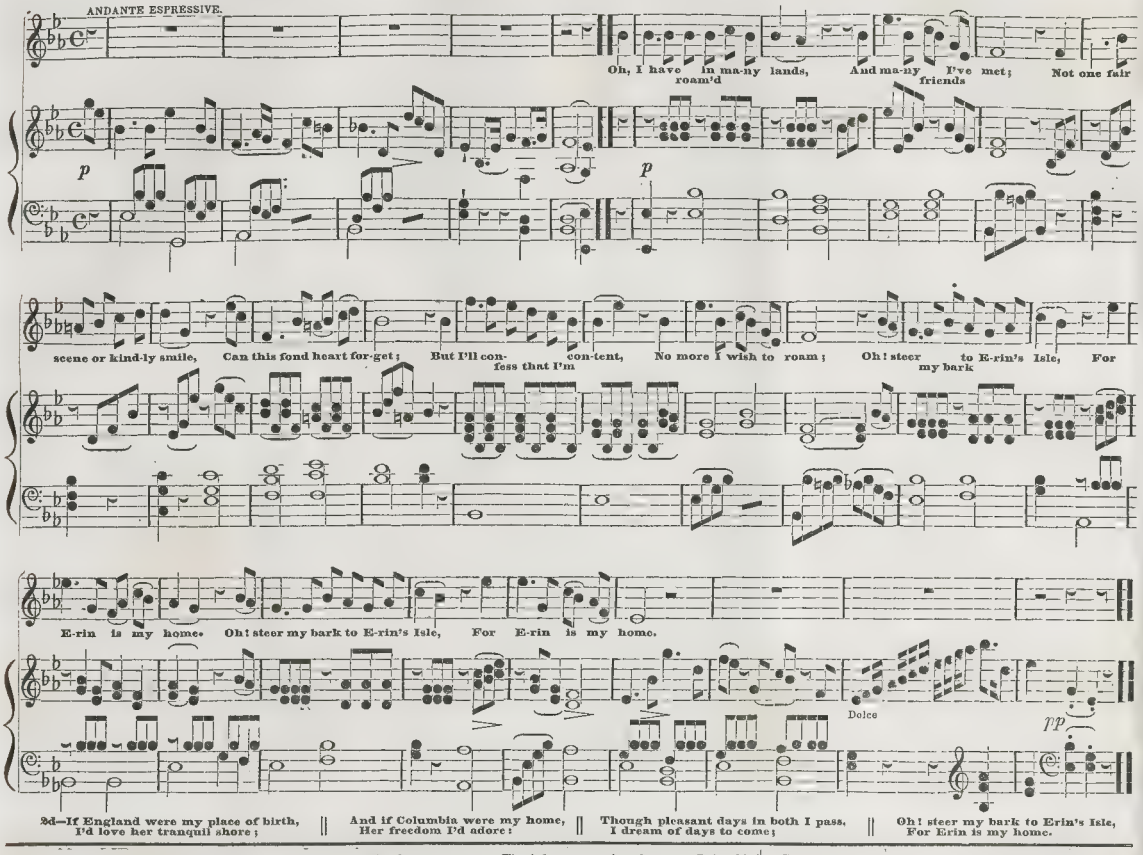
Music.—Of this delightful science, Martin Luther said—"Music is so great and powerful an engine, designed to awaken and render our faculties more susceptible, at the same time ennobling the hearts of men, that it is of the highest importance, both to church and state, to cultivate it properly."

Perilous travelling.—A letter dated Dossola, September the nineteenth, mentions that a French baron and his lady were passing over the mountains, the lady riding on a mule, when the mule slipped and went over a precipice with the lady on his back, and both were dashed to atoms with the guide.

The Bowery.—Hamblin is as busy as usual in producing novelties in quick succession. Mrs. Shaw, however, continues to be the principal attraction at this house.

ERIN IS MY HOME.

A BEAUTIFUL BALLAD—SUNG BY MR DEMPSTER—ARRANGED AND ADAPTED TO A BOHEMIAN MELODY, BY MOSCHELES.



MISCELLANY.

Love at first sight.—The Courier Français gives the following account of the origin of the intended marriage between the hereditary grand duke of Russia and the princess Mary of Darmstadt: It appears that the princess had been very much kept in the back ground by the grand duke, her father, who entertained no view of so splendid an alliance for her. The hereditary grand duke of Russia returning, like the heirs apparent in the old eastern tales, from a tour from court to court, to select a wife from the numerous princesses who were on the list, and like them, wearied with his tour, and disappointed in his expectation, was delighted to arrive at Darmstadt, where, as there was no princesses to marry, he might be allowed to repose after the tedious ceremonies of courts, in which the marriageable daughters had been brought forward in the hope of captivating his heart. At the first court party, however, his imperial highness remarked in the corner of the room a beautiful young girl of fifteen, dressed in plain white, and who was sitting unnoticed by the brilliant throng. The illustrious tourist inquired of the grand duke of Hesse Darmstadt who this young lady, who had not been presented to him, was; and, with some embarrassment on the part of the father, he was told that it was his daughter. The simple and interesting appearance of the princess produced an immediate effect upon the prince, who, after an hour's conversation with her, in which he found that the beauties of her mind equalled those of her person, sent a courier to the emperour to request his consent to their union, which was not refused.

Female courtship in rome.—The women of Rome know nothing of those restraints which delicacy, modesty and virtue impose upon the sex in northern Europe. A Roman lady who takes a liking to a foreigner, does not cast her eyes down when he looks at her, but fixes them upon him long and with evident pleasure; nay, she gazes at him alone whenever she meets him in company, at church, at the theatre, or in her walks. She will say, without ceremony, to a friend of the young man's, "Tell that gentleman I like him." If the man of her choice feels the like sentiment, and asks, "Are you fond of me?" she replies with the utmost frankness, "Yes, dear." The happy medium between American and Roman courtship appears to us the best. We hate excessive coyness but do not like too much familiarity. What Maryatt—his opinion we have published—has said of American women in regard to mock modesty is too true.

Criminals not according to law.—All old bachelors, of a reasonable income, above forty, all young men who have married old women, all old men who have got young wives, all those who have helped to make the national debt what it is.

Sale of a wife.—The infamous practice of a man offering his wife at public sale is still continued in England. Recently, in Rotterham-market-place, a respectably dressed woman was offered for sale. She appeared with a halter round her waist, under her gown, the end of which passed through her pocket hole. She was knocked down for four shillings and tenpence to a purchaser from Sheffield, and started off with him to his home. The constables were present to prevent a breach of the peace.

Love.—In the first approaches, ere it has assumed any definite character, it is full of life and beauty. Its hidden agency fills the soul with ineffable pleasures; it tinctures every object with new lustre. We do not ask ourselves why we are happy; we feel that we are so; and that is sufficient. The fresh fulness, like new flowers, give forth a sweetness, delicate and spontaneous, and the spirit reposes under its influence, in a beatitude of which, like the happiness of childhood, it is not conscious until it is past.

Curious custom.—In the canton of Casle, in Switzerland, there is a law which compels every newly married couple to plant six trees immediately after this ceremony, and two more on the birth of every child. They are planted on commons, frequently near the high road, and the greater part of them, being fruit trees, are at once both useful and ornamental. The number planted is said to amount to ten thousand annually.

Transports of love.—An accepted suitor, one day walking at a pretty village in Bedfordshire, with the object of his affections hanging upon his arm, and describing the ardency of his affection, said, "How transported I am to have you hanging on my arm." "Upon my word," said the lady, "you make us out a very respectable couple, when one is transported and the other hanging.

Agreeable company.—A man to be agreeable and good company, must think nicely and readily upon what is said—have a good fund of wit—and a faithful memory, and suitable imagination; he should also be master of his mother tongue, for, without this the best thoughts will fail to please.

Beauty.—We have high authority for the opinion, that perfect loveliness is only to be found where the features, even when most beautiful, derive their peculiar charm from the sweetness and gentleness of disposition which the countenances expresses.

Contented poverty.—Do not sigh for this world's goods, nor lament the poverty. Out of the meanest hovel is obtained as fair a sight of heaven, as from the most gorgeous palace.

Good breeding.—A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

Industry.—Honest industry is, after all, man's only sure dependance for the double blessing of a contented mind and a comfortable livelihood.

Garrick and dr. stonhouse.—The following anecdote from the countess of Huntingdon's Life and Times, is well worthy the attention of clergymen, some of whom we doubt not occasionally lay themselves open to a rebuke, similar to the one given by the British Roscius.—"Dr. Stonhouse is said to have been one of the most correct and elegant preachers in the kingdom. When he entered into holy orders he took occasion to profit by his acquaintance with Garrick, to procure from him some valuable instructions in elocution. Being once engaged to read prayers and to preach at a church in the city, he prevailed upon Garrick to go with him. After the service, the British Roscius asked the doctor what particular business he had to do when the duty was over? 'None,' said the other. 'I thought you had,' said Garrick, 'on seeing you enter the reading-desk in such a hurry. Nothing,' added he, 'can be more indecent than to see a clergyman set about sacred business as if he were a tradesman, and go into the church as if he wanted to get out of it as soon as possible.' He next asked the doctor, 'What books he had in the desk before him?'—'*Only* the Bible and Prayer-book.'—'*Only* the Bible and Prayer-book,' replied the player, 'why, you toss them backwards and forwards, and turn the leaves as carelessly as if they were those of a day-book and ledger.' The doctor was wise enough to see the force of these observations, and ever after avoided the faults they were designed to reprove."

Manners.—In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, good manners required that persons of different sexes, when invited to parties, should sit down in couples, and that each couple should have one plate between them. In families one goblet was deemed sufficient for all, and St Bertrand was disinherited by his father, who was affected by the leprosy, for having wiped the edge of the goblet before he drank

Laws.—A person talking to Fenelon upon the subject of the criminal laws of France, and approving of the many executions which had taken place under it, in opposition to the archbishop, said, "I maintain that such persons are unfit to live." "But, my friend," said Fenelon, "you do not reflect that they are still more unfit to die."

Liberty.—Political liberty does not consist in being able to do what we wish, but in being able to do what we ought to wish.

Sincerity.—To practice sincerity, is to speak as we think; to do as we profess; to perform what we promise; and really to be what we would seem and appear to be.

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For the New York Mirror.

A PICTURE.

BY MISS VANDENHOFF.

The hand of time hath blanched that lady's hair,
And paled the hue that once adorned her cheek;
Yet does her age possess a majesty:
A mother's love is in her soft glance, greeting
Yon beauteous girl reclining on a couch,
E'en like a rose nipped in its hour of pride!
And mourning, but resigned, she daily sees
Her lovely child approach the dark grave's brink.
And she, the suffering one—she too submits
Without complaint; nay she is sometimes glad
To quit the weary earth and be at peace:
For she hath tried, and, broken-hearted, found
How frail a thing is man's so boasted love!
The music of her voice hath never breathed
The grief that steals the ruby from her lip;
The glossy curls wave round her brow and neck,
And almost hide the thin transparent hand,
On which her head is leaning for support.
Her hazel eyes are bent upon a boy,
Whose childish face is beaming with delight:
His dimpled hands are holding fast his frock,
Which serves him for a basket, to contain
A store of beauteous flowers:—roses, pinks,
The lily, formed of but one single leaf,
Whose honied breath hangs sweetest on the gale;
The gaudy tulip and the eglantine
He brings, to please a flow'ret far more fair
Than any there that blooms. The drooping one
Still loves their varied hues. Their soft green stem
Arching their slender necks beneath the weight
Of beauty which they bear so bashfully,
Their bursting into life from tiny buds,
Their fragrant scent—all speak of her—of Hope!

ORIGINAL INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

THE MODEL.

A bright morning found me ascending the Scala from the Piazza di Spagna, for the double purpose of breathing the fresh air and making an early call at the studio of my friend At the summit of the grand stairs, and on the south side of the *Piazza della Trinita de Monte*, stands the house of Claude Lorraine. Here that great artist resided when he produced those works which have made his name immortal. Under the simple portico of this *casa famaso* I sat down to rest. From this spot the painter might see the sun go down behind the dome of St. Peter's, and from here he could look upon the eternal city with its fountains, obelisks, palaces and churches, almost at his feet; while beyond the walls, the compagna stretched away until the blue skies, and darker blue of the village capped peaks, traced the boundary line of the plain. How much may we owe to this happy location for the classical, rich compositions, so full of living light and warmth, of this extraordinary landscape painter.

I looked upon St. Angelo, and my recollection told me I had seen its picturesque reflection changed in some small points in more than one of Claude's pictures. Many a palace, church and monument looked familiar to me, yet bearing different relation to the scenery. I had seen them somewhere, in such and such a composition Immediately in the foreground, adorning the tops of buildings, statuary and beautiful vases arose to the level of his studio; while gardens made upon the flat roofs enriched his view with flowers and the liveliest foliage Broken columns, bas reliefs, remnants of antiquity, were about him on all sides. Observe his glorious creations, and you see how genius has wrought those materials into books of poetry, and ravishing combinations of nature and art. My attention was fastened upon the Pantheon, and my mind was wandering from pictorial thoughts to still earlier associations than those belonging to Claude's dwelling, and I know not how long I might have lived among the events of Roman history, had not my course of thought been disturbed by a mendicant who demanded, "*qualche cose*, for the love of the Madonna." Starting up, I threw a few coins into the cappeluccio of the eyeless povera, and continued my way towards the old palace of the De Medici, reflecting upon the incident which forced my mind from the contemplation of a nation's glory to its degradation.

I entered the gardens belonging to the French Academy. An institution supported by the French government, and where she sends her most promising young artists to further their studies at the shrine of art. The grounds appertaining to this palace furnish one of the most agreeable retreats at Rome. You ramble between "*murailes des fleures*," parterres of trimmed foliage, with fountains and vestiges of antiquity—here a mouldering capital, there a part of a fluted shaft. Now a torso nearly buried in shrubbery is discovered in your path; now a vase rises from among clustering leaves, which embrace its peaceful form, and harmonizes with the golden moss, with which time has mellowed all things exposed to the air in this delicious clime.

From the rear of the *Accademia Franchese* is seen the villa Raffielo, once the residence of the divine painter. The cypress trees and the pines which tower in the neighbourhood enrich many a back-ground of his pictures. They are consonant with lofty, pure composition, but belong not to the familiar and ornamental From the same spot that commands this view a picture presents itself, the foreground of which is the fine edifice itself, with its Claude-copied carvings. Beyond, across the Tiber, swells the Pantheon dome, looking like some immense balloon ready to burst from the great church to that vault of ultramarine above—the theme of poets and of travellers innumerable. Mounting to the roof of the academy, the eye sweeps over the compagna, resting upon the misty hills, where sit shrouded in azure vapour, Albania, Tivoli and Frascati. Gazing upon the sea-like amphitheatre, with more minute research, the wrecks of tombs, temples, and all that remains of the monuments born of the mother of empires, are seen, desolate features, scattered upon a sublime waste.

But, in my landscape sketching, I find I am making a late morning call at the studio of S——. Descending from the panoramic view that promises again to imprison my thoughts with the past, suppose me at the door of one of those many studios, which are in the vicinity of the Piazza del Popolo.

Fortune favoured me for once; I found my sensitive friend absent and the door unlocked. I could never prevail upon him to show me certain pictures and sketches, the backs of which excited my strongest curiosity. I was quick to profit by this favourable opportunity. Upon a small table stood the pallet and pencils ready for painting. Upon the easel stood a cabinet-sized canvass. I was destined to get no farther in my search than this. My attention was seized by the commencement before me. From a mass of chalk outlines and dubious things, which might be taken for clouds, smoke or angels, beamed forth a head beautifully painted, fresh, vigorous, and as lovely as *Italia* herself. All was too indefinite to make out the story or subject; but that face—the deep, *deep* black eyes, exquisite mouth, chin, nobly-defined nose—that tint so warm yet transparent. I gazed upon this reality among shadows, as it seemed, until, like the Fornarina of Raphael, I fancied it ready to speak. I was less surprised than annoyed as I saw the bewitching vision move from before my eyes—in its place, looking from between the legs of the easel, stood the disconcerted artist. "*Mio caro*, I am sorry," exclaimed he, "you have seen that *bazza*; I am heartily ashamed you should see how little I can do without nature before me. I despair ever getting through with this composition, or doing justice to the head alone."

"Is that face a dream of yours?" I demanded, "or is there within the walls of Rome a living Venus like that?"

Turning round as I spoke, the door opened, and the original entered The resemblance could not be mistaken. She advanced into the room with a soft "*Buono giorno, signori.*" And thus I saw, for the first time, "Annina," or, as she was familiarly called, "*La bella Modela.*"

The history of Annina is soon told. She was a Contadina, or peasant girl. Her parents were poor, and, rather than beg, they were forced to avail themselves of the surpassing beauty of their child as a model. While yet an infant, Annina's features found a reflection upon canvass in figures of angels, cherubs and seraphs. As she became older, she would sit for Hebes, Venuses, sibyls and Madonnas. She had escaped miraculously the common fate of models, and could never be induced for any consideration to sit for more than the head, although her figure was one that a sculptor might have envied, surpassing, as it did in symmetry, the antique statues

Annina was famed throughout the city, but she was a model; and in this light few, above a certain grade, would make honest advances to her; and those who presumed, she met with a repulsive dignity that won for her the highest respect and esteem. In short, in another walk in life, this Roman girl would have been a model for the proudest to envy and the best to emulate.

In a young Roman she had a desperate *amato* His passion was not responded to, yet he continued to haunt her, to follow her from studio to studio, even to the sacred shrines at her prayers. Her constant companion was an old woman, who counted her beads during the hour or hours that she sat. In this employment had Annina seen eighteen summers, maintaining, by her efforts, her sinking, helpless parents.

Upon the occasion of my present visit, she took her seat, and C—— proceeded with his picture His pencil was the most glowing of any at Rome; it was a pleasure, difficult to describe, to see him, with each touch, add to a copy of nature, already so perfect, still more expression and sweetness of effect. The hour was magically short as I stood watching, by turns, the artist and his model. At length Annina glanced at the picture with an expression of approbation, and, curtseying to us gracefully, darted out of the studio. Her jealous admirer stood waiting at the door, and no doubt the poor girl was obliged to listen to his frenzied *amoré*, even to the protecting roof of some holy sanctuary, or the *atelier* of some other artist, where she was engaged to personate some other beautiful character.

"Come," said C——, throwing down his pencils, "let us hurry to the Vatican; it is open to-day, and the lights will be favourable: for, look you, how clear we have it." C—— had resided several years at Rome, pursuing his art with an ardour that absorbed nearly all other reflections, except those which grow out of a sojourn among scenes so deeply fraught with matter for the reflection of philosopher, poet, and painter. An artist takes few steps here without contributing to advancement in his profession. In truth, his life might be consumed in one dream of genial devotion, undisturbed by the trading world, that almost everywhere else mingles itself with his reveries. The day being brilliant the streets were full of carriages, and everybody was abroad. Barefooted monks, "pale and grave," glided by. Silks rustled against rags, as we threaded our way towards the Ponte St. Angelo, entering in our route several of the most distinguished churches. How strange to break from the stirring multitude, whose every expression and motion speak of the world's ambition and dissipation, and find one's self within the walls of one of those solemn cathedrals!

Approaching one of the obscure chapels, the better to see a picture over the altar, within, we saw kneeling before the Madonna, a figure, the eye fixed upon the holy mother, while her hands crossed upon her bosom, pressed there, as if to leave its impression upon her heart, the sacred emblem of her faith: *the santa crocè*, never absent from the heart of a good catholic. Passing on, I caught a look at the profile. It was Annina! We hurried softly away, afraid to breathe too loud, lest we might disturb the beautiful petitioner. As we stole towards the door we observed the desperate *amato*, haggard and wild, leaning against a baptismal font, dipping his fingers now and then into the vessel, and crossing his low churlish brow, while his eyes seemed trying to penetrate the hallowed air, which enveloped the humble model. We left the church, and were again mingling with the apparent masquerade, which is presented in the streets on a festal day. The costumes of the contadini, noted for being picturesque, students with their long hair, mustachios, velvet coats and cappali, together with the many-fashioned strangers, who linger but a day in the eternal city to exhaust its sights, and to experience its mighty associations, produce a *mescolanga* singularly striking.

We lingered long at the Vatican, and, without visiting half of its thousand rooms, I found my senses wearied from excess of seeing, and reeling under the excitement consequent upon ranging through this museum of art; that accumulation of antiquities, linking centuries together with rescued tablets and time-crumbled vestiges. Stealing into the *Capella Sistine* to see the grand picture of Michael Angelo, as it caught the rays of the setting sun. We finished our day at St. Peter's.

It was Avé Maria, deepening into the most solemn shade of twilight, as we turned from the *Via Candoti* into the Piazza di Spagna. Proceeding towards the Scala, we encountered a crowd, which, silent as the hour, encircled something upon which all eyes seemed to dwell with expressions of awe and pity. We entered the circle. Upon a chair reposed a female figure, which, at first sight, might have been mistaken for some lovely statue, were it not for the stains of blood which were visible upon the light dress The head was supported by a person standing behind the seat, while the arms fell upon the lap in graceful but marble repose. The softened, doubtful light, presented but the general effect, leaving the imagination to guess the rest. The dress, modestly disposed, might seem to have been arranged in its folds for some fastidious artist to copy. In short, the whole was statue-like, apparently the dream of some Flaxman or Donnetello.

I stood transfixed for some minutes, making part of that riveted crowd; anxious to know the meaning of so strange a spectacle and the circumstances, I demanded *sotto vocé* of one near me. He replied—"It is *La belle Modella*—she is dead." Stepping forward to get a nearer view, it proved sadly true! It was indeed the beautiful creature whom I had seen in the morning, so full of life and elegance. Her jealous lover, repulsed in his advances, had, as she descended the grand Scalæ, stabbed her in the neck. Staggering to this spot she had sat down, and bled to death, Night wrapped the cold clay in its mantle of black, and leaving the silent watchers still surrounding the hapless model, we found our way home, our thoughts still coloured with this tragic event.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF MARY DE MEDICIS.

PART I.—THE FIRST INTERVIEW.

Lyons, one of the most commercial towns in France, was filled with the enthusiasm likely to affect a people on the first reception of one who presented herself as their queen, and the wife of their beloved Henri Quatre. The whole of the journey of Mary de Medicis, since she had left Florence, had presented a scene of gorgeous display, and even more than regal magnificence. This lady, who was held to possess all her family taste for splendour, appeared to emulate the memorable voyage of Cleopatra down the Cydnus; for she embarked from Leghorn in a galley exquisitely gilt, and adorned with costly paintings by Italian and foreign artists. Sixteen vessels of the same description accompanied her, and the whole procession (for such it may be termed) realized the conception of a young and lovely woman travelling to become the head of the most polished court, and the queen of the most admired monarch in Europe. For a week she remained at Lyons, in expectation of the sovereign's arrival, keeping the good Lyonese in a fever of magnificence by her continual display

On the ninth of December, 1600, at the hour of supper, surrounded by her attendants, sate a lady, "beautiful exceedingly;" tall, and exquisitely formed, and of a commanding yet winning presence. She sate with a grace and dignity worthy her noble descent—need we say that this lady was Mary de Medicis, the chief personage in our history, and the principal actress in many a melancholy scene besides

Suddenly, at the end of the spacious room, was heard a bustle. Mary, who was in hourly expectation of Henri, looked anxiously around; the murmur increased; at last it shaped itself into words—"The king, the king!" was whispered—"Room for his majesty of France!" Henri, who had only just arrived, had given orders that he was not to be recognized; but finding them disobeyed, he quietly disengaged himself from the throng; and had it not been for a sweet confusion which overspread her countenance, it might not have been known that Mary had caught a glimpse of his fine form as it retired, or heard him say, with the light and merry tone for which he was remarkable, "Faith, gentlemen, I did not think it was so difficult *not* to be a king."

The blush which suffused Mary's cheek intimated that she had not been an uninterested spectator of the circumstance; and, remaining but a short time among her guests, she withdrew to her chamber as soon as etiquette would allow.

Here, after dismissing her attendants, she mused on the picture which Henri had presented to her through his minister, M. de Frontenac; and, while absorbed in contemplating the features of him to whom she had resigned all, she was aroused by a light step behind her. Some one was looking over her shoulder; she felt the warm and glowing breath pass her cheek, and a voice, mild but manly, said:

"Will Mary of Medicis pardon Henri of France for so flattering a copy of a poor original?"

Mary turned quickly round, and, rising, threw herself at the feet of her monarch-husband.

"Rise, rise, dearest lady," exclaimed Henri, and he lifted her gently to her seat. For a time he gazed upon her almost enraptured. "You are beautiful," he said, as he seemed to be drinking in her exquisite loveliness; "beautiful even as your painted resemblance, and that seemed more than mortal!"

"Your majesty upholds the reputation of your land for compliments."

"If truth be flattery," was the gallant monarch's reply, "I do indeed flatter. But say, how like you our good city of Lyons! Do you not miss the golden sky and the gorgeous scenery of your own sunny land?"

"Were you not here, sire, perchance it might be so," replied the queen; "but your kingdom is now my kingdom, and your subjects my subjects, and I will love and cherish them for your sake."

"Yet have we some glorious sights, even for an Italian eye," returned the king. "We boast our matchless Louvre, and our busy Paris, with its rich treasure of devoted hearts; and our royal forest of Fontainebleau, where we will teach you to hunt—another Diana to bewitch our eyes!"

"Let us hope we have many a happy day before us," said Mary, entranced with the devotion indicated.

"But," continued Henri, "if our land be less lovely than that of my sweet Florentine, at least our people are not less loving; and the idol of Henri's heart shall be the idol of the heart of Henri's people."

"And," replied Mary, "how gay will be the scene when the chivalry of France strive for the meed of renown, from the hands of their Italian queen."

"True," replied Henri, enthusiastically, as he thought with pride on the long list of valiant hearts that presented themselves to his imagination; "we have brave knights and true—chevaliers *sans peur et sans reproche*, who will proudly lift a lance for the wife of their monarch. And Sully, too—you must like my Sully, the most straightforward of ministers, and the most honest of men. You must like dear de Rosny."

"I shall ever like him," was the tender reply, "for he caused you to seek so poor a bride as Mary de Medicis."

"Ah, sweetest!" said the enraptured monarch; "you were born for France; you compliment already with the wit of a French courtier, and the grace of an Italian lady."

"I have read, sire, that they who love never flatter."

"At least," replied the king, "believe that I love. And now permit me to retire to seek refreshment more substantial even than that which comes from the lips of so fair a lady; for I have ridden hard to-day to see my queen, to whom I look for pardon for a short absence. We shall meet again ere long."*

And thus met for the first time the gallant Henri Quatre and the fair Mary de Medicis. Who could dream the fate in store for these young and joyous spirits!

PART II.—THE MARRIAGE PROMISE.

Three years have elapsed—three short years—since the meeting of the bridegroom and his bride; but they have been replete with interest. The love which we have seen developed in words of kindness had departed, and jealousy was established where love once had been. He who had vowed eternal constancy to Mary had returned to his former intercourse with the Marchioness de Verneuil, who, hated by the queen, sought every opportunity to annoy her.

Thus placed between two fires, the situation of Henri was anything but pleasant.

"My dear Sully," he exclaimed on one occasion, when distracted with the contending interests, "I am half mad—what with the queen on one side, and Henriette on the other, by heaven! I would as soon be the meanest of my subjects as their king."

"And what, sire, can I do?" was the calm response of Sully, who discouraged his intimacy with the marchioness.

"See one or both of them—tell Henriette that I have done with her—I love her, Sully, still; I own that I love her, but night and morning am I beset by the queen to dismiss her, and I cannot any longer refuse."

At this moment a messenger arrived from the queen, requesting an audience of his majesty. When Mary entered, it was sufficiently evident that something had occurred to ruffle her. Scarcely glancing even at Henri, she exclaimed: "Monsieur de Rosny, as a noble and a gentleman, I appeal to you—am I for ever to submit to the impertinence of a subject! must I tolerate that woman in my court who claims to be the lawful wife of Henri—I, who am the wife of his bosom, the mother of his child!—answer me—must I bear this crying iniquity?"

Scarcely understanding her, Sully exclaimed: "Claims to be the king's wife! What means your majesty?"

"Ask your king—and if he deny my wrong, I will confute him publicly before his people. I will appeal to all honourable men"—and the incensed beauty paced rapidly up and down the royal apartment.

With characteristic *insouciance*, Henri lifted his shoulders with a half-melancholy glance at Sully, but spoke not.

"Behold," continued Mary, "this paper, the copy of one the marchioness, his mistress, now holds, given to her at the very time he sought my hand, and promising marriage to his vile minion!"

"Dear Mary," interposed the monarch.

"All ties of affection are disregarded. My love is made a mockery; my name, no doubt, a sport to amuse his hours of dissipation."

"By heaven! you wrong me."

"How do I know that? What can I expect from him who, at the moment of professing an ardent attachment to me, was shamelessly wooing her whose name shall not pollute my lips?"

"This is too much, madam," exclaimed Henri.

"What," pursued the enraged queen, who lost all moderation, "what can I expect from him who came to meet his youthful bride, warm from the embraces of a mistress?"

"I pray your majesty," said Sully, "be calm"

"Calm! With all the outraged feelings of a woman, how can I be calm? I, whose birth should have commanded respect, whose sex claimed it, am made the jest of a wanton court."

"Nay, madam, not so—"

"I, whose dowry," she pursued," was worthy even a De Medici; whose person, now disregarded, was sought by many—I, who once loved you, Henri—"

"Once, Mary!" said Henri, moved by this latter touch of feeling

"Ay, once; but that is passed by. You have dishonoured me, and for the sake of my child—*our* child, Henri—I demand that the original of that deed be delivered to me."

The pride of Henri rose at the imperious tone assumed by his queen; and, motioning to Sully to withdraw, he stood sternly regarding her. But Mary, whose heart was charged with a mixture of grief and indignation, no sooner saw Sully depart than she burst into an agony of tears. Reproaches would only have hardened the resolution of the king; but tears overcame him, and approaching her he said:

"Dear Mary, do not weep."

"If tears of blood could bring back your pure love and your first earnest affection," was her reply, "I would drain my very heart to shed them."

"Be tranquil; all that I can do, I will. If possible, it shall be delivered to you—at least," he added, "I will ask it of her."

"Ah!—Henri, if she loved you as I do, you would not have to repeat your wish."

The task which Henri had undertaken was by no means a trifling one. Thoroughly tired of her royal lover, the Marchioness de Verneuil determined to keep his promise, as some check upon him.

"Of my own free will," she said angrily, "I will not return it, and you cannot force me"

"Of what service is it to you?" asked the king, when the first burst of passion, excited by his demand, had passed away.

"I will keep it," was the indignant answer, "to prove that you are without honour, as you are without faith and—"

"As a proof, too," interposed Henri, "that *you* are without gratitude. Who forgave you and your relatives their plot against my life? Who annulled the sentence of death passed against your brother? Who has heaped upon you more than royal favours? Yet you refuse me this trifling request." And irritated by the failure of his endeavours, he turned away from her in anger, which unfortunately, however, was but momentary

Nothing could exceed the rage of the queen at not receiving the paper, on which she had set her whole soul. In vain her husband represented the impossibility of wresting it from the marchioness. Her reproaches grew so fast and furious, that the infatuated monarch, after declaring to Sully that "she gave him no peace," sought once more, in the caresses of Madame de Verneuil, to forget the reproaches levelled at him by his queen.

PART III.—THE LAST CONSPIRACY.

The blood of Henri has been drained by the dagger of an assassin, and the vicissitudes subsequently known by Mary had been great. Hated by her son, despised no less than hated by his minister Richelieu, her estates were sequestrated, her person imprisoned, and her life had only been saved by an anonymous note from Anne of Austria, who warned her of her peril if she remained in Compiegne. And now, in an old and even decayed mansion in Cologne, and which bore no outward signs that there resided one who had been great, lay the mother of the reigning monarch of France, and the widow of the murdered Henri. Here she, who had founded hospitals and endowed charities—she who had brought a princely dower to her husband—lay in indigence, withering under the influence of disease, yet not subdued in spirit, and even now was engaged in one of her numerous plots, by which she hoped to overthrow Richelieu's power, and re-establish her ascendancy over the king. Turning her eyes restlessly to the door, as though expecting some one, she lay murmuring—

"And this, perchance, is to be my end;—I, who once had such glorious prospects—I, who was the admired of princes, the controller of nobles; and yet if but this one, this last great effort—for last I feel it is—be unsuccessful; if he," and she gnashed her teeth in impotent rage, "that curse to God, and country, and king—that arch-fiend, Richelieu—but fall, I shall die in peace! Has no one come?" she demanded impatiently; "no messenger? No, no; the poor, and sick, and infirm, must wait, though waiting is torture. Oh, God! for one hour of the bounding steps of youth, what, what would I not suffer! Ha! what noise is that? Now, sir, your news," she exclaimed, as a messenger quickly entered her chamber. "Nay, kneel not; I am no sovereign now. Quick—quick! lives Richelieu still?"

"He does."

"Then has the evil one not forsaken his servant."

"All, madam, is discovered. The king is incensed; the cardinal, yet more firmly established in power, vows implacable vengeance."

"And they who risked all for us," asked Mary anxiously, "how fare they?"

"The axe, the gibbet, and the scaffold, will be their portion," was the melancholy reply.

"'Tis ever thus: they who are faithful fall; while the worthless are left to cumber the ground. But how didst thou escape from the hands of this merciless man—this Richelieu?"

"Through the cardinal's mercy!" repeated his hearer contemptuously. "And what price didst thou pay?"

"A message to your majesty was given me by Richelieu."

"Speak on, sir; I fear not to hear it."

"Say unto her who sought my life," was the message of his eminence, "that her plot has failed, and that Cardinal Richelieu yet lives, to see Mary de Medicis die by the hands of the headsman."

"It is false—false—proud man! the hand of a mightier than thou art is on me, even now. Bear, for love of me, but one more message;" and, supported by such of her attendants as yet were true to her, she rose in her bed. "Tell him," she said, "that in the hour of her dissolution, amid racking pain, and with hot and fevered lips, Mary—his mistress—rejoices to die; for it proves him false—false!" and her head sank again on the pillow, exhausted with her emotions. Yet a few days, and she was no more!

*The circumstance that Henri retired to supper immediately after his first interview with his bride, and requested her permission to do so, is a matter very carefully particularized by some of the old chroniclers.

SPECULATION.

BY M. M. NOAH.

It is the opinion of many that a spirit of speculation gives active circulation to capital and improves the condition of the community. We admit this, if speculations could be confined, could be limited, or if none but those having the ability to risk engaged in them. But they cannot be limited. As well might you attempt to stop the flow of the sea, or direct the course of the whirlwind, as to say who shall, or who shall not speculate. The idea of great gain, with little labour, is so fascinating, and takes hold so readily of the mass of mankind, that few escape it. We all strive to live by our wits rather than our labour.

But a few years ago, men expected to devote the best part of life to the acquisition of an independence, and by a rigid adherence to habits of economy and industry, set such examples to their sons as to induce them to follow in their steps; believing that they would make them more happy and better members of society than merely to give them money, without business or profession, to become loiterers on the highway to life. Now, things are altered Fortune is the mark at which all aim, and they drive pell-mell in its pursuit. They turn in disgust from it if offered at the expense of steady labour and wholesome self-denial, and seek to realize it at once by a grand speculation, an operation in new western cities, (why not try the moon?) or by estimating lots five miles from the City-Hall, at prices that cannot be realized, for building purposes, in twenty years. Thus, nominally rich, they at once become gentlemen of leisure, assume new habits of life, turn out splendid equipages with liveried servants, and almost fancy themselve the nobility of the land, when there comes such a crisis as we now have and they are let down in double quick time. Such is to be the fate of hundreds, before things are righted. This desire of suddenly growing rich has drawn the workman from his tools, the farmer from his plough, the lawyer from his books, the physician from his pills, and the merchant from his regular business. It has pervaded all classes of society, and put everything out of joint. It has created a demand for money that cannot be supplied even at ruling rates. It is not the commercial business of the country that has drained us. The government may preach about overtrading as a blind for its acts, but it will not produce conviction. There can be no overtrading, as long as the products of our soil for export, with the carrier's charges and the profits in foreign ports are equal to our imports

This spirit of speculation has done as much to produce the evils under which we are now suffering, as the government, the banks, or any other causes to which they have here been attributed

The prospect of great profit induced men to obtain money at advanced rates sooner than forego operations. The banks could not supply their enormous demands, and the prices they were willing to pay diverted capital from its usual channel. Where are the heavy regular deposit accounts that banks used to have and on which they discounted? They certainly have not them now, and they are afloat in Wall-street, and can only be had by those who will pay from twenty-four to thirty-six per cent. per annum, and even higher rates. Capitalists having once tasted the sweets of these high prices, will not abate them one jot until the demand ceases, or until there are failures to an extent sufficient to alarm them. As long as they feel secure, they will employ their capital in shaving. Once give them cause to doubt the security of their investments, and it will return to its old channel, and the banks will again have their regular balances, and will be enabled to answer the demands of commercial men.

Close quarters.—A young ensign residing in lodgings, the sitting-room of which was very small, was visited by one of his fashionable military friends, who on taking leave said, alluding to the smallness of the apartment—"Well, Charles, and how much longer do you mean to continue in this *nut-shell*?" To which he wittily replied—"Until I become a *kernell*."

THE POSTMASTER OF ROUVRAY.

The career of Napoleon inspired a degree of enthusiasm in the breasts of the people of France, which had never been known to exist before under any—the most fortunate circumstances. From the peer to the peasant, all idolized their hero, and Napoleon never discouraged the manifestations of affection with which he was greeted wheresoever he went; indeed, he gave such license to his people, even after he had become emperour, that their familiarities often became unpleasant and inconvenient. Among the most enthusiastic of his admirers was the postmaster of a small place in Burgundy, bearing the name of Rouvray, who upon two or three occasions had the honour, personally, of driving the emperour's carriage, and had been spoken to by him familiarly. His first meeting with Napoleon was under circumstances calculated to awaken a lively feeling in the breast of the emperour, for the postillions who were driving his carriage to Rouvray had fallen asleep, and his horses, instead of going direct to the post-house, had wheeled round, and the night being dark, they had nearly precipitated the carriage, emperour and all, from a bridge. As it was, the carriage was nearly overturned, and the postmaster happening at the moment to be returning, with two of his men, from the next town, perceiving the danger, rushed towards the emperour's carriage and prevented the accident from occurring. The emperour expressed himself grateful for the assistance rendered by M. Bizouard, and intimated that he would not forget the circumstance.

Bizouard never importuned the emperour; he was indeed delighted if he got but a nod of recognition: and as nothing pleased Napoleon so much as fanatic devotedness, he was always glad to see the postmaster and hear him give vent to his enthusiasm. M. Bizouard had access to the Tuileries, and he never visited Paris without paying a visit to "his friend, the emperour," which he did with less ceremony than when he had to wait upon the director of the post-office department.

One day, on alighting from the diligence, in his usual travelling dress, he proceeded to the palace to visit his imperial friend. His *sang froid*, as he enquired whether the emperour was at home, astonished the guards and officers of the court. Some laughed, others desired him to go away; and when he became importunate they swore and threatened to send him to the guard-house. This aroused all that was lion-like in the disposition of M. Bizouard, and he cried—

"Ah, ye coxcombs! if you dare to threaten the postmaster of Rouvray—"

"And who's the postmaster of Rouvray?" asked one of the officers on duty.

"Let me have pen and ink, and you shall see!" exclaimed M. Bizouard, in a voice of thunder; "let me have pen and ink, and I'll write to the emperour! Ah, you may stare!—I say, to the emperour."

Pen, ink and paper were brought, and M. Bizouard wrote as follows

"Sire—The postmaster of Rouvray (your best friend and most devoted subject) is about to be sent to prison, just as if I were a noter in your palace. I don't like to waste my time any longer, and besides I wish to see you forthwith.—Please to make haste.

Bizouard."

The emperour had no sooner read this strange note, than he laughed heartily, and to reconcile his enthusiastic adherent to the insult that had been offered him, he despatched one of his chamberlains to have him released; and, to the astonishment of the officers, M. Bizouard was conducted into the presence of "his friend, the emperour."

His business with Napoleon was of some consequence. He had a daughter, a young and delicate girl, who had given her heart to one who was far above her, but who returned her love, and would have married her, but that his parents opposed his union with one so humble. Julie, who, encouraged by the hopes of her lover, had believed that his parents would at length be induced to consent to their union, was nearly broken-hearted when she learned that they had desired Francois to pay his addresses to the only daughter of a wealthy merchant. The postmaster had for some time observed that his daughter's health was declining, and he did all that lay in his power to make her happy. Never lived a kinder parent than M. Bizouard. Rough as he was in his manner, yet he possessed such a warmth of feeling that in the contemplation of his good qualities everything else was not forgotten. He beheld the suffering of his daughter with dismay. The colour had forsaken her cheek, her eyes had become lustreless, and he thought that she was dying.

Moved by his constant kindness, and the tears which fell from his old eyes upon her pale cheeks, as she reclined upon his bosom, Julie disclosed to him the secret of her grief.

The old man was a few minutes speechless; and then the only words he uttered were "my friend, the emperour!" He pressed his poor child fondly to his bosom, and the next morning at daybreak set out for Paris, where he obtained an interview, as already stated

The postmaster's business was explained in a few words, and the emperour's reply was equally laconic.

"Go home, postmaster," said Napoleon, "and if Julie's tears be not dried within three days come hither, again."

M. Bizouard travelled quick, but the emperour's wishes had gone faster; for on the former riding into the post-yard of Rouvray, who should come out to meet him but Julie and Francois; and both were looking so happy, and both were so eager to tell him what had come to pass, that they were both unintelligible; but by their looks M. Bizouard knew that they were happy, and his heart instinctively said—"This is the work of the emperour."

And his heart spoke truly. The emperour had sent Julie a marriage portion and Francois a commission in the army; and now the parents of the youth no longer oppose the nuptials No doubt that night the post-house of Rouvray resounded with cries of "Vive l'Emperour!"

Time passed on, and the idol of M. Bizouard fell into misfortune: his "friend" was no longer emperour of France, but a captive. Who can describe the postmaster's sorrow and despair?

But soon afterward, all France was aware that Napoleon had escaped from Elba; and again were the spirits of M. Bizouard exalted. Early one morning in March, before the sun had risen, the postmaster of Rouvray was awakened by loud shouts at his chamber window, and, on popping out his head to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, who should he see but "his friend, the emperour."

"Allons, Bizouard!" cried Napoleon; "my old and faithful friend! Quick—quick with horses! I am expected at Paris!"

The postmaster was bewildered.

"My friend, the emperour!" he cried, and rushed into the stable for the required horses.

The note of preparation soon struck, and all was bustle and anxiety in the post-house at Rouvray. The horses were put to, Bizouard's two sons were mounted, and the good old enthusiastic postmaster himself, who had also assumed the postillion, had not yet ascended his post of honour. He stood pensive and serious, close to the impatient Napoleon. At length the cloud passed from his countenance, and he exclaimed with a dignified smile, "*Ma foi*, if I make him angry, I shall be angry too!" and then turning towards the emperour, he said, "I have been thinking for these ten minutes how I should convey a request to your majesty—and I am not a bit the wiser after all"

"Bah!" exclaimed Napoleon, taking a pinch of snuff.

"It must come out, sire," said the postmaster, "though I know—that is, I am *afraid*—it will offend you."

"Well," said the emperour, "what is it?"

"Sire, I have had the honour of driving you many times; I am no courtier, no intriguer; I love my country's preserver." I love you for yourself. That's all!"

"Is that all!" echoed the emperour.

"No—I have just now a great favour—a very great favour—to beg. You will perhaps laugh, perhaps be angry, but I shall be the happiest of men if you grant it: I ask permission to embrace you!"

The emperour burst into a fit of laughter.

"Is that all, my poor Bizouard?" he exclaimed, "Come—and then let us be off."

Bizouard rushed to the emperour, clasped him in his arms, hugged him, and, triumphantly bestriding his *porteur*, started, *ventre a terre*, and in less than an hour drove up before the post-house of Avallon, shouting "*Vive l'Empereur!*"—There Bizouard took leave of his great friend—but his parting good wishes, though enthusiastic, were expressed with sadness, and tears fell from his eyes as he joined in the acclamations of the surrounding throng

The disastrous news from Waterloo fell upon him as a thunderbolt. Soon after that fatal event the postmaster of Rouvray was dismissed from that situation, next sent to prison, and tried at the assizes for having promoted the usurpation of his imperial patron, and endeavouring to avenge his fall upon the restored government He was acquitted, but such heavy blows impaired his health. From rich that he was he became poor, and the revolution of 1830, found him ploughing fields that were not his own. His attachment to the memory of his departed idol long injured the success of his applications to Louis Philippe's government. At length, one afternoon as he returned from his daily task, a letter was put into his hands, the contents of which extracted from him a "*Vive l'Empereur!*" meant to be a "*Vive le Roi!*" M. Bizouard was informed, that through the personal interference of the duke of Orleans, he was restored to the office of postmaster of Rouvray.

MUTILATION OF WORKS OF ART.

The mischievous propensity which is so often manifested by Englishmen and Americans to disfigure and mutilate works of art, or to handle them through an idle curiosity, is well satirized in the following extract from the second volume of "Little Pedlington," just published:—"'But what about the kangaroo?' said I. 'Is it possible you did not hear of it! The town talk! 'Chickney, the poulterer, who has naturally been keeper of our zoological gardens, and honorary secretary, has presented us with a stuffed kangaroo, Yesterday there was a private view of it. Interesting sight! Subdued, *quiet* interest, though—not of an *exciting* interest, like the monkeys on the ladies' days, Sundays, you know. Interesting creature, though. Paper pasted on it: 'Visiters are requested not to touch!' Very foolish—gave great offence. How can one tell what kangaroos are made of if one isn't allowed to touch?—and the moment Chickney's back was turned, people *did* touch. And what harm did they do? Nothing but a little bit of its tail, one fore paw, and two claws of the other broken off. Chickney angry—very foolish to be angry—told him so. Easy to glue the pieces on again, if ever he should get them back. If not, what then? What is that in comparison with the rights of the people? I don't know how the case will be with you Londoners; but this I can tell you, my dear fellow, no free-born Pedlingtonian will relinquish his right, at an exhibition, of touching whatever he can lay his hands upon.' As I thought the tone in which Mr. Hobbleday uttered his last remark was intended to convey an offensive doubt of the patriotism of my dear fellow-Londoners, I replied to him somewhat sharply: 'Mr. Hobbleday, allow me to tell you, sir, that the London public are as well acquainted with their rights, and as jealous of them, as the Little Pedlingtonians, sir, of theirs. And, sir,'—I was vexed, and could not help *arring* him a little—'and sir, if in a picture gallery one entertains a doubt as to whether the varnish on a picture be dry, he will satisfy his very laudable curiosity by rubbing his hand over it; if as to what it may be painted on, he will prove it with his finger; and to point out its beauties, he, like a true-born Londoner, will use the end of his stick or his umbrella In a museum, sir, doubting as to whether a statue be of marble, or stone, or plaster, he will exercise his right of twitching it by a finger, or any part most easily fractured, in order to inform himself; and in all places, sir, he will scribble or chop his name (and, for the information of posterity, the date of his visit too) upon the most prominent object within his reach, no matter how much it may be disfigured by his handiwork; always taking care, sir, to assert these his unquestionable rights when the persons who might oppose them (those instruments of tyranny and oppression, the keepers or guardians) are absent.'"

STANZAS

Alas! the day I e'er beheld that lovely form and face,
Those blessed eyes, those melting lips, that beauteous look and grace;
The fairy form it dazzled me the moment I beheld,
My heart leap'd high, and from that hour it never has been quell'd.
For that fond being, wo to me! another has possess'd,
And ever henceforth calm repose is banish'd from my breast
With agonizing torments now my restless bosom teems; [dreams.
By day my thoughts engross'd by her, and each long night my
Her name I mention in my prayers; my waking eyes unfold
And light upon the angel form I fancy I behold.
An alter'd being am I now, this recompense is given,
I've gazed upon the star so long, one ray I've caught from heaven.
The scorching fire in my soul by hope alone I bear,
The agonizing anxious hope of Sympathy's pure tear. T.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

CHIDHER

Spoke Chidher, the immortal, the ever young.
I passed by a city, a man stood near,
Plucking fruit that in a fair garden hung;
I asked, How long has the city been here?
He said, as the clustering fruit he caught,
There was always a city on this spot,
And so there will be, till Time is not.
Five hundred years rolled by, before
I was standing upon that spot once more.

Not a trace of the city could be seen;
A shepherd lay piping his song alone,
His flocks were browsing the herbage green;
I asked, How long has the city been gone?
He said, while still on his pipe he played—
Fresh flowers spring up, as the others fade,
Here I and my flocks have ever strayed.
Five hundred years rolled by, as before:—
I was standing upon that spot once more.

I found there a sea with billows crested;
A man was shooting his fishing gear,
And, as from the heavy draught he rested,
I asked, How long has the sea been here?
He smiled at my question, and thus he spoke
As long as these waves in foam have broke,
It has been the haunt of us fisher folk
Five hundred years rolled by, as before:—
I was standing upon that spot once more.

A tall spreading forest there I found,
And a woodman old in its shadows drear:
The strokes of his axe broke the silence round
I asked, How old is the forest here?
He said, All the days of my life I've known
This forest a forest, and dwelt alone
'Mong trees that ever were growing or grown.
Five hundred years rolled by, as before:—
I was standing upon that spot once more.

'Twas a city now, where the hum resounded
Of crowds on a festive holiday
I asked, What time was the city founded?
The forest, and sea, and pipe, where are they?
They cried, of my question taking no thought,
'Twas always the same as now—this spot,
And so it will be, till time is not.
And when five hundred years have rolled by, as before,
I'll be standing upon that spot once more.

PIETY IN WOMEN—BY MRS. BALL.

It is a matter of proud congratulation among women, that whatever extraordinary powers may have been bestowed, or pre-eminent talents developed in their sex, piety has ever been their concomitants. There is a native purity in the heart of women which naturally leads her to christianity. On no other altar can she pour out all the pure aspirations of her nature. But the moment woman ceases to be virtuous, she shrinks with nervous terror from the convictions of conscience, and listens to the bewildering voice of infidelity, in the vain hope of stifling the self-reproach which haunts her solitude. Then, and then only, if she has talents, they become perverted, and to 'make the wrong appear the better reason,' becomes the aim of all her efforts. Her object is to create admiration, now that she can no longer inspire love; and she turns from her own sex and assumes the masculine coarseness or infidel philanthropy, for the pure, meek, and holy religion of the gospel. Thus she stands forth to the world an isolated object of contempt and pity; and, cut off from all the sympathies of society, becomes a wandering meteor, destined finally to sink in the gulf of infamy

But how bright is the reverse of this picture! Look back upon the historic page, and see woman proudly filling her destiny. See Helena, the pious mother of Constantine, laying the foundation of a christian empire Look at the British king christianizing and humanizing his subjects, under the influence of a pious queen. And in more modern times, see the Augustan queen of England, with the firmness of manhood, clearing away the superstitions with which time and weakness had obscured the light of religion, and at once reviving learning and christianity. But I need not go back. Look at Mary, the mother of Washington, 'a devout woman,' and the preceptor of him who stands in bold relief on the record of time, above a host of heroes and conquerors, the boasted worshippers of an abstract virtue, but in reality the practical murderers of their species. Washington was as good as he was great, and his mother taught him the true philosophy of greatness.

And why should man, who leans with such confiding trust upon woman's holy tenderness and purity for all that soothes and consoles, and makes home happy why should man seek to substitute in her heart, for its innate elevation, the bewildering glare of unbelief? Is woman unhappy in her domestic regulations—what allays the bitterness of discord? what like religion robs the reproach of its sting and substitutes the heart-touching prayer for the cold taunt? Is her husband a wanderer from the domestic hearth? what hinders her from a wish of retaliation, and what recals him so soon as the settled conviction of his wife's virtue, guarded and sustained by her unwavering faith in another and more blessed state of existence, where the wicked cease from troubling? Oh! sweep not from around the female heart the barriers which religion has reared, by a cold deluge of infidel sophisms. Deny a part, and you shake her faith in the whole. Teach her not to seek the contaminating influence of vice in the world, by inculcating the union of virtue and vice in heaven. Her Bible teaches her that a meek and quiet spirit is the distinguishing trait of a christian, and what man will displace it for the glittering bubble of licentious infidelity.

PATIENCE—A SCHOOLMASTER'S VIRTUE.

In all studies, patience is needed; and he who is studying for an educator, should particularly exercise the virtue and the power of patience in the course of his own private studies, whereby he will not only have schooled himself to bear with the obstinacy of a pupil, but will be enabled to appreciate the difficulties which lie in the way of the student, and to make proper allowances. The difficulties of study are to be overcome with patience; the educator, therefore, must take time for himself, and grant it to others.

For the New York Mirror.

MINNA,

Who, at Saratoga Springs, during the last summer, was the "observed of all observers."

"One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring;
For which joy hath no balm and affection no sting."
Moore.

"The thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will."
Byron.

Little think'st thou, gaily dancing,
Of the heart that's wholly thine;
Happy eyes on thee are glancing,
Though unbidden tears fill mine.

Smiles will light these eyes no more—
I have lost thee—wo is me;
Yet the loss I may deplore,
Though it be my destiny!

Dearest Minna! may thy breast
From such wretchedness be free;
Where the dove of peace may rest,
Though, alas! it flies from me.

From the hour I saw thee beaming
On my child thy look of joy,
My fond fancy has been dreaming—
How I envied that dear boy!

Anguish deep the lips ne'er uttered,
Tongue, nor pen, nor lute can tell;
My dark genius sure has muttered,
Hope, love, happiness—farewell!

Days and months my senses wandered:—
Sear'd in heart—with madden'd brain
Like a prodigal I squandered
Peace, I ne'er may hoard again.

She whose art has wrecked for ever
All my hopes in sorrow's sea,
Could not crush the love—ah, never,
Which, dear girl, I feel for thee.

Sure it was an act inhuman
First to snare then wound my heart—
Fiend, in angel form of woman!
Well I know thee as thou art!

Oh, forgive me, bright perfection!
For the bliss of loving thee—
Droops my soul in sad dejection
O'er hope's grave—a willow tree.

Vain the struggle to forget thee;
Vainer still to cherish love;
Yet how deeply I regret thee
Let my present anguish prove.

Fare thee well—the word is spoken;
Minna, lost one! fare thee well!
Couldst thou read the heart that's broken,
What a history sad 'twould tell!

Though my hopes I'm doomed to smother,
Still I'll live alone for thee
Lady, shouldst thou need a brother,
Let me that true brother be.

Till the green mound of the valley
Shall above my bosom swell,
I am thine—though now I rally
Strength to bless and breathe—farewell!

B.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

EXTRACTS FROM LECTURES ON GREECE.

BY C. P. CASTANIS.

Much curiosity has been exhibited to know the circumstances of the interesting appearance of Americans, on the shores of Greece, near the close of the revolution, with provisions and clothing sent by the generosity of that transatlantic people to relieve the sufferings of the devotees of freedom and the defenders of the rights of humanity. A son of the most deeply-afflicted of the Grecian communities, a community lowered from the height of respect and opulence to the depths of poverty and want, (ill-fated Scio,) now undertakes the task of gratifying the desire expressed by so many friends, to hear the story from an eye-witness, and recipient of American bounty.

It was chiefly in 1827 and 1828, that the relief was forwarded from America. It would, perhaps, be satisfactory to know what the condition of the country was, at that period, to call for succour from places so remote, and put into action the sympathy of so many foreign states

The aspect of the country harmonized exactly with the distress of every inhabitant. The green and balmy Grecian islands were smoking with ruin. Scio lay the blackened tomb of her immense population, presenting only now and then a survivor who wept and served as a slave to the Turk, who was going about to undermine the lofty walls of the Chian mansions, for the purpose of finding the paltry treasures, for which he had murdered innocence and wisdom, and even the venerable and aged piety, that once walked in that paradise and favourite resort of travellers through the Orient.

The giant ghost of Crete stalked where her hundred cities once stood, and there saw she the falsely-styled *disciplined* Egyptian troops, the regular corps of Mehemet Ali, the pretended civilizer, torturing her defenceless children.

Ipsara's barren rock, the Thermopylae of the Ægean, was rent in twain, and the sea around might have revealed the bones of her brave defenders with those of their wives and children, who preferred death to the harem and servitude, and perished and leaped into immortality from their exploding fortress. All the renowned Cyclades displayed the traces of revenge and hatred upon their shores and rocky summits.

Ægina and Salamis, as formerly at Xerxes' approach, were covered with Athenian families, which stood anxiously watching the regions of Attica and the Acropolis, especially where Minerva's temple was destined for a short time longer during the terrible siege to bear the flag of freedom, while at the command of Criezotez, the gallant phrurarch, or captain of the watch, the Parthenon's base seemed to cast forth Jove's own thunderbolts upon the seventy thousand barbarians of Kiutahy, the Albanian general.

Then the Peloponnessus! Neither pen nor tongue can describe the scenes that were presented in Argolis, Messene, and in every part of the peninsula. At Navarino, the Egyptian regular was roasting alive and maiming in every imaginable way the captives. The present author saw many a poor wretch who had escaped from the Egyptians holding his tongue, which had been cut out, in one hand, and beckoning for aid with the other. Argos was completely devastated, and the inhabitants could find not even huts or tents to shelter them in their almost utter destitution of clothing

Such was the prospect, when the American ships, sent with the benevolent design of relieving the starving and naked, sailed through the Ægean sea On every side, on the island and on the main land, nothing was seen but desolation and war. The Americans almost feared that the objects of their sympathy were past relief. They had but a short time previously quitted a youthful and vigorous nation, green with forest and smiling with cities. But now they beheld the ruins of a people, and the sad and distressing remnants of what the rage of fanatical despots had overthrown. But we hasten to the account of the distribution of the supplies.

The number of the American ships sent at different intervals was five; namely, two from New-York, two from Philadelphia, and one from Boston. The chief ports at which landings were effected, were Poros, (Trœzene,) Nauplion and Ægina.

As the warm-hearted Americans landed, they were greeted by the joyful tears of a persecuted nation. Although Greece had lost her Bozzaris, her Guras, her Caraiscos, her bravest generals; although sixteen hundred of her gigantic Cretan children had fallen a few days before on the plains of Attica, with a large band of the noblest Suliots; although Greece had lost almost every hope, she welcomed not only with joy the angels of succour, but with confidence of success, because she saw that the cries of suffering justice and liberty had been heard across the roaring waves of the broad Atlantic. When the representatives of the land of Washington met the gaze of that oppressed nation, it seemed that futurity was in fact doing to Greece the homage which the freeborn Romans had refused, when they sacked Corinth, whose sons, by their knowledge of Homer, so affected the Roman despot, that he relented, although it was too late to save. It seemed that the very shades of a freeborn antiquity had conducted to their native shores these benefactors, to show the modern people of Greece how imperishable is the influence of true national worth, and also prove another thing through the American munificence, namely, that after the lapse of ages, Greece had at last found a nation, an offspring of the same lofty divinities, and a true relative and ally. On the Peloponnessus at that very moment the Egyptians, the gigantic race of antiquity, were murdering and torturing in the most barbarous manner, like those of their own primeval Pharaohs. Next, the Jews, a nation boasting of their laws, which their historians assert, were not adopted by the Greeks, because their writers were prevented by Jehovah from promulgating divine privileges intended only for Jews; the Jews, I say, were dragging to the sea-shore with every demonstration of contempt the bodies of the slaughtered Christian Greeks! Next, again, the descendants of the Romans, Venetians and Genoese, who formerly invaded Greece, and who are Roman catholics, were mocking at our calamities. As for the European people, the people of France, England, Russia and Germany, excepting Austria, the same could not be said, for they really assisted the Greek people much at this crisis; but the Christian invincible kings, the plenipotentiaries of Europe, were looking on, seemingly indifferent. But the Americans, devoid of the self-interest and bigotry so common elsewhere, appeared less as foreigners than as brethren. While Egyptian, Turk, Jew, Frank, Armenian, and all the barbarous tribes of Europe, Asia Minor and Northern Africa, were against us, Christian Greece, struggling for liberty, the Americans were not afraid to sail alone amid so many heartless spectators, in order to nourish and console the suffering descendants of Homer, Minos and Lycurgus. Look through all history, and your eye will find no act of benevolence like that of a nation that sent ships across the wide Atlantic, through the Mediterranean and the Ægean, on a message of mercy.

The Americans were naturally shocked on entering Nauplion in Peloponnessus, to see the distress which prevailed in that city. Here were assembled the *elite* of the Greek population, escaped from the Egyptian. At that time the Greeks possessed in Peloponnessus only this post, together with Corinth and Monembasia, and some retreats on the mountains of Sparta. Every day the sky was echoing to the thunder and shock of battle, in some part of Peloponnessus. Over fifty thousand Egyptian regular troops had been poured upon this peninsula, and against that formidable force the few starving hundreds of the bold Spartans, Cretans and Suliots, were hurling mountains of vengeance and recalling the shades of those demigods who fought, in the pristine age, with fate and dire necessity.

Nauplion had formerly been inhabited by the Turks alone, until the valiant Staïkas, a Peloponnessian, during the terrible siege, early in the revolution, scaled the walls of Pallameda, the fortress, with a few score of Greeks, and massacred the guard, when the Grecian force followed and took the city. At this time some of these Turkish-built houses, which were very inconvenient, were filled with twenty families, while the streets also were covered with refugees from the surrounding country and islands. Here the Americans beheld the pride of the Grecian population almost naked and starving. Many wounded soldiers were perishing for want of a surgeon. The hospitals were crowded with patients. This was truly a crisis. Nothing was heard on the Grecian lips, but "may God bless the Americans." As the supplies were distributed, the Greek girls thanked the donor and added, "May God pardon all your sins." This phrase resounded continually. There was also another, still more particular, "May God and the most holy Virgin return you safe to your distant country!"

Such were the scenes at Nauplion. At last, the Egyptians being out of the way, the Americans proceeded towards Argos, about six miles distant from Nauplion.

At this time the country presented a sad spectacle. The whole coast, from Argos to Laconia, was covered with men women and children, driven from the interiour of Peloponnessus. They had fled from the exterminating sword of the Egyptians. The ghost of Cadmus might have wept to see the land, where he introduced letters, so deplorable and so desperate, through the descendants of those who came to colonize and civilize, what was now being depopulated and rendered barbarous by the order of the Pacha of Egypt. Many a woman, and many a child, had escaped from the exterminators with the loss of an eye, their nose, their ears, or some other portion of their body. Here was a torture worse than the American savages, and on a larger scale.

The wretchedness of most of the population scattered over the plains beggars description. Some persons had scarcely any covering at all, having been obliged for several months to live in caves, which they excavated beneath rocks, where they hid not only for shelter from the night air, but also to escape, if possible, the bands of Egyptians who scoured the whole peninsula, crying, "down with the infideis!" Navarino, on the opposite coast, was a sort of Avernus to the unfortunate natives of that city; for the tortures of the ancient hades could not have been more refined; and many a means of prolonging life through the most intense pain was adopted by the Egyptian demons, for the hellish delight of beholding their victims writhe, groan, display features of grief, and turn purple amid the throes of martyrdom. One amusement was, to cause two victims to kneel on the ground, and essay one's dexterity in cutting off both necks at once, in which case, when the executioner was successful, the tongues of the victims made a vibratory motion and a slight murmur. The sufferers who escaped from Navarino were said by their friends to have arisen from the dead, just, as in ancient times, when one returned from a long journey of peril, the friends observed, "you have been rescued from the hades."

The maidens who had escaped from Navarino presented a pitiful sight. They could not harden their hearts nor close their memory to the terrific scenes which they had witnessed. They tore their dark ringlets and exclaimed, "Oh God, to what hast thou condemned us? Is there no christian arm to relieve us? Are we indeed the last of christians doomed to this fate?"

The poor, untaught, simple-hearted girls knew not that the world contained christian kings and autocrats who might at a blow abase and exterminate all the forces of Turkey and Egypt. Had they been fully sensible of such a fact, their grief would have been still greater to reflect that christendom should permit the massacre of a whole christian nation.

It is well, here, to remark that the females, and the inhabitants in general, in Peloponnessus were not so well educated as those in other parts of Greece. Most of the Peloponnessians could neither read nor write. This arose from the strictness maintained there by the Turks since the past century; for it is well known that the Peloponnessus particularly, together with other Greek communities, raised the first standard of liberty in modern times This happened in 1769, and lasted ten years till 1779, during all of which time the Peloponnessus was overrun by myriads of the wildest Albanians, whom the undaunted Spartans cut entirely in pieces, but not until the greater portion of the country had seen the same calamities witnessed at the close of the late revolution. The Russians who had promised assistance refused it, when the Peloponnessians needed only powder and ball to complete their vengeance, and join the other Greeks in a general assault against the Ottomans. Thus the misfortunes which happened through the influence of the promises of Catharine II. of Russia, were here repeated, after the lapse of more than fifty years, to the children of those sufferers. In that manner, it seemed to the Peloponnessians that they were doomed to struggle for liberty, and gain no other boon than the privilege of dying where their ancestors fell.

During the time which intervened between the revolt of 1769 and the revolution of 1821, the pachas and beys of the Peloponnessus or Morea were obliged with the Sultan to keep the strictest subjection to his despotic rules, and increase the acts of outrage and insult upon the natives, that they might be prevented from future insurrection.

Thus it was natural to find the Peloponnessians more ignorant than the other Greeks. Many of them could not fancy who the

Americans were It was a ludicrous sight to observe their astonishment. The girls especially could scarcely credit their own sparkling eyes when they were told that friends had come from America. "America! where is that place?" exclaimed some of them, wiping away their tears. Accordingly, a certain Yankee, then present, pointed towards the ground, in order to indicate that the Americans were antipodes, or on the other side of the globe. But the Yankee mode of interpretation was altogether too deep. The Greeks rolled their eyes and said: "Surely they are from the infernal regions! and who should wonder that our calamities should excite the sympathy of the unseen world?" Some persons from New-York and Philadelphia succeeded much better in giving the wished-for knowledge. They pointed towards the sea, and heaved a long sigh, to indicate that they had come from a distant place, and a country where they had left objects *worthy* of *sighing* after.

This last explanation had a magical effect. The Americans were forthwith and henceforth brethren and kindred in spirit to the descendants of the Heraclidæ. Such was the scene of introduction between American and Greek. But the more ludicrous part remains to be told. It was really tragico-comic to see the appearance of the Greeks in the clothing forwarded from America. The tight sleeves of the shirts, the tight pantaloons, and all the tight array of the American form was transferred upon many thousands of Greeks. The singular gowns of the ladies afforded much amusement to the Grecian damsels, who were for ever turning their heads to look behind and get a glimpse of the general fit and figure. The men capered about in the greatest ecstasy, often wearing a dress half Greek and half American, of the most fantastic appearance. The new-comers poured in in great numbers, and were glad to throw aside their blood-stained tunics, which they had not changed or mended for many months, and assume a new dress. Many boxes were filled with cloth unwrought, accompanied with needles, tape, and every article needful in making new clothing. Consequently, the young ladies were soon set to work. It is impossible to conceive the joy of some who had scarcely been able to shelter themselves in bad weather from the wind and rain. All the dwellings were destroyed, as it has been remarked, out of the fortified posts and the city of Nauplion. Consequently, the accommodations for the most delicate females were not as good as those of the wildest North American Indians. A hole was dug in the ground, and there reposed the beauty of Peloponnesus. All these sufferers were devoted christians, and they had prayed to God that one christian community would step forward, and prove that the disinterested love taught by the fathers of the Greek church would display itself, if any vestige of such affection really existed. Accordingly, on the appearance of the Americans, they exclaimed: "God has answered our prayer! Assuredly America has a heart that responds in perfect harmony to that of Hellas!"

In the distribution of the clothing, the recipients, in searching the pockets of their dresses, often found billets of paper, which they mistook for bank notes and commercial orders. These supposed notes were presented to the Americans for the money, but to no purpose; and at last, by using an interpreter, they learned that the papers were merely expressive of the attachment and veneration of the donors for the nation which they were succouring.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

GOETHE'S FAUSTUS.

SIXTH NOTICE.

In our previous numbers we have portrayed, with the aid of the poet, the characters of Faustus and Mephistopheles. It remains for us to depict the third actor in the mystery, the exquisite creation of Margaret. A new interest is now brought into the drama. Hitherto we have seen the doctor and the devil, surrounded by mere subsidiaries and adjuncts to the scene; peasants and soldiers at one point, carousing students at another, and at a third witches and cat-apes. These, however, have been but the fillings-up of the pictures. They have been subservient to the main personages of the piece. Interpret them as we may, the drinking bout in Auerbach's cellar, and the visit to the witch's kitchen, are but merry extravaganzas, whose absence would impair the whole poem only by abbreviating it. As for any aid they lend in developing the main design, they might be lost, without being missed. They are comic interludes, relieving the tragic view of the work, acquainting us with the gay traits of the character in Mephistopheles, and the description of entertainments to which he introduced the doctor. In this light, we can understand and enjoy them. But the scene now opens upon a character, which is, no less than Faustus or Mephistopheles, essential to the progressive development of the poem.

Mild, innocent, and lovely, a simple-hearted cottage girl, guileless herself, and knowing not of guile in the world, appears before us Margaret. After gazing upon the vision of the mirror, and quaffing the subtle beverage prepared for him by the witch, Faustus first meets and salutes her in the street. His advances are repelled. Let Faustus describe her:

By heaven, she is a lovely child;
A fairer never met my eye,
Modest she seems, and good and mild,
Though something pert was her reply—
The red lips bright—the cheek's soft light—
My youth had not departed quite!
She passed, her timid eyes declining,
Deep in my heart they still are shining—
And her light spirit's lively play
Hath stolen me from myself away!

Mephistopheles interrupts his soliloquy The doctor, somewhat abruptly and peremptorily, demands instant possession of the girl, who had just passed. After some protestation of the difficulty of gratifying his wish, the devil promises to put him in the way of success; laughing at his impatience, and reminding him that the toil and trouble of winning a treasure augment its value, and stimulate the desire of possession. Faustus tells him that he needs no such incentive, and the next scene opens at evening upon the doctor in the chamber of Margaret. After dismissing his devil-companion, he breaks forth in a most touching and exquisite strain, which we must copy without the loss of a line. The contrast between the images and impressions of tranquillity, suggested by the scene, and the perturbed spirit to which they are presented, is vividly and strikingly exhibited:

FAUSTUS (*looking round.*)

How calm! how happy dwells the tender light
In this still sanctuary, reposing here,
And the sweet spirit of peace pervading all,
And blessing all. Spirit of peace and love,
I give myself to thee! Oh, love, whose breath
Is fed on the delicious dew of hope,
Be thou henceforth my life!
How round us breathe
In everything the same prevailing quiet
And neatness, and the feeling of contentment!
In low estate what more than riches are,
And this poor cell, how very, very happy!

[*He throws himself on the leathern arm-chair beside the bed.*

Receive me, thou who hast with open arm,
Year after year, the generations gone
Welcomed in joy and grief: how many a swarm
Of children round this patriarchal throne
Have gathered here! perhaps beside this seat—
I well can fancy it—a happy child
Even now she scarce is more—at Christmas eve,
My love has knelt down at her grandsire's feet,
Among the children grouping to receive
The Christmas gifts, with pleasure undefiled,
Kissing the good old man I see her stand,
Her young round cheeks pressed on his withered hand.

The spirit of contentment, maiden dear,
Is breathing in thy very atmosphere;
I feel it sway me while I linger here.
The sense of neatness, felt in everything,
Speaks with a mother's voice, and bids thee spread
The little table with its covering,
The floor with clean sand crackling to the tread—
Everywhere round the hand beloved I trace,
That makes a paradise of any place.

Here could I linger hours on hours,
Where dreams and meditative thought,
And, nature, thy benignant powers
Within her virgin bosom wrought,
As day by day each influence pure,
Of heaven and earth her heart mature,
And pain would welcome forth and win
To light the angel from within.

Here lay the slumbering child, her tender breast
Filled with the warmth of happy life; and here
The heavenly image, on the soul imprest
Came out, as clouds past off, divinely clear.

But thou, accursed, what art thou?
What brings thee to her chamber now?
Alas! I tremble but to think,
And feel my heart within me shrink.

Poor Faustus! has some magic cloud
Befooled thine eyes? thy reason bowed?
Else why this burning passion strange?
And why to love this sudden change?
Oh man—unstable, erring, blind,
The plaything of the passing wind!

And, should she now return and meet
Thee here, how would the boaster shrink
Into the coward! at her feet
In what confusion sink!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*entering.*)

Away—I see her at the door.

FAUSTUS

I go and I return no more.

His better angel triumphed for the moment, but the sneering, mocking fiend at his elbow soon recovers his rightful mastery. Of the arts by which the maiden was won, the progress of the lover's guilty courtship, and the introduction of a new actor on the stage in the person of Martha, the accommodating assistant of Mephistopheles in his devil's purpose, we need but make passing allusion. Already have we dwelt so long on this masterpiece of poetic invention, that we are fearful it may be but "bestow tediousness" on some of our readers. One exquisite little passage in a garden-scene, however, cannot but delight you, and here it is:

FAUSTUS.

Sweet love!

MARGARET.

One moment wait.

[*She plucks a star-flower, and picks off the leaves one after another.*

FAUSTUS.

Why pluck the star-flower?
Do you wish a bunch of bowers?

MARGARET.

No, I just fancied
Trying a little game of chance.

FAUSTUS.

What mean you?

MARGARET.

You will laugh at me.

[*She plucks off the leaves, and murmurs to herself.*

FAUSTUS.

What are you murmuring?

MARGARET (*half aloud.*)

He loves me—loves me not.

FAUSTUS.

Angelic creature!

MARGARET.

[*As she plucks off the last leaf with eager delight.*

He loves me!

FAUSTUS

Yes, my child, deem this language of the flower
The answer of an oracle—"He loves thee!"
Dost thou know all the meaning of "He loves thee?"

[*Holds both her hands.*

MARGARET.

I am all over trembling.

FAUSTUS.

Tremble not!
Oh, let this look, this pressure of the hands,
Say to thee what no words can say: henceforth
Be our whole being lost in one another
In overflowing joy—that lives and loves
For ever and for ever! Could it end
It were—but no, it cannot, cannot end!

[*Margaret presses his hands; disengages herself from him and runs away. He stands for a moment thoughtful and follows her.*

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

OTHELLO.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WILLIAM HAUFF.

The theatre was crowded; a singer, who had been recently engaged, was to play Don Juan. The pit heaved like a restless sea, and over the dark mass were sparkling the brilliant plumes and head-dresses of the ladies. The boxes had never exhibited so splendid a display, there having been at the commencement of the season a general mourning, which had been succeeded by the dazzling colours of rich turbans, waving plumes, and variegated shawls. The diadem of that brilliant circle, however, was an elegant and lovely girl who, with kindness and affability in every look, now graced the royal box. One regretted that her lineage was so lofty, for that fresh bloom—that bright serene brow—that inviting mouth—those pure mild eyes, were all formed for love, and not for cold respect. Her whole mien was in perfect keeping with her simple natural beauty. She seemed to have resigned all artificial ornament to the haughty circle that surrounded her.

"What sprightliness and beauty!" said a stranger to the Russian ambassador, who stood near him, and was looking at her through an opera-glass; "and yet can all this be but a mask—can she feel, feel bitterly—can she possibly," continued he, while he addressed the lady of the ambassador, "can she at this moment be suffering under ill-starred love!"

"Believe me, what I told you is true. She loves, loves passionately, one beneath her own high station. Why do you wonder that a princess, reared from her youth to have a strict regard to appearances, should be artful enough to conceal so improper a *penchant* from the eyes of the world! Her favourite is now far distant from her."

The overture was drawing to a close; the notes pealed louder and louder from the orchestra; and the eyes of the spectators were directed with intense interest towards the curtain, to catch the first glimpse of the new Don Juan. The stranger, however, in the box of the Russian envoy, had no ear for the music of Mozart, no eye for the splendour of the scene. He saw only the lovely girl, who was now more interesting to him than ever, since he had been informed that her bosom was not altogether a stranger to secret love. The eyes of Sophia roamed through the whole extent of the crowded theatre. "What, if she is looking out for her beloved," thought the stranger; "what, if her eyes thus glance along the benches to greet him with a stolen smile, a gentle inclination of the head, any one of the thousand tokens with which secret love knows so well how to bless and bewitch a favourite object!" Suddenly a slight blush passed over Sophia's features, she moved her chair a little towards one side, and more than once threw a rapid glance at the door of the box. It was thrown open; a tall handsome young man entered, and took his station by the side of the mother of the princess. Sophia looked with well-feigned indifference at him through her glass; but the stranger shrewdly read in her eye language which revealed that the person who had then entered the box was the happy man. He could not see his face, but the figure and air of the young man were not, he thought, unknown to him. The princess was drawn into conversation by her mother; the young man turned round, and the exclamation, "My heaven! Count Zroniensky!" burst involuntarily from the stranger The ambassador started with alarm, whilst his irritated lady seized her guest by the hands, and as she pulled him down upon his seat, whispered in his ear—"For heaven's sake don't affront us—every one stares at us." The stranger kept his eye intently fixed upon the royal box.

He saw the count engaged in conversation with the princess and the other ladies. Ever and anon he stole glances at Sophia, which she eagerly met and returned. The curtain rose, and the count retired from the box. The stranger whispered to the ambassador that he had served with the count in the Polish lancers, and that he knew him to be a brave soldier and a distinguished officer. The ambassador was silent; indeed, neither party seemed inclined to prolong the conversation. The ambassador proposed conducting the foreigner to the royal box, for the purpose of introducing him to the royal party. In passing along the corridor, the latter felt his blood move more rapidly at the thought of being in the immediate presence of one whose love-story was so interesting to him. He was most graciously received by the duchess, who presented

him to the Princess Sophia. The name of "Larun," which she now heard, was familiar to her ears. She recollected that she had heard of his having served in the French army. She kept her eyes steadily fixed on the major, who at once understood her meaning, and that she must have received her information from the count.

"Pray be umpire betwixt my daughter and myself," said the duchess; "you are a stranger, and must therefore be impartial. Say, then, may there not be some secret power in nature, which requires but to be called forth in wantonness of spirit to prove fatal? Listen to the facts. There is a very beautiful opera, 'Othello,' which I once saw performed abroad, but here we cannot have it represented on account of an absurd story, which nobody now-a-days thinks of believing."

"Don't talk in that way," said the princess; "I know the facts, and I shudder when I think of them."

"Othello," continued her mother, "was for the first time performed about fifteen years ago. There was a tradition—nobody knows its origin—that, on 'Othello' being performed, some terrible event would take place. The play had not for a long time been represented, and nothing occurred. Ultimately, however, it was again brought upon the stage, and again it was followed by a shocking catastrophe. Then the drama was cast as an opera; but the Moor was deaf to the charms of music. The opera was performed, and with the same dreadful result."

"I can give you," said the major ironically, "an instance of a similar kind from my own personal history. I had an old maiden aunt, and a very disagreeable, mysterious sort of a personage she was. In our childhood we called her our 'plume aunt,' because she wore a large black feather in her bonnet. Well, there was a tradition in our family about the lady, precisely as there is in your own about 'Othello,' that whenever our 'plume aunt' made her appearance, one or other of us should fall sick. To be sure, we laughed and joked—*but still the sickness came.*"

The princess smiled. "I must," said she, to the manifest dissatisfaction of her mother—"I must once more hear Desdemona's dying notes, although I myself should be the sacrifice."

The introduction to the second act was now begun. The stranger quitted the box. He looked round for the ambassador, but he was gone. He was standing in the passage, uncertain which way to turn, when he felt some one grasp him warmly by the hand. He looked round, and recognized the count. A shade of deep melancholy clouded his handsome countenance; there was a wild and shifting glance in his eyes, and his lips were compressed as if in agony. His frank and winning smile had been exchanged for a sullen discontented expression of countenance. The most striking feature was one of dark suspicion; and the faint streaks of red that still coloured his cheeks were but the faded tints of the bloom of youth. But in spite of these ravages of time and misfortune, there was quite enough of attraction left to justify the partiality of the princess.

"Why gaze so closely," said he after a pause; "do you expect to trace the events of old times in the lines of my countenance? 'Tis all in vain. I have changed with the colour of my life. My heart—why, I only know that I have a heart from this throbbing."

"Nay," continued his friend, in a jocular tone, "what connexion is there between this throbbing and the charms of a certain lady, the favourite daughter of the house of ——?"

The count instantly changed colour. He pressed the hand of his old friend closely in his own. "Hush!" he whispered, "silence for heaven's sake—not a syllable on that subject—let us step aside. Is the *liaison* suspected, major?" The major repeated the hints that had been thrown out at the opera by the wife of the ambassador.

The count stood motionless and mute for some minutes. He was obviously labouring under a violent internal struggle. By an effort he recovered his self-command. He begged the loan of a hundred napoleons. His request was instantly granted. It was not till the following morning that the count communicated to his friend the promise which he had made to the princess, to use all his influence to have "Othello" once more performed. More funds were necessary for that purpose, which were cheerfully advanced by the major, who agreed to accompany the count to the manager of the opera. "His abode," continued the count, "is not far distant—round the corner there stands his dwelling—that little green-coloured house with the balcony in front."

The manager of the opera was a short, haggard-looking man, who, having acquired reputation in his earlier years as a singer, was now, in his old age, reposing on his laurels. He received the two friends with a peculiar professional hauteur and dignity, the effect of which, however, was not a little destroyed by the singularity of his dress. He wore a black Florentine cap which he never laid aside, except on the occasion of his arranging his peruke at a glass, before walking out. There were strikingly contrasted with this convenient attire of the old man an ample modern frock fitted tightly to his body, and breeches that hung about his limbs in a series of folds. Everything about the manager showed that, in spite of the threescore years which he had seen, he was not altogether dead to the vanities of the world. He wore large fur shoes He glided round the room without having the appearance of moving his legs. He seemed to move as it were on skates.

"I have already been informed of the wishes of the royal family," said the manager, after the count had explained to him the object of his visit. "My only object, I assure you, is to afford entertainment and delight to the royal family; but I must beg to be allowed to substitute some other piece for that which has been suggested."

"Why not Othello?" said the count.

"God forbid!" interrupted the old man; "that would be an open attempt upon the life of one of the royal family. No; so long as I have anything to say in the matter, that fatal play shall never be performed."

"And are *you*, then," continued the count, "the slave of such vulgar superstitions? Why, your celebrity has reached my ears in foreign lands. Pray destroy not the image I had formed of you by such a foolish conceit."

The old man was flattered. A complacent smile played upon his wrinkled features. He squeezed his hands into his pockets, assumed a consequential air, and glided several times up and down the room in his fur slippers.

"Superstition! said you! I should be ashamed to be the sport of any superstitious dreams; but where we have *facts*, superstition is not the proper word."

"Facts!" exclaimed the two friends in one breath.

"Yes, gentlemen, *facts*. You cannot have been long in this town or neighbourhood, if you know not that matters are exactly as I have stated them to be."

"Why, I have somewhere or other," said the major, "heard of such a tale as that to which you allude—that whenever 'Othello' is performed, there is a conflagration."

"Conflagration! heaven forgive me, I should rather have one incessant blaze. Fire may be extinguished—insurances can be effected—but *death*—that is a much more perilous affair."

"Death! say you? who is to die?"

"That, alas! is no secret," replied the manager: "whenever 'Othello' is performed—*eight days thereafter one of the royal family dies.*"

The friends started in horror to their feet, so appalling was the prophetic judgment-like tone in which the old man pronounced these words. However, they instantly resumed their seats.

"You will, perhaps, allow me," continued the manager, "to show you the chronicle of the theatre, which has been written by the successive prompters during the last hundred and twenty years."

"By all means, old man," said the count, who seemed inclined to turn the whole affair into ridicule; "let us have a look at the chronicle."

The manager glided very rapidly into his own chamber, and immediately produced a large folio volume, bound in leather and brass. He put on a massy pair of spectacles, and turned over the leaves of the chronicle.

"Now mark what follows," said he. "Here it is written—'Anno, 1740, December eighth; the actress, Charlotte Faudauerin, was smothered in this theatre. The play of the evening was the tragedy of Othello, the Moor of Venice, by Shakspeare.'"

"How so!" interrupted the major, "how is it possible that Shakspeare's 'Othello' could have been performed in 1740! Thrôder was the first, if I mistake not, and at a much later period, to introduce that play of Shakspeare into Germany."

"I beg your pardon," replied the old man; "the duke, during his travels in England, saw 'Othello' performed in London, and being struck with its beauties, he subsequently had it translated, and brought out here. But my chronicle proceeds thus:—'The above-mentioned Charlotte Faudauerin has performed the character of Desdemona, and has been barbarously suffocated by means of the coverlet, with which she was to have been killed in the play God have mercy on her poor soul!' The story of her murder runs thus:

"Charlotte was very beautiful. Duke Nepometh, who cherished a passion for her, was then at the head of a licentious court. She was shocked by the fate of others, whom he had, after a few years, forsaken and left to pine away as miserable outcasts, and therefore for some time repelled his advances. At last, however, having made the duke sign a certain contract, she yielded. The fate of Charlotte was precisely that of his other victims. He gradually became estranged from her. She held out a threat of making public the contract into which he had entered. The fury of the duke knew no bounds. He had in vain attempted to cut her off by poison; at last he bribed a tragedian to have the play of 'Othello' performed. He recollected that Desdemona is suffocated by the Moor. The actor's performance proved too true to nature—Charlotte never woke. The duke interfered to prevent inquiry; he took the actor into his service. Eight days afterwards, however, his only son, a prince twelve years of age, died."

Here the old man turned over a few leaves of his book

"The next entry is, 'twenty-eighth September, 1742, Othello, the Moor of Venice;' and on the margin we find this note—'Extraordinary! the Princess Augusta expired on the fifth of October, exactly eight days after the performance of Othello. So died Prince Frederick, two years ago."

"Chance," exclaimed the major, "'tis all chance."

The old man read on "The sixth of February, 1748, 'Othello, the Moor of Venice.' Horrible, Prince Albert died suddenly, on the fifteenth.' Again—'sixteenth January, 1775, for the benefit of Madlle. Koller, 'Othello, the Moor of Venice;' the doom once more. Alas! that the good Princess Elizabeth should have died so early—twenty-fourth of January, 1775. Coming down to more recent times, we find that 'Othello' was privately performed at the country palace on the sixteenth of October, 1793; and on the twenty-fourth of the same month, the duke died. I can give you a more recent instance still. I myself performed the character of 'Othello,' in Rossini's opera. The theatre was crowded to the ceiling. The count was present. But a spirit of evil omen seemed to breathe over us, when Desdemona began to chant her simple air. It was the same house—the same stage, the same scenes that had stood there when Charlotte's life had been brought to a close. I felt a tremour steal over me during the murder scene. With strange emotions I beheld the beauteous, happy beings, in the royal box. For six days nothing was heard of sickness at the palace; the seventh day passed over peacefully; on the *eighth*, however, Prince Ferdinand was killed in the chase. Here is the passage in the chronicle. The count read—'Othello, an opera, by Rossini, twelfth of March.' And on the margin, these words appeared, three times underlined—'On the twentieth, Prince Ferdinand was killed whilst hunting.'"

The parties looked at each other in silence; they would have laughed, but the grave aspect of the old man, and the striking coincidence of these terrible events, produced a deeper impression than they were willing to acknowledge. The count, however, insisted that the opera should be performed—that the command of the court must be obeyed. The old man crossed himself, and fairly wheeled round on his slippers, as he muttered, "Good heavens! what if the lovely Princess Sophia were to be the next victim!" The two friends descended the stairs, laughing heartily at the prophet of the opera, with the Florentine cap and fur slippers.

There were hours in which the major found the count gloomy, absent, peevish, and impetuous in his replies. It was on such occasions that he burst forth into paroxysms of fury. He raved—he cursed in every European tongue—he wept. Having once described the progress of his passion to his friend, he exclaimed—"I must forget—I shall go mad if I do not forget. Wine here, comrade! my soul is parched—flames are raging within me—let me drown all remembrance of my guilt."

"Hush!" interrupted the major, "some one knocks. Come in." The old manager glided into the apartment. "Othello must be performed," said he; "my remonstrances have proved in vain; and yet last night I beheld in a dream a long funeral procession, each man bearing a torch, as is the custom at the burial of one of the royal family. But the object of my visit is to invite you to the rehearsal."

The count and the major, not unwilling to escape, for a time, from themselves and from each other, cheerfully agreed to the proposal of the manager.

Everything was finally arranged for the performance of "Othello." Sophia was "delighted at the prospect of once more hearing Desdemona's song. "When I die," said she, "it will be my sweet dirge." The major remembered the story of the spectre Desdemona—the forebodings of the old manager—his dream of the funeral procession—and Sophia's death song. "What"—such was the idea that flashed across his mind—"what if the doom be again realised, and *she* should be the victim!"

Sunday arrived. The major and count rode out. On their return home it rained. The count invited the major to accompany him to his lodgings, that he might have a change of dress. The major, wearing a hat, and wrapped up in a great-coat of his friend, stepped out of his lodgings to go home. He had passed along several streets, when he observed a stranger following him close behind. He was a tall thin man, with a threadbare coat. He put a note into the major's hand, and instantly disappeared. It was embossed paper, richly folded, and the wax bore the impress of a beautifully cut seal. He opened the note in the street—his attention was at once fixed—he read on, and turned pale—he stuffed the letter into his pocket, hurried home, and retired to his own room He called for a light, and there stood the accursed words, unequivocal and fatal.

"Miscreant! darest thou to leave thy wife and helpless infants to pine in misery, whilst thou paradest thyself in pomp and magnificence before the eyes of the world? Why art thou in this town? Wouldst thou carry infamy into the royal circle? Begone! By the time you have read this, the Princess Sophia knows the baseness of thy conduct."

The major saw at once that he had been mistaken for the count. A tornado of passion was awakened in his soul. There were moments when he felt his hands upon his pistol to shoot the villain dead upon the spot. The hour arrived when the opera was to be begun. The major was pondering how he could most prudently put the princess on her guard, when the servant announced that the huntsman of the count was at the door. He was ordered in. He delivered a letter to the major, who impatiently tore it open and read—"Farewell for ever. The letter which, as I have been informed, fell into your hands a few hours ago, must plead my excuse Spare, I pray you, the innocent the pain of seeing my name blazoned in the newspapers." The huntsman said that his master had no intention of departing that afternoon; he had talked of being at the theatre in the evening. "About five o'clock," continued the huntsman, "my master went out. Close by the reformed church he was addressed (for I followed him) by a tall haggard-looking man. He asked my master if his name was Count Zromensky; on being answered in the affirmative, the stranger inquired if he had received a letter about a quarter of an hour before. The count said that he had not. The stranger then took him aside, and whispered into his ear. The count turned deadly pale, and trembled all over. He returned instantly to his lodgings, had some luggage packed, sent for post-horses, and drove rapidly down the street towards the Jonathan Gate."

The major went to the theatre. The overture had commenced. He took a seat from which he had a full view of the royal box The Princess Sophia, attired in all the charms of loveliness and grace, was seated by the side of her mother. The play being the celebrated "Othello," boxes and pit were crowded. Sophia raised an opera-glass to her eye, and looked anxiously round the audience. She dropped the glass; a cloud of disappointed hope and melancholy lurked beneath her auburn ringlets; her beautifully arched eyebrows were contracted, and revealed a slight, a scarcely perceptible wrinkle of displeasure. The major often confessed afterwards that one of the most horrible moments in his life was that in which he stepped into the royal box at the end of the first act, and heard the princess whisper, "One of our allies has unkindly proved a truant"

"The count regrets that he has been unexpectedly called away"

"Called away!" echoed Sophia, as every spark of red fled from her cheeks "Come, come, 'tis a joke upon me. Now I know from whom a certain little note came." An awful presentiment arose in the mind of the major. "A very pretty note," she continued, playfully showing the edge of a letter which was placed with great care beneath the bracelet that encircled one of her lovely arms—"a right mysterious note, and you are in the conspiracy. I long to retire to my own room, that I may open it."

"Pray give me the note," said the major, racked with the most excruciating agony; "it was not intended for your highness—it must have fallen into your hands by mistake."

"So much the better," replied Sophia playfully; "it may be a clue to the secrets of some folks; it was clearly intended for a lady, and it was, of course, but fair that it should fall into my hands"

The major returned to his own box, and covered his eyes with his hands, that he might not see the unhappy girl. Once, however, he looked towards the royal box, and felt the certainty of the approaching doom. The diamonds on the clasp of her bracelet were glittering in a thousand brilliant rays, which entered his soul like so many arrows. Desdemona struck her harp—she raised her voice—she warbled forth her dirge. With what wondrous power did these plaintive notes strike every heart—so simple is the song—and yet how fraught with the highest tragic power! A strange fear creeps over one; the murderer is, as it were, heard stealing along in the distance: one is conscious that the inevitable power of destiny is drawing nearer and nearer—it is heard rustling around her, like the pinions of death. She has no misgivings. Gentle and innocent, the sweet girl sits by her harp. Sorrow swells her bosom, and its accents tremble upon her lips—accents bursting from a full and lovewarm breast, for which the dagger is already drawn. He comes, not to her embrace, but for her murder. Desdemona prays for him—blesses him—and in return receives a curse

Othello stepped upon the stage. The attention of Sophia, who had been weeping over her favourite ditty, was now more intensely than ever fixed upon the opera. She glanced at her bracelet, and played with the clasp of it. A pensive smile chased away her melancholy. The major had his eyes fixed on her. Good heavens! She draws forth the fatal note, and conceals it in her dress. He sees her secretly breaking the seal—in desperation he rushes along the passage—is hurried on, he knows not why, by some invisible power, to the royal box—a tumult is heard throughout the theatre—the royal household are bustling backwards and forwards in all directions—a murmur is heard—"The Princess Sophia has suddenly fallen into a swoon."

A few days subsequent to this event, Major Larun was sitting in his chamber in a state of deep melancholy. His forehead rested upon his hands, his countenance was wan, his eyes half closed. Tears trickled silently down his cheeks. He saw all the fine threads

of the impending doom—invisible to any eyes but his own—that were now doubled and interwoven with each other, to be thrown over one gentle ill-starred heart. Ineffable regret was mingled with these mournful reminiscences, when he thought of the lost honour of an old companion in arms, and when the image of the heart-broken Sophia rose before him.

One of the ladies in waiting of the royal family was introduced to the major. She communicated the tidings that the princess continued seriously ill—that the physician to the household held out no hope of recovery. The oil in the lamp of life was exhausted, and the flame was about to expire. The morning of the eighth day dawned. About noon the patient rallied. She heard from the lips of the major, who had been summoned into her presence, a confirmation of all that she dreaded relating to the count. A relapse soon followed. As the evening advanced, the anxiety of the inmates of the palace became more intense. About eleven o'clock she fell into a gentle sleep. From that sleep, however, she never awoke. The doom was once more about to be fulfilled. The spirit of the murdered Desdemona again hovered over the house of ——. The Princess Sophia expired a few minutes before twelve on the night of the *eighth day after the performance of Othello.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Young Woman's Guide. Boston: George W. Light.

This is a new work by Dr. Alcott, the author of the "Young Wife," the "Young Mother," and several similar books, which are having an immense circulation in this country, but still better known, perhaps, by his "Young Man's Guide," which has gone, we know not, to how many editions. The volume now before us, we are told, is meant to correspond to that one; to be for the young women precisely, what that is for the young men. This is not only its best description and recommendation, for none who know anything of the Young Man's Guide need be informed that it is one of the best books of the sensible, practical species ever published in this country. If there were deficiencies or errours in that work, experience and criticism must have justified the author to avoid them in *this*. We should observe, for the benefit of those who associate the author's name with one or two of his more professional productions, that dietetics occupy but a trifling part of this volume, the contents of which are eminently moral and practical. We predict for it a great circulation, and the more so as it is got up in the style of elegant neatness which generally characterizes the Boston press.

The Musical Magazine, conducted by H. Theodor Hach and T. B. Hayward. Boston. Otis, Broaders and Co.

This is the best conducted musical magazine in the country. The articles are evidently written by persons thoroughly acquainted with their subjects. The criticisms are fair, manly, and judicious, penned in a liberal spirit, and uncontaminated by professional bias. From the last number we extract the following account of Mr. Rakemann's concert in Boston:

"The most attractive entertainment to persons of a cultivated musical taste, and probably the finest musical treat of the kind ever offered in Boston, was the concert of Mr. Rakemann, on Monday evening, November fourth. This gentleman came among us well recommended, as being a thorough master of the modern pianoforte school, and of the compositions of its authors and leaders, Thalberg, Henselt, and Chopin. His performance is the first illustration of the style of this school which has ever been offered to the Boston public. His command over the instrument is truly wonderful. Whatever task he gives his fingers they seem to perform as by instinct, notwithstanding its difficulty. At one time it might be a shake for two fingers of one hand, while the other two fingers and thumb of the same hand are playing around them; at another, a bold run in octaves for both hands, through the whole extent of the instrument; again, it is the quickest passage in semiquavers *allegro assai* for the right hand; while the left is playing quaver triplets, extending the *arpeggio* to the tenth, and yet the little finger of the left holds out the key note; and now a melody is played *forte*, in the middle, or indeed in any part, of the instrument, by the powerful exertion of the muscles of one finger; while all the others are playing an accompaniment all over the instrument, in *mezzo* or *piano*. The muscles which he uses in playing are those of the fingers, hand, and wrist, and scarcely at all those of the arms. The muscles of each finger are so fully exercised and developed as to render it entirely independent of the others in its action, so that each seems to be endued with an individual life; and this is what enables him to produce all the various effects with such smoothness and beauty. Every note comes out round and distinct, and in expression exactly what the master intended. At the same time, he makes a new use of the pedal, which greatly increases the power of the expression—he has a method of bringing the pedal to bear upon each note as he wants it. In short, he developes the character of each piece in its true light; and while we receive new conceptions of the works of the most modern composers, we are not less delighted with his delineations of the compositions of Hertz and Beethoven. Hertz's variations had a grace thrown around them which was truly charming; and Beethoven shone, in the grandeur of his ideas, and the beauty of his art in working them out. His accompaniment of the violin was eminently well managed and effective. His organ-playing also, and especially his management of the pedals, showed his skill on that instrument. His audience, for a first and single performance, to the credit of the Boston public be it said, was much larger than could have been expected, especially considering the times; and it was noticed by many as being the most select and discriminating ever recollected in the city.

Republications of the British Magazines and Reviews. New-York: Jemima M. Mason, (late Lewer.)

These republications continue to be issued in excellent style and with the greatest possible promptitude. The last number of the London Westminster Review is peculiarly rich. Bentley's Miscellany is also sustained with its accustomed spirit. The story by Peak, in the last number, is a capital affair.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The beautiful and touching lines to Minna, on the fourth page of this day's Mirror, are from the pen of a new correspondent, from whom we hope to hear frequently, if he can command sufficient leisure from his numerous professional engagements to daily occasionally with the muses. Are we not right in presuming the writer to be an old and highly valued friend, whose name terminates with an M. D.? If so, he is doubly welcome to these columns.—A Philadelphia correspondent sends us a long tirade against the projectors of the new Opera-House in that city. We must decline the communication. We can see nothing "preposterous" or "irrational" in the undertaking. On the contrary, if carried out, in every respect, in conformity with the plan of the committee, we do not doubt it would be an ornament and a benefit to the city, besides repaying the proprietors amply for their outlays.—"Drury" wishes to know if there is any truth in the report as to the cutting-down of the salaries at the Park Theatre. Ask Mr. Blake.—We have committed to the flames the wretched personalities of "Phiz" in relation to Mr. Price.—We do not well see that the controversy between the Knickerbocker and Bentley's Magazine can be settled by the ipse dixit of "J. D." The quarrel is a very good one as it stands.—The first American edition of Bulwer's new play of "The Sea Captain" was given entire to the public in last Saturday's number of the "New World." We agree with "Copyright" that sixpence for a work which cost in London more than a guinea is "preposterously cheap."—We must decline "Y.'s" letter from Washington, describing "Scenes at the opening of Congress." It is altogether too personal.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1839.

Atlantic and Pacific ship-canal.—The project of a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Darien, uniting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, begins to be agitated anew in this city with a spirit and ability, which we doubt not will result in directing the immediate and effectual attention of Congress to this vast and momentous enterprise. It will unquestionably be a matter of surprise to future times that an improvement so visibly pointed out by the hand of nature, so simple, and so easy to be accomplished, should have been so long deferred in this age of steam-ships, railroads and canals. The United States is the country most immediately interested in the accomplishment of this great work, and by the United States ought it to be commenced and achieved. Apart from the consideration that it would save to our navigation and that of Europe a distance of some twelve thousand miles round Cape Horn, are other considerations of a moral and philanthropic nature, which are not unworthy of being brought into the view. What an immense influence might be wrought upon the inhabitants of the whole of that part of North and South America bordering on the Pacific by bringing them into contiguous communication with the civilization of the United States and of Europe! Of what prospective importance will not the accomplishment of this work *by the United States* appear, when we look forward to that period, in all probability fast approaching, when our population shall extend to our Pacific frontier, and the influence of our laws, language, and free institutions, shall be felt and blessed by thousands on the banks of the Oregon! Of the practicability of carrying this grand scheme into effect, there appears to exist no longer any doubt.—Those who are still incredulous are referred to the copious and eloquent statements that are in course of publication in the Evening Signal and New World, to the editors of which journals belongs the credit of having revived this topic, and urged it upon the attention of Congress in the most efficient manner. A memorial to Congress, understood to be from the pen of Mr. Radcliff, of this city, formerly our consul at Lima, has been placed in the office of those publications in Ann-street for signatures, and we sincerely trust that it will be sent to Washington with the name of every voter in this city attached.

Lord Brougham and Count D'Orsay.—Considerable sensation was produced lately in London by a report of a fatal accident to Lord Brougham, which turned out to be a fabrication; but, as if every sort of falsehood was to be combined with the rumour, it was insinuated that Count D'Orsay had announced the sad news in a jocular manner at White's Club. This misrepresentation had been flatly contradicted by the Count and Lord Methuen, to whom he happened to communicate the intelligence, received by letter from the north; "but such denial," says the Literary Gazette, "was most unnecessary for all those who knew the habits or mutual regard and esteem in which the parties live. The feelings of Count D'Orsay are too good to allow of his making a jest upon any calamity (however fine and trenchant his wit is on other occasions); and, above all, he is about the last man in Europe who could joke on the misfortune of a friend."

Natural flowers in winter.—A distinguished florist tells us of an ingenious mode for preserving natural flowers. Let some of the most perfect buds of the flowers it is wished to preserve, such as are latest in blowing and ready to open, be chosen. Cut them off with a pair of scissors, leaving the stem about three inches long; cover the end immediately with Spanish wax, and when the buds are a little shrunk and wrinkled, wrap them up separately in paper and place them in a dry box. When it is desired to have the flower to blow, take the buds overnight, cut off the sealed end of the stem, and put the buds into water wherein has been infused a little nitre or salt, and the next day you will have the pleasure of seeing the buds open and expand themselves, and the flowers display their most lively colours, and breathe their agreeable odour around.

New-York Society Library.—The fine building opposite the Atheneum, intended for the New-York Library, is nearly completed. We should judge it would be ready for the reception of the books early in the new year.

Ball-room scene in Ireland.—A correspondent of a London paper gives an account of a curious scene, which lately transpired in a ball-room in Ireland, and which ended in an indictment being served on one of the parties. The origin of the dispute was the law of precedency between two lovely women, Lady Frances Parker, sister to a noble earl, and the Hon. Mrs. Smith, at a public ball in the town of Youghal. The blood ran so high between the ladies that there were two supper-tables, and two sets of country dances: at the head of one was the Lady, and the Hon. Madam at the head of the other; but in the course of the evening Lady Frances Parker, with her partner, came to the head of the Hon. Mrs. Smith's set, and danced down; but the general company resented the intrusion by not turning her. The plaintiff in the case was dancing with Miss French, and seeing the conduct of Lady Frances, said that he would not dance with her, and bade a friend near him to act in the same way. Rogers overheard the conversation, and at once called Savage a "scoundrel and a blackguard," upon which Savage inflicted summary punishment on Rogers, who was put out of the room. Captain Parker, husband to Lady Frances, first sought an explanation, and Savage declared he had no intention to insult the lady. Captain Rogers took it up on his own account, and sent three messages, but Mr. Savage would not meet him. The defendant then posted him in the manner following:—"Counsellor Christopher Savage having insulted a lady who was my partner at a ball at Youghal, I could not avoid expressing my disapprobation of such insolence, when he and his friends struck and abused me. Notwithstanding which unmanly conduct he has refused to give me the satisfaction due to a gentleman. I therefore post him as a coward."

Pauline Garcia.—A letter from Paris says, "Madame Malibran always said that her sister would far outstrip her in power of execution. When praised for any of her great efforts, she often exclaimed, 'Ah! wait until Pauline appears.' Pauline Garcia is superiour as a musician to her sister. In fact, all the Garcias are from infancy as familiar with music, as other children are with playthings. They know no existence without it—it is their natural language, and never had melody and harmony more brilliant interpreters. Pauline has composed some beautiful trifles. I myself have heard a ballad of hers with German words, which is quite worthy of being placed by the side of Schubert's compositions. She is also clever with her pencil, and all her costumes are designed by herself. In addition to this she speaks four languages perfectly. Taken altogether, she must be considered a rare creature, and will eventually merit the praises now lavished on her by the Parisians."

A New-Zealand princess.—There is now in London the daughter of a New-Zealand chief, who has given her hand and heart to a Scotch seaman, named Wilkinson. Wilkinson resided two years in the colony, the chief of which gave his daughter in marriage to the seaman. The lady is of a copper colour, rather under the middle size; the lips are dyed a light blue colour, and her face and neck very curiously tatooed. Her age is supposed to be about twenty six or twenty-seven, and though her appearance is anything but prepossessing, except in the eyes of her husband, she is a remarkably good-tempered and docile creature, and a great favourite with all who have paid her a visit. The "princess" is very partial to good old English fare and strong beer.

Lyceum lectures.—The course of lectures to be given at the Tabernacle, under the superintendence of the New-York Lyceum, promises to be unusually popular. The opening lecture by our correspondent, the Hon. Caleb Cushing, was attended by a very numerous and respectable audience, and the orator received a good deal of merited applause. The Hon. Alexander H. Everett was announced to lecture on Thursday, and the remaining lectures will be given by the Rev. Orville Dewey, M. M. Noah, William L. Stone, John O. Sargent, Horace Mann, James H. Raymond, John Neal, Samuel L. Southard, Rembrandt Peale, and other gentlemen favourably known to the community for their eloquence and literary abilities.

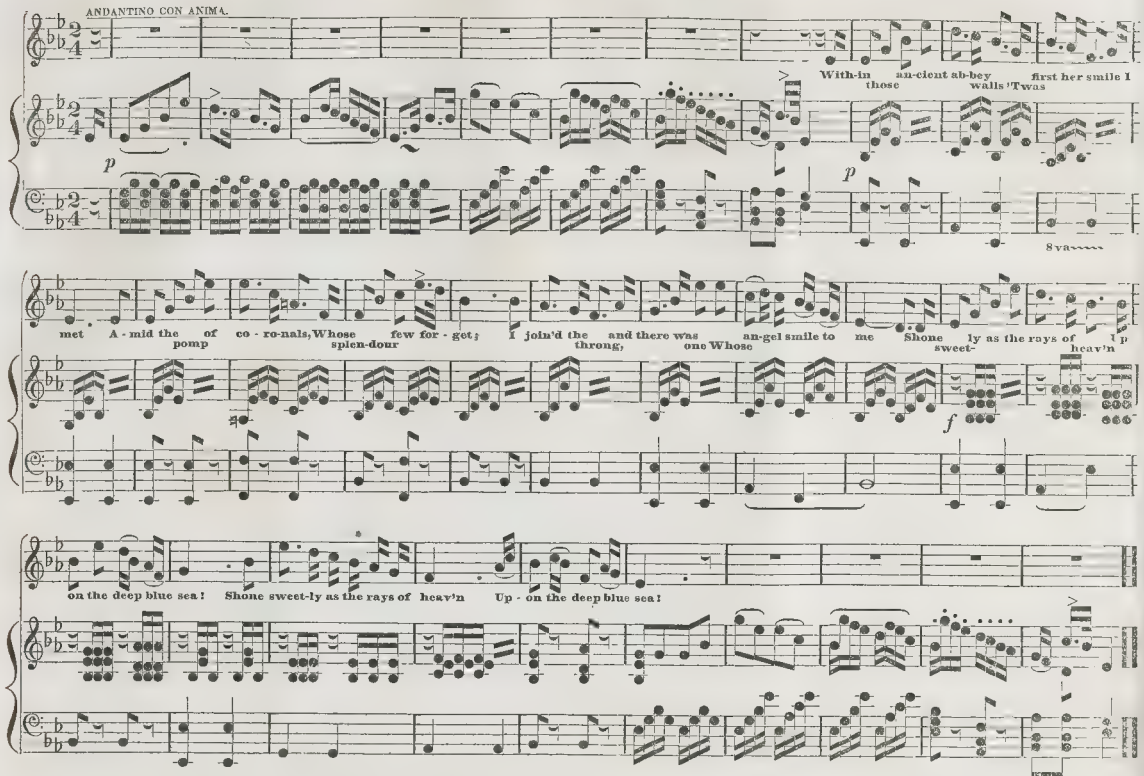
Mr. Brackett, the sculptor.—We examined with much pleasure some of the busts and mouldings by this young artist, who, like Power, and Clevenger, and Powell, is from Cincinnati. His rooms are contiguous to the Apollo Gallery, and he has already displayed a degree of talent in his art which promises abundant success. His bust of Dr. Alban G. Smith, of this city, is remarkably well executed. The attitude is spirited, and the likeness correct. Brackett is yet destined to make a noise in the world of art. He has industry, tact and genius enough to elevate him, aided by unwavering perseverance and devotion to his art, to the highest position as a sculptor.

West's picture of Christ rejected.—This magnificent picture is removed from the Stuyvesant Institute, where numbers visited to be gratified with a view of this unparalleled production from an American artist. This country has reason to be proud of many works of art by the hands of her sons; but no one greater exists than this from Benjamin West's easel. This gem is in the possession of the grandson of this great artist, who, we understand, is about conveying it to Boston.

Mr. Mills's Lectures on Physiognomy.—The lectures of Mr. Mills upon this interesting subject at the Stuyvesant Institute have deservedly attracted large and fashionable audiences. Mr. Mills is a most agreeable lecturer, and is likely to become extremely popular. He treats the subject of physiognomy in a most original, instructive, and entertaining manner, and we advise all who would pass an hour delightfully, to attend the course advertised.

WITHIN THOSE ANCIENT ABBEY WALLS.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY JOHN BARNET.



2

We met again—a solemn strain
Re-echo'd from the choir,
And music gave to friendship's chain
Affection's holier fire.

I mark'd the smile forsake her cheek,
Her ruby lips grow pale,
As if to emulate a brow
Fair as lilies of the vale;
As if to emulate a brow
Like lilies of the vale.

3

And she is mine!—if storms betide
The course my years may take,
In sunshine may the waters glide
Serenely for her sake.

And never till the latest hour,
That I on earth shall be,
Will I forget sweet music's pow'r,
And all its charms for me;
I'll ne'er forget sweet music's pow'r,
And all its charms for me.

MISCELLANY.

The little poem called the "Fairies' Bower," appeared in the Mirror more than a year ago. Those who may have read it, will remember that the scene was laid on the Kaatskills, in the pleasant summer-time. The following is a *season picture* for the present

A WINTER SCENE IN THE "FAIRIES' BOWER."

Old Winter hath come in his icy power,
And Beauty has flown from the elfin bower:—
No longer lingers the spirit there,
She has sought a home more bright and fair.
She hath gone with her robe of beauteous green,
That richly shone in the summer's sheen—
With her leafy crown and sweet wild flower,
And the soft moss spread in her chosen bower.
The snow-spirit sits on the elfin throne,
And the realm around *her* sway must own:
In her fleecy robes so gaily 'dight,
With icy gems all glittering bright—
And she dwells alone, a spirit drear,
While the merry fays no more appear.
Oh the music hath died from the fairy bower,
The song that woke it in happier hour:—
The wild-bird's lay, and the summer breeze,
That gently stirred in the forest trees—
And the blithesome note of the merry fay,
Through the rosy hours of a summer's day.
The bird hath flown to a sunnier clime,
To come not again 'till sweet spring-time;
And the zephyr light hath wander'd by,
And gone with its aëry melody;
While a sadder wail the storm-sprite sings,
And dark is the shade of its moving wings.
Oh! Winter has come in his icy might,
And Beauty dies in its withering blight—
And music sleeps in the elfin bower,
To 'wake no more 'till happier hour. O.

Knowledge and ignorance.—The man of knowledge lives eternally after death, while his members are reduced to dust beneath the tomb. But the ignorant man is dead even while he walks upon the earth; he is numbered with living men, yet existeth not.

Capability greater than performance.—Men are often capable of greater things than they perform. They are sent into the world with bills of credit, and seldom draw to their full extent.

Lost voices recoverable.—In Monday's sitting of the Academy of Sciences M. Arago made a communication respecting a new application of a process of physics to the art of healing, the medical apparatus of condensed air contrived by M. Tabarie. It appears that a stay of more or less duration in condensed air has a very beneficial effect upon persons suffering from pulmonary complaints, though the manner in which it acts upon patients is not as yet satisfactorily accounted for. M. Arago informed the academy that M. Francœur, our distinguished mathematician, having, in consequence of a disease of the larynx, been visited with a total extinction of his voice, had been able to utter some words after three sittings in M Tabarie's apparatus, and after the eleventh experiment he had wholly recovered his voice, so as not only to speak, but likewise to sing. It was of great importance to make a German sing, but much more so to render the same service to our celebrated artiste, Mademoiselle Falcon, who will shortly be indebted to M Tabarie's process for the possibility of again commanding public applause.—*French paper.*

Conjugal affection.—Craasbeck, a Flemish painter, entertaining some doubt as to the affection of his wife, who was a modest and agreeable woman, and being anxious to ascertain if she really loved him, he one day stripped his breast naked, and painted the appearance of a mortal wound on his skin; his lips and cheeks he painted of a livid colour, and on his pallet near him he placed his knife, painted on the blade with a blood-like colour. When everything was prepared, he shrieked out, as if he had been that instant killed, and lay still. His wife ran in, saw him in that terrifying condition, and showed so many tokens of unaffected natural passion, and real grief, that he rose up convinced of her affection, dissuaded her from grief, and freely told her his motive for the whole contrivance, which he would not have violated truth, had he described it as a very despicable truth.

Miniature landscape-painting.—Van Mander relates, that Anne Smyters, the wife of John de Herre, a Flemish sculptor, painted a landscape, representing a mill with the sails bent, and the miller appearing as if mounting the stairs, loaded with a sack; upon the terrace where the mill was fixed, were seen a horse and cart, and, on the road, several peasants. The whole was highly-finished, and pencilled with wonderful delicacy and neatness, and was also accurately distinct; yet the painting was so amazingly minute, that the surface of it might be covered with one grain of corn.

Bribery.—Sweetmeats were formerly much used to bribe persons of quality, or judges, to whom a request was to be made. This custom at last rose to such a pitch that Louis IX. of France, issued a proclamation, wherein he forbade all judges to take more than ten penny-worth a week. Philip, the handsome, subsequently curtailed this quantity to no more than what one could use in one day.

Baroness Lehzen.—The true history of a person who has acquired such influence over the queen of England may not be without its usefulness. The Baroness Lehzen was born in Savoy, where her father, an humble cowherd, employed her, in early years, in attending to his cows, in milking, and other occupations of the dairy. By some accidental circumstance she was seen by the celebrated duchess of Oldenburgh, who adopted her, placed her at school, and, having rendered her a proficient in language and other accomplishments, sent her to England, with a strong recommendation to her friend and protege, Prince Leopold, who, out of gratitude to his royal patroness, obtained her a situation in the household of his sister, the duchess of Kent, where she was first received as a waiting-woman, and afterwards promoted to the post of nursery-governess to the Princess Feodore, (now Hohenlohe,) a daughter of the duchess of Kent by her previous marriage. Evidently she was entrusted with the early education of the Princess Victoria; and, having obtained a complete ascendancy over the duchess of Kent, became a very disagreeable person to all the rest of the household, more particularly to Sir John Conroy, who knew her "whereabout," and could fathom her intriguing spirit, and therefore watched her closely. In 1828, George IV. being anxious to show some attention to the duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, invited them to Windsor; and during their stay, at the express wish of the duchess of Kent, created the cow-keeper's daughter a Hanoverian baroness, that she might be admissible, by the sid of her youthful charge, at the royal table. Her dislike to Sir John Conroy induced her to sow the seeds of discord between mother and daughter, but they did not germinate until after the death of William IV.

WOMAN'S PRIVILEGES.—AN EPIGRAM—FROM MOLIERE

Three things to womankind belong,
This universe of ours all over;
And from their use, or right or wrong,
Not all the universe may move her;
The first, to teaze her faithful lover;
The second, to coquette; the third—
And that which oft'nest we discover—
To argue points the most absurd,
And, right or wrong, *to have the latest word!*

Exercise.—Hawkesworth says that exercise gives health, vigour, and cheerfulness, sound sleep, and a keen appetite.

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George P. Scott, Printer, corner of Gold and John-streets.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

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VOLUME SEVENTEEN. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1839. NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE.

For the New York Mirror.

MY LAST WISH.

BY MISS VANDENHOFF.

Oh calmly 'neath the bounding billow
Let *my* sleep of death be ta'en:
No burial pomp—no—let *my* pillow
Unprofaned by pride remain!

No hired mourners o'er me weeping,
Paid for every tear they shed
I'll have to mock me, when I'm sleeping
Dreamless with the silent dead.

I will not have the cypress waving
Sadly o'er my narrow tomb:
No marble with its boastful graving
Of the dust that waits its doom

Shall shroud *me*:—no—nor eye of wonder
E'er shall scan the lowly sod
That keeps *my* soul and clay asunder,
And the tenant from its God!

No record I will have to hold me
In the hearts that *can forget*:
No—let the unfathomed ocean fold me,
When my life's pale star has set!

ORIGINAL SPORTING SKETCHES.

HARKAWAY!

One more extract from Mr. Mills' admirable forthcoming work, and we return the manuscript to the publisher, with the assurance that we have never read a more interesting work, not only to the sportsman but to all who relish light, *piquant* and graceful sketches of every-day life. The racy and pleasant story that follows will amuse our lady readers, and is selected from the others for their especial gratification:

THE HUNTSMAN'S WEDDING.

The 'Squire, as he was invariably called by the country folks, was lolling in an antique-fashioned chair, worked fancifully with figures and flowers, reading the County Advertiser, after a substantial breakfast, when the perusal of the account of his hounds' last dashing run was interrupted by the entrance of the huntsman, familiarly called "Jumping Will," looking peculiarly sheepish, otherwise bashful. He industriously stroked down the straight hair over his temples with one hand, and engaged the other with plucking a button from his waistcoat. A heightened colour had spread over his round cheeks, always rubicund from health, and, altogether, "Jumping Will's" appearance had fallen from its usual careless and knowing bearing. The squire peeped over the top edge of the paper, and seeing his favourite servant standing, with a good-natured smile said, "Take a chair, William—take a chair. All right in the stable!"

"Right as a trivet, sir," laconically replied Will, occupying a seat.

"The kennel in proper trim?"

"Even as bricks"

"Then I don't care for anything else," replied the squire.

"But I do, sir," said Will, with emphasis upon the pronoun.

"You—*you* care for anything else but the kennel or stable?"

"Yes I do, sir," repeated Will.

"Ay, ay. A good cubbing season, I suppose."

"That's all in good time, sir. But what I now want is, your approval to my getting myself coupled with Nancy the dairy-maid, sir."

"What, married, William?" inquired the squire, dropping the paper in surprise, and looking at the blushing Will.

"Buckled to as a match-pair is our want, sir," was the reply from the huntsman, who, drooping his head, felt, as he afterwards described it to Nancy, "like a fox, with his earth stopped, inclined to hide himself, but did not know where."

"You want to spoil yourself, spoil the hounds, and spoil the horses, eh, William! Who the deuse is to ride the colts after you're married?" passionately asked the squire.

"Me, of course, sir," rejoined Will.

"You, *you* ride after being harnessed in the shafts of matrimony? Fudge! you'll not take a water-furrow."

"But I will, though, and so I told Nancy. But, bless your soul, sir, she's the very gal to see a fellow brush a rasper. She boasts and brags of my riding to all the other maids in the house, and says she never would have had me, but for the way I ride and——"

"And what?" said Will's master, as he hesitated to complete Nancy's reasons for having him.

"She says, the fine appearance I cut in the cap and pink," replied the huntsman, looking hard at the squire's face, after many attempts to raise his eyes from the carpet

Will saw the burst of laughter about issuing from the squire's inflated cheeks, and seeing the omen of the success of his suit, he slapped smartly his doe-skin smalls with his broad hand, and a simultaneous roar proceeded from the two, which rang merrily to the roof, and was echoed far away into hall and kitchen, parlour and pantry. The fellow-servants, with the fair subject of Will's adoration, were all assembled in anxiety to learn the result of the mission, when the loud laugh informed them of the doubtless success of it, and many were the salutes and presses of the hand Nancy received, with her bright hazel eyes filled with tears of joy, from the happy crowd, who anticipated the frolic they were sure to have at the wedding.

"I tell you this, William," said the squire, "if you don't keep your promise, and ride up to my hounds as formerly—now, mark me—I'll discharge you. I'm not married, because I'm certain a wife spoils a man's riding. I did not expect you would get one until I did, at least; however, follow your inclination; but, at the same time, you must follow my hounds in proper style, or somebody else will"

"I'll do my duty. You have never had reason to complain, and you never shall, sir," rejoined Will, with emotion.

"I never have, William, never. You were a boy in my father's stable, and now you are his son's huntsman. During the time of your long service no ground for complaint has existed. My hounds have been hunted with proper spirit, and kept in perfect condition. I will have them continued thus," firmly said the squire.

"They shall, you may depend upon it," replied Will.

"Well, William, I hope, and almost believe so; but a wife is a terrific cooler for fox-hunting."

"May be for half-breds, sir; but not for regular out-an'-out blood and bone. Why! my mother was a daughter of the first whip to Lord Stanley's pack; and my father, you know, hunted the late squire's for twenty-three years, sir. So, I *do* think, from such a stock, no muff should come," rejoined Will, with a glow of pride mantling over his features at the reminiscence of his ancestral dignity.

"Give me your hand, William. There, I know you'll not disappoint me," said the squire, shaking the hand of his servant heartily, "Heaven bless you. Be kind to your wife, as you've been faithful and honest to me—ride well up to the dogs—and leave the wedding frolic to me. I'll prepare that myself."

Will tried to thank his master; but the words died upon his lips, and turning round he hastily left the room, brushing the tears from his rough honest face, as they coursed each other downward Upon joining the assembled servants and Nancy, Will related all that had passed between him and the squire. Loud was the praise bestowed upon the latter by all, and when the delighted maid was congratulated as "Mrs. William Wisk, as was to be,"

"Then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gathered lily."

It was a frosty day in the month of January; the well-heaped fire upon the hearth glowed fiercely, and crackled away, as log after log was added by an officious boy, whose duty generally was that of driving the cows to be milked, and otherwise attending upon them. His round cheeks bore shining marks of yellow soap, and he was dressed in his Sunday suit.

"I think that I ought to have gone to the church to see our Nance booked though," said he to himself. "Everyone's gone but me. That an't fair—I'm left to keep up the fires. Well, then, never mind—here goes," and another large log was thrown upon the blazing pile. A large quantity of holly and ivy was stuck upon the walls of the room—a spacious apartment, called the "servant's hall"—and a fine large mistletoe was suspended from the centre of the ceiling. "Here they come!" exclaimed the boy, clapping his hands and peering out of the window.

Along the gravel drive to the house came the wedding party from the village church close by. The bride and William walked first, arm in arm, the former in an appropriate dress furnished by the squire, and the latter in a new hunting costume, complete, ornamented with a large white satin favour on his left breast. Next to them came the squire, and the rector's daughter, who honoured the happy couple as bridesmaid. Then followed about forty gentlemen, in scarlet coats, and their sporting equipments, who constantly rode with the squire's hounds, and came to the marriage of "Jumping Will," thus dressed, as a compliment to their favourite leader of the chace. Bringing up the rear were the fellow-domestics of Mrs. Wisk, and the invited guests, all decked in favours, and gaily dressed in their best apparel

Across the huntsman's shoulders was slung a beautiful silver horn, a present from his master. His highly polished top-boots were ornamented with a pair of spurs of the like material, given by "the gentlemen of the hunt," together with a whip elegantly ornamented, and a cap well lined with sovereigns. The motley group entered the servant's hall, and Mrs Wisk was immediately seized by the cow-boy as she entered, and taken under the mistloe. A loud hearty smack was accomplished upon the lips of the bride, before being aware of the intentions of the young gallant.

"There!" exclaimed he, "I was determined to be first. Mr. Jumping Will, don't be jealous—I considered it my right."

The squire pinched the boy's ear, and with feigned anger said, "You young stoat! how dare you poach upon another's manor, eh?"

"If you please, sir," replied the boy, screwing up his face and rising upon his toes as the squire elevated the grasped organ, "I had a promise for one, from Nance herself, on the wedding-day, and so I thought I'd be first and foremost."

"Without respect to the rights of precedence," rejoined his master, releasing his hold.

"None at all, sir," replied the boy; but ignorant of the meaning of the sentence rejoined to.

A capacious bowl was brought into the room by the butler, whose strained arms and fingers proved the weight of the burden being anything but trifling Its contents smoked, and to the ceiling, a continued cloud issued of odoriferous steam, particularly pleasing to the olfactory nerves

"Now, gentlemen, girls and boys," said the squire, stirring up the hot liquid with a ladle, "hold your glasses close, but don't touch a drop until I give the word."

In due course of time the respective goblets were filled, and all obeyed the instructions given, excepting only the cow-boy; who, stealing behind the broad shoulders of his master, cautiously tasted the tempting mixture. A look of gratification spread over his countenance, and, patting his abdominal regions significantly, gave an imprudent crack of his lips. The squire turned abruptly round, and discovered the cause of the impolitic effect

"You disobedient whelp! what did I order not a minute since?" said the squire.

"Beg your pardon, sir; but I forgot to wait," replied the confounded bacchanal, spilling the remainder upon the feet of his master.

"Wrong upon injury!" exclaimed his master, shaking the wet from his boots, and continued laughing. "Come, I'll fill your glass once more."

All were charged. The squire stood in the centre of the company, and holding his filled goblet high above his head, said in a loud voice, "Here's the health and prosperity of Jumping Will, and his pretty wife; may they live in uninterrupted happiness, peace, and plenty." Loud was the shout which rang from the circle of sincere friends, upon the completion of the sentiment. Cheer after cheer rang far and wide as each continued to express the real fervour entertained. "Now for one more," said the squire, "as a finish." Far away that shout was heard; in the clear frosty air it went over hill and valley, wood and dell, as merrily as the occasion merited; and, as it died away in a scarce audible echo, the hounds in the kennel, not far off, answered the cheerful sound, by breaking into a sudden musical cry. "That's as it should be!" exclaimed the squire, "you hear those dumb animals prompting you to speechify. William—come, let's have it over."

The huntsman stood forward, and with slight exertion to obtain confidence by a preliminary cough, he commenced—"My kind master, gentlemen, and friends, if I try at a long speech, I shall either break down, or get pounded; therefore, the sooner I cut across country the better. My talking for a year, supposing I could talk so long, couldn't say how much I'm obliged to ye for your great kindness to me, and my wife here. Coming to my wedding, gentlemen o'the hunt, is more than I could, or did expect, and now all I've to say in conclusion is, take my best thanks for your favours to me and Nance, and heaven bless you all."

Will's brief speech was received with acclamations of pleasure from everybody, and after much kissing under the druidical branch, with the pretended reluctance of the lasses, and the evinced sincerity of the lads, the squire ordered the prepared dinner to be brought in.

Haunches of fine venison, barons of beef, fresh-killed pike from the store-pond, speckled trout, hares, rabbits, pigeon-pies, partridges, pheasants, plum-puddings, and other dainties too numerous to mention, were in due time placed upon the long table, squeaking from the ponderous mass upon its surface. Then followed such a confusion of noises, out-Babeling Babel. Knives and forks rattled, plates clinked, chairs and benches were taken, and the feast commenced in earnest. The squire sat in the centre of the guests, and was the very life of the scene. He talked to one, laughed with another, hallooed to a third, and if the etiquette observed in refined society was disregarded, more good-humour, fun, and frolic existed than in the automaton circles of freezing fashion, for an age.

Large, round jugs of foaming ale quickly disappeared, and were as soon replaced. In the middle of the table, just opposite to the squire, stood a huge wassail cup of antique form It was filled to the brim with spiced wine. Taking hold of the sides with both hands, the squire raised the vessel to his lips, and, as was his custom after a feast, said, "I drink to the friendship of my guests." From him the cup was passed regularly round, and each drank from its contents, varying the toast to "the friendship of my friend, or master," as the case might be.

The table was quickly cleared when the dinner was over, and numerous bowls of punch were introduced upon it. Bottles of port, "old as the hills," and Madeira bright as the beams of the bride's laughing eyes, were also placed in rows at proper distances. Now the smart joke and merry jest was cracked. Light was the laugh which momentarily came unrestrained from the hearts of the assembled carousers. Pledge after pledge were exchanged, and nothing was there but delight and revelry.

About an hour after the dinner, all rose to clear away for the country dance and romping reel.

The village Orpheus was mounted upon an empty barrel in the corner of the hall, and lustily he commenced scraping a rapid movement. The squire led off the bride in the first dance, and enjoyed the spirit of it as much as any one. "On with ye! Give them a bark forward, William," hollowed he, and the huntsman obeyed the instructions by stunning the company with a "Yoiks, yoiks for'ard," and concluded with a long musical wind upon his horn. On danced the merry company, until, from want of breath, they were obliged to pause.

"Now for a glass of punch all round, and a song from William," said the squire. Loud were the approvals to this suggestion; and, seating themselves, all were attentive for Jumping Will's song; who, without hesitation, in a fine, round voice, commenced:

Let smiles and bright eyes beam on me,
To glad my fleeting hours;
I love thee, as a honey bee
Loves bright and blushing flowers.

Nay, let no pouting curl thy lip,
No tear-drops dim thine eyes;
But from the morn of life let's sip
Joy's sun-beams as they rise.

The world would be a mournful one,
If doubts, and fears, and sighs
Were giving us their lingering tone
To cloud our starry skies

So, smile, dear girl, and let us say,
When Time has cull'd the flowers,
Our life was like a summer's day
Pass'd with the laughing hours.

"Well, capitally warbled," said the squire. "Now for a brisk reel. Strike up a brave tune, you fiddler, there!"

Gaily thus the hours fled, and the night waned fast, when during a pause it was proposed by the bride that "some one should relate a story." Drawing seats in a large circle round the log-fire, all were eager for the tale. But who was to be the narrator? "A hunting one from Jumping Will," said a voice, which suggestion met with unanimous approbation.

Well! commenced the huntsman, it's rather late for a long story; but I've told, so many times over, all save one, that I suppose you must have it by way of a change. When I was a boy it was told to me by my grand-mother, just on the day I entered the squire's service; she called it

THE LEGEND OF HASTINGS CLIFF

I can't say how long since the facts I'm about telling ye took place; but that doesn't signify. It so happened once upon a time, that one of the loveliest ladies in England, called Agnes M'Caire, lived in an old manor-house, not far from the sea-shore. She was the heiress of a very rich old colonel, who had past the best part of his life in India, and with age and hard service was upon the verge of his earth, when his daughter captivated—as it is called by the gentry—a neighbouring gentleman, a fine, young, handsome fox-hunter. Frederick Catonder—for that was his name—loved Miss M'Caire as others have loved, "not wisely, but too well;" and, like most other women under such circumstances, she took advantage of his folly. Wild as a fawn, the lady cared not what people thought of her gay freaks, which were pretty constant, in some shape or other. Sometimes she would mount a vicious colt, deaf to the entreaties of everybody, and ride him with the speed of a pressed stag over heath and moor, hill and valley; her long hair streaming in the wind, and a careless laugh ringing from her lips as she swept over break-neck fences, walls, and brooks. When the gale whistled across the tossing waves, occasionally she might be seen alone, steering a light boat over the mountain billows, as fearless of danger as the white sea-gull.

Her father, who doted upon his untamed, beautiful child, never for a moment thought of checking with his authority any whim or inclination, however imprudent they might be. When angry at some passed act of this kind, she would kiss and caress him out of ill-humour, and thus continued to do just as she pleased.

'Tis said that no one could withstand anything desired by Agnes M'Caire. If a smile did not procure what was wished, a frown from her black flashing eyes was certain to do so. The talk of the country round was the heiress of the Manor-house. The poor blessed her and prayed for her preservation, for her charity to them was boundless. The sick would find her gliding into the chamber and smoothing their pillow with ready hand, and administering the consolation of an angel, as she was in some respects. In appearance, Miss M'Caire was a perfect beauty. Her skin was pink and white, mingled like the tints of the lily and the rose. Her figure was tall, and proud in bearing, and notwithstanding her wilfulness, but few eyes have seen a better, or more lovely lady

Among numbers of other gentlemen, Mr Catonder started in the race for the prize of Agnes M'Caire. He was a true gentleman, with a kind, frank, and open heart. Not one in the county bore a superiour name, and he was the admitted straightest rider in the hunt, both far and near. For a long time the lady treated him, as she had done all others, with doubtful favour. Sometimes a cold, distant look would be returned for an approaching attention; at other times, an unequivocal one of pleasure. Thus she continued to toy and play with the feelings of her admirers, just as an angler with a hooked trout; but Frederick Catonder had snared Miss M'Caire's heart, although he was ignorant of his success.

Tormented and tired with the conflicting conduct of Miss Agnes, he resolved to settle the affair at a short jump—as I did with Nancy—yes or no; and one day mounting his favourite horse, Mr. Frederick Catonder rode towards the Manor-house for this purpose.

The morning had a dull look; the wind came in gusts, and then a dead calm ensued, changeable as the smiles and frowns of Miss M'Caire, when the lover, full of doubts and fears, cantered between the row of towering elms, upon the hard road leading to the Manor-house. The clattering of the horse's hoofs as he neared, called the attention of Miss Agnes from teaching a pet spaniel to perform some trick; for her amusements generally consisted in attending upon her dogs and birds, and endeavouring to accomplish them in mischief. Books and music she never thought of, like other ladies; but occasionally all the servants and people about would stop in their work to listen to one of her untaught songs, which charmed like the fairy queen's. It was the old colonel's greatest delight for her to sit close to his easy-chair in the evening, and in a suppressed voice chant some heart-melting prayer of her own making, as the sun was setting behind the distant hills.

Miss Agnes saw the horseman's approach, and at once thought of the object of his coming. It was earlier than usual for morning visits, and, from previous reasons, she had but little doubt of the cause of this one

"He looks very handsome!" she exclaimed, "and he's a kind, good, dear fellow. Shall I, or shall I not! That is my choice." And her fair brow was knit in deep thought.

Ringing the bell violently for her attendant, she hastily had her riding-habit put on, ordered her horse to be saddled and brought to the door immediately, and met Mr. Catonder upon the steps of the house, just as he had dismounted.

"Ah! Mr. Catonder, what so early! I almost regret my intended gallop," said Miss M'Caire, with as roguish a look as ever probed the heart of a man.

"Perhaps you will permit me to accompany you," replied Mr. Catonder, looking rather confused.

"Well, I know of nothing that can be urged as a reasonable objection," replied Miss Agnes carelessly.

"I should try to overrule any that might be submitted this morning, I assure you, Miss M'Caire," rejoined Mr. Catonder, by way of a hint to what he was going to say.

"Indeed! What, so bold, sir knight!" exclaimed Miss Agnes, laughing.

"The coward often becomes desperate, you know," replied he.

"Come, come, no craven similes. Coward, forsooth! What gentleman ever had a dastard's nerves? If by accident there is such a thing, and he spoke, or even looked at me, I'd whip him from my sight, like an offending hound!" and the lady's riding-switch cracked in the air, as she suited the action to the words.

"By my honour, I shouldn't like to come under the lash," said Mr. Catonder. "But I hope that I'm m no such danger."

"No, indeed. I believe you may deem yourself free from any such ordeal," replied Miss Agnes.

"That permission I consider a compliment. But where do you intend riding? Is the dew-drop to be brushed from the heath-bell, or the emerald turf pressed upon the downs?"

"Inquired with all the romance of a time-yellowed novel," replied Miss M'Caire. "No more of such vapid nonsense to me. However, we'll gallop over the downs to the sea-shore. You've no objection to ride fast?"

"None in the least," was the reply.

"If you had, I should soon distance you; for I doat upon racing with my greyhounds there. You shall see the fleet fellows outstrip the wind. I love to see them fly along! Then, how my horse tries to beat them in their matchless speed! Every muscle is strained to cracking. He throws back his ears, and sweeps the ground like a chased hare I cheer him in his exertions. His veins full of fire, and swelled as the fibres on a vine-leaf, on we go in our chase of fun and glee, merry as a set of mad-caps, as we are," said Miss Agnes, flushed with the excitement she felt at her own description.

The horse was now brought to the door, and no sooner saw his mistress than, giving a plunge onward, he neighed a loud recognition.

"You see what it is to be a favourite of mine," said Miss M'Caire, smoothing the arched neck of her pleased horse, and springing lightly into her saddle.

"That it is, an enviable condition," replied Mr. Catonder, mounting his steed, and at one bound was at the side of the lady.

A small silver whistle was suspended round the neck of Miss Agnes; placing it to her lips, she blew a long, shrill summons. It was answered by a leash of large, superb greyhounds rushing towards them, that jumped to the saddle-bow, and screamed with delight, when they arrived at the place where their mistress waited for them. Then they ran some distance before, and stood with pricked ears, as if inviting the usual course of a joyful, bloodless sport. It was the only one they were permitted to have, for no living creature was ever injured, or allowed to be, by Miss M'Caire. 'Tis said the birds even knew that they were free from danger when near her, and built their nests in the luxuriant ivy which crept about her bed-room casement, feeding without fear from her hands. Her gold-fish would frisk about, and allow her fingers to caress them in the globe, when she dropped in fresh moss and grass, as was her daily custom. All things loved her, as well they might, for her kindness of heart was only equalled by her acts of charity.

Few have had so many blessings showered upon their heads as Miss Agnes; from childhood, her name was scarcely mentioned but with, "God save from harm, and watch over the good lady!"

It is impossible to say which appeared most anxious for the run, Miss Agnes, the horse, or the greyhounds

"See how the creatures long for me to start," said she, as the horse fretted, and pulled upon her tightened rems

"And you are equally desirous to obey their wishes, if I am not mistaken," rejoined Mr. Catonder.

"I admit most readily that I am; call me childish or not. So here's for Hastings cliff, and remember, I stop not till there, my cavalier."

Her horse reared upon his haunches, and jumped high into the air as the curbing rein was slackened. The hounds gave a short cry of delight, and to a loud cheerful "Away!" from their mistress, on went the whole at a merry pace. With the speed of light they flew over the turf; hill and dale, slope and level, were all the same to them. Now and then a merry laugh was carried back upon the breeze, as it burst from the lips of the light-hearted lady, which was all the sound that was heard in that rapid ride, save the heavy beating of the horses' feet upon the greensward. "She is as wild as an unhooded hawk; but then how beautiful she is," thought Mr. Catonder, as he rode a little way behind. The manner in which she managed her horse was sufficient to win the heart of a fox-hunter. Erect she sat upon the saddle, yielding gracefully to the motion, as the animal took his long and fast strides. Her elbows were close to her small waist, and the bridle-hand bent towards the pummel. Straight as an arrow she kept the course, and no fault could be seen in her matchless riding—a queen of beauty upon horseback.

Now they neared a wide brook. Poising her light whip, and checking the horse's speed slightly, they bounded across it, with the ease and quickness of a thought.

Whether Mr. Catonder's eyes were so bent upon his fair companion as she charged the leap, or whether his horse balked the jump, was never known; but that he was thrown heavily, many yards over his horse's head, is quite certain. Miss M'Caire pulled up suddenly, and suppressing a rising laugh at the fallen horseman, returned to inquire if any serious effects had resulted from such an awkward occurrence.

"Nothing of consequence," replied Mr. Catonder, rising, very pale from the shake.

"You look blanched with the tumble. How did it happen?" asked Miss Agnes, now laughing heartily at the mishap.

But he was too much chagrined to answer. His lip was between his teeth, and a frown bent his brow over his eyes. It may appear to some a trifling circumstance; but a fall in the presence of a lady makes a man feel so ridiculous, that the temporary annoyance can hardly be exceeded. This, too, before one in whose estimation he wished to stand superlatively well at this time, was peculiarly unfortunate and irritating to Mr. Catonder. He mounted again, and, with rather an assumed good humour, than real, said, "I'm the unluckiest fellow living. However, let us proceed in the gallop."

"No, I thank you. Since it pleased you to stop without my consent, or indeed, your own, we'll now proceed leisurely to the cliff, which is, you see, close to us," rejoined Miss Agnes, laughing so, that it was impossible for her to continue the gallop, if desired.

"What a singular taste for a position, is that of lying flat upon the back," continued she, chafing him more severely than she was aware of. "Oh! thou Nimrod, where is thy wonted skill? For me to lead, and throw thee. Well may I say, 'what a falling off was there.'" And then she laughed again, till the tears stood in her eyes.

Mr. Catonder tried to join in the merriment of Miss M'Caire, but it was an attempt as awkward as his fall. They proceeded slowly to the verge of the towering heights, bounding the lashing waves, and, dismounting, sat down upon the turf to rest themselves; Miss Agnes still alluding to the accident with hints and jokes; Mr. Catonder still vexed and in great ill-humour.

The mist which hung gloomily upon the boundless waters now began to roll away, and the bright clear sun broke from his cloudy curtain upon the earth and sea, rendering dull nature in a moment brilliant and cheerful. The gull wheeled in lofty flight its graceful circles over the deep, blue ocean; now dipping, and then rising with a wild scream of delight to shake the salt drops from its snowy breast. The curlew skimmed with rapid wing his restless course; hovering over a swelling wave, to snatch, occasionally, his precarious fare. The bleached sails of a ship were just visible in the horizon; and, altogether, the attractive, magical scene riveted the attention of Miss M'Caire from bantering and mirth, to thoughtful admiration. She was sitting in a leaning posture, with one arm round the neck of a favourite hound, the other holding the rein of the horse, who was cropping the short herbage for amusement Her large, dark eyes were bent upon the vessel fading from the view, far at sea, when she felt her hand pressed slightly, and a few soft words were whispered in her ears with faltering tone, that sent the crimson blood into her cheeks. It was a triumphant moment for Frederick Catonder. No answer came from the lady; but from her countenance he saw that his success was certain—that he was an accepted lover, and he concluded in brief raptures, by thanking her for the silent granting of his suit.

Did I say concluded? I believe after this a waist was clasped, and upon a pair of ruby lips a first, long, clinging kiss was printed; yielded without reluctance or affected coyness.

For many minutes not a word was spoken. At length Miss M'Caire sprang upon her feet, and said, "Now, Frederick, we'll return."

How pleasing was that familiar name to Mr. Catonder; he looked his delight, and said, "What can I do or say, to prove the sincerity of my affection?"

"Words are mere empty sounds, changed and forgotten in a succeeding breath. This is not the age of chivalry: brave knights no longer break lances or their necks for smiles, scarfs and roses, therefore neither vows nor deeds are required," rejoined Miss Agnes

"I wish from my heart that an action could be done, in order to show that my protestation is not the too common one of mere form," replied Mr Catonder, warmly

"Perhaps another leap would not be objectionable, if I wished it," said Miss M'Caire, with a sly look, as they turned their horses towards home.

"The Demon's foot-mark, if it will please you," replied he, with flashing eyes

Now this Demon's foot-mark was a chasm in the cliff. It formed a close resemblance to the mark of a foot of gigantic proportions, doubtlessly occasioned by the continued beating of the sea at the base, which from time to time had washed parts of the chalky substance away. The top, crumbling for want of support, had left this gaping cleft, which, from the peculiarity of its shape, was thus so called. It was about twenty-four feet in width, and some four or five hundred in depth, scooped out of the cliff. Miss Agnes, unthinking of the way in which the feelings of Mr. Catonder were irritated at the accident that befel him, recurred to it in jest, as was her usual way in all things. When he said that he would jump the Demon's foot-mark, which was within a few yards of them, Miss M'Caire, not dreaming of the seriousness of the offer, laughed at it and said, "Remember the result, half an hour since. Be not too brave in such volunteer boasts, or I shall challenge you to try another puddle."

The words were scarcely out of her lips, when Mr. Catonder dashed the rowels into his horse's flanks, and with furious speed flew towards the fearful leap. With out-stretched neck the punished horse neared the edge—upon it—and seeing the awful depth, the terrified creature hesitated—drew back upon its haunches—but too late to avoid the jump, he sprung from the ground, and fell with his fore-legs upon the other side of the precipice—his hind ones hanging over the declivity. Trying to recover himself, he scrambled upon the verge, sending the earth and stones beneath, with his struggles for life, which fell heavily to the bottom. Sliding at every plunge farther down, the horse at last reeled like a balanced weight, and for a moment becoming still, the rider clutched the broad leaves of a large dock-weed, just as the groaning animal went backwards upon the rocks beneath, with every bone broken and sinew cracked. With one hand grasping the weed, was suspended the ill-fated horseman over the terrific depth—a few green, weak leaves holding him between warm life and inevitable death.

Frozen with horrour, Miss M'Caire beheld the phrensied action. Immoveable and breathless, she watched the desperate position of both as they struggled upon the breaking edge of the yawning precipice. Her hands clasped together; with eyes starting from their sockets, and ceaseless beating heart, she watched the terrible exertions of the horse; upon seeing him launched beneath, and the rider grasp the dock-weed growing upon the brink, just within his reach, a scream of mingled terrour and joy burst from her, so loud and shrill, that an old fisherman said that he heard it a league at sea. In an instant, she rushed to assist him from the peril. Leaf by leaf was cracking in his hand; another instant, and the last must have severed, when kneeling upon the extreme edge, the lady caught the hand in hers, as the remaining leaf snapped in his fingers, and thus locked together, both fell into the abyss, mangled, shapeless and bleeding, corses.

In the dead of night as the coast-guard paces his solitary walk, his nerves tremble and his blood is chilled as an unearthly screech is borne upon the breeze. The fishermen, as they are spreading their nets, pause and gaze in silence at each other, as it sweeps past them; but it is never heard by any without a prayer for the unhappy lovers of "Hastings Cliff."

So ended the huntsman's story

The night was far advanced, and the squire, after shaking hands with many of the guests, departed with his friends for repose Most of the company evinced symptoms of somnambulency, and one by one crept away. All had now left the festive scene save the cow-boy, who seemed lost in contemplation He looked with unconscious eyes upon the dying embers, that flickered on the hearth, and suddenly rising from his seat, he exclaimed, "What a pity Miss Agnes won't stronger in the arm loike, or that weed a little stouter loike"

The moon was shining brightly as he crossed the yard on his way to a hay-loft for *bon repose;* but from some unexplained cause he always declared, "there were *two* moons shedding their pale light upon field and flower, on the night of 'the huntsman's wedding.'"

A SEASON AT CHELTENHAM.

The season in London for the year one thousand eight hundred and —— was over! The metropolis was half deserted! Gunter and his myriads of myrmidons listlessly viewed the leafy glories of Berkeley-square. Royalty had retired to enjoy for a while summer joys at Windsor. One-half of Howell and James's establishment was on half-pay, and the remainder making out half-yearly accounts, and all things which of right ought to happen at the commencement of the dog-days, *had* happened, and yet Lady Jemima Sighaway and her fair daughter Celestina had not made up their minds as to what part of the world they should bend their steps, or rather the steps of Newman's posters. Long were the cogitations of the lady "mamma"—long were the complaints of the mamma's gentle daughter, for it unfortunately happened that the handsome fortune which had been settled on the Lady Jemima on the day of her marriage, had been reduced to a very miserable pittance by the blandishments of the late elegant and dissipated Mr Sighaway, so that economy was the order of the day, and Lady Jemima, after sundry secret conferences with Colonel Sibthorp and Mr. Hume, had halt determined to rusticate for the season at Gascoigne's hotel, Harrowgate. Celestina's young heart loudly exclaimed against the injustice of immersing her charms in a place where nobody but York solicitors, Leeds clothiers, and Irish adventurers, ever congregated.

Celestina's tears and prayers prevailed over the transient economic resolution of her revered parent, and Cheltenham, as had been ordained in the Book of Fate, had the inexpressible honour of numbering amongst its visiters two real members of the world of fashion, who shone amongst the chocolate-coloured East Indians, and the usual corps of hirsute Milesians, as stars of the first magnitude. Greatly was Lady Jemima glorified by the honour and worship paid to her at Cheltenham, where hitherto the brothers B——y (*Arcades Ambo*) had reigned supreme as *arbitri elegantiarum*.

Lady Jemima and Celestina were promenading one fine morning along the pretty walk at the end of which the old church cuts so pretty a figure, when Lady Jemima suddenly left her daughter, and proceeded back in the direction of Montpellier.

Our heroine—for Celestina Sighaway *is* our heroine, and being so, the reader must expect no description of her from us—she must necessarily be "all that Fancy painted her lovely and divine"—continued her walk, her eyes bent on the ground, whilst her parasol, being off duty, was allowed to amuse itself by kicking pebbles out of the path of its fair mistress. How long she might have pursued the silent tenour of her way we know not, but an inexpressible misfortune befel her—happily, the misfortune was remedied as quickly as it happened she dropped the parasol, and, lo! it was picked up and presented to her by as handsome a youth as any unmarried lady would wish to become her lover first, and her husband afterwards. Now these little *contre-tems* often in watering-places produce sudden intimacies, and without teasing the reader with the hows, the whys, the wheres, and the wherefores, he or she, as the case may be, must be pleased to imagine them, and believe that Augustus Phipps became a constant visiter at my Lady Jemima Sighaway's—in short, it was a regular flirtation; and Lady Jemima, having made proper inquiries, rejoiced thereat, as Augustus Phipps was ascertained to be a young gentleman of fortune and family, though unknown to fame and the world of fashion.

And now the season at Cheltenham was rapidly drawing to its close; the M C. had given the last assembly for his benefit, and still Mr. Augustus Phipps had made no regular declaration of the passion which he entertained for the heavenly Celestina. He flirted and talked and walked, wrote sonnets to his mistress's eyebrows, wrote in her album, but never explicitly demanded her hand; in fact, there was a degree of mystery in the conduct of Augustus which was truly alarming. The ever-watchful Lady Jemima, with that maternal solicitude for which she was so remarkable, and which so infinitely became her, thought it her duty to interrogate her daughter upon the subject, and give her that advice the occasion should demand. Accordingly, in that part of the morning in which ladies seclude themselves from the society of the other sex, and have the privilege of calling their own, the Lady Jemima and her amiable daughter had a long and confidential *tête-à-tête* on the subject of Augustus Phipps, and as we were in the confidence of both ladies, we happen to know that Celestina was unable to add much to the information we have given. She told her affectionate mamma that her dear Augustus seemed oppressed with some secret grief, that she had often attempted to obtain his confidence, but without success; she had tried raillery and the "soothing system," but all in vain—Augustus seemed hurt and mortified, but never indignant. Lady Jemima hinted that Augustus might have committed some great crime, and was now suffering under all the pangs of a guilty conscience. But to this supposition Celestina would not listen for a moment; she had a perfect reliance on the honour and integrity of her lover. The result of the conference between mother and daughter was, that the gentleman should be compelled to come to an explanation, and that immediately.

Augustus Phipps now made his appearance at the lodgings of Lady Jemima as usual, to spend the morning with his beloved. He was ushered into the drawing-room, and found Lady Jemima alone. After the salutations had passed, Augustus asked for Celestina, upon which Lady Jemima observed, "Mr. Phipps, you must excuse a mother's anxiety, but I am afraid that you are too much in the society of Celestina for her peace of mind. My daughter is a good and affectionate girl, and it is my duty to see that her happiness is not trifled with; besides, my dear sir, to speak plainly, there is a gentleman in Cheltenham to whom I should have no objection to see my daughter married, and I have every reason to believe is anxious to address Celestina, but is kept back by the notoriety of your attentions, (this was perfectly true, extraordinary as it may appear;) therefore ——" "Allow me to interrupt you, my dear madam," said Augustus Phipps, and, without waiting for that allowance, he did interrupt her, and made a full, fair, and open declaration of his love, admiration, and adoration of the delectable Celestina Sighaway, and thereupon begged permission to lay himself and fortune at her feet. He gave a most satisfactory account of the state of his affairs, promised a handsome settlement, and hoped for her ladyship's permission to repeat the same to Celestina herself.

This the highly gratified mother graciously accorded, and after allowing Augustus to imprint a gallant kiss on the still unfaded cheek of his future mother-in-law, she took her departure, and promised to send her daughter to him

In the course of a few minutes Celestina made her appearance, "blushing rosy red." Far be it from us to intrude our unbidden feet into those sacred bowers "where lovers breathe their vows and ladies listen;" no; we must put a bridle upon our pen, and only request our fair readers to let go the reins of their imaginations, or, enjoying the "Pleasures of Memory," recall their experience, or, if they are unable to do so, we have no doubt that the "Pleasures of Hope" will give them exactly to understand what Augustus Phipps said, and what Celestina replied.

The lovers were walking that evening in the shady leafy paths which are the glory of the Montpellier Celestina affectionately leaned on the arm of her Augustus, while a shade of melancholy came over his lofty brow "My Augustus," softly whispered Celestina, "what distresses you? Confide in your Celestina."

Augustus trembled—"I dare not."

Celestina persisted!

Augustus whispered in her ear! * * * *

A loud shriek resounded through the groves of Montpellier! Augustus Phipps rushed wildly from the grounds, and immediately left Cheltenham! Celestina had fainted upon the grass, and was humanely conveyed to the private apartments of the fair quakeress, and in due time recovered, but the secret which Augustus Phipps imparted to her, was sacred from the inquiries of all for ever!

Reader, we overheard it, and will inform thee, but tell it to no one—Augustus Phipps was a TEETOTALLER!!

FOUR BON VIVANTS.

Theo Cibber, in company with three other bon vivants, made an excursion. The first had a false set of teeth; a second, a glass eye; a third, a cork leg; but the fourth had nothing particular, except a remarkable way of shaking his head. They travelled in a post-coach, and while at the first stage, after each had made merry with his neighbour's infirmity, they agreed that at every baiting-place they would all affect the same singularity. When they came to breakfast, they were all to squint; and as the countrymen stood gaping round when they first alighted, "Od rot," cried one, "how that man squints!" "Why, don thee," said a second, "here be another squinting fellow!" The third was thought to be a better squinter than the other two, and the fourth better than all the rest In short, language cannot express how admirably they squinted; for they went one degree beyond the superlative. At dinner, they appeared to have cork legs, and their stumping about made more diversion than they had done at breakfast. At tea, they were deaf; but at supper, which was at the Ship at Dover, each man resumed his character, the better to play his part in a farce they had concerted among them. When they were ready to go to bed, Cibber called out to the waiter, "Here, you fellow, take out my teeth."

"Teeth, sir," said the man.

"Ay, teeth, sir. Unscrew that wire, and they'll all come out together."

After some hesitation, the man did as he was ordered. This was no sooner performed than a second called out, "Here, you, take out my eye!"

"Heavens, sir," said the waiter, "your eye!"

"Yes, my eye. Come here, you stupid dog; pull up that eyelid, and it will come out as easy as possible."

This done, the third cried out, "Here, you rascal, take off my leg!"

This he did with less reluctance, being before apprised that it was cork, and also conceived that it would be his last job. He was, however, mistaken The fourth watched his opportunity, and while the frightened waiter was surveying with rueful countenance the eye, teeth, and leg, lying on a table, cried out, in a frightful hollow voice, "Come here, sir, take off my head!" Turning round, and seeing the man's head shaking like that of mandarin upon a chimney-piece, he ran about the house swearing that the gentlemen up stairs were certainly all devils.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

Cardinal Wolsey was "an honest poore man's sonne" of Ipswich, and was born in 1471, and this poor man was generally supposed to have been a butcher. On referring to "Fiddes's Life of Wolsey," this circumstance may fairly be doubted. Shakspeare, however, calls Wolsey "this butcher's cur;" and a painting of a dog gnawing the blade, or, as it was properly called, the *spade*-bone of a shoulder of mutton, was placed in a window at Oxford for the purpose of mortifying the future cardinal. Be this as it may, the talents of Wolsey soon set all the disadvantages of his birth at defiance, and he proved this truth—that birth was not necessary to qualify a man for distinction, even at that period, in the world. He soon distinguished himself, taking his bachelor of arts degree at Oxford when he was only fourteen years old. He afterwards became tutor to the sons of the marquis of Dorset, who presented him to the living of Lymington, in Somersetshire. While he was in residence at that place he was put into the stocks by Sir Amias Pawlet, a justice of the peace, on a charge of getting drunk and making a riot at a fair. Fiddes seems to hint that he was hardly used on the occasion. For this indignity, however, Wolsey revenged himself when he became lord chancellor of England, by keeping the justice in close confinement in the Temple for several years. Wolsey was also said to have got himself into difficulties by misappropriating the funds of Magdalen college, for the purpose of building the noble tower of that college. If this be true, it affords a strong proof of the cardinal's great and enterprising mind, and of that fondness for beautiful architecture which will carry down his name to the latest posterity. The present occupier of the see of Canterbury seems to have imbibed Wolsey's taste and magnificence in architecture, softened by the refinement of the age, and kept in due bounds by that prudence and modesty for which he is so conspicuous Having been made chaplain to Henry VIII., Wolsey obtained great preferment, and acquired that ascendency which is generally possessed by strong minds over those who are either weak, voluptuous, or indolent. His royal master gave him several bishoprics; and at length he was made archbishop of York, lord high chancellor of England, and prime minister. In this situation he might be considered as the arbiter of Europe. Pope Leo X. created him a cardinal, and the kings of France and Spain loaded him with favours, in order to gain him over to their respective interests.

ARTAXERXES.—This opera was written and composed by Dr. Arne about the year 1762, some twenty-four years after he set Milton's *Comus* to music. Miss Brent was the original *Artaxerxes*, for which Arne expressly composed the beautiful song, "In Infancy," in the key of C, (for Tenducci was of the Velluti school,) and which Madame Vestris rendered so popular when she sung it a few years since.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A PRISM,

Sent to the late M. David, the eminent French sculptor—By Amelie Opie.

Go, fair dispenser of celestial light,
And charm my distant friend's admiring sight;
On his lone path a clearer lustre shed—
O'er every object rainbow glories spread;
And, brightly beaming in his hours of gloom,
With wreaths of radiance hang his darken'd room!
Oh! may new shapes before his genius rise,
When all the mingling colours meet his eyes!
Oh! may the influence to his soul of fire
Still new creations with new zeal inspire,
Till life for him shall with fresh prospects grow,
And cheerful smiles bedeck his pensive brow!
Thy roseate rays perhaps his skill may move
To mould new groups of beauty and of love;
The colder blue may bid his hand impart
The forms of those whose friendship glads his heart;
But every tint may inspiration bring,
Till o'er him Fancy waves on soaring wing.

Now let the Muse, ere yet her dream disperse,
Prolong her lay to moralize her verse.
Say, *whence* those colours, exquisitely bright,
Which shed around such sweetly cheering light?
Those floating hues no earthly power bestows—
From heaven itself the gorgeous splendour flows!
And from that *only fount*, the Eternal Throne,
Where in full power the Godhead rules alone,
Must come whatever cheers the glowing heart,
Or in the sculptor's or the poet's art;
The breathing marble and the poet's lays
Have the same source as thy prismatic rays.
Then be this lesson to each bosom given—
Man's dearest gifts and hopes all spring from heaven!

MAHOMET AND THE HEREAFTER OF THE ARABS.—A German in the service of Abd el Kader gives the following as the belief which is prevalent in that part of the globe, on the subject of the world to come:—"They believe that when the soul reaches the other world, it is conducted before the tribunal of God, who sits under a magnificent tent, with Mahomet at his left hand. Allah casts into a pair of scales held by the prophet the good and bad deeds of the departed. If the scale-bearer wishes well to the latter, he presses upon the scale which holds the good works, that the one which contains the bad may not sink too much. The believer, who is found worthy of being admitted into Paradise, is conducted to his tent, where he finds his horse and his weapons, and reposes on magnificent cushions, where food and drink of exquisite flavour are brought him by the heavenly houries. The tents are white as lilies, and set up in luxurious vallies, surrounded by beautiful mountains, and flowing with milk and honey. The coolasses and mountains are full of game: and that he may pursue the pleasures of hunting, the blessed Mussulman is never in want of gunpowder Thus does the undying believer float on in an endless stream of heavenly felicity. If a Mussulman appears before the judge's throne, whose scale, into which Allah casts the bad actions, sinks too deeply, Mahomet leaves the transgressor to the severity of an offended God, who condemns him to the torments of hell, when he finds himself in a furnace heated with coals, in the midst of Christians and Jews The soul unceasingly repeats the creed. At last the servants, who keep up the fire, make their appearance, and hear with horrour that one of the faithful is among the abandoned They ask their unfortunate fellow-believer the cause of his exile, his name, and that of his family. They then go to the members of the latter, who are in Paradise, and induce them, by touching representations, to intercede with the prophet. He, touched with the misery of a Mussulman, proceeds to the tent of Allah, who, on hearing his request, answers, 'I have given thee the power of binding and loosening; thou hast the keys of Paradise and of hell: go and release the condemned.' Upon this Sidi Mahomet sends to Tartarus an order to release the sinner, who cannot, however, as he is blackened with the smoke, enter Paradise at once. Houries are called to wash him with precious oils and ointments, and to pour healing balsam into his wounds, though, to distinguish him from the rest, a black spot is always left on each of his ears."

RE-UNION IN HEAVEN.—How short is the earthly history of a family! A few years, and those who are now embraced in a family circle will be scattered. The children, now the objects of tender solicitude, will have grown up and gone forth to their respective stations in the world. A few years more, and children and parents will have passed from this earthly stage Their name will no longer be heard in their present dwelling. Their domestic loves and anxieties, happiness and sorrows, will be a lost and forgotten history. Every heart in which it was written will be mouldering in the dust. And is this all? Is this the whole satisfaction which is provided for some of the strongest feelings of our hearts? If it be, how shall we dare pour forth our affections on subjects so fleeting? How can such transitory beings, with whom our connexion is so brief, engage all the love we are capable of feeling. Why should not our feelings towards them be as feeble and unsatisfying as they? But, blessed be God, this is not all. Of this he has given us perfect assurance in the Gospel of his Son. Though to the eye of unenlightened nature the ties of domestic love seem scattered into dust, the spiritual eye of faith perceives that they have been loosened on earth only to be resumed, under far happier circumstances, in the regions of everlasting love and bliss. Though the history of a family may seem to be forgotten when the last member of it is laid in the grave, the memory of it still lives in immortal bloom, and when the circle is wholly dissolved on earth it is again completed in heaven.

CONTENT, DISCONTENT.—If we estimate things wisely, rich men are more liable to discontent than poor men. It is observable that men of the highest fortune are apt most easily to resent the smallest things; a little neglect, a slight word, an unpleasing look doth affect them more than reproaches, blows, wrongs do those of a mean condition. Prosperity is a nice and squeamish thing, and it is hard to find any thing able to please men of a full and thriving estate; whereas a good meal, a small gift, a little gain, or good success of his labour, doth produce in a poor man a very solid pleasure: whence contentedness hath place, and is needful in every condition, be it in appearance never so prosperous, so plentiful, so pleasant.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATIONS.

WHO GOVERNS?

BY HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

CHAPTER I.—THE BOOKKEEPER.

"I AM a lost man, Colas!" said Monsieur Larmes, as he hurried home from the bureau of the Admiralty, in which he was a bookkeeper, and threw himself in a chair. "I am a lost man! I can take care of you no longer, my poor fellow!"

Colas Rosier, who had never seen his master in such agitation, was struck dumb with surprise. And indeed, if he lost the support of Monsieur Larmes, he would be as friendless as any mortal could well be. The old man had been a second father to him, had superintended his education, given him employment as a copyist under him, and promised to make him the heir of his hard-earned savings.

"A lost man!" exclaimed Colas, at last; "what have you done?"

"Nothing; it is because I will not do something. If I could trust to your discretion—remember, a single word may cost you your liberty, perhaps your life. But you must promise to be as silent as the grave." Colas promised everything that was required, and the old man went on. "There is a deficit of more than half a million in the accounts of the marine department. The matter cannot be hushed up any longer. Monsieur de Gatry has ruined himself by his extravagance, and is now trying to lay the blame on some one else. Why he chose me, I am sure I cannot tell. He offered me first forty, and then sixty thousand livres, if I would write him a letter, and acknowledge that the guilt was mine. He offered to pay me ten thousand francs a line for such a letter. When I, like an honest old fool as I am, hesitated, he grew furious, and threatened, if I refused, to charge me with the crime, to save himself. Now I do not know what to do. He is rich and powerful; all he has to do is to accuse me of the robbery, and I am a prisoner in the Bastille for life. He has given me twenty-four hours to consider the matter. During that time, I am to remain a prisoner in my own house, and it is already surrounded by agents of the police."

"And what will you do?" asked Colas, anxiously.

"I trust in God! he will not suffer the innocent to be oppressed. When I am in the hands of justice, I am at least safe from assassination. Then will I speak out, be the result what it may. Till then, remember your promise, and be silent."

Much more was talked of between them, during which Colas's anxiety and grief increased to such a pitch, that Larmes was unwilling to prolong the conversation. He ordered his young pupil to attend to the business in hand, and shut himself up in his room to arrange his papers, for he looked upon himself already as a dying man.

CHAPTER II.—PAULINE

Colas looked pale and anxious enough as he crossed the court of the hotel in which Larmes resided. This hotel belonged to the Count d'Oron, one of the gayest and most fashionable noblemen in all Paris. It was said that Prince Soubise was paying court to his daughter, and the prince's visits to the house were doubtless very frequent; but, in fact, the attraction he found there was not the young comtesse, but her attendant or lady-companion, Pauline de Pons. Pauline, an orphan dependant on the count's bounty, cared very little for all the honeyed compliments the prince bestowed on her so liberally; but, though blind to his attractions, she had eyes enough for the blooming beauty of her young neighbour, Colas. She always had some business to transact with him; there were always papers to be copied or documents to be drawn. Colas, in his simplicity, never dreamed that he had made so flattering a conquest, and indeed hardly knew what love was. She happened to be standing at her window, as Colas crossed the court. She was startled to see him look so pale and sad. "Bst, bst!" she whispered. He did not hear her. "Colas!" she cried, and beckoned to him. He ascended the stairs, still sighing and moaning

"For heaven's sake, Colas, what has happened?" cried she, as he entered, and she saw that he had been weeping. He kept silence, and sighed again.

"Speak, speak!" she continued, "do not leave me in this uncertainty."

Colas shrugged his shoulders as he replied, "Mademoiselle will excuse my speaking further. All I can say is—that I must leave you. I quit the house, and probably Paris, to-morrow morning."

Pauline turned pale at this unexpected announcement, and sunk powerless on a chair. She repeated her questions, but he would not answer them. "Have you so little esteem for me," she asked, at length, "that you will not even condescend to tell me why you leave us? Colas, if it is so, I would hate you from the very bottom of my heart—if I could. But go—you were the only friend I had in the world, and though you may find many others, you will find none to take such interest in your welfare as I have done. Go!" and she hid her face in her handkerchief, and began to sob.

Poor Colas did not know what to say. "Ah, Pauline, if I go, it is no fault of mine. How gladly would I stay! You know not how dear your sympathy is to me! But—"

"O hypocrite," was the answer, "my sympathy dear to you while you take such pleasure in tormenting me? Relieve yourself of your grief. I will be a sister to you in your sorrow, and you shall be my brother—there is my hand upon it."

Colas kissed respectfully the little hand that was extended to him, and vowed to its owner, in the simplicity of his heart, to look upon her always as a sister; of course he had now no secrets from her, so he told her the whole story, under the most solemn promise of absolute secrecy. Pauline was alarmed, but not half so much as her new brother. She was in love, and to love nothing is impossible. "Be easy, good Colas," said she, "there will be no necessity for your leaving us. Something or other can be done to save your guardian. If I could only think of any plan—but go, now, and leave me alone. It must be done, and I will think over some way of doing it." Colas left her, as she requested, but turned as he went out, and said anxiously, "Sister, sister, if you betray my secret, I will never be your brother again!"

CHAPTER III.—PRINCE SOUBISE.

Meantime Prince Soubise's carriage drove up, and he was ascending the stairs as Pauline left her room. The prince thought he had never seen her look so lovely; and it might well be, for her cheek glowed with the consciousness of first love. She conducted him to the parlour, and regretted that he had missed the count, who had just driven out with his family.

"You regret it, Pauline, and I am rejoiced at it. May I never meet with a worse misfortune than that which gives me the sole enjoyment of your society!"

Pauline was used to his way of talking, and paid little heed to this and many similar compliments She was thinking what could be done for poor Larmes. She had intended to speak to the Count d'Oron, trusting to his sagacity and influence, but he was indolent and selfish. The prince's visit suggested other ideas. He, the favourite at court, who had the ear of the all-powerful minister, Cardinal Bernis, nay even of the monarch himself, he and no other could save him.

"My good lord," she said, "I beg of you, no more trifling! I want to speak to you about something serious."

"How, lovely Pauline," was the answer, "do you really think love trifling!"

"Yours, at least."

"If my affection for you is not real, then there is nothing real under the sun; then is your beauty, Pauline, and the magic grace of your form, unreal and deceptive."

"Pray, prince, why do you talk so to me—is it to kill the time? or to prove to me that you are the most graceful, insinuating man in all Paris! I know that already—everybody knows it. If I could put any confidence in your professions of esteem for me—if I have any claim—"

"Tell me what it is!" cried the prince, and then followed a host of protestations, which we will spare our readers. Pauline told him the danger of the old bookkeeeper, professing to take an interest in his fate, from his having been so long a neighbour of hers, and very wisely saying nothing about his young *protégé*. "And now, prince," she added, "you are the only person who can save this innocent victim. Your intercession with the cardinal—"

"No, no, he is not to be trusted, he is De Gatry's patron—but there is another way. And now, beautiful Pauline, I must leave you. I seize with eagerness the opportunity of being of some service to you." And he kissed her hand, and hurried off.

CHAPTER IV.—MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

He repaired at once to the apartments of Madame de Pompadour. Every one knows that this lady was for many years mistress of the affections, and of the kingdom too, of his most christian majesty, Louis XIV. At the time of our story, she was five-and-thirty years old, but his majesty still wore her chains She was all-powerful at court; or if some leading man, like Cardinal Bernis, for instance, ventured to form a kind of opposition party, it was done in the most moderate and cautious manner. The first noblemen in France paid court to her, and even Voltaire felt proud when she looked on him graciously. But among them all, there was none she smiled upon as graciously as on Prince Soubise. In fact, this prince, though he had reached the ripe age of forty, was a very agreeable man, polished, witty, seductive The royal favourite, with all her prudence and self-command, could not help eyeing him more favourably than her other worshippers. He had the tact to make her believe that he loved her with a violence that he found it hard to conceal, and was consuming with a secret passion that—never existed. The marchioness could not help pitying him in secret, and he played the hopeless yet constant lover to perfection, laughing in his sleeve the whole time.

"Have you forgotten anything, rover?" she asked as he entered, for he had left her not an hour before.

"Alas! my dear marchioness," replied he, as he kissed her hand, "in your presence I forget even myself."

"To the point, if you please, prince, for the sphere of that self of yours is so extensive, that I am at a loss to know whether you include in it France only, or all Europe."

"You are severe to-day, yet in your irony you have spoken only the truth. I really was going to talk about myself—that is, about France—that is, about you."

"You are growing poetical—pray, speak in plain prose."

"Well, then, in prose be it Do you know where that abusive street ditty was first composed, in which scurrility supplied the place of wit?"

"What, that silly stuff about me? At the cardinal's, I suppose."

"You are nearly right—at his tool's—at De Gatry's. The villain is now about to receive the reward of his foul slanders—he is in a fair way to be sent to the galleys."

"Can this be possible?"

"There is an enormous deficit in the accounts of his department—people talk of a million and over This is what I forgot to tell you."

The prince went on to tell the whole story, colouring it a little here and there as he proceeded. He spoke at last of the danger in which Larmes was placed, and depicted his age, his innocence, and his sufferings so movingly, that the sensitive marchioness was forced to shed tears.

"That must not be," she cried; "he shall not be made the victim of that monster. Do you pledge yourself to the truth of what you have told me?—if so, I must see the king at once. He is too noble to allow such crimes to go unpunished"

"And his good angel is always at his side. Allow me to kiss the hand of that angel, to sanctify my own sinfulness."

He retired, and the marchioness repaired to the royal presence.

CHAPTER V.—THE KING.

"I have been expecting you for some time, my dear marchioness," said his majesty.

"I was told your majesty was engaged with the British ambassador."

"Yes, but I found the thing a terrible bore; so I turned him over to the cardinal. But what is the matter? You have been weeping. Are you not well?"

"I am always well in the presence of my sovereign."

"Good marchioness! But sit down, and I will help you string pearls. I have got a capital story to tell you about Mademoiselle d'Autun; it is almost too good to be true. I have laughed myself out of breath at it. But I must know why my Antoinette has been weeping. Has anything happened to displease you?"

"Yes, sire, I am displeased at the wickedness that exists even under the best of monarchs." The king was anxious to know more, and the marchioness exposed all the villanies committed and planned by De Gatry. She was deeply moved by the recital, but his majesty was not in the least.

"Why," said he, in great surprise, "is that all? What is that to us? The courts will take care of it to-morrow. Now listen to my story about Mademoiselle d'Autun."

"I beg leave simply to suggest, sire, that to-morrow will be too late. If De Gatry has in his hands Larmes' written confession, and Larmes himself disappears, nothing can be done."

"You are right. We must send word to the cardinal."

"He is De Gatry's special friend, as I am told."

"Then to the lieutenant of police. He might send an agent to Larmes and learn the particulars; after which we can act accordingly"

"Excellent, sire: I must admire your sagacity as much as I do your goodness of heart. I did not reflect that if the police can get hold of Gatry's own handwriting, he is caught in his own trap."

"I suppose not, but you are a mere child in these matters of business. The lieutenant is still in the palace." He touched a bell, and gave orders for the lieutenant to come before him in his private blue cabinet, to which he repaired himself. "You must stay here," said he to Madame de Pompadour; "I want to have a good laugh with you over Mademoiselle d'Autun."

By this time it had grown late. Poor old Larmes sat at home, sad, yet resigned to his fate, when a knocking was heard at the door, which was opened by an agent of the police. This visit was not rendered more agreeable by the glimpse afforded through the open door of half-a-dozen soldiers waiting outside.

Larmes turned pale and trembled at the sight, and our good Colas shifted from one foot to the other, in a perfect fever of apprehension.

"You had this morning," asked the police agent, in a very official tone, "a conversation of a very peculiar character with Monsieur de Gatry?"

Larmes bowed in silence.

"You have in your possession a paper, which he wished you to copy?" The old book-keeper was so thunderstruck at the omniscience of the police, that he could make no answer

"Have the goodness to answer my question, and to deliver up the paper." It was done. "And now be good enough to come with me; a coach is in waiting outside."

"Where are you taking him?" cried Colas in despair; "he is innocent. Take me with him! I know all about it."

"Not so," said Larmes; "no one shall suffer but myself. I know why I am made prisoner. My accuser is Monsieur de Gatry. Now I am ready."

The agent shrugged his shoulders as he answered, "I have no wish to interfere in any difference you may have with Monsieur de Gatry You will doubtless have the honour of an interview with him presently, for he is under arrest as well as yourself. Meantime you and the young gentleman there must follow me."

"Do you hear that?" shouted Colas; "Gatry is arrested.—Now I see it—now I know it all! We are safe! "Oh!" cried the young enthusiast, raising his hands and eyes to heaven, "Oh, thou incomparable, precious, heavenly"—Pauline, he was going to say, but he corrected himself, and added—"police!"

Several ministers of state were with the lieutenant of police. The old book-keeper told his story. De Gatry denied everything, till his own handwriting was produced, when he confessed his guilt, and begged abjectly for mercy. That very evening, Colas slipped away to thank his new sister for their preservation. That same evening, at a ball, Pauline pressed the delighted prince's hand gratefully, and told him, "You have done a heavenly action!" That same evening, the prince lay at the feet of Madame de Pompadour, and told her, "I must worship you, for you are more than

an angel!" and that same evening, the marchioness praised the king's goodness till he thought himself a god.

The next day, De Gatry's imprisonment was the talk of all Paris. The culprit soon recovered his courage, and persisted in denying his guilt. This changed the affair into a long and tedious law-suit, the end of which Larmes was not permitted to see: anxiety and fear had shaken his frame too sorely. The question for Colas was now, what he should do? for something must be done to support him "Well," said Pauline, "why don't you become book-keeper in Monsieur Larmes' place?"

"Heavens! Pauline, what are you thinking of! how can I pretend to aim so high? It is true, I used to do all the duty when my old friend was sick, for months at a time, but I know he tried often without success to get me one of the lower clerkships"

Pauline said nothing, but it was not long before she met the prince, and addressed him. "Do you know, prince, that fear and anxiety have destroyed the old book-keeper Larmes; so that, after all, he has fallen a victim to De Gatry's malice?"

"Not a word, charming Pauline."

"Why do you not complete your good deed? He has left an adopted son, Nicholas Rosier, who used to act as his assistant.—Why not use your influence in his favour? He inherits all the old man's honesty and industry, but there is no one to speak for him."

"How—no one to speak for him, when pity and sympathy for him flow from such lips? What is the young person's name?" Pauline gave it to him, and he entered it in his note-book. He was as good as his word, and that at the most favourable time, when the marchioness was talking with him about De Gatry's villany, and speaking with much sympathy of the honest old man whom he had brought so near to perpetual imprisonment, perhaps to death.

"Near to death did you say, gracious lady?" said the prince "Fear and trouble of mind were too much for his feeble frame. He stands in the presence of God, and names with gratitude among the angels the name of that earthly angel who rescued him from destruction."

The marchioness was moved. The prince saw it, and went on in the same strain, while an actual, *bona fide* tear glittered in his eye This affected her still more. "Has he left any family? The king is generous." On this hint, Prince Soubise spoke with real enthusiasm of the talents and integrity of his adopted son, the vacancy, etc. etc. "But, alas! he added, "the poor young man must suffer, because he has no friends."

"Prince," said the marchioness, with much emotion, as she clasped his hand, "I have always known you as an agreeable companion, but never before as a man of a generous and feeling heart. Do not try to hide your tears; they do you honour. The young man shall have the place." She went straight to the king and preferred her request. "The minister has just been here with a parcel of nominations he wants me to sign," was the answer. "See if your *protégé's* name is among them." The marchioness obeyed, and found the place given to one Meuron.

"Let us leave it as it is," remarked his majesty; "the minister understands these things best." But Madame de Pompadour was in earnest; and the next minute the name of Meuron was stricken out, to make room for that of our young hero, Nicholas Rosier.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS.

SCENE FROM A MANUSCRIPT TRAGEDY, ENTITLED

JOANNA, QUEEN OF NAPLES.

SCENE—*The Council Chamber. The Queen and Nobles discovered.*

Fra Roberto. I MAY not hold my peace.
Your highness must absolve me from offence,
If, in my high and holy agency,
I press my counsel on your close observance.
I stand accountant to a mightier power
Than princes hold—whose stubborn will
Doth laugh to scorn e'en heav'n's supremacy,
And mock—

Joanna. Again this insolence, proud priest!
Who gave thee charter for this contumely?
Think'st thou thy reputed sanctity,
Which erst commended thee unto our grace
And favour, doth yield thee leave and licence
To rebuke thy sovereign? 'Tis fitting then
That thou unlearn the treas'nous lesson, taught
By superciliousness; and know, that we
Have passed the term of tutelage too far,
To need such counsel; though it do proceed
From the preceptor of Andreas.

Fra Roberto. Reputed sanctity!
My pupil, and my prince, can well avouch,
That I have laboured with untired zeal,
To work his welfare here—his happiness
Hereafter. Our holy church can witness,
I have never shunned the stern enforcement
Of inexorable duty. The voice
Of conscience can attest, how holily
Hath been my life. If penitence, and pray'r,
And self-abasement, mark a hallowed life.
The foul detraction then doth much belie me,
If it hath led your highness to believe
My sanctity is questionable.

Joanna. Thou dost defame me more, imagining
I can give ear to foul detraction's tongue.
My lords o'th' council, we have weightier things
Than choleric words from most irreverend lips,
To task your time with; and pray such succour
As your wise prudence shall accord to one,
Whose sex argues a judgment weak, whose age
Lacks your sage learning and experience.

Del Balzo. Which ever hath been tax'd to prove our zeal
In your good service, and the loyalty
We owe.

Joanna. My royal grandsire, Robert of Taranto,
Conveyed to me the sovereignty of Naples,
Provence, and Piedmont—the which his holiness,
By solemn edict, then confirmed; barring
The claim of Hungary to the succession.
It was his pleasure to affiance me
To be Andreas' bride. A full assembly
Of the nobles swore allegiance to me.
As queen in my own right—the power to rule,
Participant with none; yet, 'twas my will
Our well-beloved consort, and our cousin,
Should share in all authority of state.
The royal treasury unlocked, lay ope
To his control. The golden grants o'th' realm
Were in his gift, to lavish as he listed,
Upon the well-deserving; and lastly
Gave to his guardianship my faithful people;
Craving no bond for that thrice sacred trust,
Saving his simple pledge of faithfulness,
In its fulfilment.

Fra Roberto. And that same pledge, (your pardon for the sin
Of an unbidden utterance,) that very pledge
Hath been by acts redeemed, and those gainsayers
Of his fair honesty, and great deserving,
Would find fit bus'ness for their thankless tongue,
(Which oft have tasted his munificence,)
In voicing forth his praise, than poisoning
Your gracious ear to his disparagement.

Del Balzo. This frontless insolence smacks of such treason—

Fra Roberto. Treason, Del Balzo! *(aside to Del Balzo)*
Scan but thy soul, thou'lt see conspiracy
As justly imaged there, as though it were
The reflex of thy thought.

Del Balzo. Might I advise, my lords, in place of beads,
The links of fetters were fit rosary
For his devotion.

Joanna No more, no more!
'Twere time this conference were closed, my lords.
Listen, Sir Friar. None hath doubted yet
Andreas' wish, and will, to advantage
Our true subjects: but, to unlearned clerks,
We needs must instance the subtile practice
Of Eudoxius; who, by perverting
And corrupting the pious emperour
Valens, soon wrought out an empire's ruin
Give me those papers. Here, my lords, are proofs,
How far yon friar hath misled your prince,
Whose faith was fixed in his pure agency.
Here is a schedule of our revenues,
Showing our exchequer drained of coin;
The nation creditless; her strength unnerved;
Her name a bye-word with confederate states,
As one that asketh alms.
There are petitions from lone widows, wailing
For the heritage of their young offspring,
Wrung from their hands by hard rapacity
Their pray'rs for right and for redress, might stir
The sculptured marble of Nero's statue.
Here, a solemn protest from the best blood
Of our nobility, against contempt,
Endured from a plebeian's arrogance.
Here, a memorial, setting forth how certain
Universities have closed their portals:
Their large endowments, by our will bestowed,
Withheld, and the full tide of our largess
Diverted to the channels of base bribery,
Or stolen to slake the thirst of rebel faction!
I'll read no more; the catalogue of crime
Would weary patience' self. And there, my lords,
Stands the *(pointing to Fra Roberto)* one framer of this foul list.
Though once we owned him as our friend and father,
From this time forth, Naples shall know him not.
We do pronounce him here a banished man;
For after ages never shall record
Joanna's name, and write, "she immolated
Public good upon the altar of self-gain."
[Rises and comes forward.
We dissolve the council: and pray ye use
All speed, with preparation for our travel
To Aversa, where we shall make a brief sojourn
For better health. With hawk, and hound,
We'll play the huntress, till the time doth call
Us home again, to hold our coronation. [*Exeunt all but* FRA ROB.
Why dost thou linger, knowing our resolve?

Fra Roberto. That thou may'st listen to a prophet's words;
The last perchance these lips may vent to thee:
When fell disease lies prostrate on its couch,
By potent opiates made insensate,
The master-hand of skilful surgery,
Wields the keen knife, and with one active stroke
Severs the nerves, and parts the quiv'ring flesh.
But, unskilled rashness mangles when it wounds;
Wrenching the lacerated sinews, only
To rack its victim with protracted pain.
Thus thou hast done. More merciful the deed,
Had the sharp weapon of opprobrious censure
Laid bare the canker of this heart, unseen
By other eye than thine. It is extreme
Of torture, to make the heart's deformity
A common spectacle, to gladden those
Who fain would have it cease to beat for aye.

Joanna. Better to sear up the poisoned gangrene,
And burn it to the quick, than doom the victim
To deserved death; and, lest thou should infect
Our realm past cure, we send thee hence.

Fra Roberto. Joanna thou hast brought sterility
And blight upon a soil, where all was bloom;
And planted there a tree, which, upas-like,
Shall branch its funeral sadness o'er the land,
And taint its every breath with pestilence!
Venom shall lurk in every withered leaf,
Its shelter madness, and its shadow death!

Joanna. Has thy long life so idly profited
By heavenly precept (taught so oft by thee)
That the fierce flashing of thine angry eye
Should quench contrition's holy tear, and turn
All by-gone virtue to vindictiveness!
Lacks thy frail mem'ry a clamorous voice,
To tell the history of past humilities,
That thou'st put on the port of vengeful pride?
Where then the looks, uplifted to the skies—
The lips, which breathed the purity of prayer—
The voice, which hymn'd thy matin-worshipping—
The knees, which bent before salvation's sigh.
But mock'ries of eternal majesty?
If it be so, there is no hell too hot
For thy unmatched hypocrisy!

Fra Roberto. I play not now the hypocrite to thee,
Confessing that I did but counterfeit.
The book of truth is not more true than this.
My holy life *hath* been a varnished lie.
As the smooth surface of the frozen stream
Conceals the whirlpool, my calm, cold look
(The saintly semblance of humility)
Hath been the icy screen of passion's vortex.
The studied wretchedness of this coarse raiment,
Rags which would shame a beggar's ownership,
Subject to my control and secret sway,
The throned master of the ermined purple.
The palm, held forth for charity's denier,
Was but the mesh to snare mankind. To get
The golden ducats in its ample grasp,
Which now doth swell my store to surfeiting.
But 'tis enough—I cast the vizor off.
Thoud'st rather I should be thine open foe,
Than feign to be thy friend; is it not so?
I read mine answer in thy mute contempt.
'Tis in the language of thy look. I grieve,
Alas! that eyes so bright, and lips so lovely,
Should herald hatred, and reproachful scorn.
Thy silence seals thy fate. Yet, ere I go,
I fain would ask, most fair expositor
Of foul misdoings—if perchance thy wit
Can first interpret for me this poor scroll.

Fra Roberto unfolds a letter—holds it before her and points to the signature. Joanna starts, as if paralysed with terrour: after a short pause, he folds up the letter. Joanna still fixed in the attitude of gazing at it, unconscious of its removal.

Fra Roberto. Thus do the stars, which gem the canopy
Of kings, wax dim: o'ershadowed by the cloud
That carries lightning in its murky centre,
To blast the foe of Fra Roberto.

Joanna (kneeling.) Innocent! As God shall judge me.

INNOCENT! [*Scene closes.*]

THE FINE ARTS.

THE APOLLO GALLERY.

FOURTH NOTICE.

WE have promised to close our notices with a brief review of a class of subjects, which, in most exhibitions of the works of living artists, is the most extensive, but in this is not so. Portrait painters will always be employed; their art ministers to the affections, and their works are exhibited only as specimens of skill, while all other branches must exist by orders from persons of taste and wealth, or by sales. The Apollo Association purchase pictures with their funds, and that is probably the cause of the large number of works in this exhibition which are offered for sale, and of the small number of portraits. What there are, however, are, with few exceptions, good We shall notice a few which have attracted our attention particularly.

No. 58. Portrait of Ex-Governour William L. Marcy, painted for the city of New-York, by William Page. This is a picture which requires to be examined with attention on many accounts; and we shall express our opinion of it with candour. It is, we believe, the first full-length portrait, of the size of life, painted by this artist, who may still be called young, but who has obtained a reputation in his brief career beyond the average of our older painters. It was painted for the city of New-York, and the subject is one of those whose names are familiar to the whole political world, which, in our country, means our whole population. The subject, however, is not a favourable one for a picture, being neither handsome, well coloured, nor graceful of person. The artist has of course been expected to produce a specimen of art of the highest order, but his subject was unfavourable to such a result. The consequence has been, as might have been anticipated; all the skill of the painter has failed to create a pleasing picture, though he has made a faithful copy of the man. At the Apollo, the picture appears to the best advantage; in its place, at the City-Hall, it was badly lighted, and was too near the spectator; but with all the advantages of its present position, it is not a picture that will add to the reputation of the artist, though the generality of those who make observations on it mistake the cause, and some will find fault with the painter, when in reality the picture is well composed, well drawn, and well painted. It is not a grand and effective picture, but it is possessed of many good properties; it will not strike the multitude of those who look at it as anything extraordinary, but the few, who bring a knowledge of art to the judgment, will not be offended by a few faults where there is so much truth and intrinsic merit.

No. 70. Full-length portrait of William Henry Harrison, by Bass Otis, of Wilmington, Del. (For sale.) A specimen of art very creditable to Mr. Otis, and should be secured for some public institution in the West.

No. 80. Portrait of the Artist's Wife, by G. Marsiglia. A fine

picture, but too high on the wall to be seen to advantage. Marsiglia's portraits are always highly finished and bear close examination.

No. 73. Cabinet portrait of a Young Lady, by C. C. Thompson. A sweet little full-length, and, as we happen to know, a perfect resemblance to the original.

No. 74 Small full-length portrait of a Young Gentleman, by J. E. Chapman. Such portraits as this will never be put in the garret. The time will come when Chapman's little pictures will be worth their weight in gold.

No. 101. Half-length portrait of a Gentleman, by Waldo and Jewett. These artists exhibit three pictures, and they are all good. We shall mention only one remark we have generally made on looking at their portraits of gentlemen—they all *look like gentlemen.*

No. 106. Group of Children, by W. R. Hamilton. A picture of much merit, but not faultless; the flesh of the children is chalky, and the foliage in the back-ground too gaudy and raw; but there are many parts beautifully painted.

No. 112. Portrait of a Lady, by Henry Inman. There is a richness and depth of colour in this portrait which we admire very much. It is decidedly the best of Inman's portraits in the room.

No. 115. Portrait, by A. Fisher. The pictures exhibited by this artist are unequal in merit, but they manifest great improvement in colouring since the last fall exhibition.

No. 82. Portrait of a Lady, by F. Alexander, of Boston. One of this artist's carefully finished pictures, but it wants decision and firmness of handling. No. 107. A study from life is excellent. No. 252. Not so good as the others.

No. 130. By S. S. Osgood, of Boston, is evidently a portrait, though not entered as such. It is a well-coloured picture of a boy liberating a pair of young birds from his hat. A portrait painted as this, and several others of young persons, which we have not mentioned particularly in our hasty remarks on this exhibition, will always retain an interest after they have ceased to bear any resemblance to the originals.

In the department of miniatures the number of specimens is small, but there are a few of extraordinary merit. No. 170, by Henry Wenzler, is remarkable for high finish. The drapery is beautiful. No. 172, by W. C. Ross, A. R., A. miniature painter to Queen Victoria, is a work of great merit, but we think not superior to what some half dozen of our own artists produce every day. No. 173, by Daniel Dickinson, of Philadelphia, is very sweetly painted. Nos. 174 and 176, by George A. Baker, jun., are creditable specimens of a very young artist, who is fairly on the way to eminence in his profession. No. 180, by George H. Hite, a capital likeness of a public favourite.

Here we must close our notices of this very interesting collection. We are sorry to learn that it has not been so well attended as it deserves; but the association must not be discouraged, they have secured the goodwill of the artists, and we know that the institution has been of great advantage to several in the course of the year; what other institution, indeed, we might ask, has ever put three or four thousand dollars a year into the pockets of American artists? We look for the first annual report, which is to be made at the close of this exhibition, on the sixteenth instant, as a document in which the friends of the fine arts will be deeply interested. It should be extensively circulated, that the objects of the association, and the result of the first year of their experiment, may be understood everywhere.

EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

MRS. MATHEWS'S LIFE OF HER HUSBAND.

Amongst the extraordinary effects of the popularity of my husband's "At Home," were the applications made, under every kind of pretext, letters being sent to him from all sorts of professions and trades about town. One man offered him snuff for himself and friends, if he would only mention the name and shop of the manufacturer. Another promised him a perpetual polish for his boots upon the same terms. He was solicited to mention every sort of exhibition, and to puff all the new quack medicines; and patents, from surgeon's instruments to mangles, called for his public approval. There was no limit to these requisitions. Lozenges were to be tasted, razors to be used, razor-strops to be tried. The wines sent for him to taste, though said to be "of the finest quality," nevertheless required a "bush," which was expected to be hung out nightly at his "house of entertainment," for value received. Patent filters, the price of which was to be liquidated by his praise; wigs and waistcoats, boots and boot-hooks, "ventilating hats," and bosom friends!—all *gratis!* And an advertising dentist one day presented himself, offering to teethe our whole family if Mr. Mathews would draw his metallic teeth into notice. In fact, he was inundated with presents and petitions, so that our cottage sometimes looked like a bazaar; and I had frequently occasion to exercise my ingenuity in contriving how and to whom I might convey the generally useless articles forced upon our acceptance. In fact, we eventually paid for them by purchases or presents, of and to the parties from whom they came, in order to smooth down their disappointments at my husband's declining to comply with the requests with which they were accompanied.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

Mr. Plunket, and about forty other gentlemen, after dinner one day, at the time when Queen Caroline formed so frequent a topic of discussion, had grown rather warm upon it, when Mr. Shehan, since editor of a Dublin paper, wishing to turn the channel of the conversation, and longing to *draw out* Mr. Mathews, proposed the health of John Philpot Curran! "Pooh, pooh," said Mr. Plunket, who was at this moment rather matter of fact in his perceptions, "the man's dead! what do you mean by proposing his health?"—"I differ with you entirely," replied Mr. Shehan; "and I return to my toast."—"Then," said Mr. Plunket, "maybe you'll back your assertion with a bet?"—"With all my heart," replied Mr. Shehan.—"How much are you inclined to bet?"—"I'll bet you five pounds," answered Mr. Plunket, "that John Philpot Curran is dead."—"Done!" added Mr. Shehan; "I'll bet five pounds that he is *not!* So, gentlemen, I repeat my toast." The "health of Mr. Curran" was accordingly drunk with cheers, which were reiterated on the rising of Mr. Mathews, who happened to be disposed to humour the joke against Mr. Plunket. He began by returning thanks in the tone, look, and manner of Mr. Curran, and in his phraseology, for the "honour done him;" and afterwards delivered a most eloquent speech on a subject upon which Curran could never have spoken, the trial of Queen Caroline—taking the bias of Curran's politics, and presenting altogether such a fine specimen of his style of oratory, and such a personification of Ireland's celebrated wit, that he completely impressed his hearers with the actual presence of the man, and induced Mr. Plunket (albeit not fond of parting with his money on such occasions), in an enthusiasm of wonder and delight, to push over the bank-notes to Mr. Shehan, exclaiming, "I've lost, *fairly* lost! Curran is *not* dead, and can never die while Mathews lives!"

STANDING IN ANOTHER MAN'S SHOES.

Not only did he (Mathews) object to the gaze of strangers, but any other person looking fixedly at him, or any part of his dress, was equally disagreeable to his feelings; yet often, as if by a fatality, he had something about him that seemed to invite the notice he disliked. He constantly wore a miniature eye as a shirt-pin, which naturally attracted the observation of people while they listened to him. From the weight of its setting, it always appeared as if it were in danger of falling out; and when warned of the probability of this happening, he would hastily (and as I knew, impetuously) button up his waistcoat to hide it from further remark.

A droll incident occurred to him after his visit to Sir Roger Gresley. On the following day, having returned to his inn at Litchfield, he was visited by one of the gentlemen whom he had met the evening before. Mr. Mathews was always restless and depressed on his days of performance. This was one of them; and he willingly would have dispensed with the company of his new acquaintance. As the visit lengthened, he paced up and down the room, from time to time, with some impatience. The visiter, however, was immoveable. At length conversation began to flag. The restlessness of my husband increased, but the gentleman seemed rooted to his chair. It was evident too, that while Mr. Mathews walked about, the eyes of the visiter were directed to his feet. He thought that his lameness caused this pointed notice, and sat down abruptly. Still the eyes gazed with undiminished interest; and no admirer of a Cinderella foot ever appeared more fascinated than did this gentleman with those of my poor husband. Again he started up; again he walked and talked. The gentleman answered, but seemed to grow absent. Still, however, his eyes "glared," as my husband angrily termed it, at his feet. At last, quite unable any longer to endure this persevering investigation of his pedal peculiarities, he suddenly informed his visiter that he must excuse him, as he had the business of the night to arrange. The gentleman again looked anxiously at the feet of the now really enraged owner of them, (who showed by his manner how much he was annoyed,) hesitated and blushed; but at last timidly observed, "Those shoes of yours are very peculiar, Mr. Mathews?" A snappish "Yes, sir," was all the reply of the wearer, whose anger was increasing every instant. "I had, I think, a pair *like* them." "*Probably,*" was the only word jerked out in answer. "Indeed I did not think a second pair was to be found of the same make." My husband looked daggers as he observed his visiter's eyes still riveted upon his feet. "You, perhaps, remember," he continued, "where you bought them, Mr. Mathews; for I really shall be glad to get a pair readily?" No reply was given to this, but an impatient movement of said feet into another position. At last, pressed to account for the manner in which he procured these "admirable shoes," he cast his own eyes upon them, and to his surprise, perceived that they were not his own, but, as the gentleman said, a "very *peculiar* pair," and much too large for his very small feet.

The truth at once flashed across his mind:—"These shoes, sir, perhaps, are yours?" The owner of them, for such he was, bowed, coloured, and said: "Why, Mr Mathews, if you'll pardon my *thinking* so, I must confess I believe them to be mine. I had them made after a plan of my own, for shooting shoes, and missed them this morning with great regret, my servant bringing me a pair much too small for me, and I suspect they would better fit your feet than mine." The matter was clear, and they both laughed heartily. The most extraordinary part of this unconscious felony was, that the person wearing them did not perceive the bad fit of the shoes, or find himself inconvenienced with their weight, for the soles were embossed with nails!

LOVE.

FROM SHERIDAN KNOWLES'S NEW PLAY.

I said it was a wilful, wayward thing,
And so it is—fantastic and perverse!
Which makes its sport of persons and of seasons,
Takes its own way, no matter right or wrong;
It is the bee that finds the honey out,
Where least you'd dream 'twould seek the nectarous store,
And 'tis an errant masquer—this same love—
That most outlandish, freakish faces wears
To hide its own! Looks a proud Spaniard now;
Now a grave Turk; hot Ethiopian next;
And then phlegmatic Englishman: and then
Gay Frenchman; by and by, Italian, at
All things song; and in another skip,
Gruff Dutchman;—still is love behind the masque?
It is a hypocrite!—looks every way
But that where lie its thoughts!—will openly
Frown at the thing it smiles in secret on;
Shows most like hate, e'en when it most is love;
Would fain convince you it is very rock
When it is water! ice, when it is fire!
Is oft its own dupe, like a thorough cheat;
Persuades itself 'tis not the thing it is:
Holds up its head, purses its brows, and looks
Askant, with scornful lip, hugging itself
That it is high disdain—till suddenly
It fall on its knees, making most piteous suit
With hail of tears, hurricane of sighs,
Calling on heaven and earth for witnesses
That it is love, true love, nothing but love."

FROM BULWER'S NEW PLAY, ENTITLED,

THE SEA-CAPTAIN; OR, THE BIRTHRIGHT.

THE LOVED ONE.

Violet. O for some fairy talisman to conjure
Up to these longing eyes the form they pine for!
And yet in love there's no such word as absence!
The loved one, like our guardian spirit, walks
Beside us ever—shines upon the beam—
Perfumes the flower—and sighs in every breeze!
Its presence gave such beauty to the world
That all things beautiful its likeness are;
And aught in sound most sweet, to sigh most fair,
Breathes with its voice, or like its aspect smiles

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

Norman (*to Lady Arundel*). Gentle lady,
The key of some charm'd music in your voice
Unlocks a long-closed chamber in my soul;
And would you listen to an outcast's tale,
'Tis briefly told. Until my fourteenth year,
Beneath the roof of an old village priest,
Nor far from hence, my childhood wore away
Then waked within me anxious thoughts and deep
Throughout the liberal and melodious nature
Something seem'd absent—what I scarcely knew—
Till one calm night, when over earth and wave
Heaven look'd its love from all its numberless stars
Watchful, yet breathless—suddenly the sense
Of my sweet want swell'd in me, and I ask'd
The priest, *why I was motherless!*
Lady Arundel. And he?
Norman. Wept as he answered, "I was nobly born!"
Lady Arundel (*aside*). The traitor!
Norman. And that time would bring the hour.
As yet denied, when from a dismal past
Would dawn a luminous future. As he spake
There gleam'd across my soul a dim remembrance
Of a pale face in infancy beheld—
A shadowy face, but from whose lips there breathed
The words that none but mothers murmur!
Lady Arundel. Oh,
My heart, be still!
Norman. 'Twas at that time there came
Into our hamlet a rude, jovial seaman,
With the frank mien boys welcome, and wild tales
Of the far Indian lands, from which mine ear
Drank envious wonder. Brief—his legends fired me,
And from the deep, whose billows wash'd the shore
On which our casements look'd, I heard a voice
That woo'd me to its bosom: Raleigh's fame,
The New World's marvels, then made old men heroes,
And young men dreamers! So I left my home
With that wild seaman.
Lady A. Ere you left, the priest
Said naught to make less dark your lineage?
Norman. No:
Nor did he chide my ardour. "Go," he said:
"Win for thyself a name that pride may envy,
And pride, which is thy foe, will own thee yet!
Lady A. (*aside*). I breathe more freely!
Norman. Can you heed thus gently
The stranger's tale? Your colour comes and goes.
Lady A. Your story moves me much: pray you, resume.
Norman. The villain whom I trusted, when we reached
The bark he ruled, cast me to chains and darkness,
And so to sea. At length, no land in sight,
His crew, dark, swarthy men—the refuse crimes
Of many lands—(for he, it seems, a pirate)—
Call'd me on deck—struck off my fetters: "Boy,"
He said, and grimly smiled; "not mine the wrong
Thy chains are forged from gold, the gold of those
Who gave thee birth!"
Lady A. A lie! a hideous lie!
Be sure a lie!
Norman. I answer'd so, and wrench'd
From his own hand the blade it bore, and struck
The slanderer to my feet. With that a shout,
A hundred knives gleamed round me; but the pirate,
Wiping the gore from his gash'd brow, cried, "Hold!
Such death were mercy" Then they grip'd and bound me
To a slight plank; spread to the wind their sails;
And left me on the waves alone with God!
Violet (*taking his hand*). My heart melts in my eyes: and
His preserved thee!
Norman. That day, and all that night, upon the seas
Toss'd the frail barrier between life and death.
Heaven lull'd the gales; and, when the stars came forth.
All look'd so bland and gentle that I wept,
Recall'd that wretch's words, and murmur'd, "Wave
And wind are kinder than a parent." Lady.
Dost *thou* weep also?
Lady A Do I? Nay, go on?
Norman. Day dawn'd, and, glittering in the sun, behold
A sail—a flag!
Violet. Well, well.
Norman It pass'd away,
And saw me not. Noon, and then thirst and famine;
And, with parch'd lips, I call'd on death, and sought
To wrench my limbs from the stiff cords that gnaw'd
Into the flesh, and drop into the deep:
And then, methought I saw, beneath the clear
And crystal lymph, a dark, swift-moving thing,
With watchful glassy eyes—the ocean-monster
That follows ships for prey. Then life once more
Grew sweet, and with a strain'd and horrid gaze,
And lifted hair, I floated on, till sense
Grew dim and dimher, and a terrible sleep—
In which still—still—those livid eyes met mine—
Fell on me, and——
Violet. Go on!
Norman. I woke, and heard
My native tongue. Kind looks were bent upon me
I lay on deck—escaped the ghastly death;
For God had watch'd the sleeper!

LITERARY NOTICES.

The People's Own Book. By F. De La Mennais. Translated from the French by Nathaniel Greene Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown.

This is an extraordinary work by one of the most extraordinary men of France. The translator has executed his task with much ability. We copy some paragraphs from the concluding chapter as a specimen of the style.

Society, conceived according to its true nature, will cease to be an organized struggle between different interests. Inflexible justice will afford equal protection to all its rights. Upon what pretence will the strong then despoil the feeble, or interfere with the exercise of his rights? Will it be upon the ground that God has given to one what he has not given to the other? Has the common Father of all disowned a portion of his children?—You, who claim the exclusive enjoyment of his gifts, show the testament that disinherits your brothers!

With a constant eye to the alleviation of evils, charity will greatly modify the laws. They will tend more and more to compensate the disadvantages inevitably resulting to many, either from natural inequalities or from certain fortuitous circumstances of birth or position

The Son of Man said:—"The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man has not where to lay his head"

They will no longer punish the unfortunate who bear the weight of the same destiny as the Son of man; they will no longer impute to the poor the crime of those who forsake them.

Legislation itself, instituted for the repression of real crimes, will change its character. A spirit of mercy and kind compassion will replace the spirit of vengeance, the false and sanguinary idea of expiation. The criminal will be viewed as an erring brother who ought to be pitied, enlightened, reformed; he will be regarded as a sick man who should be cured if curable, who should be hindered from injuring others and himself, if he be not. The improvement of the culpable will be the end of punishment. How can his suffering be a reparation to society?

Life belongs only to God, and that is why it is written. "Thou shalt not kill." When the law kills, it inflicts not a chastisement, it commits a murder

Can you call by the name of justice the act which renders him infamous by whom it is accomplished, the act which at one blow ravishes from a human being all his rights, and not only his rights, but even the faculty of ever possessing any right? When you have converted an animated being into a handful of dust, will that dust, scattered by the winds of heaven over the face of the earth, prove a seed of good, a germ of virtue?

As for the rest, what matters it? Love sways even justice, and it is the peculiarity of love to devote itself for him who is beloved, to sacrifice itself voluntarily for him The brother does not say to his brother: "Give me thy life;" he gives his own rather. The punishment of death was abrogated eighteen centuries ago, upon the cross of Christ.

The duty which unites individuals and families will equally unite the people. The impious maxims which divide them, which found their relations upon principles foreign and often contrary to those of morality, the barbarous maxims which suppose them naturally enemies to each other, will be rejected with horror

Already they begin to comprehend that, far from being opposed, as is said by those who deceive to divide, and divide the more surely to master them, their interests are identical; already does a lively instinct cause them to approach each other with fraternal recognition. A feeling of mutual reliance will soon arise, aiding and strengthening all. That which separated them totters and crumbles: distances even are effaced. Through the long vista of ages may be descried that happy epoch in which the world will form but one grand community governed by the same law, the law of justice and charity, of equality and fraternity, the future religion of the entire human race, who will recognize in Christ its last and supreme legislator.

The numberless evils derived from the vices of government will diminish in proportion as the public reason, surmounting the obstinate resistance of prejudice and interest, shall substitute for the principle of domination, on which those vices repose, that of free association, the immediate consequence of the sovereignty of the people, the only real one, the only one that has a firm and solid foundation in right.

Lift up your eyes: here is labour, a task to be accomplished; elsewhere is repose, true joy, the certain reward of duty performed even to the end

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Irish Melodies, by Thomas Moore, with the original prefatory letter on Music, and a Supplement containing a selection from his poetical works. New-York. Linen & Pennel

This is truly a beautiful edition of one of the most popular volumes of poetry ever published. It is printed and bound in a style that would be creditable to London. In turning over the pages we find several pieces, that strike us as unfamiliar. Among them we select the following:

THOUGH HUMBLE THE BANQUET.

Though humble the banquet to which I invite thee,
Thou'lt find there the best a poor bard can command,
Eyes, beaming with welcome, shall throng round, to light thee,
And Love serve the feast with his own willing hand

And though Fortune may seem to have turn'd from the dwelling
Of him thou regardest her favouring ray,
Thou wilt find there a gift, all her treasures excelling,
Which, proudly he feels, has ennobled his way.

'Tis that freedom of mind, which no vulgar dominion
Can turn from the path a pure conscience approves,
Which, with hope in the heart, and no chain on the pinion,
Holds upwards its course to the light which it loves

'Tis this makes the pride of his humble retreat,
And, with this, though of all other treasures bereaved,
The breeze of his garden to him is more sweet
Than the costliest incense that Pomp e'er received.

Then, come,—if a board so untempting hath power
To win thee from grandeur, its best shall be thine;
And there's one, long the light of the bard's happy bower,
Who, smiling, will blend her bright welcome with mine.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are truly obliged to "Z. X." for his gratuitous reply; but he is much mistaken in supposing that "trifles light as air" can disturb our equanimity.—We have received from the author of "Yankee Notions" a capital sketch, entitled "The Man with the Long Face." It shall appear in our next.—A St. Louis paper remarks, "the verses by Miss Vandenhoff in the Mirror are distinguished for their sweetness, elegance and melody of versification. This lady's literary will soon equal her histrionic fame."—A "Steamboat Excursion to Albany" is respectfully declined. It is too long, and, to be frank, too tedious.—In reply to "Thespis's" inquiries, we can only say that we believe Sinclair is starring at the west, and that Burton has been playing at Charleston.—A "Passenger by the British Queen" is informed that his complaints are quite out of date. We would have published them two weeks ago.—We must decline "J.'s Welcome to Winter;" also the verses by "Carolus," "J. T. C.," "Juvenis," "X. L.," "Luther," and "Alastor."—We do not see that our appeal to the tender mercies of the pietasters has been of much avail.—To "B." we can only say, that we know nothing of the society of ladies for "General Distribution."

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1839.

Mr. Brackett, the sculptor.—An esteemed correspondent writes us as follows.—"When an artist is aspiring after fame, there is no other way of making himself known in this country than to take the likeness of some man well known in the community, for the dullest perception can trace resemblances. A young man will therefore be compelled to wait till full patronage is obtained before he can indulge himself in imbodying those rich *thick-coming fancies* with which the soul of genius is gifted. Many persons think it of great importance that the first head which a sculptor selects should be strongly marked, as peculiarities and irregularities catch the eye at once. For immediate gain—and luckily for the art, all artists begin with slender means—it is as well, perhaps, to take a head, the features of which and the character of the individual are conspicuously prominent, as it is recognized immediately. Beauty of design, boldness, originality, simplicity, grace, all is lost on the undiscerning, uncultivated taste; but prominent features are seen immediately and applauded. But if the fame of the artist is to endure, there must be something more than the mere likeness. Who would care to preserve the bust of an ephemeral man of fashion or an uneasy politician? For the time being, there are, to be sure, many who would go out of their way to gaze at it—partizans and others—some to flatter and some to sneer; but what would the world care for it? and does not the artist look to the world for sympathy? It is only the busts of those who are distinguished for great virtues or great talents which are thought worthy of preservation; all the rest is rubbish, and are suffered to crumble away. Even the rising generation, when the mere likeness of an insignificant man who is strutting his little hour, fades from their remembrance, cease to think of him. A sculptor must make haste, therefore, to choose a more enduring subject, that he may indemnify himself for the violence and injustice he has done both to his taste and his fame. Mr. Brackett has lately added two heads to his collection, both of which will bring him immediately into notice. One is a bust of Dr. Alban Goldsmith, an eminent surgeon and physician, lately professor of surgery in the college of surgeons and physicians, and the other is our good friend Mordecai M. Noah. The former is only but recently finished. We shall reserve what is to be said of it for some future time, and speak of the other. The artist could not have chosen a better subject for the exercise of his talent and for his future fame. Mr. Noah is not only well-known in this city and throughout the United States, but in Europe also. We may therefore be pardoned for dwelling a few moments on his peculiar claim to our attention; and this, we hope, will only the more interest us in the fortunes of the young artist who has so happily succeeded in producing a perfect resemblance of our common friend. We owe a large debt of gratitude to Mr Noah, for in times of danger and gloom there is no man living who so unwearidly, and it may be said, effectually exerts himself to prevent the spirits and energy of a whole community from sinking. This was particularly felt after that disastrous fire and during the panic which succeeded He always had a cheering word, a benevolent hope, and a stimulating suggestion, ready on the instant; and little as this may appear in detail, it had a powerful effect—blessings on you, good Mr. Noah, for that cheerful temperament; long may you be our *evening Star* Mr. Brackett has been so fortunate as to hit off the entire expression, both of the man and of the nation to which he belongs. It is the expression of the ancient Hebrew when his head was erect, his body free, his heart warm, his step firm, and he was the man *after God's own heart.* This is a master-stroke of the artist, for, since the persecution of that race, art has endeavoured to give a sordid and ignoble expression to the Jewish features which never belonged to them. Every one who is at all acquainted with Mr. Noah, will not fail to visit Mr. E. Brackett's rooms, at No. 4, Park-Place, where his bust is now exhibiting This little mark of attention is due both to the man who is one of the prime regulators of our daily domestic policy, and to the artist who is modestly expecting our patronage.

Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.—We take pleasure in expressing our acknowledgments to this ably-conducted work for many admirable articles, for which, in one or two instances, we have neglected to give the appropriate credit. It is an excellent compend of useful and amusing intelligence.

Southern Literary Messenger.—The December number of this popular and flourishing work is filled with original articles of unusual interest. It is rich both in its prose and its poetry, and will add even to the well-earned reputation which the Messenger now enjoys

The drama in England.—We find in the London Chronicle, of which Bulwer is the reputed editor, some admirable remarks upon the state of the drama in England. "No man," says the Chronicle, "with a genius to conceive and execute a great work for representation, could submit to the humiliations and perplexities he must undergo before he can succeed in gaining a hearing. The labour of getting a play performed, is infinitely greater than the labour of constructing it. A poet may write a play with pleasure, but he cannot get it acted without enduring a much larger measure of pain. The popularity of established authors, instead of influencing the public taste to the further encouragement of dramatic literature, seems to have the effect of repressing its development. The only writers who have any chance of succeeding, (not before, but behind the curtain,) are those who have succeeded already. The sole question which our managers believe themselves required to consider, is, not the merit of a new drama, but the authorship. The matter is determined by the fashion of the workmanship, as we purchase boots from Hoby, or fowling-pieces from Manton. The label is the grand test and guarantee of excellence."

Attempt at aerial navigation.—The French gentleman, M. Eulriot, whose experiments in aeronautics we mentioned some time since, made an unsuccessful attempt at aerial navigation, at Paris, on the twenty-sixth of last October. He proposed to steer the balloon by means of a combination of wings, resembling the sails of a wind-mill. In addition to these, he had oars to answer the purpose of propulsion—the whole apparatus being set in motion by a crank. The contrivance appears to have been too clumsy; for, owing to that or some other cause, it did not succeed. The body of the balloon was of an oval shape, like an egg on its side—the car was in the form of a carriage body, the place of wheels being supplied by the revolving sails. The crank, or windlass, produced no effect on the motion of the balloon, which went before the wind in the usual style, no doubt to the great vexation and disappointment of M. Eulriot. Don't give it up, the thing will be done yet—but not with a crank turned by a human arm.

New gallery for paintings.—We perceive by a notice in the daily papers, that a gallery in the new granite buildings at the corner of Chambers-street and Broadway, fitted up in the most approved manner with sky-lights, gas fixtures, etc., is offered to be rented. A deficiency, that has often been deplored, exists in most of the galleries in this country. No pains nor expense has been spared to render this gallery unobjectionable in this respect, artists of eminence having been consulted as to the best mode for constructing it. The manner of arranging and admitting the light is copied after the Grand Gallery of Paintings at Munich, which is highly spoken of in works of art, and by artists who have visited it, the lights being so arranged as to afford an equality of light, thereby displaying to great advantage paintings that may be placed on the highest parts of the wall

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Literary.—By the Liverpool, we have received our regular files of London papers, from which we learn that Knowles's new play, entitled "Love," has been eminently successful. It was produced upon the Covent-Garden boards November the fourth—Ellen Tree and Mrs. Mathews taking the principal characters. Bulwer's play of the "Sea-Captain" had failed upon the stage. It is a beautiful closet production. Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard" is condemned in severe terms by the London Atheneum. The Spectator copies largely from Mrs. Clayers's little volume, entitled "A New Home—Who'll follow?" A new "American Miscellany" is published monthly in London. It appears to be made up principally of selections from the New-York Mirror.

The Miser of Padua.—This is the title of a manuscript play, by an anonymous author, which has been received by a private audience of good literary and dramatic judges with great approbation. We learn that Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff think of producing it at the Park during their engagement The characters of the miser and his daughter are well fitted to their powers, and we cannot doubt that under their auspices the play will be successful.

Olympic.—Mr. Mitchell, late stage-manager of the National theatre, has taken the little establishment known as the Olympic theatre, in Broadway. He intends to produce vaudevilles, and light pieces in becoming style. His company is good, and no one is more competent than Mr Mitchell to conduct such an establishment successfully. He will not only make it popular but respectable.

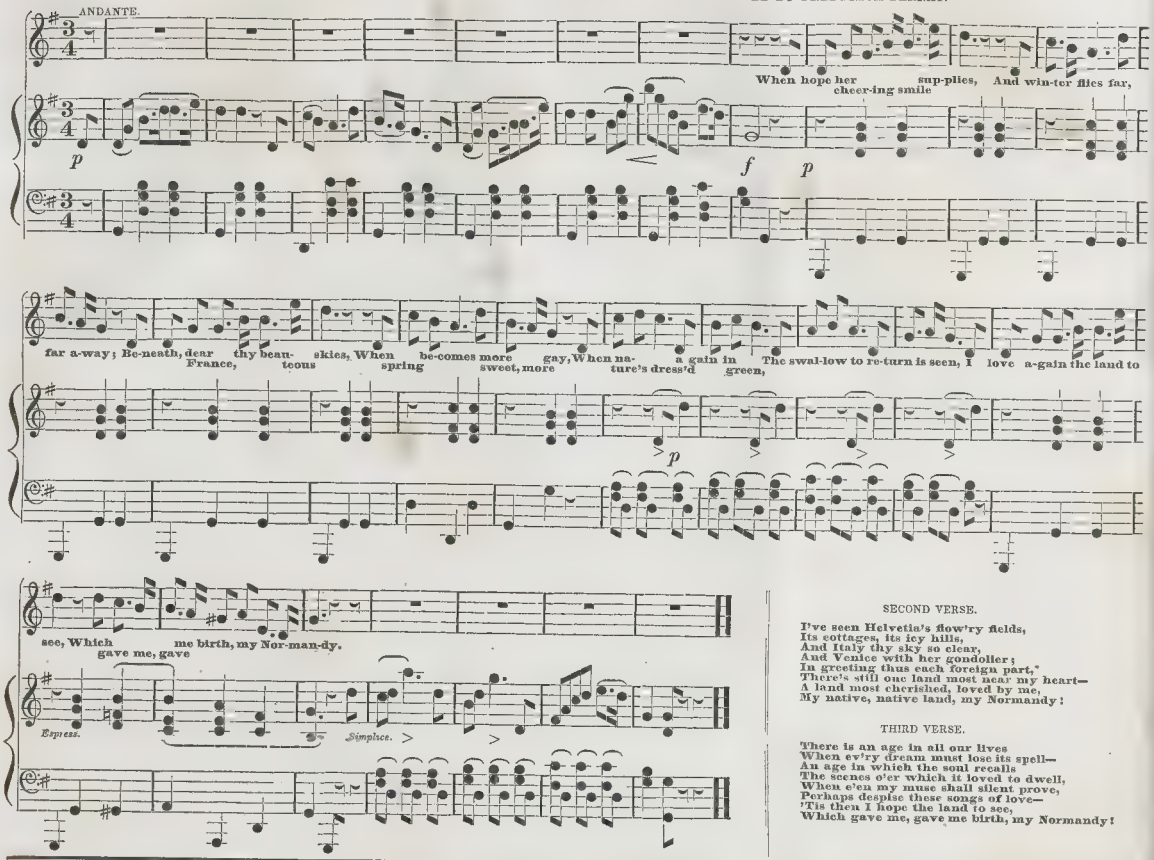
Yet another.—We publish to-day some extracts from a new tragedy, by the distinguished comedian, Henry J. Finn. It is entitled "Joanna of Naples." From the specimens presented, we cannot doubt that it is of a character well adapted to the stage We advise our friend to consign it to Miss Vandenhoff, who will we trust, read the part of Joanna with a view to its personation It is a character full of pathos and passion.

Complimentary.—"If I were an American," says Mr. Murray, in his work on this country, "I confess I should be proud of my country—proud of its commercial enterprise—of its gigantic resources—of its magnificent rivers, and forests, and scenery—still more proud should I be of its widely diffused education and independence, and of the imperishable memory of its heroic father and founder."

Washington.—A friend writes us:—"This will undoubtedly be one of the gayest seasons ever known in this metropolis. The foreign ambassadors are brushing up their establishments, and, it is anticipated, that a fair representation of the beauty of the Union will be present to grace the festivities of the winter."

MY NORMANDY.

A BEAUTIFUL FRENCH AIR—SUNG BY MADAME CARADORI ALLAN—COMPOSED BY FREDERICK BERRAT.



SECOND VERSE.

I've seen Helvetia's flow'ry fields,
Its cottages, its icy hills,
And Italy thy sky so clear,
And Venice with her gondolier;
In greeting thus each foreign part,
There's still one land most near my heart—
A land most cherished, loved by me,
My native, native land, my Normandy!

THIRD VERSE.

There is an age in all our lives
When ev'ry dream must lose its spell—
An age in which the soul recalls
The scenes o'er which it loved to dwell,
When e'en my muse shall silent prove,
Perhaps despise these songs of love—
'Tis then I hope the land to see,
Which gave me, gave me birth, my Normandy!

MISCELLANY.

THE BURIAL AT SEA.—BY JAMES ALDRICH.

"Accompanied by her father, she had left her home in feeble health, hoping that a sea-voyage and a winter's residence in the genial climate of Italy would prove beneficial; but all in vain! On the evening of the sixth, when fourteen days out from New-York, she died, and on the following morning her body was deposited in the great deep!"—*Journal of a Traveller.*

Afar from those whose love had made, lost one!
Long hours of silent suffering dear to thee,
Death call'd thee home, when the broad evening sun
Was resting on the sea!

No more, when summer flowers their sweets are flinging,
Upon the slumbrous air, o'er valleys wide,
Shalt thou sad songs of olden time be singing,
At quiet eventide.

No more, when clear frost in the moonlight gleaming,
When midnight winds through leafless woods are sighing,
No more of pleasant memories fondly dreaming,
Shalt thou be lying:

Sway'd by the motion of the restless deep,
Far down in coral halls divinely rear'd,
To amhyonic music, thou dost sleep
In death, by death endear'd!

There, in a tomb of nature's proud adorning,
O gentle soul! in thy pure faith unshaken,
Securely sleep, till on a new life's morning
Thy blue eyes waken! *Knickerbocker Magazine.*

Anecdote of Handel.—While Mary-le-bone Gardens were flourishing about the year 1738, the enchanting music of Handel and probably of Arne was often heard there. One evening Handel was walking with a gentleman when a new piece was struck up by the band, "Gomm, Mr. Vontaine!" said Handel, "let us zit down and listen to this piece; I want to know your opinion of it." Down they sat, and after some time the old parson, turning to his companion, said, "It is not worth listening to, it's very poor stuff." "You are right, Mr. Vontaine, it is poor stuff, I thought so when I finished it." The old gentleman, being taken by surprise, was beginning to apologise, but Handel assured him there was no necessity; that the music was really bad, having been *composed hastily*, and his time for its production limited, and that the opinion was as correct as it was honest.

Snuff.—The Boston Traveller says the best snuff in the world is a snuff of the morning air.

Napoleon.—On Napoleon's return to Paris from Vienna, surrounded by his family at St. Cloud, he one evening, as the moon shone beautifully, went into the grounds of the palace to enjoy the fineness of the weather; when the whole of the company sat down on the green turf, with the exception of Napoleon, who stretched himself at full-length on the grass, and said, that his whole life hitherto had been fortunate; and, after some further remarks on the same subject, he said, "No one imagines that I have any desires for a country life, but I assure you I would give all in my power for the staff of the shepherd!" At this, the entire company broke into loud laughter, to which the emperour rejoined in the most earnest manner. "Indeed, I am not jesting. Did my station allow me entire freedom of choice, my desire for the shepherd's life would soon be realized." "And I," said the grand admiral of France and king of Naples, "I would be a Venetian gondolier, and in my boat on the sea, sing daily the undying songs of Tasso." "And I," said the king of Holland, "I would solely and simply be a watchman in Amsterdam, where I should at least serve the interests of the country; at present my duty is performed in another direction." At this remark his illustrious brother shrugged his shoulders slightly, and gazed fixedly on the moon. "And I," said the king of Spain, "why am I not a citizen of Senlis, with an income of fifty thousand francs, and a good hunting-ground, I would rather have under me a couple of hounds than the tiresome formalities of a court." "And I," said the Princess Borghese, "why am I not a flower-girl of Vincennes? Then I could wreathe crowns of flowers for the virgins." "My faith!" said Napoleon, rising, "you are correct. One must confess that government is hard work; the great difficulty is in controlling the human mind; we often go far out of the way in search of fortune, when means for obtaining it are near us."

Effects of matrimony upon the duration of life.—It is generally admitted by physicians, that matrimony, if not entered into too early, is conducive to health and long life, the proportion of unmarried persons attaining great age being remarkably small. Dr. Rush says, that in the course of his inquiries, he met with only one person beyond eighty years of age who had never been married. An English writer, however, mentions a Mrs Malton who died in 1723, aged one hundred and five; Ann Kemey, who died the same year, aged one hundred and ten; Martha Dunridge, who died in 1752, in the one hundredth year of her age; and Mrs. Warren, who died in 1753, aged one hundred and four, all of whom were single persons who had never been married. The cheerful and contented are certainly more likely to enjoy good health and long life than persons of irritable and fretful dispositions; so far, therefore, as marriage serves to increase the happiness, it may serve to lengthen life. Unhappy marriages, for an obvious reason, must shorten life.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Paris.—Madlle. Pauline Garcia has made her *debut* before a Parisian audience in the character of *Desdemona*, and has shown herself a not unworthy successor of her divine sister. The attempt was indeed a bold one, as she had to struggle with the ineffaceable reminiscences of Pasta and Malibran, but her success was never doubtful for an instant. It is usual for the personator of *Desdemona* to introduce an air *d'entrée*, to precede the duet "Vorre, che il tuo pensiero," and Madlle Garcia selected an air from Elisabeth "Scuto un' interna voce," which enabled her at once to display the treasures of her voice, and justify her apparent audacity. Her power was equally remarkable in the *stretta* of the finale, where her voice was distinctly audible above the crash of the orchestra. The three couplets of the romance, "Assisa al pie," were encored, and the opera terminated in the most triumphant manner for the young debutante.

Death of Gottfried Weber.—Musical literature has experienced a great loss in Gottfried Weber, a near relation of the celebrated composer, who has been carried off by an attack of apoplexy, at the age of fifty-nine years. He held, during a long period, the situation of *procureur-generale* in the supreme court of Darmstadt, but he was more particularly known by his musical writings. He has written seventeen works, that upon the theory of composition, published at Mayence in 1836, is considered the best work on the subject that has ever appeared in Germany. He took a very active part in the musical journal entitled *St. Cecile*, published at Dresden, to which he contributed largely.

Kalkbrenner has returned to Paris, from Dieppe, where he has been for the purpose of his son taking sea-baths. This child, who is only eleven years of age, exhibits astonishing musical talents: he has been taught the piano, with the *guide-mains*, on his father's plan. The Duchess of Leuchtenberg heard him, at Dieppe, and was so much struck with his composition, and the manner of his playing, that she made him a present of a superb pin, set with rubies and emeralds.

Rossini will pass part of the winter at Venice, his visit to Naples for the establishment of his health, has not been attended with the good results he expected from taking the waters there, and his return to France will consequently be delayed for some months.

Miss Kemble has been performing at Milan in Donnizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, with great applause.

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ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

THE MAN WITH THE LONG FACE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "YANKEE NOTIONS."

The first time that I saw the man with the long face, was at church. It was a fast-day, and the sermon was long: the subject, of course, the miseries that flesh is heir to. I will not say, moreover, that I had not a small debt to pay the next day—but no matter for that: just as the minister was saying "Sore afflictions," I happened to turn my head a little to the left, and saw a man with a strange face. I could not help looking at it, for it was a face to catch one's eye in an instant. Thinks I to myself, "that is a long face—a decidedly long face—a very long face." I looked again, and thought it longer still. I did not exactly like it, and kept looking, in hopes it would shorten, but it continued as long as ever. "Bless me! *what* a long face!" said I to myself. "I have not seen one like it for many a day." By and by the minister came to "*thirteenthly*," and the long face grew longer still. I looked another way, but some strange influence was upon me; my eyes involuntarily wandered back again and the same long face was before me. The sermon concluded, for everything human must come to an end. The congregation dispersed, and the long face disappeared in the crowd. Thinks I to myself, "I wonder who the man with the long face can be?"

I thought no more of the matter, and did not see the man with the long face again for a week, when I unexpectedly met him as I was taking a walk in the Mall. He was coming out of the grave-yard on the Common, and cast a longing, lingering look behind at the death's heads on the tomb-stones. I started at seeing him, and called to mind the anxiety which the first sight of him had occasioned. I gave him a long stare. His face was quite as long as at first, nay, it was longer; and everything about him seemed to be longish. He had long black whiskers, a long nose, a long chin, long legs, a long walking-stick, and long skirts to his coat. It was nearly evening, yet there was sunshine enough to show that he cast a very long shadow. He took a long walk round the Common, and then disappeared down Winter-street.

I cannot tell how, but this second apparition of the man with the long face gave me quite a shock. I am very critical in the matter of faces, and never pass a man in the street without spying something peculiar in his physiognomy and forming conjectures and theories upon it. What matter for study there is in faces! There are sweet faces, and sour faces, and wry faces, and vinegar faces, and square faces, and flat faces, and triangular faces, and pippin faces, and dough faces, and wooden faces, and weazel faces, and hatchet faces, and horse faces, and pig faces. And what amusement it is to study a miscellany of faces, such as you will find in the street, at church, on 'change, in an auction shop, or the General Court. In fact, I always find an infinite deal of history in a face, and read it on all occasions, just like a book. The cheeks are calfskin covers, the eyes asterisks; the forehead is blank margin, and the nose a running title.

Now of all faces under the sun, I have the greatest aversion for a long face. I am rather short-faced myself, and have not a long-faced friend in the world: in fact, I never liked to have much to do with long-faced people. It always seemed to me that long faces never harmonized with the beauty of nature and the perfection of the great system of the universe; so that I am fain to believe there is some physiological mistake, some natural anomaly in the production of long faces. However, be this as it may, the man with the long face took a strange possession of my fancy, and I dreamed of him that night. Thinks I to myself, "I wish he would try to make his face shorter." I fell to guessing and reasoning with myself whether this could be done by any mechanical contrivance, and I thought that were I on decent terms of intimacy with the man who had the long face, I should make bold to recommend a jack-screw or a fifty-six for this purpose.

It was but three days after, that I met him a third time! He was on horseback: the horse was black, and the longest-faced horse that I ever saw. I was so much alarmed at their appearance that I popped down a street to get out of the way; but the same afternoon I came again suddenly upon him on turning a corner! He was on foot, with his long stick, long boots, and long-tailed coat. His face was longer than ever, and he was followed by a very long-faced dog with a long tail. Thinks I to myself, "What can all this mean? Will that long face never shorten? Was ever such a long face seen before? Will ever so long a face be seen again?" It looked something like a vinegar cruet bottom upwards, and was really a face not to be regarded with composure.

I thought a great deal, and made many inquiries about the man with the long face; but the more I thought about him, the more I was puzzled; and the more I inquired, the less I knew. Who could he be? What could be his business? What could he mean by going up and down the streets of Boston, making day hideous? And above all—how came he by that long face? There was no satisfying these queries. Nobody knew where he lived, whence he came, or what he did for a living. Thinks I to myself, "I wonder if he is a lawyer; for lawyers are said to have long heads, and why not long faces? I wonder if he is a doctor; for doctors' faces are apt to lengthen by sympathizing with the faces of their patients. I wonder if he is not a minister, for they can put on long faces whenever they please. I wonder if he is not studying the longitude. I wonder if he is a rich man. I wonder if he is in debt. I wonder if he owns bank stock. I wonder if he lives on the interest of his money."

By this time I was frightened, and hardly ever went out without seeing him. He was uppermost in my thoughts, and always in my dreams at night. It was strange nobody could tell anything about him, though he was to be seen in the most public places. I never failed to meet him on 'change whenever the stocks fell, and every time I met him, his face was longer than before. At the post-office he was sure to be found when any ill news arrived. When the banks stopped payment, the man with the long face was uncommonly busy: he might be discovered in every quarter; and wherever a knot of quidnuncs gathered at the corner of the street to gabble about nothing, the man with the long face was sure to make one of them. He used to go to evening lectures, temperance meetings, revivals, anti-slavery meetings, etc., as a regular amusement. Once I met him coming out of the Marlboro' House, at which time I am positively certain his face was longer than common. Again I fell to inquiring about him. Some thought they had seen him, some did not recollect they had ever seen him, and some rather guessed they had heard of him. Some suspected they knew him, and some rather calculated they did not know him. Some were positive he was a Boston man, and others thought he might be, but could not say for certain. Strange it was, that the intelligence was no clearer respecting this notable personage, for no two accounts agreed. "Do you know the man with the long face?" This question elicited a thousand different replies. Almost every one had seen long faces—yes. But "do you know THE man with THE long face?" Here they were posed. Some had seen a man with a *pretty* long face; others knew a man with *quite* a long face; others knew a face that might be called *decidedly* long, etc. All this was nothing to the purpose, for no one of my informants could identify the man with the long face. One said he lived in Long-lane; others said he came from Long-Island. One had heard of his making a long speech; another had heard him sing a hymn in long metre; and another had seen him smoking a long nine cigar. Here I was sadly puzzled again. "Can all these accounts relate to the same man?" said I to myself. "What can his name be? It must certainly be Long, or Longman, or Longfellow, or something of the sort. But then, that long face—when—how—where—why?—what *can* be the explanation of it? Is there not a mystery in it? Who, in the name of wonder, can the man with the long face be? Is he Belphegor? Is he Mephistopheles? Is he the wandering Jew? Is he the Man in the Iron Mask?"

It was in vain to ask questions, for nobody could give any answers but such as perplexed me. The man with the long face was as great a mystery as ever, and continued to haunt me wherever I went. It popped upon me as I turned corners; I came slap upon him as I stepped out of the door; he jostled me in passing, elbowed me in the crowd, stared at me through windows, dogged me at the heels and faced me at every turning. Once I met him in Flagg alley, where there seemed no chance of escape; but I bolted into the door of a shoe-black, skulked through the yard, gained the rear of the Union Bank, and escaped for that time. On another occasion he had nearly caught me in the Roxbury omnibus, but I had the presence of mind to slam the door in his face, ring the bell and start the horses at full speed. I had numerous other hair-breadth escapes, and so unremittingly was I haunted with this terrible and mysterious apparition, that wherever I went, whichever way I turned or cast my looks, I was sure to see the spectral form of the man with the long face!

I could no longer endure it, for the matter had got to an alarming crisis, and I was fully persuaded that I should either go mad or be spirited away by the man with the long face before many days. I ran to my physician. "Doctor," said I, "I am dying!" "Dying! with what? fever or poison?" "Neither, doctor—I am dying of a long face!" "A long face!" "Yes, doctor, the man with the long face will certainly be the death of me, unless a remedy can be devised. Have you any medicine for a *macroprosopophobia*? Or can you catch the long face and cut it a foot shorter? These may save me—nothing else can. I may dodge my pursuer a hundred times, but he will inevitably snap me up in the long run."

But the doctor gave me little encouragement. He talked of blisters, bleeding, and water-gruel. "Poh, doctor!" I exclaimed, "how is it possible for bleeding and water-gruel to drive away a long face? I want a more decisive remedy." The doctor did not know of any; and as to cutting the long face shorter, he assured me he had no skill whatever in the art, for the faces of his patients always grew longer under his care. "Bless me! what *shall* I do?" exclaimed I, in despair. Things grew worse and worse: the man with the long face hung harder upon me than ever. I saw his figure in the clouds, among the embers in the fire-place, on the frost of the window-panes, in the figures of the carpet, in snow-wreaths, volumes of smoke, and the steam of the tea-kettle. Sometimes his long profile was to be seen on the edge of a slice of pudding,—sometimes in the bread and butter, and sometimes it was visible on the top of a cup of coffee, or the bottom of a pewter porringer;—there it was, staring straight at me, a long—long—long face, like lengthening sadness long drawn out!

One evening I was sitting in a room at the Exchange Coffee-house, where I had gone by appointment to receive some money. It was eleven o'clock, and my gentleman had not made his appearance. It was pretty clear that I should come short of my cash; and as I had set my heart upon receiving it punctually, I was terribly in the dumps at the disappointment. I waited and waited, but to no purpose: the money did not come. I grew fretful and sullen, walked up and down the room, listened at the door, went to the head of the staircase, called the waiter, inquired, but could get no intelligence of the man with the money. I waited a little longer, but in vain: all was silent. "'Tis of no use," said I to myself; "he won't come to-night. People who pay money always come punctually if they come at all."

So saying, I concluded to go home. I put on my hat and gloves, and had got half-way to the door, when I thought of the man with the long face! The first thought of him gave me a start. "It is a late hour," said I to myself; "the streets are lonely; and what if I should meet him on my way home?" The suggestion made me falter: I drew back, took off my hat, and sat down by the fire. "If I should meet the man with the long face?" said I to myself, "what would be the consequence? It is past a doubt that he has a design upon me; and what better opportunity could he have for putting it in practice than a dark midnight in a lonely street?" I thought upon it, and the more I thought, the more alarmed I felt. I rung the bell. "Waiter, some wine." I caught up the poker and gave the fire a rousing stir. "If I *should* happen to meet him," said I, "ought I to face him boldly, or endeavour to escape by flight?" There seemed to be strong arguments on both sides, and I could not make up my mind. "If he should appear to-night," I continued, "his face will undoubtedly be longer than ever: as long as—as—" At this moment the waiter came in with the bottle. "Waiter," said I, "have you seen the man with the long face this evening?" The waiter shook his head, but I fancied he looked uncommonly grave. "Waiter," said I again, "if the man with the long face should call, say I am not here." The waiter gave a nod and departed.

I poured out a glass and swallowed it. "I can't think," said I, what the man with the long face wants of me." I poured out another. "Well," said I, "I'll face him bravely if he comes." I sat looking in the fire for some time. The clock struck twelve. "'Tis time I was at home," said I; "another drop and I'll go." I took a third glass, put on my gloves, and was just reaching for my hat, when my eye wandered to the further end of the room, and, behold! there stood the man with the long face!!

I started,—dropped my hat on the floor. The man with the long face stood still, looking straight at me. I sunk into a chair: he also sat down. I then made a movement to spring up and rush out of the room; but he made a movement likewise, as if designing to intercept me. He was close to the door, and I saw there was no escape but by passing within reach of him; so I sat down again in despair. He sat down too. I turned away my head and looked into the fire for a quarter of an hour, hoping he would be tired of waiting, and go away; but on looking again towards the door, there he sat in the same spot! I rung the bell, and the waiter came in. "Waiter," said I, "the man with the long face; what does he want of me?" "Don't know," said the waiter; "never meddle with any gentleman's amusements." "You don't?" said I, in alarm. "Never," replied he. "I wish I knew what he wanted," said I. "I wish you did," returned he. The waiter departed, and I continued in as great perplexity as ever. The man kept his station by the door, and showed no inclination to be going.

I sat a quarter of an hour longer, but he did not stir an inch. "This is too bad," said I to myself. "I will ask him what he means by intruding upon a gentleman's privacy in this manner." Twenty times was the word upon my lips, and I was just going to speak, but some strange influence sealed up my mouth, and I could not utter a syllable. I rung the bell again. "Waiter," said I, in a firm tone, "I wish the man with the long face would go about his business." "I wish he would," replied the waiter. "Then, for heaven's sake, tell him so," said I. The waiter nodded and went out again. I looked towards the door, but the man with the long face sat there still!

Now a new terror seized upon me, for it was as plain as daylight that there was a connivance on the part of the waiter. Yes, I was fully convinced that there was a conspiracy to entrap me. "What will be the end of all this?" thought I. "There is surely no help for me unless I can help myself." I thought of bolting out of the window, of climbing up the chimney, and various other methods of escape, but none of them appeared practical. My terror increased: the perspiration began to stand on my forehead, my joints began to grow unsteady, and I filled another glass of wine. I sat some time longer: the house was perfectly silent, and all I could hear was the sound of *put, put, put, put*, in the fire. But the man with the long face would not go. "What *shall* I do to get rid of him?" exclaimed I to myself. At this moment a thought struck me. "I'll take another glass," said I, "and then turn round, look him point-blank in the face, and stare him out of countenance!"

No sooner said than done. I tossed off another bumper, turned manfully round, and fixed my eyes full in his long face. My antagonist did precisely the same, and looked equally hard at me. I looked as stern and frowningly as I possibly could, and so methought did he. I scowled at him, and he scowled at me. I shook my head menacingly, and so did the man with the long face. I showed him my teeth, and he showed me his; and when I winked, he winked back again. It was all to no purpose! I could not beat him. His face grew longer and longer; my alarm and perplexity redoubled His forehead rose up, his chin sunk down. "Mercy on me! *what* a long face!" exclaimed I. The candle seemed to burn blue and send off long streaming volumes of smoke. The tongs and poker stretched up into a most extraordinary length. I was terribly frightened; everything before me was cloudy and indistinct, even to the candle with its long wick and long flame. "It is all over with me," I exclaimed, in horrible trepidation. The man's long face continued to grow longer; now his chin stretched down to his breast, now to his elbows, now to his knees, and at last he was all face—nothing but one long, dismal, frightful, hobgoblin phiz! My hair stood on end, and my teeth chattered: I could stand it no longer. I seized the bottle in a paroxysm of phrenzy, and hurled it with furious force and unerring aim at the phantom before me. A terrible crash was heard: the long face disappeared in an instant, and the floor was covered with the fragments of an immense *looking-glass plate* which had been demolished by the missile!

I have not seen the man with the long face from that time to this. And I may as well add, that I got the money I expected the next morning. It is moreover remarkable, that every face I have seen has appeared a great deal shorter since the above adventure. If any person can explain this affair, I shall be happy to see him,—unless it be the man with the long face himself.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

LEOPOLD ROBERT, THE FRENCH ARTIST.

Few artists of France have excited so much interest as Leopold Robert: he enjoyed a popularity in his lifetime which is not always the lot of genius, and which it might be supposed would have dissipated the morbid sensibility to which at last he became the victim, and that, too, at the very moment when his fame was highest, his hopes brightest, and his reward most sure. Born in the village of *Chaux-de-Fonds*, in the canton of Neufchâtel, of parents whose humble situations in life served but to exhibit more clearly his high and original qualities of mind, but which were calculated also to beget cheerfulness—it is a question for the philosopher to answer, *how* he could have so early yielded to such continued and engrossing melancholy. It is strange that his younger brother, Alfred, also terminated his existence at a very youthful age, exactly ten years before Leopold followed his fearful example. One brother, Aurèle, an artist of no mean repute, still remains, and is now the only hope of this once happy family. Leopold, at sixteen, was placed at Paris, under the care of M. Girardet, brother to the well-known engraver of that name, and himself a professor of the burin. Here he made a considerable progress; but his was not a genius to be satisfied with limited attainments

He became a diligent pupil in David's studio, and continued one of his most devoted disciples until, in the year 1816, the celebrated painter was condemned to exile. This event determined the young artist to return to his own country; and there his portraits, remarkable for vigour and truth, attracted the attention of M. Roulet Mézerac, of Neufchâtel, who generously insisted on the youth's accepting from him the means of pursuing his studies at Rome. Leopold did so, but justly and honourably returned to his friend the money he had advanced; and not only repaid his excellent parents what they had disbursed from their small purse for his first improvements, but devoted the produce of his splendid abilities to ensure their comfort, and improve the condition of two dear sisters, whom he loved with all the deep enthusiasm of his ardent nature He still resided at Rome, and one of the patrons of art in that city gave, as a subject for his pencil, "Corinne improvisant au cap Miséne." It was in vain that, after grouping the foreground to the admiration of all who beheld it, he entreated permission to substitute two Neapolitan figures on the promontory—finding it impossible to bring in the formal dress of England, so as to be in keeping with the scenery; the "patron" would have the stiff cloth coats of the British. The young artist boldly declined the commission, and produced a picture, exhibited in 1824—"L'Improvisateur Napolitain." The simplicity of this picture is delicious; the attitude of the improvisateur, who is seated on the height of the cape, is at once one of energy and repose; the *lazarone*, whose gaze is directed towards the principal figure, and who occupies with him the centre of the picture, is such as can be only seen in Italy. The scenery is perfect; and the other figures are in beautiful keeping with the scene and situation. It is impossible not to feel, while observing the composition of the picture, how admirably the painter managed to elevate the character of the people he represented.

He continued to produce picture after picture with unabated vigour and increased reputation; and there is every reason to believe would still have been an ornament to society, and an honour to his country and profession, had he not formed an attachment which, though unsuspectingly encouraged, was not returned. Some have said that the melancholy which this originated deepened into madness, and that so he destroyed himself; but his brother's letters published in Paris, lead to no such conclusion. The event which deprived art of one of its brightest ornaments occurred at Venice, and a simple stone at Lido covers the remains of Leopold Robert. But his monuments are multiplied throughout Europe; and the four great pictures now engraved, or engraving, by M Prevost, will spread his fame even to those cottage homes of England where art is already multiplied by means of the graver's magic burin.

Talleyrand.—The following we quote from the November number of Frazer's Magazine:—"Talleyrand was as eccentric as he was clever. In his mode of living he displayed his eccentricity, even more than in his political character. Sometimes he would drink only water at his meals; at others, he would take an almost immoderate quantity of wine. He had a great dislike of medicine; and it was with difficulty, when he was unwell, that his niece, the Duchess de Dino, could induce him to take an aperient pill. Although few men were more disgraced by nature than himself, he was occasionally coquettish in his dress, and wore a coat which a dandy, for its tightness, would have chosen for the display of his shape. From parsimony, however, he was always desirous of seeing his servants in roomy clothing; for in the event of change, the livery would serve the successor. I was waiting one day at his house in Hanover-Square, whilst the Portuguese embassador was closeted with him, when the tailor brought home one of the gaudy liveries which were to be worn on the occasion of the approaching visit of the Duke of Orleans. One of the footmen having put it on, he was sent by the chamberlain to ask me what I thought of the new livery. 'Why,' said I, 'my good fellow, it is not a coat that you have got; it is a sack.' 'Yes, sir,' replied the man, 'I know that; but it is done purposely. If it were to fit closely, the prince would refuse all the liveries, so the tailor has made it very loose to please him; but when he shall have seen me in it, and confirm the order, the tailor will trick him by taking it in.' * * * * The last time that I saw Talleyrand was a few days before his death. He was then very ill, and told me that he felt convinced his end was drawing near. The library, which was the room in which he usually received his morning visiters, was nearly filled with peers, deputies, and men of letters, waiting for his appearance. At two o'clock, he hobbled into the room on his stick; and, although in an evident state of suffering, entered into conversation with his habitual readiness. It was in a private conversation, in an under tone, that he told me how ill he felt; but I heard him tell several persons that he was as well as usual, although some of the newspapers had announced that he was dangerously indisposed. In a few days more, the actor of many parts made his bow to the audience, and retired finally from the busy stage of this world.

Grace Darling.—Among the announcements of forthcoming novelties, we perceive one of which we cannot approve—one, indeed, from which it seems two most respectable publishers expect to reap a harvest; and who have, consequently, each given "note of preparation," that Grace Darling having been sitting to their artists, is about to be transferred to their engravers. The story of "Grace Darling" is interesting, beyond doubt; the act which has made her celebrated was daring and heroic; and Mr Yates may have done wisely in bringing out her representative at the Adelphi, to obtain the popular voice; but it is ill done, we think, to make so much of it. Heroism is not heroism, unless it becomes famous! The poor fellow who rushed back on board the Philadelphia, a few months ago, to save a poor child—not his own—did a nobler act, and incurred far greater peril than did Grace Darling. His name is unknown. It is pandering to an unhealthy desire thus to make her so notorious, and can produce no possible good. Some penny printsellers have, however, been beforehand with the publishers to whom we refer; in many of the shop-windows may be seen a rock, a ship among the breakers, a boat, and a young woman with garments let loose to the wind; all representing the scene which the artists engaged by Mr. Moon and Mr. Ackermann may paint better, but cannot describe with greater effect, for the benefit of those whom it is intended to gratify, and who are expected to buy the published pictures of it; 'tis, at best, "a pitiful ambition"

Paper hangings.—A few years ago, our neighbours the French were greatly inferior to us in the manufacture of paper hangings, but now, through the non-employment of artistical skill on our part, and the great exertions to obtain excellence which have been made on theirs, we find ourselves considerably in the back-ground. Machinery will not do all. Art must be called in to aid; and we hope soon to see a great change of feeling from that which now exists in this respect. An individual has recently opened a manufactory at Hoxton, for the execution of paper hangings by hand, where, by the distribution of labour, and duly training the workmen, he is able to make the cost much smaller than could be expected. Want of taste in the designs (easily to be accounted for) is apparent in the specimens we have seen. Surely good artists may be found in England who will stoop (!) to lend assistance to such undertakings! It was by inducing aid of this sort that Wedgwood benefited society, made a large fortune, and obtained a noble reputation. At all events, the existing "Schools of Design" may be expected to supply soon individuals able to advance greatly the character of our manufactures generally.

Queen Elizabeth's statue.—A short time ago a statue of the "Virgin Queen" was discovered in the cellar of a house adjoining St. Dunstan's church. It was immediately released from its ignominious concealment, and has just been restored to the position it must have originally occupied. It is now placed in the avenue of the church. The pedestal is fixed over the eastern side of the church; underneath is a block of black stone, on which is engraved the following inscription:—"This statue of Queen Elizabeth formerly stood on the west side of Ludgate; and was presented by the city to Sir Francis Gosling, knight, alderman of the ward, who caused it to be placed here."

Campbell the poet and Turner the artist were dining together, with a large party, a few years ago. The poet was called upon for a toast, and, by way of a joke upon the great professor of the sister-art, gave—"The painters and glaziers." After the laughter had subsided, the artist was of course summoned to propose a toast also; he rose, and with admirable tact and ready wit discharged the debt of his craft to the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," by giving—"The paper-stainers!"

EXTRACTS FROM KNOWLES'S NEW PLAY.

LOVE—WHENCE COMES IT?

No telling how love thrives! to what it comes!
Whence grows! 'Tis e'en of as mysterious root.
As the pine that makes its lodging of the rock,
Yet there it lives, a huge tree, flourishing,
Where you would think a blade of grass would die!
What is love's poison, if it be not hate?
Yet in that poison, oft is found love's food.
Frowns that are clouds to us, are sun to him
He finds a music in a scornful tongue,
That melts him more than softest melody—
Passion perverting all things to its mood,
And, spite of nature, matching opposites!

PROOFS OF LOVE.

Are you in love—I'll prove it by fifty things.
And first and foremost, you deny it, sir;
A certain sign, with certain accidents—
As dulness, moodiness, moroseness, shyness.
I'd stake my credit on one single fact
Thou bearest out to admiration
A lover is the dullest thing on earth
Who but a lover—or his antipodes,
A wise man—ever found out that the use
Of his tongue was to hold it! Thou must be in love,
And for one sovereign reason, after which
I'll give no other.

LOVE AND ADVERSITY.

Fortune, farewell! and pride go with thee! Go!
Welcome adversity! Shake hands with me,
Thou tester of true hearts! whose homely fare
No flatterer sits down to—hollow friend,
Foe, masking thoughts of scorn with smiling face—
But truth and honesty! affection stanch!
That grasps the hand before it scans the sleeve,
And greets the lowly portal with a grace
More winning far than his, who thanks the gate
That spreads with pride, to let a monarch in.

LOVE.—GOLD

Were there before us
All—who in this busy and vast mart
Of merchant-traffickers—this land of England—
Worship the yellow god—how one great truth
Should shake the sceptered Mammon on his throne!
Here, in our souls, we treasure up the wealth
Fraud cannot filch, nor waste destroy;—the more
'Tis spent, the more we have;—the sweet affections—
The heart's religion—the diviner instincts
Of what we shall be when the world is dust!

LOVE INCURABLE.

The wounded body heals,
The pain is over, all is sound again,
A scar reminds you of it—nothing more!
Not so the heart; you lacerate it once!
Habit may dull, pursuit engross—divert—
But never are you ransom'd from the throe
Live your meridian out, it comes again,
Fresh as at first, to make you writhe anew.

A MISER'S WARNING.

Mice!—Zounds, how can I
Keep mice?—I can't afford it—they were starved
To death an age ago!—the last was found
Come Christmas three years, stretched beside a bone
In that same larder—so consumed and worn
By pious fast—'twas awful to behold it!
I canonized its corpse in spirits of wine,
And set it in the porch—a solemn warning
To thieves and beggars.

A FIRST PASSION.

You must not play
With a first passion, once it has taken root.
For it strikes deep—to the foundations even
Of the heart—entwining with the fibres, there
Of life itself, that, pluck the other up,
These haply come along.

A STORM.

A storm! a storm! Those pitch-black clouds that speed
In wild career to meet the sun, as though
In envy of his light to blot him out,
Come right against the wind—a token they
Bring thunder!

A MISER'S LAMENT FOR HIS MONEY.

Little dears! you see them
Tucked up in bed and fast asleep—my heart aches
That such a happy and united family
Should be dispersed upon the world, and never
Come home again!

MAN.

Man, sir, is but a plant,
Although he holds no rank in botany;
And as with change of climate plants will change,
Thrive more or less, or take no root at all,
So man discovers strange diversity
Transferr'd to sun and soil not native to him

SIGHS NO PROOF OF LOVE.

I will coin sighs for you, fast as the mint
Coins ducats. Shows are all uncertain things,
Unless the cheek, indeed, grows lank and pale—
Yet that may be with frequent lack of dinner.
So, 'tis betwixt the heart and appetite!
O for a sign would be infallible,
And him to show it, I would see it on!

A LOVER'S EXCLAMATION.

O thought of joy———
To see thee, hear thee, touch thy hand, and glide
By thy dear side adown the blessed time!

THE STORY OF DAVID DUNBAR.

It was a mild evening in August, neither cold nor warm; we had been journeying through North Wales, and had selected, as our abiding-place, the little inn of Tan y Bwlch. Resolved to see as much as possible of the surrounding country, in our own way, we strolled up the path leading to the Hall, and looked from the terrace along the picturesque Vale of Festiniog. Each moment of our stay added to the beauty of the scene; a soft mist, so transparent that every object appeared through it, was creeping up the opposite mountains, as it were from the very depths of the valley towards the clouds that seemed to hang on the projecting or towering rocks, as if weighed down by the purple and gold of heaven's abundant treasury. The sun was sinking below the trees, and its lights, broken into a thousand different tints, flashed across the valley, creating beauties, and producing effects which, though I well remember, I may not attempt to describe.

At last, and more quickly than I desired, these enchantments vanished; the mist thickened, though all immediately around us remained clear—the clear gray tint of an autumnal twilight. We followed the upward path that wound and wound, now round a gigantic tree, now circling the base of some slatey rock, every fissure of which was garlanded by creeping plants. Suddenly, we emerged on a platform of soft green turf, commanding another view of the valley, more limited than that we had gazed upon a few minutes before, and of altogether a different character of beauty. The moon had risen, but its light looked to us so thin and pale, as hardly to deserve the name; and we were half inclined to murmur at the change, when the tones of a voice, once familiar, and still well-remembered, made me look round. A gentleman and lady were seated on a grass bench, a little below the spot on which we stood; the gentleman had just enquired of his companion,

"And what in the perspective?"

There was nothing remarkable in the words; they might relate to the landscape, or I might have wrongly caught the sound, and they had reference to those prospects of the future which we create, and Time destroys. And yet what a multitude of memories they brought upon me! The speaker, I knew, could be no other than David Dunbar, whom I had known about five years before, and who everyone said would hereafter rival Turner, and paint as well as Claude. Whether such anticipations were just, I could not say; I thought his pictures beautiful, but admired still more the honest, true enthusiasm and warmth of his nature: a bosky dell—a noble tree—a bounding deer—a waterfall—a light—or the shadow of a cloud upon a hill—were to him sources of exquisite enjoyment; there was no affectation in this, it was genuine joy that illumined his fine eyes and made his whole countenance radiant—flushing his cheek and brow. He luxuriated in the beauties of creation—Nature was not only his every day, but his holiday book: he read it—felt it—understood it—loved it—illustrated it—and all was hallowed by his fine susceptibilities of the good, as well as the beautiful. His religion had found its temple in the universe, and never did he point out a beauty, or direct attention to a particular object which attracted his admiration without adding, "And this enjoyment is given me by the Almighty!" He never prayed but to praise, and was abundantly grateful for the power of noting the graces or glories of creation on his canvass. How delightful to meet him at such a time, on such a spot! The anticipation of hearing him speak of the wonders we had both seen to pass over the valley prompted the joyful exclamation of recognition that commanded his attention. He rose—advanced a step to meet me—held out his hand, as frankly, as kindly as ever; the smile on his expressive mouth was unchanged—but his eyes! I looked up to meet their welcome—alas! the eyes of David Dunbar were sightless. I was shocked beyond the power of utterance. He felt my hand tremble. "You did not hear it then?" he said, as we all sat down on the green bench from which he had risen.

I could not speak, but I looked mournfully into his face; I dared not ask, "How was it?—

"Total eclipse!"

to him whose life was light!

After a pause, his companion said, "You have not introduced me." How glad I was she spoke! the silence of those few moments had grown insupportable. "My wife, my Mary," he answered, and then continued, "When this affliction came, she would have me—I told her it was very foolish; but I suppose she thought a blind husband would be easily led. And she does lead me," he added, in that tone of deep tenderness which goes straight to the heart—"She does lead me—she is, as much as mortal can be, eyes to the blind." How hard it was to look at him and command words. I had seldom seen even a picture of more than ordinary interest, that the idea of what David Dunbar would say or think of it had not occurred to me. I had never looked upon a beautiful scene without wishing his return; for though he had been abroad for three years, the remembrance of his relish for all things excellent was fresh in my memory.

He was totally blind—no ray of outward light illuminated him; the sun—the moon—the river—the ocean, hill, dale, tree, and forest, were to him but history. And yet how happy was it to feel, while looking on his sightless countenance, that though sorrow and pain had been there, their bitterness was past; every feature expressed not only resignation, but cheerfulness; and when I turned my gaze on her, who, to use his own beautiful application of the holy passage, "had been eyes to the blind," I blessed her with my whole heart, and could not wonder that stricken as he had been in the days of his youth, he was still the happy-spirited being I had so long known, so highly esteemed.

She seemed a fitting object for a painter's love—her beauty was unobtrusive, but insinuating without design; one glance told me there was much to see, and much to note; for every emotion vibrated through her features; and yet it was a pencilled, rather than a painted, loveliness—a beauty, shadowy enough for dreams, yet endowed as I afterwards found, with tenderness, truth, and virtue; the three best and truest attributes of women—the first being the foundation of all gentleness—the second, of true bravery—the third, a circlet of glory over the domestic hearth—her true throne. I could not allude to her husband's misfortune; but he told the tale himself as one tells of a fearful trial, not only past, but overcome.

He had been but a few weeks returned, rich with the accumulated knowledge of the south—his folios filled with sketches, his brain with high ideas and fine imaginings, which he was only restrained from working out immediately by his desire to visit "his Mary"—a young lady whom he had long and deeply loved

He found her unchanged in mind, improved in beauty; they talked of the future—and before he went out of the father's house to sketch a scene which the old gentleman wished to possess—she had whispered her consent to become his wife:—he said, when better days should come and he should gather in the golden harvest of a noble fame. At which she laughed, and promised to tell him that evening a secret he little dreamed of. He bounded across the lawn, full of life and hope—then paused to sketch her figure as she sat under the verandah, *pretending* to read—time out of mind, one of love's sweet deceptions—to *seem* to read—when we are watching, ay, with a beating heart, every movement of the one we love. I saw the sketch—*it was his last*—by the time he had reached the point from which the view was to be taken, it suddenly began to rain, and some few mutterings of thunder, sent him to take shelter in a fishing cottage, that overhung a lake—the object of his excursion. It was strange, he said, that the disturbance of the clouds hardly deserved the name of a thunder-storm; a few were of a heavy leaden hue, edged here and there by a dark copper colour, as if some malignant fiend had flung that peculiar glare from his torch upon them. There was no wind among the trees, no ripple on the river—all was hushed—and as he sat watching the heavens, and calmly speculating upon the power which impelled the dark clouds towards each other, he heard distinctly the splashing of the huge drops of rain as they fell, slowly, and almost singly into the water A thrush continued to pour her gushing tide of song from amid the foliage of a white thorn tree, regardless of the rain and darkness. "I never," he added, "could wish a storm to terminate; the beautiful variety of the tints it throws upon the earth had for me an ever changing, yet perpetual charm; and the luxurious tranquillity of my mind—the blessed confidence in my Mary's love—the success far beyond my hopes, which had already crowned my exertions, made me as assured of happiness as human being could be. My dreams were of the future—of the perfecting of love, and the achievement of fame! How delicious to an enthusiast in both! It is impossible to trace the progress of the lightning—yet certainly, before it struck—at the moment when the clouds sprang apart, *I saw the flash*, which deprived me of sight for ever, and of consciousness for a time."

"Do not speak of it, dearest," murmured his wife; "it does you harm."

"No, no, it does me good. I am wiser—better—happier—than I was then. It taught me a knowledge, which else, I should have never acquired:—a knowledge of the unfathomable depths of woman's love."

Mary blushed; but it was not in nature not to feel gratified at such a tribute. She thanked him by a pressure of the hand which he felt, and understood—

"We will talk of it no more," she said.

"But we may talk of happiness," he answered, "I must tell the secret which Mary promised me on my return; that she had been made rich, by the death of a distant relative, of whom I had never heard—that she——"

But his wife would not suffer him to continue.

"Well," he exclaimed, "for this one evening, I must be an egotist. I must tell my friends of the advantages of blindness Sounds have become to me even as sights. I *see* a landscape in the voice of every bird that sings; the nightingale is *my* moon; the blackbird, my thicket; the plover, my wild uncultivated heath; the robin, my English cottage; the sparrow, my pert wayside schoolboy; the very grasshopper, my fresh green meadow. I associate other sounds with Italy; and each natural perfume peoples *my* world with fresh creations. My ideal beauty is never destroyed by unpleasing reality. I shall never think my wife grows old, or my friend ugly. If I cannot *see* new objects of interest, I can imagine them without the danger of having the ideal destroyed by the real. I can tell the tree under which I stand by the rustling of its leaves. Believe me, the world has no blank for a well-regulated and industrious mind—nor is there any darkness so profound which the imagination cannot illuminate. I bless God for the past; I bless Him greatly for the present; and I know I shall have to bless Him for the future. I visit the most beautiful spots in the world; and if to my inquiry of 'What in the perspective?' Mary should be compelled to answer—'Nothing striking,' I create something that shall please me."

MUSIC IN SWEDEN.

The ancient Swedes were influenced in their pleasures by customs as extraordinary as those which governed their laws. All the people, civilized or savages—barbarians or demi-barbarians, which may arise from the climate of that country, were ignorant of dancing, but the Swedes in not knowing this kind of diversion, had, at the suggestion of their legislators, interdicted music, and those following the profession were denounced as persons infamous and dangerous to the state; previous to the reign of Gustavus Vasa, a law was in force, banishing all musicians from the kingdom, and authorizing their destruction, wherever they were met with.

"This assassination," says Archenholz, (History of Gustavus Vasa, vol. I., page 113,) was considered as a joke. The murderer was only held bound to give the heir of the deceased, one pair of new shoes, one pair of gloves, and a three year old calf. But even this miserable indemnity, granted as a sufficient compensation for the loss of a father, a son, or a brother, was sometimes illusory, and the heir could lay no claim to it, until he had submitted to a humiliating trial, worthy of those barbarous times. They plastered with grease the tail of the calf, which being brought to the top of a hill, the claimant took the tail in his hands, the murderer then struck the calf with a whip and obliged it to run swiftly; if the heir succeeded in retaining the tail, the animal became his, on the contrary, should he let it slip from him, he lost all right, and remained exposed to the sneers of the spectators. All these horrours which took place before the reign of Gustavus Vasa, vanished in 1523.

This prince abolished laws as ridiculous as they were ferocious; he called to his court foreign musicians and introduced into Sweden the art of dancing, before unknown in that city. This diversion frequently took place in the halls of the palace after the repast, to the sounds of the royal orchestra. Music is now considered by the Swedes as an important part of their education, especially amongst females. Professors of music enjoy a great deal of consideration, and are loaded with honours, by classes the most elevated in society. In the mountains, the shepherds use a kind of long trumpet, made from the bark of the birch, which they call "Mir." This instrument is sometimes four feet long, and sends forth a piercing sound; in calm weather it may be heard at a great distance, although the noise made by these trumpets is very great, and intended to frighten away the wild beasts, yet it is not disagreeable.

POETRY.

THE ITALIAN PICTURE.—BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

It is the music of her native land—
The airs she used to love in happier days;
The lute is struck by some young gentle hand,
To soothe her spirit with remembered lays.

But ah! her heart is wandering from the notes,
Her ear is filled with an imagined strain;
Vainly the softened music round her floats,
The echo it awakes is all of pain!

The echo it awakes is of a voice
Which never more her weary heart shall cheer—
Fain would she banish it, but hath no choice,
Its vanished sound still haunts her shrinking ear—

Still haunts her with its tones of joy and love,
Its memories of bitterness and wrong,
Bidding her thoughts through various changes rove—
Welcomes—farewells—and snatches of wild song.

Why bring her music? She had half forgot
How left, how lonely, how oppress she was;
Why, by these strains, recall her former lot,
The depth of all her suffering, and its cause?

Know ye not what a spell there is in sound?
Know ye not that the melody of words
Is nothing to the power that wanders round,
Giving vague language to harmonious chords?

Know ye not how, afraid yet full of joy,
The breathless heart hes listening in its home—
(Like a fair maiden who with welcome coy
Hears the quick footsteps of the loved one come,)

Waiting the notes on whose impassioned wings
Thought, soul, and sense are blindly borne away,
The sounds on which the spirit heavenward springs,
Then trembling sinks to earth and dies away?

Oh! keep ye silence! *He* hath sung to her,
And from that hour—(faint twilight, sweet and dim,
When the low breeze scarce made the branches stir—)
Music hath been a memory of HIM!

Chords which the wandering fingers scarcely touch
When they would seek for some forgotten song—
Stray notes which have no certain meaning—such
As careless hands unthinkingly prolong,—

Come unto HER, fraught with a vivid dream
Of love in all its wild and passionate strength—
Of sunsets glittering on the purple stream,
Of shadows deepening into twilight length—

Of gentle sounds, when the warm world lay hushed
Beneath the soft breath of the evening air—
Of hopes and fears, and expectations crushed
By one long certainty of dead despair!

Bear to the sick man's couch the fiery cup,
Pledged by wild feasters in their careless hours,
And bid his parched lips drink the poison up
As though its foam held cool refreshing powers;—

Lift some poor wounded wretch, whose writhing pain
Finds soothing only in an utter rest,
Forth in some rude made litter, to regain
Strength for his limbs and vigour for his breast;—

But soothe ye not that proud forsaken heart
With strains whose sweetness maddens as they fall;
Untroubled let her feverish soul depart—
Not long shall memory's power its might enthrall;

Not long;—though balmy be the summer's breath!
In the deep stillness of its golden light
A shadowy spirit sits, whose name is DEATH,
And turns what was all beauty into blight;

And she, before whose sad and dreaming eye
Visions of by-gone days are sweeping on,
In her unfaded youth shall drooping die,
Shut from the glow of that Italian sun.

Then let the organ's solemn notes prolong
Their glory round the silence of her grave,
Then let the choral voices swell in song,
And echo through the chancel and the nave;

For then her heart shall ache not at the sound,
Then the faint fever of her life shall cease,
Silence, unbroken, calm, shall dwell around,
And the long restless shall be laid at peace.

THE VOICE OF THE GALE.—BY THOMAS J. CHARLTON.

'Tis the voice of the gale: I have heard it, at night,
Sweep the depths of the sea with its terrible might;
And the sound of its wailing seemed fraught with the cry
Of thousands who sank mid the waters to die.

'Tis the voice of the gale: I have heard its deep moan
Through the desolate halls of some fabric o'erthrown;
And the accents of those who once gladdened its hearth
Seemed again to return to the place of their birth.

'Tis the voice of the gale: mid the desolate plain,
In the forest's dark gloom, I have heard it complain,
Like the tones of some spirit that hovered in air,
And mourned for the children of sorrow and care.

'Tis the voice of the gale, which, to fancy's fond ear,
Seems filled with the accents of those ever dear—
My friends, my companions, my kindred—all those
Who have sunk to the sleep of a lasting repose.

Yes; oft, mid its moanings, we dream they are nigh,
And fancy we hear their soft voices reply.
'Tis a vision of bliss, till, by reason o'erthrown,
We hear the rude breath of the tempest alone.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

LETTER FROM M. ALEXANDRE VATTEMARE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Dear sir—In handing you the annexed documents, which I trust will find their way through the press to the notice of all Americans who have at heart the intellectual welfare of their country, I cannot refrain from taking occasion to express to the New-York public my sincere and heartfelt acknowledgments of the kindness with which I have been received here. Although the errant destiny of my profession naturally led me to follow the footsteps of the illustrious artists who have preceded me in this land, which in itself and its institutions possesses attractions tantamount to the prospect of gain, I have come here in pursuit of other objects, the hope of attaining which has been my chief consolation during this period of my wanderings, and of separation from my family. I allude to that *system of exchanges*, for which I claim to be viewed not merely as one who amuses society, but who has laboured for more than twenty years to prove himself one of its active and useful members; I allude also to the gratification of those tastes for objects of antiquity and of art which have tempted me to form unrivalled collections of coins and medals, and to which one thousand European artists have contributed those original drawings recently exhibited at the National Academy of Design, where they were constantly visited with the deepest interest by all the artists in this vicinity. It gives me pleasure to add that I have already received many admirable native American designs, and the promise of many more from sources which warrant the highest expectations, with which I trust one day to form an American Album, similar to the *Album Cosmopolite*, and in proof to the Old World of the genius which has arisen to assert the magnificence of art in the New

In returning my thanks to these gentlemen for their zealous co-operation, I would also acknowledge the kindness of those who have aided me, and who have promised to lend their best efforts to the furtherance of the object detailed in the petition below. To it I have devoted much of my life and fortune. In it will be found advantages for this country above those already secured by its adoption in the various countries of Europe. It may be applied not only to the formation and enrichment of national collections, but of those of states, of local societies and of individuals. It has been called the locomotive of civilization; and when this system of exchange of the superfluous and the useless objects of one country for the necessary and useful ones of another shall have once found circulation in this vast land, rich in natural resources, in inventions, and, I am not indisposed to believe, in objects of art, with what activity will not Europe hasten to correspond to this quickening of international intercourse.

Engagements, which I owe it to a numerous family to have accepted, now lead me to Havana and to New-Orleans. But my project is now in better hands than mine: enlightened and patriotic gentlemen have promised me and the country it is destined to benefit, that it shall reach Washington in due time, where I doubt not it will find warm advocates; and you, sir, in giving my petition and the accompanying documents a place in your journal, have led me to hope that your brethren of the press will not deny it one in the columns of the various papers which disseminate intelligence throughout this mighty land. I remain, sir, yours most respectfully,

Alexandre Vattemare.

New-York, 6th December, 1839.

To the Honourable the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress convened:

The memorial of Alexandre Vattemare, Elector of the Department of the Seine and Oise, (France,) respectfully showeth,

That, at the instance chiefly of your memorialist, a system of exchanges has been commenced between the governments and literary institutions of the different nations in Europe, by which the books, natural productions, and works of art possessed by the one are transferred for an equivalent value to another which may need them. This system has been urged by the following considerations, which form parts of memorials he has had the honour to present, and which have been acted upon by the legislative bodies of his native country, and have been successful in uniting others in the joint efforts to extend and diffuse knowledge beyond the limits to which race, language, or political boundaries, have a tendency to confine it

All the great establishments founded by governments to promote science and the arts—museums, collections, galleries, libraries—possess, besides the riches they spread out to view, others which their own abundance condemned to actual sterility. These are *duplicates*, which are necessarily, but with regret, consigned to dust and oblivion.

There is not a great city in Europe that does not reckon myriads of such valuable but useless treasures. In 1835 the library of Munich had two hundred thousand duplicates; that of Jena, twelve thousand; that of St. Petersburgh, fifty-four thousand. At Vienna, thirty thousand, among which are a great number of *inumabula*,* were shut up in warehouses. The section of entomology of the Barsilian museum alone, in the latter city, has twenty-five thousand duplicates. Everywhere, in fact—for no enumeration, however long, would suffice to exhibit the state of things—there can be found, side by side with the collections open to the student and the curiosity of the public, entombed collections, forgotten libraries, unknown museums, whose treasures are useless to science, and lost to the world.

* Works printed previous to A. D. 1520, which, from their rarity, are of great value.

In this way these public establishments have remained strangers to the great movement of progress and generalization which characterizes the present epoch

Science overleaps the boundaries which political systems interpose between nations. All the men consecrated by its worship are brethren Among them remains no distinction of country, no political divisions; from one end of the world to the other, they understand each other's tongue, the discovery of one is the triumph of all; and, thanks to this fraternity of talent, to this federal union of intelligence, science is elevated, and daily extends the empire of civilization.

In his travels throughout Europe, your memorialist, if he be permitted to speak of his own efforts, has laid the foundation of a general system of exchange. He obtained from the learned, from the directors of public establishments, from ministers, and, in some cases, from the sovereigns themselves, the assurance that they are anxious and willing to enter into a well-regulated system for the exchange of duplicates. Nay, the system does not remain an unproductive project; already, within four years from the date at which it was first presented to the world, nearly two millions of volumes of books have been withdrawn from dust and oblivion, and placed in situations where they have assumed their real value. In France alone, where, although first proposed, the system was last adopted, six hundred thousand volumes have been forwarded to a central depot, either for internal exchange, or to draw duplicates from foreign countries. The progress of the plan has had the effect not only of calling into activity the buried treasures of former ages, but has, by a very unexpected result, led to an interchange of modern productions The enlightened publishers of the kingdom of Saxony, where, at Leipsic, is seated the great literary mart of the Teutonic race, have seen that their interests are to be promoted by its operation, and have pressed upon the government five copies of every work which they emit from the press, seeing that the trifling donation, acting as an advertisement, returns in profit a thousand-fold.

The same proposal has been made in France. The publishers of Paris have offered to place five copies at the disposal of the government, on condition that three of them shall be exchanged for literary or scientific productions of other countries.

In the United States the law already requires the deposit of two copies of every new work; a condition of copyright which is considered a hardship, and but ill-observed, because no benefit is derived by the proprietors from the act. The volumes thus deposited rot in dust or are consumed by the worm. But should an additional number be distributed at the cost of government, a cost well repaid in a valuable return, to the enlightened countries of the old world, a demand would infallibly arise for American books now unknown, except within narrow limits, or confined in circulation to the United States alone.

Of all countries in the world, America will have the most to gain in entering into this plan. The libraries of Europe, splendid, copious and rich, have been the slow accumulation of nearly four centuries. Few in the United States can date back half a century. If our best endowed public institutions possess works which show the present state of science, and the triumph of modern literature, they are wanting in all that can be called the history of art, of science, and of the gradual progress of the human mind, from the time that Faust and Guttenburgh first called into action that mighty engine, which has established the future liberties of the human race upon the basis of intelligence universally diffused, and everywhere accessible.

It may be said that the United States, whose literary collections are but of modern origin, and duplicates of books have been rarely accumulated, has but little to offer in the way of exchange. This is, however, far from being the case. Wanting printed books, the natural productions of the country, specimens of the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral kingdoms, more particularly the fossil remains of a more early period of the earth's existence, are sought and inquired for with avidity in Europe, and would command returns tenfold of any value that the cost of obtaining them on the spot would amount to. Thus, it is said to be notorious, that several skeletons of the mastodon, the mighty brethren of those which ornament the collection of the *Jardine des Plantes*, and make rich the museum of Philadelphia, have been marked, and the locality recorded. There is no museum in Europe that would not consider such a skeleton cheaply purchased by thousands of duplicate volumes.

In the United States, where a general government combines in union a number of sovereign states, the central administration may not feel the duty, or see it to be within its limited authority, to enter into any system of exchanges for its own account, except so far as the law of copyright, or the gift of individuals, places in its power. But it is, by the constitution, the organ of communication with foreign countries; and the seat of government is the focus in which is annually collected the wisdom of the separate states. To your honourable houses, therefore, your memorialist first directs his appeal. No sordid motives influence him in his petition; from its successful result he can reap no other benefit than the consciousness of having performed a duty which he owes to his species, and strengthened the bonds which link in friendship the long separated races of the family of man.

Your memorialist does not venture to do more than to bring his project, with the written sanctions which it has already received from all that is highest in station in European governments, from those of France and England to that of Turkey, before you. If the United States as yet produces no very great numbers of original literary and scientific works, they are more prolific in inventions in the useful arts than any other nation, and are remarkable for improvements in the engines used in agriculture, in manufactures and in practical mechanics. Models of these would be in great request in Europe, and would command a rich return.

He would therefore limit his prayer to a request that his memorial be referred to an appropriate committee for consideration, in order that it may report such measures as its wisdom may judge expedient in the premises. Were he to venture any suggestion on the subject, it would be, that the librarian of Congress, under the direction of the Joint Library Committee, be authorized to open correspondences with the executive of the several states of the Union, and with the representatives of foreign powers, for the purpose of obtaining catalogues of such articles as might be available for exchange on the part of the United States, or disposable as a return on the part of foreign nations; and that for the purpose of making a beginning, the copies which are now by law directed to be deposited in the Department of State of every copy-right book or engraving, with the printed reports of the two houses of Congress, be placed at the disposal of the Library Committee, for the purpose of exchange. Convinced that a beginning alone is necessary, and that the advantages of his project will develop themselves in a manner to encourage and repay any more extensive action, your memorialist refrains from any further suggestion.

New-York, 4th December, 1839.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATIONS.

WHO GOVERNS?

BY HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

CHAPTER VI.—A QUARREL.

Colas was, as we may suppose, not a little astonished when he heard of his appointment. His first step was to wait on his superiors in the department

"I took particular pleasure in bringing your name before his majesty," said the minister, "knowing your application and ability."

"I have but small claims on you," said the chancellor of the department of state, "though I must admit it cost me some trouble to get you nominated. I did all I could for you, and was lucky enough to overcome the minister's objections." The other heads of departments held the same language, and Colas was astonished to find that he had so many friends at court. Pauline confessed to him that Prince Soubise was his true benefactor, and charged him to wait on the prince at once. The prince told him to pay his respects to Madame de Pompadour, and that lady felt more satisfied than ever with her exertions, when she saw what a very handsome and agreeable young man she had interested herself for. So Monsieur Rosier (it will not do to call him Colas any longer) entered on the duties of his new office. He was active, industrious, and intelligent, so that in a very little time he gained the goodwill of his superiors, and more especially, since he had succeeded in obtaining his office without the aid of any ostensible friend or patron. It was supposed he must have some powerful secret influence at court, and this led every one to treat him with peculiar consideration

Colas enjoyed his good fortune with moderation; he was too phlegmatic and good-natured to be ambitious. Punctual and regular in his habits, it was only of an evening, after the duties of the office were over, that he allowed himself any relaxation. Once, he happened to look in at a ball, very fashionable among the beauties of the bourgeoise, when the first person that met his eyes was Julia, the pretty Julia as she was generally called, daughter of the bookbinder who worked for Colas's department. Our hero had had frequent opportunities of seeing her, and she now gladly claimed him as an acquaintance, more especially as she was anxious to escape from the importunities of an English gentleman, who was paying court to her most assiduously. He was an *attaché* to Lord Albermarle's legation, which was now in Paris actively engaged in bringing about more friendly sentiments between the two great rivals. Colas took triumphant possession of this Englishman's pretty partner, without regard to the black looks and muttered threats of the disappointed stranger. When the ball was over, he sat down in one of the pasteboard bowers to drink a glass of punch, the fashionable beverage of the day. It chanced that Julia's rejected suitor, our English friend, was seated near him, talking politics with some of his countrymen, with an ardour still more enflamed by love and wine The only acquaintance Colas had was a Monsieur de la Bonnaye, a gentleman attached to one of the offices at court, with whom he was slightly acquainted. As soon as he took his seat, the patriotism of his spirited neighbour grew doubly eloquent. He cursed all France and all its inhabitants, and could find nothing endurable in French policy, French manners, or French cookery. Colas, we have said, was blessed with an easy and phlegmatic temperament, so he sipped his punch quietly, regardless of the storm of words that was raging around him. The cooler he seemed, the warmer grew his adversary. At every outbreak against France and Frenchmen, he fixed his eyes sternly on our hero, as though to give him to understand that it was meant as a personal affront to him. His friends could not pacify him. "It is true," said he at last, "England does not succeed well in her negotiations with France. Our sovereign, if he wanted to obtain anything from the French king, ought to have sent, not a peer like Lord Albermarle, but a lady of light reputation, to negotiate with him. There are a thousand prettier ones in London than your faded Pompadour."

Our hero's patience was at end, at this gross insult to his benefactress, and he could not help saying, as politely as he could, how-

ever, "You seem to forget, sir, that you are in France." The answer was a request to mind his own business, enforced by a smart blow across the nose. The next moment swords were drawn on both sides. The friends of each party hastened to interpose, but before they could do so, Colas had received a flesh-wound in the breast. At the sight of blood, both English and French escaped, from fear of a visit from the police Monsieur de la Bonnaye was the only one left, and he got a coach to convey our hero home, as he felt weakened by the loss of blood, though the wound was not dangerous. Monsieur de Bonnaye, a warm patriot, and a loquacious one withal, kept inveighing against the arrogance of the British all the way home. He said, "I am surprised that our cabinet can tolerate their haughtiness so long. If it depended on me, war should be declared to-morrow" This idea was balsam to Colas's wound. His mind was made up. He seized his friend's hand, and told him confidently "Be satisfied. In less than a fortnight, all the English shall be ordered to leave Paris, and war shall be declared." His friend smiled, and thought of the power of punch; Colas, however, was thinking of the power of Pauline. The whole of the next day he was forced to keep his bed, he had lost a good deal of blood, and was in a high fever. He wrote a line to Pauline, to inform her that illness prevented his waiting on her, not doubting but that she and the whole town were talking of his accident. There he was greatly mistaken, no one had thought of mentioning it. As soon as she could, Pauline invented an excuse for not waiting on the countess, and hurried over to the sick bed of her newly-adopted brother. Old Mark, Colas's faithful servant, one of Monsieur Larmes's legacies, discreetly withdrew to the door, to stand sentinel during the interview.

"How do you find yourself?" asked Pauline. "What is the matter? What has happened? Who is it that wounded you? What did you quarrel about? Does your physician allow you to talk? When did the affray take place? Where did it happen? Do you feel weak? Who is your physician?" and so on, with twenty more. Colas began at the very beginning, and took care to mention the pretty Julia in such a way as not to arouse any feeling of jealousy in his listener, and to let her see clearly that the Briton had insulted, attacked and nearly slain her devoted servant, through unfounded jealousy.

"Oh, the wretch!" cried she; "if he was a Frenchman, he should be sent off to the Bastille at once, but he is attached to the embassy. We must see a little what we can do."

"There is nothing to see about, dear Pauline; when I meet him, I shall run him through, or he shall me."

"A pretty way to make me comfortable! If you were unfortunate, I should never survive it; and if you killed him, you would have to leave us, and for ever."

"The best thing to be done is, to order all the English away. I hear the cabinet are undecided between war and peace. Cardinal Bernis is for peace, and so is Prince Soubise. You must have a talk with him. We must declare war against these arrogant islanders."

No sooner was war suggested, than it was approved of by both of them. Both rejoiced in the prospect of revenge, and perhaps it was pardonable in a lady so very much in love as she was, to be willing to destroy all England in revenge for her lover's blood having been shed.

The first time Pauline was alone with the prince, she led the conversation skilfully to the subject that engrossed her mind. "Do you know, prince," said she, "that young Rosier, the book-keeper, you were good enough to patronize, has sealed his devotion to you with his blood?"

"With his blood!" replied the astonished prince; "I have not heard a word of it." So Mademoiselle de Pons had to tell the whole story, omitting all mention of the pretty Julia, and of the blow on the nose, which was entirely too prosaic a circumstance to be admitted in a story wherein her lover figured as the hero. She gave the prince to understand that Colas's virtuous indignation had been awakened by the calumnies uttered against the prince and the marchioness; what the slanders were against him the prince was left to conjecture from what was said of Madame de Pompadour. Soubise was more particularly anxious to know what had been said about *him*. Pauline pretended confusion, as though she was ashamed to repeat anything so very improper; and the more obstinately she refused, the more was he convinced that the language of his slanderers must have been horrible. "And can you make common cause with such men, prince?" cried Pauline, "with men who laugh our country to scorn, and foully slander the most amiable of French noblemen, in the very heart of France?" The matter made so profound an impression on the prince, that he forgot to bestow on Pauline any of his unmeaning compliments. "But from whom did you learn all these particulars?" he asked. "Why, it is the talk of the whole city!" was the answer. "You, of course, would be the last to hear of it, as people would be unwilling, of course, that anything so unpleasant should reach your ears."

The prince covered her hand with grateful kisses. It is true he had been opposed to the war, because he was opposed to the Duke of Richelieu, who wanted the chief command of the army. But now his views were changed. To make sure of the facts, however, he sent for De Bonnaye, and ordered him to tell the whole story of the quarrel. The prince heard a confirmation of what Pauline had told him, but nothing that related to himself personally. He made further inquiries. De Bonnaye shrugged his shoulders and professed ignorance, but was malicious enough to hint, out of revenge against the Britons, that very probably he was spoken of still more abusively than the marchioness. The prince hurried to the Duc De Richelieu's.

"I have read your last memoir on the claims of England," said he, "and you have conquered me with the pen, as you will soon conquer the Britons with the sword. We must send the embassy home, and a declaration of war at their heels." The duke was astonished, but he embraced his late enemy, and they sat down to consider what was to be done to bring round the king and all the court. Prince Soubise undertook to win over Madame de Pompadour. This was no difficult task. The words of the Englishman, "there are a thousand prettier ones in London than your faded Pompadour," settled it at once.

Three days afterwards, the English embassy received their passports, and war was declared.

Mademoiselle de Pons received the first news of this important event from the mouth of the prince himself. She was ready to embrace him for joy. He saw her delight, and imagining it to proceed only from the overflowing of her affection for him, clasped her in his arms, and imprinted his first kiss on her lips. She checked him with a show of anger, which moderated his triumph but could not dispel his illusion. Colas received the news with joy. "Are you satisfied?" asked she, smiling.

"Surely!" was the answer, as he embraced her, "here is my all!—And yet, there is one thing—a patent of nobility. Then I shall be authorized to—." He did not finish the sentence, but Pauline understood him perfectly

The next time the prince lay at her feet, begging pardon for his rudeness, and asking if he had forfeited all claim to her regard, "Prince!" said the cunning beauty, "your talents and virtues will always secure my regard, but—do you know, I have of late been forced to doubt your generosity?"

"For heaven's sake, explain!"

"You were prompt enough at dismissing the haughty Englishmen, but have never wasted a thought on the gallant youth who shed his blood for you. I thought it very probable you would recommend him to the king for a patent of nobility, knowing his courage and good behaviour—but it seems he has been forgotten."

"Do you mean Rosier?"

"I mean the man who stepped forward to defend your honour, when every one else was silent; the man who yet suffers from the wounds he received in your cause."

"How severely and unjustly you judge me! If you had only asked, I would have told you that I have already taken steps for M. Rosier's obtaining not only a patent of nobility, but the cross of St Louis, and perhaps the papers are signed already"

Mademoiselle de Pons, completely taken in, advanced a step nearer to the prince, and said, "Then I have really done you injustice! it is now my turn to ask pardon." A reconciliation followed of course, and the prince, when he left, was ten times more smitten with her than ever. He did not forget that he had purchased this reconciliation with a small fib. He had never dreamed of doing anything for Rosier; but then, to win Pauline's smile, something must be done for that. The prince found it easy to persuade Madame de Pompadour that the handsome young man, who had defended her good name so gallantly, deserved the spurs of knighthood. And lo! the patent and the cross of St. Louis appeared. The book-keeper, with his children and his children's children, became one of France's nobles. A title of yesterday, however, is of small esteem, and a couple of louises will buy an old one at any time. A skilful herald, from the resemblance of the names Rosier and Rosni, traced his family back to that of the Duke of Sully, Baron de Rosni, and a family tree, whose roots sunk deep into the tenth century, grew up at once, for the washer-woman's son.

"What more do I want?" said he to himself, "I have plenty of ancestors and nothing is wanting but the children and children's children so particularly specified in the patent. I must see how these are to be obtained, for this is a matter which heraldry cannot help me."

(To be concluded in our next.)

ORIGINAL FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON.

Theatres—New pieces—Jack Sheppards—Knowles's new play.

For some time past the theatres have been, as worthy Master Shallow phrases it—"barren, marry, barren, barren!" Not that there has been any scarcity of "new pieces," and one or two of them have not been altogether destitute of merit and pleasantry in a small way, though bearing about the same proportion to the nobler and more permanent creations of the drama that a mushroom bears to an oak. The great majority, however, cannot be classed in the family of healthy *fungii*, but are rank, noxious, baleful—the unwholesome excrescences of weak, spongy, stagnant intellects. There are no less than FIVE "*Jack Sheppards*," the discreditable offshoots of a discreditable "romance" (!) by the author of "Rookwood"—exhibited, at the present time, at an equal number of minor theatres Doubtless you will, in due time, have one or two of those *morceaux* transmitted across the Atlantic, when you will have an opportunity afforded you of sympathizing with heroic housebreakers and tender prostitutes, and of witnessing brutal murders and daring burglaries perpetrated, "in prime style," by characters everyway worthy of such actions. Fierce passions and great crimes, and their fatal and retributive consequences, have ever formed the staple of the drama; but a deliberate exhibition of all that is mean, miserable, loathly, base, vile, and monstrous in man, is certainly a new mode of "holding, as it were, the mirror up to nature."

But enough of such despicable, tough, poisonous trash. Let us rather hasten to, and dwell upon, the healthy emanations of higher minds for nobler ends.

Two new five-act plays, the one entitled "*Love*," by James Sheridan Knowles, the other, "*The Sea-Captain, or the Birth-right*," by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, have been produced at nearly the same time, and both, we rejoice to say, have met with most unequivocal and decided success. This is gratifying, and as it should be. True, a few waspish partizans are endeavouring to elevate Knowles by depreciating Bulwer, and *vice versa*; but why should this be! Is not the world wide enough for us all! Let them study and imbue themselves with the spirit of my Uncle Toby's address to the fly. Success to both! There is little fear of their jostling each other in the boundless world of nature and of fashion; and though a man may feel a preference, it is not to say that he "loves Bulwer less because he loves Knowles (as a dramatist) more."

In noticing their respective efforts it is but just and proper to give the first place to the veteran author of Virginius. Knowles has *secured* to himself a high place in the ranks of British dramatic literature. The breath of popular applause, or the caprice of criticism, can *now* but little affect his station. All know that he has many faults, and deficiencies not a few; but then he has beauties and capabilities to make you forget both. Who thinks of his inverted phraseology, his abortive attempts at humour, and his laborious sprightliness, when they get into the full sweep of his pathos and his passion? And what man, for many a year, has made, in the noble province of the drama, so many and so good contributions to the national stock of intellectual enjoyment? True, he sometimes nods—nay sleeps, but so does Shakspeare; and his "Beggar of Bethnal Green," and "Brien Borombe," are to his better efforts what the "Comedy of Errours," and "Love's Labour Lost," are to the more wondrous creations of the unapproachable bard. But it would require pages to enter into a disquisition on his merits and dements—the former being in the proportion of ten to one—and, for the present, his present performance suffices.

Knowles's new play bears the brief and vague, though still attractive, title of "Love." "Love and Pride" would have been more to the purpose, had not Bulwer hit on that before in his Lady of Lyons; and, in truth, the relative positions of the principal parties in the two pieces are not very dissimilar, the peasant standing in pretty much the same position, though not at such an immeasurable distance, to the merchant's proud daughter in the one, that the serf does to the lovely and haughty countess in the other. We must, however, give a brief outline of the plot, studding and relieving the details thereof with such gems, in the shape of extracts, as come in the way.

The Duke of Carinthia, it appears, has a most fair daughter, the Countess of Eppenstein: he has also a handsome, valiant youth about his court, named Huon, who, although born a serf, has been reared, nurtured, and educated as a gentleman. The old duke, being long past the hey-day of his blood, has become oblivious that Cupid is a potent divinity; and never having had the good fortune to read Burns, to the effect that

> "Love will venture in,
> Where it dare na weel be seen,"

he most indiscreetly appoints the said Huon instructor or tutor to his fair daughter. They hear music and read poetry together—they are both young they have souls and eyes, and the natural consequences ensue—they look and love. The passion of the countess is repressed by pride, and that of Huon restrained by the deepest respect, and sense of his degraded station; not that he himself acknowledges the degradation, for he has the soul of a freeman, but he is fully sensible of the light in which he is viewed by others, and of the hopeless distance between himself and the lady of his love. When first discovered, Huon is reading to the countess. The book he reads is rather liberal for the age and country, and ventures to vindicate the common rights of men. The proud and sensitive, because self-conscious countess, warns the serf to "see her station," when he spiritedly, yet affectingly replies—

> *Huon.* "I cannot, for the fair
> O'ertopping height before.
> *Countess.* What height?
> *Huon.* Thyself!
> That towerest 'bove thy station!—Pardon me!
> O! wouldst thou set thy rank before thyself?
> Wouldst thou be honoured for thyself or that?
> *Rank that excels its wearer doth degrade*
> Riches impoverish that divide respect.
> O! to be cherished for oneself alone!
> To owe the love that cleaves to us to nought
> That fortune's summer—winter—gives or takes!
> To know that while we wear the heart and mind,
> Feature and form high heaven endow'd us with,
> Let the storm pelt us, or fair weather warm,
> We shall be lov'd! *Kings from their thrones cast down,*
> *Have blessed their fate that they were valued for*
> *Themselves and not their stations, when some knee,*
> *That hardly bowed to them in gratitude,*
> *Has kissed the dust before them, stripped of all!*"

The countess feels the truth and beauty of those sentiments, though she dares not acknowledge that she does so, and, to hide her love, carries her affected scorn to such a height as to humble the hapless and hopeless serf to the earth.

In the second act of the play a hawking excursion takes place; in the course of the sport a violent storm comes on, and Huon, taking shelter under a tree, is struck and stunned by the lightning. The smothered affection of the countess bursts forth; she is surrounded by close observers, and a few rather unequivocal expressions partially betray the secret she is so desirous to conceal, and creates suspicions which are not to be lulled by her subsequent affectation and indifference after the danger is over.

As soon as the duke is informed of this, the purblind but violent old gentleman becomes outrageous, and, not having studied the book above alluded to on the common rights of man, he determines, as the easiest way of settling the matter, to kill his serf at once, but is restrained by a wiser head than his own reminding him that such a procedure might kill his daughter also. He then fixes upon banishment, but is told that love may cause his daughter to share that banishment. Sadly puzzled at this, but determined on something desperate and deadly, he at last resolves upon matrimony, and determines to oblige Huon to wed Catherine, the daughter of a serf, in order that the countess's love may be changed into hatred

The hapless Huon is then summoned, and made acquainted with his lord's will and pleasure, with which, however, he resolutely refuses to comply. The duke then very deliberately unsheaths his sword, and gives Huon the choice of death or matrimony. He chooses the former, and desires his master to strike home. At this point the countess enters unperceived, and the duke finding that his serf rather courts death than shuns it, does not feel at all inclined to oblige him with his quietus, but allows him an hour for "calm!" (qy.) "reflection," threatening him at the same time that a bench and oar in the galleys shall be his portion in case of refusal, and then makes his exit. Huon calls after him—

——"My lord, come back!
My lord! what now my mind, be sure 'twill be
At th' end of the hour! of the day! of my life! My lord!
He does not hear, or will not! Most sweet cause
Of most insufferable misery.
Wouldst thou not weep at this? *Couldst thou look on*
And keep pride sitting in thy woman's eye—
The proper throne of pity—which for me,
The melting queen has yet refused to fill;
But to a stern usurper all abandoned!
Wouldst thou not weep?"

The countess then interposes, and inquires the cause of this violent outburst of grief and passion. Huon hands her the paper contracting him to Catherine to read. The conflict which takes place in the bosom of the haughty lady is terrible. At last, after a violent struggle, she gives way, and exclaims—

——"*Huon, I die!*
Huon. Heavens!—Mercy!
Countess. (*bursting into tears*) It is over!
Do not speak to me! Let my tears flow on!
Huon. Flow they for me?
Countess. I told you not to speak.
Huon. Sweet heaven! your voice is tears;
Your looks are tears; your air, your motions, all
Are tears! floods! floods! to those that course your cheeks,
And fall more bright than diamonds on the hands
Which now I clasp to thee in supplication,
That thou wilt deign this once vouchsafe me audience,
To give my fatal passion vent before thee—
For years pent up within my wretched breast—
And then I'm mute for ever!
Countess. Huon, peace!
I *know* thou lov'st me.
Huon. Thou know'st it, dost thou?
And say'st it!—and mildly say'st it!
Not with a tone of scorn—not with a threat,
Nor accent yet of cold indifference
For the poor serf who, body, soul, and all,
Not being worth a tithe of thee, yet dares
To love thee!—dares to wish for thee!—yes, wish,
Although he knows thee out of reach of him
As the sun!—as the stars—a million, million times
Beyond the sun! The poor despised serf,
Despised of himself—of thee—of every one—
Thou see'st he loves thee, and thou deign'st to say it!
Say it with pity, *with most tender pity!*
Behold'st him kneeling at thy feet, and know'st
The passion throws him there, and suffer'st him
To stay there!—Let him *die* there! Let him die
At thy feet!"

This is worthy of the author of the "Hunchback"—of the author of the scene between Julia and Clifford. There may not, it is true, be much of measured melody in the versification, but it is instinct with life and passion. Huon speaks like a man who is thinking more of his mistress than of how many syllables go to the formation of a line of blank verse.

The countess, in order to save the life of Huon, exacts a promise from him that he will obey her in whatever she may command The devoted lover pledges his word, and she requires of him his signature to the paper, and assent to the marriage with Catherine. Huon is thunder-stricken, but his pledge is given, and the marriage is solemnized in the strictest privacy, by a monk of the countess's selection, no one being present (the duke has been seized with a sudden fit of illness) except Huon and the *closely veiled* bride and bridesmaid. Immediately after the completion of the ceremony, Huon mounts horse, leaves a widowed bride behind him, gallops no one knows whither, and the "places that have known him know him no more." The curtain falls on the death of the old duke and the despair of the countess.

Between the third and fourth act, a considerable space of time is supposed to have elapsed, and Time has wrought his usual changes Huon, on his departure, had entered the service of the Empress of Austria, and by courage and conduct had surmounted all the obstacles which lay between him and fame and honour. He is now the favourite knight of the empress, and travels in her suite to the scenes of his love and degradation, in order to be present at a tournament which has to take place, in which, by the will of the late duke, the most successful knight is entitled to claim the hand of the countess. Some fine scenes ensue. The change in Huon is well described by the countess.

"He comes! Who stops him thus untimely? Oh,
How changed he is! The fiery hardihood
Of the life he hath of late made consort of,
Hath given another spirit to his eyes
His face is cast anew, as circumstance
Could alter Nature's modelling, and work
Improvery on her mould. Is that the man
Was once my father's serf, and I did scorn?
Fell ever at my wayward frown that brow?
Or stoop'd that knee, for me, to kiss the ground?
Would they do it now? Fell ever at my feet
That form, as prostrate as the hand of death
Had struck it to the floor? 'Twould take that hand
To lay it now there—and a wave of mine
Had done it once! If he confesses hold
Of any other, never shall he learn
His hold of me! but if he strives in love,
I bless my stars I have the 'vantage ground."

A noble scene follows. The countess elicits from Huon a confession of his past and present love for her, and then at last bursts forth the long-stifled avowal.

——"'Twas heart for heart!
I loved thee ever! Yes, the passion now
Thrills on the woman's tongue, the girl's had told thee
Had I been bold as fond!"

This candid confession, which the lady doubtless anticipates will throw her lover into most unequivocal raptures, is met by Huon, whose secret marriage hangs heavy on him, with the chilling word "misery!" The countess, who, having her own reasons for thinking little of this obstacle, and forgetting that Huon is not in her secret, is stung to madness by his dejection and supposed coldness She reproaches him with being false to his vows to her, with entertaining a secret passion for the empress, and, (most unworthily,) with the baseness of his birth. This arouses his strong yet gentle nature, and he finely says—

"Madam! men's natures are
Their blood—they have no other, high or low.
If base the current hitherto of mine,
It ceased with me. Born in thy father's house
A serf, I left it one, to seek my fortune,
Make it or mar it, for promotion having
No other patron than my own right arm,
And my own heart and head to guide and nerve it;
And with their help I see that house again,
An independent, self-exalted man;
While many a son, who left a noble home,
With blood untainted for a thousand years,
Returns to it no better than he left it.
Is my blood base?"
Countess.—No, Huon! mine was base
To let me call it so.

And then she touchingly adds—

Alas! alas!
And hast no better welcome for my love
Than that sad word thou spok'st?"

At the commencement of the fifth act, the heart-broken countess seeks an interview with the empress, and, while the tournament for her hand is going on behind the scenes, lays her coronet at the empress's feet, and avows her intention of ending her life in a nunnery. Before taking leave, however, of worldly passions and feelings, she reproaches the empress with having withdrawn from her the affections of Huon. The empress answers in rather an equivocal strain, declaring that it is her intention that Huon should marry. The countess declares that he shall not, and, at last, on the Prince of Milan's entering to claim her hand as the successful competitor in the lists, she owns that *she* is married to Huon, unknown to him—that his veiled bride was Catherine the countess, instead of Catherine the serf. Of course an abundance of joy, gratitude, etc. etc. is the result of this declaration. Huon is elevated in rank by the empress, and the piece concludes amid an overflow of love and happiness, to the satisfaction of all parties, the audience included, who testified their sense of the pleasure they had derived from the production by the most rapturous approval, and uproarious vociferations for the author. Mr. Knowles, however, seeing how matters were likely to go, had, like a discreet man, effected a retreat from the theatre, thus escaping the necessity of bowing and returning thanks for the obligation *he* had conferred.

THE SEA-CAPTAIN, OR THE BIRTH-RIGHT

Such is the title of the author of Pelham's new production. The scene is laid in the south-west of England, on the romantic shores of Devon, about the time when

——"Raleigh's fame,
The new world's marvels made of old men heroes,
And young men dreamers!"

and the plot, which is rather winding and intricate, is worked out with much skill, and considerable knowledge of stage effect Indeed, whatever may be Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's deficiencies in other respects, a want of acquaintance with that somewhat mechanical but very essential requisite, stage effect, is not one of them. His incidents are for the most part judiciously managed, and his characters grouped with the eye of an artist. In his plays, and still more so in his novels, we are dragged resistlessly over improbabilities, ay, and impossibilities too, by the mere management and fascination of the story. In the present instance, the action hinges upon the doings of an always unpleasing and repulsive character, whether in reality or imagination—an unnatural mother. In so far, Sir Edward has been unfortunate in the selection of this portion of his materials. An unnatural mother is the greatest discord in nature; and however circumstances may plead in extenuation, no skill can effectively relieve, no poetry spiritualize the deformity of her character.

We have not space for the details of the plot, but it may suffice to say that the Lady of Arundel, in early life, contracts a secret marriage far beneath her station. Her husband is murdered by a pirate named Gaussen; and the boy, after an attempt on his life also by a poor relative, (in whose way he stands,) or as he himself describes himself—

——"A beggarly poor cousin!
Up from the cradle, a poor beggarly cousin!
Butt for my lord—convenience for my lady—
Jibe for the lackey."

is brought up in secret by an old priest. A wayfaring mariner visits their dwelling; his tales of distant climes begule the boy, and he leaves the priest's quiet roof for the ocean, and eventually becomes a sea-captain. In the meantime, the Lady of Arundel has contracted another marriage in her own sphere of life; her lord dies, and leaves her a son, on whom she doats, and whom she brings up before the world as the rightful heir, to the exclusion of her first-born. Of her second son she says—

"I have high hopes for Ashdale—bright desires—
Wild schemes—the last son of a race whose lords
Have sought their mates beside the hearth of kings,
He stands before me as a dream of glory
Haunting some young ambition; and mine eyes
Pierce to the future, when those bones are dust,
And see him princelest of the lion tribe,
Whose swords and coronals gleam round the throne.
The guardian stars of the imperial isle.
Kings shall revere his mother."

In the course of events, therefore, when the pretensions of her eldest son are likely to reveal her early indiscretion, and blast the hopes of her darling, the unnatural passion is developed, and various violent attempts are made to obtain possession of and destroy the proofs of Norman's birth. In a moment of self-abandonment, however, produced by her first-born's noble conduct, she owns him for her son—retraction, or the desire of retraction comes too late—and the "proud Ashdale" is suddenly converted into the "younger brother" This his haughty, or rather petty spirit cannot brook, and matters have a very stormy appearance, when every thing is at last satisfactorily settled by the signal generosity of Norman, who waives his claim in favour of his younger brother. This sketch gives but a very faint idea of the intricacies of a plot in which, in addition to the above materials, three great instruments of mischief, —a priest, a pirate, and a pretty young lady—are mingled There are also ruins, moonlight, murder, intended assassination, and other exciting causes, to keep alive the attention of an audience, and in this at least the author succeeded to admiration, the applause being most hearty and enthusiastic.

But it would be unjust to infer that this was all at which he aimed, or in which he succeeded. The play abounds in beautiful and striking passages. The hero, too, is a fine, gallant fellow; but it must be admitted that the heroine is a rather commonplace heroine; that is, she is a miracle of beauty and virtue, but, alas! somewhat insipid withal

We must, however, find space for an extract or two; and first.

A SAILOR'S LOVE.

"Lady,
Ye who have dwelt upon the sordid land,
Amidst the everlasting gloomy war
Of poverty with wealth—ye cannot know
How we, the wild sons of the ocean, mock
At men who fret out life with care of gold.
O the fierce sickness of the soul—to see
Love bought and sold—and all the heaven-roofed temple
Of God's great globe, the money-change of Mammon!
I dream of love, enduring faith, a heart
Mingled with mine—a deathless heritage
Which I can take unsullied to the stars,
When the Great Father calls his children home;—
And in the midst of this Elysian dream,
Lo, gold—the demon Gold!—alas! the creeds
Of the false land!"

In the following pleasant invitation, the worthy captain, with professional forgetfulness, altogether overlooks the unpleasant effects of "gales" at sea upon young ladies

"My bark shall be our home:—
The gale shall chant our bridal melodies;
The stars that light the angel palaces
Of air, our lamps;—our floor the crystal deep
Studded with sapphires sparkling as we pass;—
Our roof all heaven."

In addition to his sea-picture, Norman gives the following glowing description of the south-western portion of the new world

"Nay, be soothed, and think
Of the bright lands within the western main,
Where we will build our home, what time the seas
Weary the gaze;—there the broad palm-tree shades
The soft and delicate light of skies as fair
As those that slept on Eden;—Nature there,
Like a gay spendthrift in his flush of youth,
Flings her whole treasure in the lap of Time
On turfs by fairies trod, the eternal Flora
Spreads all her blooms; and from a lake-like sea
Woos to her odorous haunts the western wind!
While, circling round and upward from the boughs,
Golden with fruits that lure the jovous birds,
Melody, like a happy soul released,
Hangs in the air, and from invisible plumes
Shakes sweetness down."

But our space prevents the indulgence of further quotation. At the fall of the curtain, there was a tremendous call for "Bulwer!" When is this absurd, vulgar, and annoying custom to have an end? In the present instance, however, it was quite impossible for the gods in the galleries to resist the temptation of seeing a baronet bow from the boxes.

C.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Fall of Aztalan, and other poems. By A. Alexander, Esq., Washington. Published by W. M. Morrison.

This poem, as we learn from the preface, supposes the existence of a comparatively enlightened people upon the western shores of our continent, at a period long anterior to its discovery by Columbus, and in a locality which, though in other respects entirely arbitrary and fanciful, is not materially different from that to which the inquiries of Humboldt and others seem to have determined the original residence of the Tezteque and Azteque tribes. These traditionary fathers of the aboriginal races of Central America are supposed to have come from the north, impelled probably by some great civil or natural catastrophe, and to have established themselves in that beautiful region, where they founded and bequeathed a name to the present city of Mexico. More recent inquiries have traced these apparent vestiges of ancient civilization in other and widely distant parts of the same continent; and the classical name of Aztalan, or Aztlan, has been transferred, at will, from the vicinity of the gulfs of California and Mexico to the shores of the northern lakes Upon these dim traditions our author has founded his poem; and he has truly displayed no ordinary degree of creative power and poetical art His versification, though irregular, is melodious; and he occasionally displays a mastery of language not often equalled. We assure our readers that this work is infinitely superior to nine-tenths of the volumes of original poetry that have appeared during the last five years. The following we give as a specimen of the versification:

"And they have gone—they twain— their only guide
Love, the all-trusting, o'er the pathless tide:
And if 'tis easier for the faithful heart
To dare, toil, die—do anything than part,
Safe shall they roam; for they at least shall be
Spared from that last, that worst necessity;
Not all unblest to find, where'er they range,
The heart still changeless where all else is change!
And though tradition, through its dim-eyed lore,
Their prosperous course to happier climes explore,
We will not urge the theme with fruitless quest;—
Enough to know they lived, and loved, and rest!—
Life's chief conditions in their lot fulfill'd,
The heart which throbb'd, the hand which toil'd are still'd,
And all their fate beyond to fame unknown,
Must rest as darkly as must once our own.
But that fair coast from which they urged their flight,
How sank on Aztalan the fatal night?
Did one wild burst the sudden doom declare
Of myriads wakening to a brief despair,
Or swelling floods devolve their gradual strength,
Where hope might strive awhile, to sink at length?
All this remains untold—the sullen deep
Rolls dark and voiceless o'er their final sleep.
And vain the hope from earth, or wind, or wave,
To wrest th' all-dreaded secret of the grave,
Till death itself those solemn truths unsphere,
Whose fleeting shadows idly mock us here!"

Memoir of the late Charles Mathews. By Mrs. Mathews. Vols. third and fourth. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

The first two volumes of this work were given to the American public some five or six months since, and we took occasion at that time to express our very favourable opinion of the work. It abounds in anecdote, interesting reminiscence, exciting incident, and delightful sketches of character. The anecdotes of Incledon are inimitably amusing. The letters of Mathews, and the whole tenour of his life, give a view of his character truly honourable to his memory. Mrs. Mathews has executed her biographical task with much ability, and left us little to wish for in addition to the ample details she has presented. There is no species of biography more instructive to the student of human nature than that of individuals connected with the stage. The "Life of Mathews" must always occupy a conspicuous rank among works of this class

The Governess. By Lady Blessington. In two vols. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

We look upon this as much the best novel that has yet appeared from the pen of Lady Blessington. Some of the scenes are quite sprightly and entertaining, and the characters are life-like and neatly sketched We have never been among the admirers of this lady's writings, but if she continues to give such evidences of progressive improvement as we find in the work before us, we do not doubt we shall in time regard them as very tolerable.

Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque. By Edgar A. Poe. In two vols. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

The title of this volume faithfully characterizes the contents. To the lovers of imaginative writing, it may be commended as one of the most extraordinary and original works of the day. Mr. Poe is a man of true genius. His sketch entitled "Ligeia," in this work, is quite equal to any of the minor prose pieces of Bulwer. We have not had time to peruse the whole of the work, but that which we have read has been sufficient to convince us that the book is a good book, and one honourable to American talent. We commend it heartily to the public.

Mrs. Mason's republication of British Reviews and Magazines.

We have frequently had occasion to call the attention of the public to those admirable reprints of the best British Magazines and Reviews. They continue to be issued in handsome style and with remarkable promptitude and regularity; and we are glad to learn that they enjoy a widely-extended and prosperous circulation. The late numbers of Blackwood's Magazine and Bentley's Miscellany have been unusually rich. The plates in the American edition of the latter work are quite equal to those in the London.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received from a Philadelphia correspondent a long article in reply to our remarks upon the new Opera-house. We must decline publishing them, for they unite the defects of bad argument and bad writing.—"Flutter," *who dates from Washington, is assured that his communications will be acceptable if they are sprightly without malice and personality.—The fashionable intelligence to which he alludes is, we have reason to believe, unfounded.*—"T." *is informed that we have already devoted our columns liberally to the discussion of the subject of "international copyright." He mistakes us widely in supposing us inimical, in the remotest degree, to the measure We shall have no occasion for the contributions, in verse, of* "Y. R." "Ella," "Hyperion," "Schiller," and "R. Z."—*The* "Patroon and his Vassals" *is inadmissible. The story is redeemed neither by its wit nor its truth. We have not attended the lectures to which* "O." *directs our attention, but have no doubt of their popularity.—We welcome back to our columns the author of* "Yankee Notions." *His sketches are always admirable.*—"S. T." *shall hear from us in our next.*

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1839.

Hotels.—Our office is located within the vicinity of two of the best hotels in this country; and, if we may take the concurrent testimony of foreigners, anywhere else—we allude to the Astor House and the American Hotel. The first of these establishments is still kept by that *trio* of good fellows, Boyden, Coleman and Stetson; and the latter by Mr. Cozzens, of blessed West Point memory. Correspondents frequently inquire to which of these houses we give the preference, and the object of this paragraph is merely to say—to neither. They are both as good as can be, and are both generally crowded. All we would recommend is simply this: when you find one full, try the other; and if both have as many as can be accommodated, try somewhere else. This city has many good hotels. The *Globe*, kept by Mr. Blancard, is a superiour house, equal to either of the above; and so is the *Waverley*, kept by Mr. Reid. The *City-Hotel* is likewise a first-rate concern; and there are others in New-York as good as heart would desire. This is the case also in our sister cities. There's Sanderson's Merchants' Hotel in Philadelphia. Did you ever put up at Sanderson's? If not, when next you go to Philadelphia, stop there. You will find it everything as you could wish it. Warm baths, clean beds, aired sheets, white as snow, comfortable rooms, attentive servants, an excellent table, choice wines, and the most considerate and polite of hosts. Besides, Sanderson has a neat cab, of his own invention too, to drive you to any quarter of the town you may desire to visit. We say go to Sanderson's—although we like Head's Hotel, which deserves its wide-spread popularity. Then there's the Eutaw House at Baltimore—Gadsby's at Washington, and the Tremont at Boston, all capital houses. But we have not space to mention all the other establishments in the country, so put a period to this paragraph with the promise to refer again to the subject one of these days—after our travelling correspondents have had an opportunity of testing the accuracy of the information given above.

National prejudices.—We learn from the Boston Transcript that Dr. O. W. Holmes has recently delivered a lecture before the Franklin Institute of that city, on the subject of national prejudice. It was entertaining and instructive, brilliant, and satirical, abounding in sterling good sense, pleasant raillery, and chaste eloquence. After alluding to the prejudice against other nations which existed among the ancient Greeks and Romans, and remarking that white men of the present day paint the devil black, while black men paint him white, the lecturer said that as time would only permit him to amplify on a single instance of this ridiculous folly, he would cite England and France, and confine his observations to those two countries. The English and French were so near each other that, like two bullies, they were always quarrelling. The English always spoke of the French with the utmost contempt. An English writer said, sometime previous to the French Revolution, "I hate the French because they are slaves, and wear wooden shoes." But when Frenchmen, rising in their might, thought fit to cast off their shackles, and sweep away some of the gaudy tinsel that surrounded and oppressed them, John Bull seemed to hate them with more than a double hatred. The Republic found as little favour with England as it did with the more despotic powers of Europe. They still maintained that the French were their natural enemies. The doctor believed that Americans inherited a share of these prejudices, and had no doubt that many of his well-meaning countrymen suppose that a Frenchman is a man who wears frogs on his surtout and eats them; that he wears a wig, and is generally very old; that the Englishman, who is a tremendous fellow with his fist, always knocks him down, and is sure to make him fall flat on his back; that he can fiddle, cook, and dance, and hides his want of linen by a profusion of ruffles! Dr. Holmes proceeded in a most amusing style, illustrating his subject by apposite anecdotes and allusions. Why do not some of our societies invite the doctor to repeat his lecture in this city?

Album writing.—That species of bore, known as an album, appears to be going out of fashion. There was a time, when it was unsafe for a man suspected of literature to appear among ladies of a certain hue and age. Now the victim is let off with an autograph. The change is to be commended.

Mr. Simmons.—The lectures of this gentleman at Clinton-Hall upon Shakspeare, have, we are glad to perceive, been eminently successful. Mr. Simmons is unequalled as an elocutionist, and as a writer of pure, vigorous English—of "English undefiled," we know not his superiour in the country.

Winter fashions.—A fair correspondent asks us for the winter fashions. We can only refer to the Court Gazette for an answer to her request. That authentic journal of the latest date says:—"Short cloaks for the evening are now confirmed in public favour. They are generally of light colours, and trimmed with fur or swansdown. We have seen some with a little flounce of the same material as the cloak itself. Evening dresses are beginning to be trimmed with narrow fur, generally ermine—swansdown is frequently seen. Velvet *épinglé* is much seen. We lately saw a dress of this material trimmed with lace and satin, the corsage *à pointe*, also trimmed with satin, and the sleeves with the same, and *engageants* of point lace. Bonnets of *épinglé* velvet are now the most fashionable wear; they are trimmed principally with plumes of fancy colours; edged with different colours from that of the plume itself. Sometimes there are three or even four shades of colour in the plumes. Flowers are also much seen on bonnets; they are worn long, descending at the sides to the shoulders. Lace is also worn: and the Victoria bonnet is of velvet, covered with lace. A new mode for evening head-dresses is a turban formed of white and black lace veils; they are formed into various shapes, and are trimmed with flowers. When they have been worn once or twice the work is undone, and the veil is just as serviceable as before. Lace scarfs are employed in the same way. We spoke so fully last week respecting the winter fashions, that we have but little novelty to describe at present. Ball dresses for the winter have not altogether been decided on. The season is as yet too early; when the town begins to fill, we shall be able to speak fully on this important head."

M. Alexandre.—We invite the particular attention of our readers to the letter, which we publish in another column of this day's paper, from M. Alexandre Vattemare, the distinguished ventriloquist and cosmopolitan. The system of exchange, of which he has the honour to be the founder, has proved highly successful in Europe, and M. Alexandre has derived from it a far more lasting and enviable reputation than he could have derived from any professional display. If the friendship of the good, the great, and the wise of the old world afford a man any claim to the good-will and respect of our citizens, then is M. Alexandre entitled to a patient and candid hearing. He was the friend and favourite of Walter Scott, of Goethe, and of Retzch, and brings from them testimonials to his worth of the most complimentary description. Alexandre does not look to pecuniary emolument in his efforts to introduce his system here. His labours are obviously disinterested. We sincerely hope, that Congress will bestow upon the subject the attention which it merits; and we trust that M. Alexandre, should he visit Washington, will meet with those courtesies, which are his due, both as a stranger and a man of sterling worth and intelligence.

Victoria and Prince Albert.—The subject of the engagement of Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg and Queen Victoria is, of course, the prevailing matter of gossip in the English prints. The accredited story is, that the parents of this youth, with praiseworthy prudence, placed him when a mere boy under the care of the Duchess of Kent at Kensington palace, and that, as a natural consequence, a youthful intimacy sprang up between him and the future sovereign. At the coronation of Victoria, Albert was on the spot, but his hopes had not yet ripened into confirmation. He left England, and travelled on the continent. On returning home he found a present from the queen awaiting him. It was her likeness, splendidly executed by Chalon. Putting this and that together, our "young Lochinvar" determined to be off to England and there to pop the question. He did so, was accepted, and now, as it is authentically-asserted, the nuptials will be celebrated in May next, when Albert will undoubtedly be the most envied young man in Europe, among those who find their happiness in wealth, title, rank and equipage.

Regulation of omnibuses.—We learn from the newspapers, that the omnibuses of this city have been recently presented as a *nuisance* by the grand jury. They are truly, in many respects, worthy of the name; and a thorough and efficient reform ought certainly to be made in the present system. A perfect contempt for the convenience both of passengers and pedestrians appears to be manifested by the drivers of these cumbrous vehicles. When the streets are covered with mud, the driver, instead of bringing up his carriage to the curb-stone, independently stops in the middle of the street, and suffers you to wade through the puddles in order to obtain admission. Above all, the custom of racing should be stopped. We are glad that the grand jury have taken this matter in hand. We hope proper measures will be taken to prevent these superfluous abuses.

Moore, Knowles, and Bulwer.—We have been indebted to the "New World" newspaper for the first American editions of the recent works of these distinguished authors. We give to-day liberal extracts from the plays of the last two. Moore's poem of "Alciphron" appears to be a paraphrase merely of "The Epicurean." It is beautifully versified, and not inferiour as a poem to the best productions of the author. What will our publishers say to these cheap newspaper republications of the best current literature of the day? Will they not join with us in the petition for an international copyright law?

Miss Vandenhoff.—We see that the newspapers all over the Union are copying the productions of this young lady, that have appeared in the Mirror. Her verses have been extensively popular.

Holidays.—The holidays are near at hand; and the usual preparations are making for their celebration. The good old customs will be maintained in all their spirit.

NATURE IS OUR MOTHER.

A SONG—THE WORDS BY T. CAMBRIA JONES—THE MUSIC BY GEORGE H. THOMSON.

ANDANTE—LEGATO.

Na-ture is our mo-ther— She is pure and free—When fond hearts love each o-ther, Ne-ver part them, let them be. Lean thy head up-on me—Let thy true heart beat to mine, And ev'-ry pulse shall tell thee mine is thine, and on-ly thine. Yes, ev'-ry pulse shall tell thee mine is thine, and on - ly thine.

ESPRESS. *p* *p* 8va 8va 8va 8va *fz* Retard Rall. Retard. *mf*

2d—Nature is our mother,
Ever good and kind;

She bids us love each other,
With a firm unchanging mind.

When hearts tarry single,
They but wither, fret and pine;

For hearts were made to mingle,
Dearest, thus like thine and mine—Yes, hearts, etc.

MISCELLANY.

FROM THIS HOUR THE PLEDGE IS GIVEN.

From this hour the pledge is given,
From this hour my soul is thine:
Come what will, from earth or heaven,
Weal or wo, thy fate be mine.
When the proud and great stood by thee,
None dared thy rights to spurn;
And, when now they're false and fly thee,
Shall I, too, basely turn!
No;—whate'er the fires that try thee,
In the same this heart shall burn.

Though the sea, where thou embarkest,
Offers now no friendly shore,
Light may come where all looks darkest,
Hope hath life, when life seems o'er.
And of those past ages dreaming,
When glory deck'd thy brow,
Oft I fondly think, though seeming
So fall'n and clouded now,
Thou'lt again break forth, all beaming—
None so bright, so blest as thou!

Recollections of the revolution.—"Sally St. Clair was a beautiful, dark-eyed, creole girl. The whole treasury of her love was freely poured out to Sergeant Jasper, who, on one occasion, had the good fortune to save her life. The prospects of their separation almost maddened her. To sever her long jetty ringlets from her exquisitely formed head, to dress in male attire, to enrol in the corps to which he belonged, and follow his fortunes in the wars, unknown to him, was a resolution no sooner conceived than taken. . . . In the camp she attracted no particular attention except on the night before the battle, when she was noticed bending over his couch like a good and gentle spirit, as if listening to his dreams. . . . The camp was surprised and a fierce conflict ensued. The lovers were side by side in the thickest of the fight; but, in endeavouring to turn away a lance aimed at the heart of Jasper, the poor girl received it in her own, and fell bleeding at his feet. After the victory, her name and sex were discovered, and there was not a dry eye in the corps when Sally St. Clair was laid in her grave, in a little green shady nook, that looked as if it had been stolen out of Paradise, not far from the river Santee."—*Tales of Marion's Men.*

A quandary.—An editor without anything in his head or the pigeon-hole, with the *devil* at his back, singing out "*copy.*"

The people getting too learned.—We understand that a memorial from a number of respectable individuals in the parish of C——, in East Lothian, was lately presented to the heritors, requesting the use of the school-room, at certain hours, when it was otherwise unoccupied, for public lectures. To this reasonable request the heritors thought proper to give a decided refusal, the grounds of which may readily be guessed at when we mention that one of the two persons who constituted the meeting at which the memorial was received, was the minister of the parish, who, a few days previous, was heard to remark, when talking with another on the proposed lectures, that "he thought the people were getting far too learned." If by being "too learned" the reverend gentleman means that the people are beginning to see through the hollow professions and selfish designs of the state clergy, he is probably not very far wrong.—*Scotsman.*

Boz.—At the dinner of the Artists' Benevolent Society, Sir David Wilkie in a single sentence said more in praise of Dickens, and more to the purpose, than any of his thousand-and-one critics. "He has made," said Sir David, "a kind of Doric of our vernacular." This is a kind of picturing in which we scarcely expected the great artist to excel. But, in truth, Wilkie is a good speaker: we cannot describe him as eloquent; but he has a firm, fine voice, sufficient self-possession, a clear and emphatic enunciation, and, of course, a large and comprehensive mind. The materials which make an orator he, therefore, has; and, it is more than probable that, if he had been early called upon to exercise this art, instead of that of which he is a master, he would have arrived at distinction in it. So true it is, according to the highest authority, that "Genius is nothing more than a large mind accidentally directed into some particular channel."

Sublime and affecting.—We find the following sentence in an exchange paper. It describes the heroine of a story, who had just recovered from a fainting fit:—"And rising to her feet with a majestic mien, and a smile of angelic sweetness, she seated herself by the tea-urn, and performed the honours of her uncle's table to the satisfaction of all concerned."

Manners.—In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries good manners required that persons of different sexes, when invited to parties, should sit down in couples, and that each couple should have one plate between them. In families one goblet was deemed sufficient for all, and St. Bernard was disinherited by his father, who was affected by the leprosy, for having wiped the edge of the goblet before he drank.

What consummate folly.—Half a dozen brothers, four uncles, and a gray-headed father, trying to stop a young girl from getting married to the man she loves, and who loves her, just as if rope-ladders were out of date and all the horses in the world spavined!

Artistical jokes.—When Etty and Stanfield were at Venice, *it is said* that the former, in a fit of abstraction, looking at one of the palaces, fell into a *canal*, upon which the wits there called him *Canal Etty.* Stanfield, who pulled him out, they called *Dragonetti.* When George the Fourth had determined to make Sir John Leicester a peer, he asked, "What title he wished to take?" "*De Tabley,*" was the reply. "Not so," said the king, "call him *Lord de Tableau,*" alluding to his great patronage of art.

The schoolmaster abroad.—The Vermont schoolmasters are up to a thing or two in the way of their duty. One of them lately flogged an unruly damsel attending his school, and to whom he was engaged. He said, "though he kissed her as a lover, it was his duty to lick her as her tutor." He'll catch it when she comes to monopolize the "unmentionables."

DICTIONARY.

Society.—So as I, eat ye.—This derivation is at once obvious and striking. There can be no bonds of union or community of feeling without similarity of action and daily practice. This is, if you wish to be social with me, as I do *so shall* you. If you would cultivate my society, so as I, eat ye—or in more words, your habits of acting, feeling and thinking, must be like mine. Some take this word from, *so as I at tea.*

Community.—Come you in at tea, is the derivation of this word. It need scarcely be said that it originated at old women's tea parties, and its force and meaning are obvious.

Honourable.—Owe ne'er a bill, owe never a bill, or *never owe a bill.* That is, never contract one, or pay it as soon as reasonably due.

Friend.—Derived from *farther end,* whence came far-end, friend From an ancient custom of a rich man's arranging his guests at his table: first his relations, then his companions, and at the *farther end* of the table, all those who visited him out of mere respect, love and admiration of him, and his good living. Hence called by the waiters *far ends,* and finally by another contraction, *friends.*

Charitable.—From *cheer at the table,* not as some will have it, *chair at the table,* as if the cruel and heartless used to compel the poor to eat on the floor, while the kind and benevolent gave them a *chair at the table,* and were thence called charitable We think its derivation is rather, *cheer at the table,* from the fact that the truly benevolent are never satisfied, till they have given the indigent and starving the means of obtaining all the comforts of life

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George P. Scott, Printer, corner of Gold and John-streets

Yours affectionately
C M Sedgwick

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THE ENGRAVING.

PORTRAIT OF MISS SEDGWICK.

We have the satisfaction of presenting the readers of the New-York Mirror with the accompanying excellent engraving, after a painting by Ingham, of one of the most distinguished female writers of the age—Miss Sedgwick. The writings of this lady are to our country what those of Maria Edgeworth are to England and Ireland. Miss Sedgwick is, perhaps, at this time the most popular writer of fiction amongst us. Her works have been extensively circulated both in the United States and Great Britain. They aim at higher ends than the mere imparting of interest by the arts and graces of fiction. A pure and lofty moral is visible throughout; and while we admire the intellectual energy displayed in her writings, we cannot omit also to bear testimony to the excellence of the great principles which they so attractively and forcibly inculcate.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATIONS.

WHO GOVERNS?

BY HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

CHAPTER VII.—THE VEIL.

Many a courtier was astonished at the good fortune of our hero, who had commenced his career as a poor clerk, and was now raised from his obscurity into the illustrious ranks of nobility. Not that such things were unusual at that time—far from it—but people could not see *how* it was done; he had no declared patron or patroness; he did not wait in antechambers, nor pay court to any influential beauty. No one ever thought of Mademoiselle Pauline, for she was a poor orphan, occupying a subordinate station in a family which could boast of no influence at court. Cardinal Bernis, after a good deal of watching, succeeded in finding out that Prince Soubise took a particular interest for Monsieur de Rosier, and though he could not tell why, and though there was no visible connexion between them, still it was evident he must have some influence over the prince. The cardinal, therefore, who took every possible opportunity of advancing his own interest, deigned to let a gracious regard fall on our Colas He sent for him. "Monsieur de Rosier, I have long admired your brilliant capacity. You are destined to an elevated position, and I take pleasure in promoting your progress to it. Here is your nomination as a councillor of state. Your duties will be henceforth in my department." Colas was profuse in expressions of gratitude, but thought all the while of Pauline.

"By no means!" said she. "So long as you were nobody, you had no friends but me; but now you are somebody, you need me no longer. The beginning is everything. I should not wonder if you should get to be count, duke, and minister yet."

The greatest advantage of all these promotions was, that it gave him an opportunity of seeing Pauline oftener. As a nobleman and high officer of state, he was gladly received at Count d'Oron's parties, and would have been welcome as a suitor for her hand. But he was too wise to inflame the jealousy of Prince Soubise, who could crush him in a moment; so he enjoyed his good fortune with prudence. Pauline and he met very frequently, but they were too good diplomatists to betray the terms on which they stood to each other. It was only in her snug boudoir that they talked freely of all they did, said, heard, or saw.

"Colas," said she, "did you notice the young countess of Stareberg at the ball last night—she was the prettiest woman in the room."

"I did—she was almost worth looking at, even in your presence."

"But did you see her splendid veil close? It is fairly magical; the most perfect, exquisite thing I ever laid my eyes on. There is nothing to be compared to it in all Paris. Oh, if I only had such a veil as that!"

Colas answered smiling, "It is not the only one in the whole world, I suppose? I will ask the Austrian ambassador where his daughter-in-law bought it, and what it cost. You shall have one exactly like it."

"Ah, good Colas," sighed Pauline, "you are a poor judge of its value While we were looking at it and admiring it, the countess told us it was a present from the empress-queen. There are only three such veils in the world. The second is worn by the empress herself, and the third was probably never meant for me."

"Who knows? there is nothing like trying. Are not we two all-powerful?"

"Colas, oh Colas!" cried Pauline, in ecstasy, "if you only could! Colas, in that veil Pauline will become Madame de Rosier."

This was a high bribe, and Colas set to work in earnest.

The count von Stareberg, ambassador of the empress-queen, Maria Theresa, had been unsuccessful at the Tuileries. His object was to induce France to form an alliance with Austria against Prussia. The latter power had just made a treaty with England, France's enemy; still, neither Cardinal Bernis, nor the marchioness, nor any sensible Frenchman, would listen to the idea of uniting with Austria, France's natural enemy, against Prussia, her natural ally. Colas, with his head full of the veil, joined the count, just as he was leaving the cardinal, after a long audience, in utter despair of success. Still he showed no signs of disappointment, especially as the appearance of Monsieur de Rosier gave him a faint hope. "Perhaps France means to make us pay dear for her friendship," thought he, and received our hero cordially. The conversation soon fell upon the last ball, on the beauty of the countess, and her superb veil, the envy of everybody. The ambassador listened, and Colas watched. The count said that the veil was of inestimable value, from the Netherlands. What his daughter-in-law had said was true; there were only two like it in the world, both in the hands of the empress. Colas did not attempt to conceal that this veil had completely fascinated a person who was very dear to him, and that the happiness of his life depended on his being able to obtain it for her.

"In that case, my dear fellow," said the count, "we are both to be pitied. It is as impossible that you should get such a veil, as it is for me to induce your king to make a treaty with us."

"We must never despair, count," replied Colas, who now saw the price that was put on the veil; "many things are possible, if we would only think them so. Don't despair, bad as things look!"

"My dearest friend!" rejoined Stareberg, "cost what it may, if the treaty is made, you shall have the veil for your reward. If I can succeed in gratifying the dearest wish of my empress, I am sure she will not refuse me a piece of lace-work."

The two negociators now understood each other. Colas promised to use his influence with the cardinal, and the count to apply to the empress. The first attempt did not succeed very well. The cardinal cut him very short, reminding him that a French diplomatist should not let himself be gained over by foreigners. With Pauline he was more successful. "Leave it to me!" was all she said. The next time the prince visited her, he began his usual strain of insipid compliment. Having nothing better to say, he told her that he had been dreaming of her as a heavenly being, more lovely than she was now, because less prudish, and so forth.

"Prince," said she, pretending to blush, "only think, my dream was nearly like yours. I dreamed I saw you transformed, and handsomer than ever, at the head of an army, in splendid uniform, surrounded by captured standards. You were returning home in triumph, and I was one of the million spectators of your entry. He has forgotten me, I thought—but you saw me, and leaned graciously towards me—and—" The prince caught the fair dreamer passionately in his arms. "Not so, prince!" she exclaimed, in a severe tone, "you must not forget that this is not a dream, and that you have neither the uniform, the army, nor the trophies. If I ever could be guilty of a weakness, it would be for a hero who had shed glory on the arms of France."

"How cruel you are!" cried Soubise; "you point out to me an impossible felicity."

"How so? are we not at war with England?"

"And if we are, I am no sailor to meet them at sea. If we could only build a bridge from Calais to Dover, I would ask no reward for my constant love till I had planted my banners on the tower of London."

"Why not attack them on land? Hanover belongs to England."

"My dear Pauline," replied the prince, smiling, "you are better versed in the tactics of the heart than in those of statesmanship. The king of Prussia has made a treaty with England, and that protects Hanover."

"Why not, then, unite with Austria, as she wishes? Prussia would then have enough to do at home, without troubling herself about Hanover. Why will you oppose this alliance, and stand in your own light!"

The conversation was continued for some time in the same tone. The prince was sure of the command, if war was declared, and his head was filled with visions of military glory. So he repaired straight to Madame de Pompadour. Here, however, he was unsuccessful. I have no love for our poetical king of Prussia," said she, "and know very well that I do not stand very high in his good opinion. But I am also unlucky enough not to please the queen of Hungary, so that the one balances the other, and the honour of France outweighs both."

The prince endeavoured to impress her with a more favourable idea of the empress Maria Theresa, but without success. In vain did he assure her that the empress in her private circle always spoke of her with the highest respect and admiration.

"Not so," replied the marchioness, smiling; "you are too good-natured, prince; you believe whatever Stareberg tells you. You should not put faith in it; I, at least, never shall, till the empress writes to me with her own hand."

The prince had some difficulty in concealing his disappointment, but Madame de Pompadour's last words afforded him a gleam of hope. "Everything depends on our flattering the marchioness's pride," said he to Pauline; "the empress must be prevailed upon to write her a friendly letter. It will cost her nothing. The very moment Stareberg presents such a letter, the alliance is as good as formed. But how shall we let the ambassador know it? For no one must suspect that the proposition comes from me."

"Trust that to me," replied Pauline; "such an idea will be thought excusable in a young girl, if not in a prince. I am ready to try anything for the sake of such a prince—for the sake of seeing you at the head of your army, in the ranks of the first generals of Europe! Oh prince! when you put on your uniform as commander in chief—ah, don't look at me!"

The next moment Soubise lay at her feet, swearing eternal fidelity to his charming Pauline, who used all the means her imagination could devise, to inspire the prince with a passion for military glory. The idea of the veil gave double activity to her genius. In the next place, Colas was let into the secret. He had an interview with Count Stareberg, and the count despatched couriers to Vienna.

One evening, when the marchioness was giving an entertainment, the prince made his appearance. Madame de Pompadour seemed unusually cheerful. She took the prince aside, and told him, smiling gracefully, "I fear, prince, we are about to lose you."

"And can you smile when you tell me so?" asked he, in great surprise.

"Though I shall lose the pleasure of your society," she replied, "I shall be consoled by the pleasure you will experience in the gratification of your dearest wishes. I don't doubt but you will soon receive from his majesty the bâton of marshal, and the command of an army."

Soubise's countenance was radiant with joy. "How can it be?" cried he.

"His majesty is inclined to form a treaty with Austria—but then the empress has done wonders. She is, beyond a doubt, the most talented princess of our day. You ought to see the amiable letter she did me the honour to send me."*

"Has the empress written to you?"

"Say nothing at present—you shall know more to-morrow."

That same night, a gentle tap was heard at Pauline's door; it was Colas. He entered, half wild with joy. He unfolded the most magnificent of veils, and wrapped it round her. She put it aside, and sunk into the arms of her happy lover.

In a few days the treaty between France and Austria was signed. Cardinal Bernis had opposed it with all his eloquence, but in vain. He could not comprehend how the king, Madame de Pompadour, and all the court could have changed their minds so suddenly. He cursed in his heart the Duc de Choiseul, whom he looked upon as the author of this unfortunate and unnatural alliance. He never dreamed that the longing of a pretty girl for a handsome veil had baffled all the arts of diplomacy and decided the fate of armies and nations.

CHAPTER VIII.—SOLITUDE, COMPANY, AND SOLITUDE AGAIN

"This accursed treaty fairly makes me sick," said Cardinal Bernis one day to our hero; "lay the papers aside. I can neither bear to read them, nor to hear them read: I am not in the vein. The world is all gone crazy, it seems. I will confess to you honestly, Monsieur de Rosier, I find this unholy, abominable treaty confounded hard to swallow. I long for solitude and rest. The king has given me permission to retire to Fontambleau for awhile, and I want you to accompany me. There we can moralize undisturbed in the shade of the trees. I feel, too, that it will do me good to breathe the pure air once more, out of the poisoned atmosphere of a court. It is settled, then, that you go with me. We must be off early next week."

Colas bowed acquiescence, and expressed the gratification, which he really felt, at so distinguished a mark of favour. But Pauline was far from being equally gratified. "What! are we to be separated from each other for six weeks—perhaps even for two whole months? Ah, Colas, I would give anything if I could go with you, and stroll arm in arm through the quiet groves of Fontainbleau. How happy we would be if we were all alone there, with nothing to do but to listen to each other!"

"Yes, we would turn it into an Arcadia. But—does not the Count d'Oron own a large farm and a pretty villa close by Fontainbleau? You must persuade his daughter to go there to pass the month of May"

* This is historical fact. Maria Theresa's condescension in writing to Madame de Pompadour, induced her to persuade Louis XIV. to unite with her and the empress of Russia against the great Frederick of Prussia. As these three ladies were the principal parties to it, the great Fritz used to call it disparagingly *l'alliance des trois cotillons*, the league of the three petticoats: but it gave him a good deal of trouble before he could get the better of it.

"Capital, capital!" cried Pauline, and off she ran to wait on the young countess, and painted the charms of a country life in such glowing colours, that she soon made a convert of her. "Oh dear!" said the young lady to her father, "I do long for solitude. I have not been well this winter: I must breathe the country air a little while. I have never seen your farm at Fontainbleau. Suppose you let me spend a month there?"

The count had no objections, and the jaunt was resolved on. Prince Soubise heard of it of course, as a friend of the family, and immediately calculated that Pauline would find the time pass heavily, and that he could enjoy her society there without interruption. He determined to surprise her by a visit without saying anything about it.

"I really feel a longing for solitude," said he to Madame de Pompadour, "before I leave for the army, and plunge into the tumult of camps and battles. I want to take a last look at nature. Would his majesty allow me to spend a month at Fontainbleau? if you will speak a good word for me, and my darling wish will be gratified."

The prince soon obtained leave of absence. Madame de Pompadour meanwhile was thinking to herself that he must soon join the army, and that it was a pity to be deprived of his society for so many weeks. "Sire," she said to the king, "I feel an invincible longing for retirement. Your majesty, too, needs change of scene; and the spring invites to the country. What if we were to spend our May at Fontainbleau?"

The king happened at the time to be weary of himself and everybody else. "I feel just as you do," said he. "To Fontainbleau be it, and the sooner the better."

The cardinal had been philosophizing with Colas for some three days, and praising his quiet happiness in those pretty verses which are published in his works, when all at once he saw that Count d'Oron's villa was growing inhabited.

"So much the better," thought he; "the young ladies are very pretty, and an occasional visit will break the monotony of our country life."

The next day, Prince Soubise made his appearance with a host of servants, and took possession of a whole wing of the castle.

"It seems that we are not likely to be left altogether to ourselves," remarked Colas.

"So it appears," answered the cardinal; "but I protest against more visiters."

Two days afterwards, twenty wagons came along, loaded with the royal wardrobe and kitchen apparatus. Then followed, in carriages and on horseback, a whole army of valets, chambermaids, cooks, hostlers, grooms, coachmen, laqueys, pages, masters of the ceremonies, secretaries, butlers, chamberlains, abbés, actors, foresters, court-tailors, dancers of both sexes, washerwomen, pyrotechnists, ballet-masters, wig-makers, pastry-cooks and confectioners. Then began a running and shouting, a knocking and hammering, enough to set a nervous man in fits. Next appeared half a dozen battalions of the royal guard, horse and foot, marching in with music playing and colours flying Huge bakeries and shambles were put up to supply this mass of people, and all was noise, hurry and confusion.

"May the saints be good to us!" said the poor cardinal. "It's enough to make one crazy!"

Next day, the drums beat, the trumpets sounded, the bells rang, and the cannon roared. His majesty arrived amid shouts of *Vive le roi!* A few hours afterwards came Madame de Pompadour, with a train of seventeen coaches.

"I shall certainly lose my senses!" cried Cardinal Bernis. "No hope of their going away, either. On the contrary, the king thinks the place very pleasant, and the court, of course, pronounces it heavenly."

"I hear his majesty intends spending the summer in Marly."

"My dear Rosier, I am afraid there is small hope of that. The king told me last night: 'I have never enjoyed the country so much as I do now. I am almost tempted to spend the whole summer here.'"

Colas tried his best to comfort him, but in vain. In the evening, when he slipped over to the villa, he learned from Pauline how Soubise came to think of going to Fontainbleau.

"Hem!" thought Colas, "now I see it all. I brought Pauline, Pauline the Countess d'Oron, the countess the prince, the prince the marchioness, the marchioness the king, and the king all the court. Really a very respectable tail for me to drag after me!" It made him laugh—though he could hardly believe it. "It is easy to test it, though," thought he. "Let us see if the tail will follow after me, if I leave Fontainbleau and go to Paris. That will ease the old cardinal's mind too."

"And pray, what makes you so silent and thoughtful?" asked Pauline of her lover, as they strolled through the broad alleys of the royal gardens; "have any of the fair ladies of the court made a conquest of the councillor of state?"

"No fear of that, you know very well, Pauline."

"Well, then, tell me, and tell me the truth, why do I not see you as often as I used to in Paris?"

"Because I am not master of my own time. We thought that if we came here, we should both of us be free all day long, but it is not so; and if I have to live four whole weeks in this way, I shall die of vexation. I wish we were back in Paris again."

"I think just so, Colas. I came here to be with you, not to be cooped up in the middle of the court. If you can get leave, set off for Paris at once, and I will soon follow. I shall catch cold tonight, have a headache to-morrow, and go to Paris the day after."

The plan was managed. Colas waited on the cardinal, whom he found still grumbling at the noise and crowd around him. He easily found means to give his request a ludicrous form. "If your eminence," said he, "will allow me to try my magic powers, I will scatter the whole court so completely, that not a stable-boy shall be left in Fontainbleau; but I can only operate in Paris."

The cardinal laughed. "I understand you, you want to escape. Go, by all means. I really envy you, but etiquette requires me to remain here."

Colas went away. Pauline had a bad headache. She begged the countess to allow her to return to Paris, as she feared she was threatened with a severe illness. The countess would not leave her companion, especially as her physician pronounced Pauline's sickness a dangerous one, in consequence of his not being able to find out what it was. As soon as Prince Soubise heard of Pauline's sickness and departure, Fontainbleau was no place for him. He addressed Madame de Pompadour with a most dejected air: "I had hoped to enjoy your presence longer, but duty forces me to leave you. I have received despatches from Marshal d'Estrees. My presence is required in Paris, to superintend the preparations for the campaign. Permit me to sacrifice the happiness of my life to my sense of duty and to his majesty's service."

Madame de Pompadour endeavoured to induce the prince to change his intention, but in vain. He was skilful enough to portray the necessity of his presence in Paris, and the importance of the business he had to transact with the war department in such glowing colours, exhibiting at the same time his grief at leaving the marchioness, not only in the most moving language, but even by abundance of tears, that the marchioness told him at last, "Go, then, my dear prince, where duty and honour call you. Perhaps we shall meet again before the campaign is opened. It seems that the air of Fontainbleau does not agree with his majesty. The weather has been rather raw for the season. The court will very probably return to Paris sooner than you expect."

The prince took leave. He could not see the king, as he was actually unwell; only the marchioness had mistaken the cause of his illness. It was not the air of Fontainbleau, but an oyster pie, that his majesty was suffering from. When the cardinal saw the prince depart, with bag and baggage, he could not help smiling and saying to himself, "A good beginning, at any rate! I really believe my friend Rosier is trying his black art in earnest." But when he was told that his majesty was going back to Paris, as he found the air did not agree with him; when he saw wagons packing up, and chamberlains, butlers, equerries, tailors, dancers, musicians, etc. etc., all taking their departure; when he saw the king leave for Paris, the marchioness follow him; when the guards marched off, drums beating and colours flying, and not so much as a stable-boy was left in the once more deserted halls of Fontainbleau, he could not help saying, "Can this be chance? or is our friend really in league with the evil one?"

CONCLUSION.

By Prince Soubise's departure for the army, Colas lost a link in that magic chain, by means of which he had become a greater man than he had ever dared to hope. He did not complain, however, for he had no occasion to use it any more. Enjoying the confidence and friendship of the ministers, he soon found means to gain profit and dignity; and the cardinal, who seemed to take a particular pleasure in throwing all the good things into his way, soon put him in a situation to become the purchaser of one of the prettiest country seats in France. It was no small attraction in his eyes, that it lay far from Paris, and consequently beyond the reach of court influences and court intrigue. The magnificent, unique, diplomatic veil was withdrawn from its place of deposit, and in it Pauline de Pons became in good earnest Madame de Rosier Colas was happier by far in his retirement than he had been in the gaieties of Paris. He had a handsome fortune, a pretty villa, a still prettier wife, and lovely children. Is more than this required for happiness?

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

Tennessee, November, 1839.

MR. EDITOR—The subjoined letter was written by a young lady of your city on a visit to this state. I send you a copy, without her knowledge or consent. I think her impressions will be new to many of your readers, as I am aware from my own observation and experience of the ignorance of our Northern brethren with regard to our habits and manner of living. Yours, R. H.

DEAREST HELEN—What shall I say to deprecate your anger? If you but knew how pleasantly and constantly my time has been occupied, you would pardon me. Well I know you are dumb with astonishment, when you and all of my city friends were condoling me over my anticipated banishment, as it were, from the civilized world; indeed I considered my visit to this state as little more than a scene of probation. Well, I have been here one month, yet so delightfully has the time glided off that it seems but yesterday since I arrived. I will not here give you my opinion of this country and its good people, but will begin and give you a regular account of myself after the parting with Kate at Baltimore. She no doubt told you fully of our agreeable sojourn in the city of brotherly love, and the monumental city.

It was with mingled emotions of pain and pleasure that I bid a long adieu to my friends, as we stept on board a Norfolk steamer.

"She walks the water like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife."

Soon we were leaving the city, with her proud monuments, her towers and spires, houses and shipping gradually fading in the distance. I have never enjoyed any excursion so much as this; the air was of the most delightful temperature, the evening lovely, and certainly the beautiful Chesapeake never appeared to finer advantage. Between two and twilight, we passed hundreds of vessels; steamers puffing by, brigs and schooners, with their white sails expanded to the breeze. O! I could have spent days and days in that lovely bay. Long I sat on deck enjoying the beauty of the scene; there was a light breeze agitating the waters of deep green, except where the waves lashed the boat, leaving a track of snowy foam. At six o'clock next morning we were in sight of the Virginia shore; stopped a short time at Portsmouth; the marine hospital there is a fine building

Norfolk looks like a fine old city as we approach; the harbour is a beautiful one, resembling, it is said, the far-famed bay of Naples. Hail and welcome, old Virginia! We got in at seven, walked up to a tavern to breakfast, and truly 'twas distance lent enchantment to the view. Norfolk has quite an old and rather desolate appearance, the number of persons passing about being few for the number of houses. After sunset took a stroll on the beach and through the best part of the city; left the next morning in the Thomas Jefferson for Richmond. At eleven in the morning, while myself and brother had ascended to the upper deck, our boat stopped at an old decayed-looking wharf, a few ruinous habitations were in sight, in the midst of an old neglected field grown up with weeds, with here and there interspersed a fallen chimney, mantled with the luxuriant wild creeper. I never beheld a more dreary and desolate scene—this was old Jamestown—the spot where our forefathers first reared their houses in the new world. The scenery on the James is very tame, presenting principally a flat, uncultivated waste. At three in the afternoon we arrived at Richmond. You know what a reverential love I have always entertained for Virginia, even since my earliest school-days while reading of Pocahontas and Smith; everything noble and chivalrous was associated with that name. I was disappointed in Richmond: that too has rather an old and gloomy appearance—on Capital-hill, however, are many cheerful, fine-looking residences: from the summit of the hill we had a most enchanting prospect of the city, the surrounding country, and a village on the opposite side of the river. The Capital, like its state, is time-worn and venerable, yet dignified and grand in its decline. We had letters of introduction to a few persons only, and judging from them as a sample, I should say the society of Richmond was as elegant and refined as any I have ever known. Went on from thence to Charlottesville, the seat of the university; in sight, too, is Monticello, the residence of Mr. Jefferson. The morning after our arrival we set off on our pilgrimage to the grave and residence of the sage; the ascent to the monument is a rough road, gradually winding around until it approaches the summit on the west; on an elevated table-land of about two acres in extent stands the house. The whole demesne now presents a most melancholy prospect; the effacing hand of time and decay is apparent on all around, particularly the adjuncts are sadly dilapidated; the main building has rather the appearance of utter desolation. After some delay we were admitted—the interiour is in fine preservation; the floors, the carvings and mouldings are in antique style. We were shown the bed on which Mr. Jefferson died, the table at which he wrote. The view from the monument is proverbial for its beauty and extent; on the west is seen the village of Charlottesville, the noble university, a great diversity of country, of wood, hill and dale, spread out like an extended map bordered by the Blue Ridge. We passed the burial-ground, which is about one hundred yards from the mansion; returning we approached the hallowed spot on foot, entered a rough stone enclosure, and stood by the grave of Jefferson. A rude granite monument marks the spot, with only the line of his birth and death inscribed on it. By his side repose the remains of his wife; a plain marble slab is over her tomb, bearing an epitaph written by himself. Thought I, an impressive lesson of this world's vanity is to be gained by a survey of this spot. We next visited the university—could a traveller be suddenly transported here, he would imagine himself approaching an oriental city—the buildings are very fine. Surely, thought I, the student must feel emotions of pride swelling his bosom as he treads the lofty halls and long arcades of this seat of learning. The next day we started in the stage for the Natural Bridge; before sunset we hove in sight, the Peaks of Otter rearing their proud heads above the surrounding mountains. We stopped at the tavern, within a few yards of the bridge; I was too excited for a moment's repose before seeing this grave work of nature. We took the path that led to the channel of the creek, wending our way down the steep and rather difficult descent; about one hundred yards brought us in sight of the bridge. My first feeling was disappointment. We approached nearer and stood under the stupendous arch, viewed it from every direction, and it is then, after gazing long, measuring with the eye its gigantic proportions, its beautiful symmetry, the mind is fully impressed with the grandeur of the scene. We remained two days—at sunset walked to the bridge again. 'Tis in the deepening gloom of twilight, the massive arch, as it were, spanning the blue vault above, that the mind is struck most with its sublimity. Seated on a rock in the awful chasm below, how insignificant did myself and puny race of fellow-beings appear! For days we enjoyed perfect feasts of mountain scenery—the beautiful, the sublime and wildly savage, were alternately presented to us, in crossing the Blue Ridge at Mount Purgatory, Clifton Forge, and the Hawk's Nest.

Were I not afraid of tiring your patience, I could tell you much of our delightful voyage down the Ohio. I scarcely know of a more pleasant way of spending a short time than this, floating down the silver-wave, brought for several days in contact with the same

company, where each one exerts himself to render his neighbour's time as agreeable as possible—of Cincinnati, too, the fair queen of the west, which resembles Philadelphia a good deal in the order and regularity with which it is built—of Louisville, the commercial emporium of the west, which in its bustling and business-like aspect reminded me of our own good city of Gotham—of Lexington, the city of shade, with Ashland and the beautiful country around it—of Nashville, the capital of this state. This is a beautiful place—the society too, I should say from my limited acquaintance and stay there, is highly polished and elegant. As we advanced south, instead of the verdant parks of Kentucky, broad cotton fields are presented to the eye We at length arrived at my brother's: I was introduced to my Tennessee sister, though we had heard so often of her countless attractions. I must admit I was surprised, with all the charms of manner and person combined, there is an additional truth and sincerity about her that renders her irresistible; honest frankness is one of the proverbial characteristics of the Tennessean; indeed in their trueheartedness, their unreserved and social interests with each other, their boundless, unostentatious, but elegant hospitality, I am frequently reminded of Irving's description of the Bracebridge family. I have become quite an equestrian too; could almost rival Victoria herself on such occasions; an intelligent young fox-hunting planter is my esquire.

Would you believe it? though I have been travelling and sojourning in several slave-holding states, I have seen none of the horrors of slavery our abolitionists tell us of. 'Tis true, I see hundreds of negroes at work, but a more light-hearted and happy race of beings I have never seen. You cannot conceive, too, of the attachment existing between master and slave. Were you here, Helen, I should be quite happy; but while I am sitting in an open room, with the perfume of flowers wafted in the casement, you are shivering over a coal fire, or dozing over the last new novel, or sauntering up Broadway in pursuit of that phantom, Pleasure. You shall hear from me again very soon. Yours, ever, M. S

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

ADVENTURES ARE TO THE ADVENTUROUS.

On a rainy afternoon in August, two young Philadelphians might be seen seated in an apartment of the spacious hotel at Chambersburg, over the remnants of a dessert, which, in its pristine array, had evidently been as remarkable for its variety as for its superfluity. Through the wreaths of tobacco-smoke, which rose in lazy eddies over the table, might be seen the glimmer of champaigne-glasses and the emerald receptacles of hock. Specimens of the choice fruits of the season lay in profuse confusion, intermingled with bottles and cigars. Notwithstanding the disorderly appearance of the viands and the wines, perfect quiet seemed to prevail in the apartment. One of the inmates sat with his feet comfortably braced against the shelf, and his chair gently inclining backward, till it formed an acute angle with the floor. His companion was making wry faces at a glass of champaigne, which he suddenly emptied upon the floor; and then starting up, exclaimed:

"I'll tell you what, Frank Tilbury, I shall take the mail back for Philadelphia this very night."

"You don't mean so, Harry Stanhope?"

"I am resolved; and you know when I make up my mind, nothing can move me."

"You are a simpleton, Harry Didn't you make up your mind to accomplish the tour of the western states before your return; and now you would retreat before you have passed the threshold of your enterprise. Come! adventures are to the adventurous! Who knows but you may meet the little heiress you described to me so enthusiastically. What is her name?"

"I shall not tell you. I have had enough of travelling. I will never venture again from Philadelphia farther than the Wissahiccon. Oh for the dinners of Head, the ices of Parkinson, the beauties of Chestnut-street! Infatuated Frank Tilbury! Will you go jolting on over the Alleghanies in these horrid stage-coaches, and perhaps be pitched into a rocky ravine a hundred feet in depth! Come! let us pack up our trunks, and be off home!"

"You may return, sir, and be hanged; but I shall continue on my destined route."

"Very well, Frank; when you are upset on the mountains, or blown up on the river, call to mind my advice, and blame nobody but yourself. Waiter! bring me the bill; and book my name for an inside seat in the mail-coach for Philadelphia."

The two friends bade each other good-night; and before the next morning, each had departed in different directions. The sequel to their conversation is presented in the following letter from Mr. Tilbury, detailing what befel him after his departure from Chambersburg:

"What a brilliant morning, my dear Stanhope, was that which rose upon the night of our parting! How sparkled the green forests in the kindling sunshine! The protracted shower of the day before seemed to have revived and freshened every object, animate and inanimate. There was a tone of exhilarating triumph in the carol of the birds—a glitter of festal pomp upon the surrounding foliage. Our horses skimmed over the newly-washed stones with a fleetness, to which our ride from Harrisburg was the crawling of a snail. My companions were civil, taciturn, and unobtrusive. Add to all this, *you* were not near, with your querulous sneer and unsympathizing eye, to scare the delightful images, reflected from outward things, which lighted upon my heart.

"What have you missed in turning back from the Alleghanies! Scenery to fill the soul of the gazer with admiration and awe. When first we came in sight of Mount Tuscarora, a zone of sunshine was about its waist, while its top was hid in vapours. As we gained its summit, the mist, as if by signal, rolled curtain-like away, and a prospect immense and magnificent was revealed: ranges of stupendous mountains limned in purple tints against the crystal horizon! Beneath us lay a valley stretching in placid beauty to the opposite hill, its dark forests contrasted with its square meadows of intense green. How beautiful it was! It forms the little village of M'Connelsburg; and I may not forget it till memory is dethroned.

"I must confess, my dear Stanhope, that we had not ridden many hours before I began to sigh for an adventure of some kind to vary the monotony of our journey. The scenery was beautiful, but I wished for some one, into whose sympathizing ear I might pour my rhapsodies. I had to smother my enthusiasm, lest it should burst forth into utterance. As the twilight came on, I fell asleep, and did not awake till we reached Bedford Here we stopped an hour to taste of the mineral springs and provide ourselves with supper.

"While at table, a party entered and took seats opposite me, whose appearance attracted my attention. It consisted of a sharp-featured gentleman in spectacles; a lubberly boy, whose legs were too long for his pantaloons; and a young lady, apparently accoutred for travel. I changed my seat, in order that I might get a full view of her face. She turned; and such eyes! such grace and matchless symmetry of feature! but above all, such expression! Believe me, Stanhope, you never saw her equal in Chestnut-street.

"Quite taken by surprise, but wishing to prolong my gaze, I asked if I should help her to a piece of butter? What profanation! to offer such a Peri butter! She graciously signified a negative to my interrogation. At that moment our driver announced that he was ready for his passengers. We rose with one accord, and flocked towards the coach. The young lady was accompanied by the gentleman in spectacles, who was particularly solicitous about his baggage; and by the youthful booby, who was absorbed in the demolition of a huge slice of cake. Both gentlemen seemed wholly inattentive to their fair charge; and she was stepping into the coach alone, when I rushed forward and helped her in, taking a place by her side.

"I soon discovered how the land lay. The gentleman in spectacles was the lady's guardian, and the youth was his son. The old fellow had settled it in his mind that his ward should be his daughter-in-law; for—a word in your ear, my dear Stanhope—she is as rich as Crœsus. We had not been an hour on our way to Bedford when we upset; and, much to my delight, old Squaretoes broke his leg. . . . . .

"To make a long story short, the result is, I have married the girl, and shall be happy to introduce Mrs. S. to you at Head's sometime next week"

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

The sentiments of youth free and powerful as those of uncivilized men, easily rise to the level of the sublime. When enthusiasm is excited within us by the contemplation of grand objects, and particularly when we can scarcely conceive its vague and ideal forms, we spring up to a height for which we do not seem destined by nature That internal voice of the soul which transports us into a sphere above our own, speaks more or less distinctly to all men.

All seek by various means to gratify this noble thirst for exaltation; but as the dimness of twilight and the obscurity of night, which seem to unite and confound objects, are favourable to the sublime; daylight, on the contrary, dispels it by distinguishing and separating the same objects. Every idea which has a tendency to become insulated and fixed, would soon annihilate the sublime, were we not fortunately enabled to take refuge in the truly beautiful, and unite our souls with it in so intimate a manner, that the result is an immortal and indivisible whole.

Let us, then, become sensible of our real situation—the first and essential condition of our existence. Let us remember that if, on the one hand, our nature seems to hold us in abasement, and in a state of oppression, it opens to us, on the other, a way to raise ourselves, and thus to accomplish the intentions of the Divinity: let us even be assured our nature imposes this upon us as a duty. We shall fulfil this divine law, if, notwithstanding the ascendancy of our nature, which inclines us to selfishness, we succeed in laying aside our personality, in order to raise ourselves, by regular inspirations, to noble and generous sentiments.

Incidents that reveal to the young reader the secrets and passions of the human heart, instil into his mind a knowledge of far greater value than Greek or Latin.

PROVERBS FROM THE ITALIAN.

Friendships are cheap, when they are to be bought by pulling off your hat.

There are a great many asses without long ears.

He who gives fair words, feeds you with an empty spoon.

Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open.

Show not to all the bottom either of your purse or your mind.

I heard one say so, is half a lie.

When the ship is sunk, every man knows how she might have been saved.

Extravagant offers are a kind of denial.

Speaking without thinking is shooting without taking aim

Rewards and punishments are the basis of good government.

One catches more flies with honey than with vinegar.

It is better one's foot make a slip than one's tongue.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES.

Keep innocency, and take heed unto the thing that is right, for that shall bring a man peace at the last.—*Psalms.*

It is a brave and merry world,
When youth and health are ours;
No cloud o'ershades the passing hour,
No future darkly lowers:
The past is but a lightsome dream,
The present rife with joy,
And gaily down life's glittering stream,
Glides the glad thoughtless boy.

It is a rough and stormy world,
When Time has stamp'd us men,
And love and strife, and hope and care,
Alternate sway us then:
And dark clouds gather round our path,
Shading joy's sunny beam;
But high in heart we brave their wrath,
Nor feel life but a dream.

It is a cold and chilly world,
When creeping age steals on,
And the heart's hoard of cherish'd hopes
Have vanished, one by one:
When those we loved have pass'd away,
And glad no more the eye,
But 'neath the churchyard's little mounds
Await us, silently.

And, when we *feel* that earth is past,
And death draws darkly near,
Ah! what shall give us "peace at last,"
And still frail nature's fear!
The thought, that in our onward path,
Though weak, we still have striven,
To cleave "to right"—nor that alone,
But humble trust in heaven.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

BY MISS C CUSHMAN.

Tis Nature's hour of rest—the sons of care
Have yielded to the gentle sway of night;
Its dusky robes, earth's dew-kiss'd flow'rets wear,
Pencill'd with tints beneath the moon's pale light
The happy are at rest—the weary sleep;
Gay youth is dreaming—Wo forgets to weep

The hour of toil has ceased! imperious Trade
Has loosed her chain, and bids her votaries rest;
The stripling's dreams are in Hope's hues array'd,
And cheating forms the poet's slumbers crest
Upon the maiden's brow Love spreads his wings,
And Fancy thralls with fond imaginings.

But all sleep not! The aching head of Want
May not in Morpheus bonds forget its pangs:
Its sting is in the soul—its bitter taunt
Is render'd keener far by Famine's fangs.
Misery may sear the heart and scorch the brain,
But Want has fiercer power and mightier pain

Ambition too! Its votaries may not steep
Their proud aspirings in Night's lethean wave;
With them a power superiour over sleep
Forbids repose, unless 'tis in the grave.
The feverish yearnings for Fame's phantom wreath
Cheats them to labour on, 'till stopp'd by pitying Death

The toiling student, who with burning zeal
Bathes in the stream of Time his aching head,
Hears not the mystic hour of midnight peal
Upon his ear—his thoughts are with the dead,
With those enshrined upon the historic page,
The undying lustre of a classic age.

The wanderer from his home, whose memory rushes
To those so loved and parted—still more dear;
His thoughts are with them, and his fond heart gushes
With sad remembrances; and while the tear
Melts to his eye, he would, for one embrace
Of old familiars, give up Fame's wild chase.

And I!—I may not sleep, for round me crowd
A thousand torturing thoughts to banish sleep.
Although my spirit with regret is bow'd,
And through my brain oppressive memories creep,
Yet still I sit, while Fancy takes the rein,
Sweeps o'er the past, and turneth joy to pain.

SONG OF AQUELLA.

From the Opera of the Peri.

BY S. J. BURR.

Come to the forest—come, love, come!
Come, if thy heart is pure and true;
Thy Indian girl a guide to thee—
Her home shall be her lover's too.
Our mountain paths are long and steep,
Our mountain caves are dark and deep;
The wood is close—and, sleeping there,
Our maidens do not dream of fear.

Come to the wildwood—come, love, come!
The ven'son's fresh—the herbs are sweet—
Through smiling vallies we will roam,
And by the lapsing streamlets meet;
Among gay flow'rs the waters glide,
And perfumes greet us far and wide;
No longer, then, the moments waste—
Come to the forest—haste, love, haste!

ORIGINAL NOUVELLETTES.

TRIALS OF THE HEART:

A MYSTERY:

BEING A NOVEL IN THREE VOLUMES, COMPRESSED INTO A TALE.

BY WILLIAM COX.

CHAPTER I.—SMOOTH WATER.

O Love! in such a wilderness as this,
Where transport and security entwine,
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
And here thou art indeed a god divine.—*Campbell.*

HENRY Montague loved Adeline Stanley! Adeline Stanley loved Henry Montague!

There are only two orders of heroines—blondes and brunettes. For a description of Adeline's person, we therefore refer the inquisitive reader to any novel published within the last dozen years, whose heroine happens to be a blonde.

But perhaps a circulating library may not be conveniently near. We will therefore considerately take the trouble of making out an inventory of her perfections ourselves, in the regular and approved fashion.

Adeline Stanley had not yet expanded into the full maturity of womanhood. She had all the fragrance and freshness of the half-blown rose, but as yet she lacked the gorgeous beauty and luxurious fulness of its perfect development. In stature she was rather above the middle height, with a sylph-like elasticity of figure that gave promise in due time of the faultless proportions of the Medicean Venus Her hair was auburn, or of a still more golden tint, (such as we see in a picture of Giorgione's,) and hung down her swanlike neck in waving tresses. Her eyes were blue, and floated in an atmosphere of humid tenderness, which was ready to gather into a pearly tear at the detail of even imaginary woes, or the slightest real disappointment. Her nostrils were finely chiselled; her forehead smooth, and of alabaster purity; her eyebrows arched; her cheeks dimpled.

But it was not faultless form, or mere regularity of feature, that constituted her principal attractions. There was an inexpressible charm—an undefinable something—etc.

A blonde heroine always falls in love with a sallow or yellow hero. As Puff says, "It's a rule!"

Henry's complexion was consequently somewhat of a bilious tinge. His hair was black, and so were his eyes. The latter sparkled of course, and his upper lip gave indications of mustachios, which in time (if properly oiled) might shame "the gloss upon the raven's wing." He was tall, and likewise thin, to the extremity of gentility

Henry was a young follower of Æsculapius, but he paid no sort of attention to his business. He had a soul above gallipots, and Adeline loved him the better for it.

There was not a mother on either side, which simplified their course of love exceedingly; and their fathers, both bustling men of business, paid very little attention to them. They therefore had pretty much their own way.

Young hearts—fond affections—unhackneyed, unworn feelings—reciprocal interchange of purest sentiment—world unknown—time had not withered—experience had not chilled—misfortune had not blighted—

Halcyon days—prospect of unclouded happiness—cottage ornée—smiling family—verdant lawn—rural felicity—strawberries and cream—

There was indeed a German merchant of the name of Schenks, who made pretensions.

Schenks!

Adeline detested the very name.

CHAPTER II.—A BREEZE.

Fathers have flinty hearts—no tears can melt 'em.—*Colman.*

A year flew swiftly over, undimmed by care—unstained by calamity, when Mr. Stanley one morning took up the daily papers and read—

"House of Chubb, Stone, Montague and Co. gone—crash!—three cents to the dollar!"

"Humph!" said Mr. Stanley.

Henry, as soon as he heard of the misfortune, flew on the wings of love to be assured of the unchangeableness of his adored Adeline. He was intercepted by Mr. Stanley.

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning"

"Might I beg the favour of a few minutes' conversation with you, Mr. Montague?"

"Most certainly, my dear sir. Nothing could give me greater pleasure."

"Humph!" said Mr. Stanley.

"Well then, young man, to come to the point at once, I feel it my duty to inquire the meaning of your very marked attention to my daughter?"

"Meaning! Gracious powers!"

"Yes—the meaning. What, I say, is the meaning of this lending of books, presenting of flowers, writing in albums, and such like stuff?"

"Stuff!"

"Come, come, Master Montague. Your attentions to my daughter, allow me to say, are most unpleasant. They can answer no earthly end, and can only have the effect of perhaps preventing her being comfortably settled in life."

"Settled in life! Adeline another's! Good heavens!"

"Another's. Certainly. Why you cannot reasonably expect, young gentleman, that she can ever be yours. How would you maintain her?"

"Sir!"

"How, I ask, would you propose to yourself to maintain my daughter? She cannot live upon air. Delicate as she looks, she has such a thing as an appetite."

"My dear sir, if the purest love—if the most ardent affection—if the most devoted tenderness—the most unquenchable—"

"Pooh! pooh!—That is not what I want. Will the purest love purchase even potatoes? will the most ardent affection pay houserent? will the most devoted tenderness buy furniture—chairs, tables, carpets, pianofortes, vases, besides beds, blankets, and kitchen utensils?"

"Mr. Stanley!—allow me to say, those mean—those mercenary considerations never for a moment entered into my views with respect to your daughter. No, sir—"

"I believe you, young man—I believe you,—and I wish you a very good morning."

"Sir, will nothing melt you? Will not the immedicinable grief of two young hearts—"

"Stuff, young sir—mere stuff! When you can show me your books with a goodly list of patients;—when I can see bills posted for quinseys cured and fevers abated;—when I can see that draughts have been disposed of, and boluses swallowed—then I may talk to you. At present I am informed your practice is scarcely sufficient to buy salve for the cure of a burnt finger. My daughter, indeed! Good morning, sir."

He opened the door, bowed formally, and Henry rushed distractedly from his presence.

A piercing shriek was heard from the adjacent apartment!

Mr. Stanley opened the door to see what was the matter; and, oh! what a sight presented itself!

His only child lay extended on the hearth-rug, grasping the fender with her clenched hands, her legs moving spasmodically.

What a spectacle for a father!

What a spectacle for her lover, had he been present! more especially as it was early in the morning, and her hair was yet in paper.

The ill-fated Adeline had been listening at the key-hole!

CHAPTER III.—THE SERENADE.

"Wake, dearest, wake! and united,
We'll rove beyond the sea."

The next evening, shrouded in impenetrable fog, wet with drizzling rain, and almost choked by the thick and humid state of the atmosphere, which, though it might impair his voice and damp his clothes, could not impair his passion or damp his ardour, Henry took his stand beneath Adeline's lattice or bed-room window, and commenced his musical invocation.

Scarcely, however, had he got through the first verse of his "amorous descant," when the watchman interfered, and told him to "move on!"

Henry bestowed a look of unutterable contempt upon the functionary, but vouchsafed no answer, and went forward with the second verse, upon which the watchman called assistance, and carried him off to the watch-house for disturbing the public peace.

Oh, romantic Spain!

Oh, commonplace New-York!

CHAPTER IV.—THE ELOPEMENT.

Fly from the world, dear Bessy, with me;
Thou wilt never find any sincerer.—*Moore.*

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.—*Shakspeare.*

About a fortnight after this, Mr. Stanley was seated comfortably by his parlour fireside, with his feet on the fender, as was his wont, and with a tumbler of brandy punch before him, as was his wont also. He had a cigar in his mouth, and the newspaper in his hand, and he felt very comfortable. The night was raw and gusty;—the rain pattered against the window, and the wind howled dolorously along the deserted street.

Mr. Stanley stirred the fire, took another sip of his brandy punch, and involuntarily felicitated himself upon his snug quarters He felt no prescience of misfortune; no foreboding of evil weighed upon his tranquil mind. In fact, he was busily engaged with the news of the day, when suddenly a low, mysterious, creaking sound in the passage reached his ear

Mr. Stanley stopped reading.

A rustling of female apparel was heard.

Mr. Stanley laid his cigar upon the table.

A light step—tip! tip! tip!—stole stealthily past the parlour-door.

Mr. Stanley went tip! tip! tip! also, as stealthily as his weight and the creaking of his boots would allow.

He opened the door, and caught a glimpse of a gown-tail and the end of a boa, as they disappeared by the front entrance.

"Aha!" said Mr Stanley.

Two steps brought him to the parlour-window, from a corner of which he beheld a female figure enveloped in shawls, boas, muffs, ruffs, and other feminine frippery, consign to the charge of a long, thin person, a portmanteau and a bandbox; after which she took hold of the said person's arm, and proceeded along the street at a rapid pace. By the light of the gas-lamp he also discerned a hackney-coach stationed at the adjacent corner.

"Aha!" again quoth Mr. Stanley.

And Mr. Stanley seized his hat and stick, and followed with considerable rapidity.

The door of the hackney-coach was closed, the coachman had mounted the box and handled the reins, and a voice from the interior had exclaimed in an exulting tone,

"All right! drive on! go the pace!"

When suddenly another voice was heard,

"All wrong! stop! instantly!"

There was a faint shriek.

"Drive on!" shouted the person in the inside, in a tone of mingled alarm and desperation—"drive on!"

And the coach moved forward.

"No. 157—I have your number! Stir a step farther at your peril, and I'll have you before the magistrates and your license taken from you to-morrow morning."

And the coach stopped.

Mr. Stanley opened the door. There lay his daughter, sobbing and shrieking, on the bosom of the tall, thin figure; and the tall, thin figure's arms were around his daughter's waist.

"My love! my life!" cried Adeline.

"Fate itself shall not part us!" responded the figure.

But Mr. Stanley applied the knob of his stick with such vigour to the knuckles of the last speaker, that, despite his passionate affirmation, he was right glad to unclasp his arms, and Adeline felt herself in the rude grasp of her exasperated parent.

"You foolish, good-for-nothing jade," said he, "to leave your father's comfortable house, and go jolting, you don't know where, with a useless, idle vagabond! Tramp home with you, you huswy! and carry your bandbox yourself!"

And the weeping Adeline had no resource but to comply.

"And now, young sir," proceeded Mr. Stanley, "I have an account to settle with you."

As he spoke he laid hold of the collar of the coat of the figure, and dragged it into the glare of the gas-light.

Need it be said that it was Montague?

"Take that! and that! and that!" cried the enraged Mr. Stanley, forcibly propelling his foot, at each exclamation, against a portion of the unfortunate Henry's anatomy, where, according to the best authorities, a blow

"hurts honour more
Than twenty thousand wounds before."

"Take that, you mean, heartless, spiritless puppy, and begone!"

Upon feeling himself so severely kicked, a crowd of vengeful thoughts rushed into the bosom of Montague; but Mr. Stanley being a strong, muscular man, with a tough stick in his possession, Henry judged it better not to raise a hand against the parent of his beloved Adeline, and he prepared to walk off.

"Hollo! Mister!" said the coachman, "you'll pay me my fare first, though—won't you?"

Now Montague had calculated on Adeline, like Jessica, not only bringing sufficient to pay the fare, the parson, and other incidental expenses, but also what would keep them comfortable for some time at least, and he had never thought of providing against this casualty. After fumbling in his pockets with some small change, for some time, he was obliged to declare his inability to comply with the coachman's demands!

The wrath of Mr. Stanley, on the prospect of being cheated of his daughter, was certainly bad enough; but it was a mere joke to that of the disappointed John, on finding himself likely to be done out of his fare. In fact, no one but those who have seen hackney-coachmen under similar circumstances, can form the slightest conception of it. He was a moral volcano, and the eruption of his imprecations was positively frightful. Up flew the windows in all directions—out popped night-caps of both sexes, and the ears of sober and discreet, though curious citizens, were shocked exceedingly. As an accompaniment or peroration to his blasphemies, the coachman applied his whip most emphatically to the shoulders of the unfortunate lover, and then drove off, alternately execrating Montague, and pitying himself and his horses from the bottom of his heart.

Mr. Stanley gave a laugh of savage exultation as he saw his intended son-in-law wince under the lash, and then trudged homeward, much mollified in temper by the conclusion of the adventure.

The ill-starred Montague rushed from the spot. The windows were shut down; the discreet and curious citizens crept again to their beds; and the rain pattered, and the wind howled along the deserted street as before.

But, in that brief interval, what a change had been wrought in the fate of Montague! An hour—a little hour ago, he was full of ardent hope and eager expectation. This night was to have been the consummation of his earthly bliss! this night he and Adeline were to have been linked indissolubly together! and now, this self-same night, he found himself kicked, whipped, and wet to the skin

But we willingly draw a veil over the laceration of his feelings, mental and bodily.

On Mr. Stanley's return home, he carefully locked the whole of his doors, and put the keys in his pocket.

On entering the parlour, he found his daughter reclining on the sofa, in a fainting position; upon which he told her he was in no humour to be pestered with any of her ridiculous nonsense, said he would talk to her to some purpose in the morning, and concluded by desiring her to march off to bed instantly

With this request she judged it prudent to comply, and walked up stairs in a state of mind "much more easily imagined than described." Bitterly did she weep as she undressed herself; and,

as she sank into her cosey bed, and pulled the blankets over her, most sorrowfully did she murmur the tender lines of Byron, so appropriate to her situation,

"Oh, my lonely, lonely, lonely pillow!
Where is my lover—where is my lover!"

And where was that lover? Alas! drowning the painful sense of his sufferings in desperate draughts of whiskey and hot water. It will be recollected that it was mentioned he had some small change about him.

Mr. Stanley swallowed the remainder of his punch at one gulp, and then marched to bed also, cogitating, as he went, on the most effectual way of addressing his baggage of a daughter in the morning.

CHAPTER V.—THE LECTURE AND THE DECISION.

And ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller hae to spare,
Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,
Nor think o' Donald mair.—*Scotch song.*

The next morning Mr. Stanley proceeded to redeem his promise of speaking to his daughter "to some purpose."

They met at breakfast. Mr. Stanley's countenance had rather a gruff expression, and he hemmed and coughed considerably during the time he sipped his coffee. Adeline looked pale and interesting, and pertinaciously refused to partake of the buttered toast.

Mr. Stanley at last commenced his harangue, by pointing out the enormity of the young lady's conduct, and the scandal to which it would inevitably give rise. He then reasoned and remonstrated with her kindly on the folly of the course she had intended to pursue. In vain! He appealed to her feelings as a daughter—her duty as a child—her sense of decorum as a woman. In vain! True to her beloved Montague, she despised all ordinary ties of duty and affection, and heroically avowed her unaltered and unalterable determination to be his, and his only!

Mr. Stanley then tried another tack. He was much too shrewd and sensible a man to lock her up, and give her an opportunity of fancying herself a persecuted innocent. He simply told her that he was extremely sorry to hear that she had made up her mind to make such a fool of herself;—that it grieved him exceedingly to find his only child such a wilful, disobedient, unfeeling girl;—that he would never use compulsion, but that he *had* selected for her a worthy and opulent husband, if she chose to have him; but that if she persisted in rejecting Mr. Schenks and running off with a worthless vagabond, she must just do so, for that *he* (Mr. Stanley) would not run after *her* a second time. He then said, he had only to add, that if in case she *did* leave him, he was firmly determined and she knew him too well to doubt his keeping his word—*firmly determined* to leave every cent he possessed to his niece, Emma Stanley, with the exception of a bare provision to keep her from starvation, which he clearly foresaw would be the ultimate fate of her, or any young lady who might trust to the abilities or exertions of Mr Henry Montague for a subsistence; and he concluded his very unromantic oration by presenting her with the key of the street door, and telling her, if she wished to go, she was perfectly at liberty to do so.

This was quite unexpected, and Adeline was taken "all aback." She had made up her mind to be locked up, but not to be turned out. She had contemplated descending from the third story window by a ladder of ropes, but not walking coolly down the front steps. The idea of sharing poverty and misfortune with her Henry for awhile, until her father relented and raised her weeping to his bosom, was not at all unpleasant; but the thought of all that her father possessed passing to her cousin, whom she hated with the intense hatred of a rival beauty, cut her to the soul. The thought of Emma walking in "silk attire," surrounded by admiring beaux, and her in glazed calico!—of Emma rolling along Broadway in her luxurious carriage, "the observed of all observers," and her trudging unnoticed on the side-walk, was altogether more than her susceptible nature could bear. She felt the extreme folly of the poor simple lassie's reply in the song above quoted—

"And what to me's a silken gown,
Wi' a poor broken heart!
Or what to me's the siller crown,
Gin frae my luve I part?"

Besides all the balls, routs, concerts, and comforts she must inevitably give up, rushed in a torrent upon her imagination. She experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling. Her filial affections came back strongly upon her, and she informed her father that she was his daughter—that she would sacrifice her own wishes to his will; and then, as if ashamed of her compliance, she added, that he might dispose of her hand as he pleased, but that she had not, alas! a heart to bestow.

Mr. Stanley said he firmly believed her. He was quite convinced that she had about as much heart as a pigeon had gall. He would, however, he said, make her the wife of an honest man, able to provide for her, which was more than she deserved, and then Schenks might look to it.

And Mrs. Schenks she accordingly became.

CHAPTER VI.—THE WANDERER.

Ah! who can estimate the care and strife,
The ups and downs and vagaries of life.—*Anon.*

And where was Montague?

From the time that his hopes were blasted, and his person kicked, we can but briefly and imperfectly trace his wild and erratic career. We can but allude to his agonizing farewell letter, which Mr Stanley put into the fire, and of his resolution to quit New-York for ever! We can but barely mention his wanderings, "scared in heart, and lone, and blighted," in various parts of the Union;—his joining a company of strolling players;—his being hissed as Jaffier at Buffalo, and pelted off the stage as Pierre at Cincinnati;—his imprisonment for debt at Mobile;—his trial on a charge of pocket-picking at New-Orleans, and the triumph of innocence there, as exemplified in his acquittal, in consequence of a flaw in the indictment. We can but allude to his marriage with a manager's widow;—to his elopement with the head female tragedian;—to the head female tragedian's elopement from him;—to his want of money, his contrition, and return to the widow, whom he found living with some one of her previous husbands!

During all these vicissitudes and rude buffetings, however, Montague's heart remained unchanged—his feelings unaltered. He still thought fondly of his adored Adeline, long since, alas! transformed into Mrs. Schenks!

Strange! but so it was, for so it was to be! What are we but the playthings of destiny!—the creatures of a mysterious and irresistible fatality!

CHAPTER VII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

Time rolls his ceaseless course.—*Scott.*

Years passed away. Mr. Stanley settled his accounts in this world, and seven young Schenkses sat upon Schenks's stoop, and pulled to pieces his vine, and destroyed his fig-trees, and damaged his peaches and apricots. True to her first love, Mrs. Schenks led her husband a deuse of a life. That is, it would have been a deuse of a life for any other man; but Mr. Schenks was a calm, phlegmatic German, who smoked his pipe, and, by way of answer to all his spouse's bickerings and upbraidings, merely shrugged his shoulders, took the said pipe from his mouth, and ejaculated, "Goot! goot! very goot!" and then put it back again.

This insensible, unfeeling conduct not unfrequently threw Mrs. Schenks into hysterics, to which demonstration of outraged feelings her worthy sleeping partner paid no other sort of attention than that of ringing the bell for the maid; and when he saw Mrs Schenks reviving upon the application of smelling-bottles, and cold water, or fresh air, he just muttered, (whatever he might think,) "Goot! goot! very goot!" and again sought comfort from the Indian weed.

But smoking, like other things, must have an end. The poor man, himself, exhaled one day, like the vapour of his meerschaum,—went out like a damp cigar, and Mrs. Schenks was a widow!

CHAPTER VIII.—THE CONFLAGRATION.

Soaring high,
The general flame ascends the sky.
In gathered groups the people gaze
Upon the broad and roaring blaze.—*Rokeby.*

It was a hoarse November night. The rising wind began to growl like an angry mastiff, and the murky clouds swept past the crescent moon in heavy, jagged masses, now revealing her brightness for an instant, and then again shrouding her in deepest gloom. It put you in mind of an assassination on the stage.

The wind continued to increase—so did the rain. Amid the pelting of the pitiless storm, a tall, lank figure emerged from the darkness of the west side of the City-hall into the transient moonshine.

It was Montague!

He was not *very* much changed in his personal appearance. He was still as long, and still as thin. The prominent features of his face were still the same, only he was sallower, unshaven, and very much in need of the aid of soap and water. But, ah! what tongue or pen can describe the state of his garments!—the dilapidation of his hat!—the desolation of his coat!—the unmentionable state of his unmentionables!

Nevertheless he seemed to think no little of himself. He had evidently hopes and aspirations beyond what his present appearance would seem to justify; for his hair was curled on one side of his head, and his hat, dilapidated as it was, cocked upon the other. One hand, too, carried a tattered glove, with which he ever and anon slapped his thigh; and the other was deposited, in military fashion, in his breast.

Suddenly the cry of "Fire! fire!" swept down Broadway. The bell on the top of the City-hall rang, and "Fire! fire!" speedily resounded from every street, and lane, and alley. Over the city, like wildfire, spread that fearful yet commonplace cry; and men, prompt at the call of duty, rushed forth; and little boys, prompt at the prospect of mischief, rushed forth also. In vain did anxious and foreboding mothers seize hats and caps,—hatless and capless came the urchin fry to impede work and increase confusion.

In a few minutes, dozens of engines were in full career up the street.

"Fire! fire!" shouted the firemen in deep bass.

"Fire! fire!" yelped the little boys in childish trebles.

"Fire! fire!" soliloquized Montague—"there is often something to be picked up at those fires!" and he followed the engines, men, and little boys.

A little above Spring-street, a handsome house was discovered to be in a blaze. Shrieks were heard in the interiour. The doors were broken in, and two or three black servants and seven white children rushed into the street with a precipitation which, under the circumstances of the case, was not only excusable, but perfectly natural.

"Are all the lives saved?" cried the firemen, as they brought their pipes to play upon the now blazing building.

"All, all!" bawled some too hasty persons, when the appearance of a female figure at the second story window flatly contradicted the thoughtless assertion.

"A ladder! a ladder!" screamed a thousand voices; and a ladder was speedily brought and placed against the burning mass.

"Save the woman! save the woman!" shouted Montague along with the rest, and he would have ascended the ladder and saved her himself, only the flames now burst from the first-story window and circled round the ladder in a way which rendered the ascent neither safe nor agreeable.

In an instant a fireman—one of those fine fellows who perform actions and undergo fatigues, without making any fuss about the matter, from which a hero of romance would shrink—sprang up the ladder, was at the second-story window in a trice, enveloped the shrieking female in the first thing he could lay hold of, and descended with some difficulty, and no inconsiderable injury to himself, in chivalrously endeavouring to shield his charge. The deafening shouts and huzzas of the excited multitude rent the air.

When near the foot—scorched by the fire and blinded by the smoke, the gallant fireman resigned his burden to the first person who stood near, and it was the fortune of Montague to receive once more into his arms the fair, fainting, and now, it must be added, fat form of his long-beloved Adeline!

Adeline, insensible to everything but her own danger, without recognizing him, clung hysterically to his neck, and they were conveyed together to a neighbouring house.

CHAPTER IX.—THE RECOVERY AND DISCOVERY.

And for her life she paid me with herself.—*Venice Preserved.*

When Mrs Schenks recovered, she found herself surrounded by her seven children, and supported by the man who ought to have been the father of them.

She knew him at once, and uttering a shriek of joyful recognition, exclaimed—

"My Henry!"

"My Belvide—that is—my Adelina!" shouted he.

"Best—noblest of men! and is it to *you* that I owe my life?"

The best and noblest of men was quite conscious that it was not. But as this was evidently the impression on Mrs. Schenks's mind, he thought it cruel to undeceive her, and thus dispel the sweet illusion. Besides, he could not bear the idea of her owing her life to another. He therefore said nothing about the fireman, but tacitly owned "the soft impeachment."

The upshot of the intensely interesting interview which followed was, that she presented him with fifty dollars to buy a suit of clothes. Subsequent meetings took place, and most pathetically did he describe the sufferings which he had endured for her sweet sake, and she, melted by the recital, tired of being a widow, and detesting the odious name she bore, consented to change it at last to Montague!

My tale is ended—or nearly so. The mature lovers live in style, and, it is to be presumed, in happiness. There are drawbacks, to be sure, but where in this sublunary sphere shall we find unalloyed felicity? Adeline, during the period that she was Mrs. Schenks, had acquired habits of lecturing and scolding, which she finds it difficult to subdue; and her Henry, from the natural noble impetuosity of his temper and acquired tragedy habits, being fierce and violent in his replies, and what is termed in low life "a row," and in high life "a scene," and in flash life "a flare-up," not unfrequently takes place; upon which occasion she regrets, or affects to regret, the—"Goot! goot! very goot!" of the poor German. It is also matter of notoriety, that when she discovered the true merits of the saving of her life at the fire, her tongue went—a little!

But why dwell upon those fleeting shadows—why point out those trivial blots. Are there not specks upon the sun?

My tale is ended.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

A THEORY OF DREAMING.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

Thought, while we are asleep, is the same as when we are awake; the mental operations are precisely alike; the succession of ideas by association continues the same as when we are awake, with this only difference: when we are awake, the train of thought is, so to speak, kept healthy by the criteria of sensible objects; but when we are asleep, we have no such criteria to regulate succession of ideas, so that the further they depart from rationality, the more absurd they become.

The reason we dream of deceased friends as being alive is, that the idea of them is associated by some antecedent thought, while there are no external, sensible objects present to the mind to regulate the errour. We may, indeed, dream that we see those departed friends in a place where we had been accustomed to see them while living; and, in such a case, it would be very easy to account for the illusion; but if we dream of them as alive, under circumstances connected with a remembrance of their death, it is because of the failure of the great external regulator.

If we dream of external objects as they are, still the appearance is only a phantasm, and as the whole dream is only such, it would be very unphilosophical to make one phantasm the criterion of another's genuineness; but if we fall into a reverie, on starting from it, we know that it has been such, by the criteria of surrounding objects, which being *real*, must be the criteria of truth.

When the mind is in a healthy state, it is possible, independently of the external regulator, that our dreams may for a long time continue rational; but there is no security for it to remain so. Some time ago, I had a dream entirely divested of absurdity, which I put to paper as soon as I awoke. There was nothing very remarkable

about it except, as already remarked, its freedom from absurdity, and the fact that during its continuance, the fable was composed verbatim as presented below.

I dreamt that I was in company with a friend who had lately returned from his travels. We were conversing rather sagely, and he remarked that his going abroad had opened his eyes to his past imperfections; that before he had travelled, he conceived an excellent opinion of himself; he thought himself clever, and of considerable attainments; but that now he looked on his youth as a blank, and its influences as of no avail. His present state of mind seemed to yield him much satisfaction, and he observed that it was perfectly independent of his youth.

I replied that he spoke unphilosophically; that it was owing to the minute influences he despised and disparaged so much, that his character had developed itself so well; and I told him that I would illustrate the truth of what I said, by a fable.

The Rose, one day, spake thus to the Dew:

"How vain you are of the benefits you imagine I have received at your hands! True, you hang some bright drops nightly on my buds, but they do not expand under your cold and glittering presents, they remain the same until the day has advanced a little, and then they vanish with the mists of the morning."

Then turning to the god of day, the Rose continued:

"But to thee, oh, morning-bright Apollo! it is that I owe everything; beneath thy genial influence, my young buds expand in beauty, and the opening petals pour forth beneath thy smiles their richest perfume; to thee am I alone indebted for all I enjoy and for all I impart to my lovers!"

And then the Dew replied:

"Oh, thou vain and foolish flower, give glory where it belongs! It is to me you owe much of all you possess and of all you impart. To my minute influences are you indebted, as well as to the blazing sunbeams; without my refreshing visitations, you would be parched by their heat and expire!"

The Rose bowed down and acknowledged the justice of the rebuke.

My mind had been running on the imperfection of early education, and the necessity of unlearning much that we acquire in youth. Hence the association.

PUBLIC LECTURES.

MR. MILLS'S LECTURES ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

The attendance at the Stuyvesant Institute, Broadway, during Mr. Mills's recent lectures upon physiognomy, evinced the great interest which is taken in this delightful science by the most intelligent of our citizens. The lecturer went thoroughly into his subject, and carefully explained point by point, and illustrated his discourse by frequent allusion to various drawings and transparencies. No portion was left unexplained, nor was there any disguising technicalities to blind the auditor and confuse the mind. To give the gist of Mr. Mills's lectures, as many of our cotemporaries have done, would occupy too much of our space; but, a slight extract from his third lecture is of so interesting a description, that we cannot refrain from embodying it. In speaking of the expression of the countenance, he says: "When the common observation is made that any one *wants expression*, it is merely this, that the person's muscles are undeveloped from want of *mental exertion*. This is the reason that we perceive in the peasant a round, red, smooth, and markless face From the opposite cause to this, are the effects portrayed in the lowered brow and lined countenance of the intellectual and reflecting being, whose life is not passed for the indulgence of animal desires, whose sole aim is not to eat, to drink and sleep, but to mount with the wings of knowledge above the grossness of his nature; and, like the eagle's flight toward the life-creating sun, approach the God in whose image he is created, learn to worship, bend, and thank the great Author of his being with his heart and mind, learn to respect himself, and to be of service to his fellow-creatures, so that, when he has passed away from earth, his epitaph may be, *this man performed his duty*.

JOHN NEAL'S LECTURE BEFORE THE NEW-YORK LYCEUM.

We had the pleasure, a week or two since, of being one of a numerous audience at the Tabernacle, on the occasion of Mr. Neal's lecture before the New-York Lyceum. His subject was "ancient and modern eloquence," a fruitful topic, and nobly was it treated by the lecturer. Some of his positions were rather startling, and all of them quite original, and maintained with remarkable ingenuity. The old proverb, "*orator fit*," was torn to shreds. Mr. Neal showed that true eloquence was not an art; and the best proof he furnished of the fact, was his own extemporaneous delivery, during a space of more than an hour, of a discourse full of sparkling points and fine sentiments, given in language at once elegant, correct, and highly effective.

THE FINE ARTS.

EXCHANGE OF QUEENS, BY THOMAS S. CUMMINGS.

No. 50 Walker-street.

An original miniature, having the character of an historical portrait, by Thomas S. Cummings, has just been shown us by a friend. The first thing that strikes the eye of a common observer, is the extraordinary size of the picture itself, being painted on ivory, six inches by five. The next, if he be accustomed to pictures, and able in any degree to feel beauty of arrangement and happy colouring, must be the general grouping or composition of the piece. Though in themselves nothing but portraits, and bearing that stamp of individuality which proves them to be likenesses of living people, and not the embodiment of poetical images merely; still, owing to the treatment of the artist and the fine colouring of the whole picture, it rises to the rank of historical portraiture on ivory. This, a new and almost untried department of the art, requires no ordinary courage in the artist; and therefore it is, that after speaking in high terms of the general merits of the picture, as a picture, we feel urged to find some fault with it, just to prove an impartiality. The hands are generally too small—and that of the male figure, which appears to be grasping a portion of drapery, or to be lost in a fashion somewhat equivocal, is not only too small, but all things considered, unfortunately placed. The hands of the older female are beautifully drawn and those of the younger well indicated, if nothing more. These are the only faults worth mentioning, and we predict, therefore, by repeating that, as a work of art—as a picture—without regard to the likenesses (which must be good,) this effort of Mr. Cummings is entitled to earnest and hearty commendation. It is full of poetry and full of truth, and, we will answer for it, is *faithful* in every particular.

Having entirely overlooked the subject of the picture, we are now reminded of the fact that two beautiful women (one sitting and the other standing) with a gentleman, are employed about a chess table; and that the latter appears to have taken the queen of his antagonist, the portion of the bishop's head in the rear of the gentleman's arm, indicating the position of the game. The expression of the features corresponds well with the catastrophe—even supposing it to be but an exchange of queens and not of hearts.

MINIATURE OF A FRIEND, BY MADAME GUILLET.

No. 14 Barclay-street.

This picture, extraordinary in itself, and more extraordinary as the production of a woman, is but a copy on ivory, and in miniature, of a large oil portrait by Inman. There is a healthiness and warmth in the treatment, which would be quite remarkable in any portrait, but wonderful in a miniature. The richness and harmony of colour, the *fleshiness* of the flesh—one of the rarest things in portraiture—the sincerity of the expression, the admirable resemblance, and the general treatment of the subject, entitle this miniature, though but a copy, to rank very high among the productions of original art. Take it altogether, we have seldom seen so much strength in a portrait of any sort—hardly ever, except in some of the earlier efforts of Robinson, in a miniature. The style reminds you of Melbourne, Robinson and Wood: it appears to be a combination of all three—an imitation of neither. Such an artist needs only to be known to be greatly encouraged. Being a gentlewoman too, we apprehend will not lessen her claims upon those who are able to appreciate her worth as an artist. Nor should we forget to mention the manner in which this miniature has found its way to our table. The artist, having seen the portrait by Inman, borrowed it, made this beautiful copy, and, with a grace peculiar to woman, and we add, to women of genius, contrived to have it reach the original.

MUSICAL.

NEW MUSICAL PERIODICAL.

Our musical readers and the public generally will be pleased to hear that a new periodical of original and favourite vocal music will appear monthly during the coming year, under the superintendance of Charles E. Horn The taste and qualifications of Mr Horn for this undertaking are too well known in this community to require any endorsement from us. To no one is our community so much indebted for the great improvement experienced here in musical science during the few past years as to this gentleman. As a composer and vocalist, Mr. Horn ranks deservedly high; his performances are always marked with a chaste, finished and classical elegance. The magazine is to be published by subscription; price one dollar per number. Subscribers' names will be received at the new music store, 367 Broadway.

WHY NOT—JOHN NOTT?

We have recently noticed in some of our much esteemed contemporaries, a disposition to find fault with Mr. Russell for substituting a comic for a serious song when *encored*. With all due deference to their opinions, we think the audience the best judges of this matter, and so long as they are pleased with the change, we see no reason why Mr. Russell should be blamed for gratifying them. It is evidently the expectation of the admirers of this fine vocalist, when they call him out a second time, that he will, instead of repeating the "Maniac," "the Wreck of the Mexico," "the Skeptic's Dying Lament," etc., give them something light and humorous; and, this being the case, "Why not, John Nott?"

THE EUTERPEANS.—DINNER AT THE ASTOR HOUSE.

Query to the orthography of that same word "*Astor*"—we should prefer to spell it *Aster*—the house of stars. The good people here have a treat ripening for them—or—we are neither judges nor prophets. It was our fortune, a few days ago, to be waked up at the Astor House, after dinner, with an outburst of musical power, somewhat of the newest in our day. The company was large, sufficiently in for it, and well prepared for almost anything. Yet were they all taken by surprise—lifted off their feet. From the opposite side of the table, where sat a number of young, modest-looking, quiet strangers, just when our friends on the right and left were beginning to wink over their wine, and to play vehemently with their knives and wine-glasses, there broke forth, all of a sudden, a chorus of wild chiming voices, which brought the whole congregation to order, like a shout. To the right about face—march!—in double quick time! Forty speakers bawling at once, and forty thousand cries of order! order! wouldn't have done as much. You might have heard a pin drop. Yet only a moment before there were above a hundred voices all laughing and talking together, under a running accompaniment of creaking chairs, rattling plates, ringing glasses, and a regular *feu de joie* of champaign-pops. On the whole, before we go into particulars, it may not be amiss to recommend these Euterpeans to the consideration of our great men at Washington, should the cries of *order! order!* continue to be disregarded there. They would only have to break out with one of their battle anthems from behind the speaker's chair, and we will answer for it, that the one hundred gentlemen of the south—ay, or the *three hundred gentlemen* from the north, would stop in mid-volley, even though they were all rushing together like so many over-charged thunder-clouds. But enough—we have no idea of making a serious move on the subject, either by petition or remonstrance, motion or complaint: all we have to say, therefore, is, that the instant we heard pealing forth from the very midst of the tumult, "*To Greece we give our shining blades!*" there was a dead silence throughout the whole house. The very servants were mute and motionless—the plates and glasses breathless, though not a few of the latter rang with sympathy, soon after, to a part of Sweet Home. Then we had *Near the lake where droop'd the willow*—which was completely overpowering to the author of the lines, who *happened* to be planted just opposite these Euterpeans We could have envied his feelings—*could* we say, though we did not, being altogether above the passion of envy. Then followed "As the moments roll," "The vales are smoking," and "Litzow's wild hunt" There were four in the band, with voices of remarkable richness, fulness, ripeness, and power, with no implement, and nothing but a natural and hearty relish for music, and a just confidence in themselves to regulate their manifestations. Upon inquiry we found their names to be White, Blanty, Bailey, Launt Take it altogether, it was one of the finest exhibitions of vocal power it has ever been our luck to hear. There was but one opinion among all of the hundreds present, either at this, or at any other private exhibition.

THE THEATRES.

The engagement of Mademoiselle Celeste at the Park (during which were produced the ballet and pantomime with the accustomed success) will be succeeded by that of Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff, who take possession of these boards on Monday next in their popular characters of Master Walter and Julia, in our old friend Sheridan Knowles's glorious play of "The Hunchback." During their stay, Bulwer's "Richelieu," in which both father and daughter are so famous, will be got up with all the capabilities of the establishment. We hope that "Love," and the "Sea-Captain," will also be produced, and the new original play of the "Miser of Padua," which has made so much talk among the literary circles of this city.

Mr. Forrest, whose engagement at the Bowery was most successful, the house being nightly crowded, and not unfrequently to overflowing, was followed by Mr. Charles Kean, whose performances of Richard, Sir Giles Overreach and Hamlet, have given him an enviable reputation in both hemispheres, and stamped him an actor of the first class. Mr Hamblin and Mrs. Shaw have lent their attraction also to the entertainments, which, with an occasional sprinkling of melo-drama to vary the scene, have contributed to enlarge the treasury and put the audience in a good-humour.

It was really refreshing to witness the beautiful delineations of that chaste and elegant actor, Mr. James Wallack, at the Chatham, where, with his brother and a good stock company, he has, notwithstanding the various attractions of the town, performed a short engagement to the great delight of the audience and his own satisfaction. He played with all the vivacity of twenty years ago, and his inimitable personations of Rolla, Dick Dashall, Massaroni, Martin Heywood, etc., filled the house nightly with fashionable and applauding spectators. However popular Mr. Wallack may be as a *manager*—and he is deservedly so—we like, and always have liked, Wallack the *actor* far better; and we think we shall not be contradicted when we say, that, in his own peculiar line, he is at this day the best English actor living

That exceedingly clever man, Mitchell, for a long time the stage-manager of the National Theatre, has a theatrical speculation on hand in the Olympic, which he opened some weeks since with novelties of a very queer description; and among them a burlesque upon the opera of La Sonnambula, entitled the "Roof Scrambler," in which he himself sustained the principal character, called Molly Brown. It is a laughable piece, and the audience seemed to enjoy it mightily. We thought, however, that the humour was at times a little too broad; and we can imagine nothing more reprehensible in stage appointment than the attire of the assumed female character. Brown, Horncastle, Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Plumer, and Mrs. Proctor, are members of this company, and the pieces in which they appear never fail to please.

The Bowery Amphitheatre is at present the centre of attraction for visitors of all ages; the elegance of the equestrian performers and their wonderful skill, surprise and delight the spectators. Gossin, the clown, keeps the place in one perpetual roar of laughter, and the grand spectacles which usually terminate the performances equal, if not surpass, any attempt of the kind ever presented to a New-York audience. The care and attention bestowed upon the general representations, and the rapidity with which they succeed each other, speak much for the talent of the director, Mr. H. Rockwell.

While we have pen in hand, we may as well say, in these holiday times, that for the juvenile portion of the community, whether six feet high or two, an evening spent at the Broadway Circus is well worth the cost of admission.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque. By Edgar A. Poe. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

The creation of modern literature—that species of invention which alone could body forth the infinite variety of modern society—the novel—requires much peculiar to its period, and all that the mind has ever possessed of original power. The legends of a barbaric age are, perhaps, all that age had worth preserving: another, entirely military, is perfectly depicted in an heroic poem; where the character of a nation is exclusively political, its masterpiece is history: chivalry, with its banners and brands, lives in its own spirited ballads; and, as the varieties increased and shades multiplied, the drama became the lively and accurate reflection of the passing panorama. But to an age, reading, thoughtful, languid, with every excitement of former times added to its own—with its strange mixture of all that can form a character, yet repress its display—what could do justice—what give a picture so true, as may be given by the novel? The tale, although not so encumbered with plot and incidents, belongs to the same class of composition, and all that it has to depend upon for usefulness or effect, is its truth of principle, its fidelity to nature, and the tact and talent with which that truth is told and that fidelity is preserved. And herein is the value and beauty of that kind of truth displayed, in that it is visible and obvious to all, for it appeals to experience and awakens observation; it opens the character of humanity, and is at once food for the philosopher, and amusement for the child.

Had Mr. Poe written nothing else but "Morella," "William Wilson," "The House of Usher," and the "MS. found in a Bottle," he would deserve a high place among imaginative writers, for there is fine poetic feeling, much brightness of fancy, an excellent taste, a ready eye for the picturesque, much quickness of observation, and great truth of sentiment and character in all these works. But there is scarcely one of the tales published in the two volumes before us, in which we do not find the development of great intellectual capacity, with a power for vivid description, an opulence of imagination, a fecundity of invention, and a command over the elegances of diction which have seldom been displayed, even by writers who have acquired the greatest distinction in the republic of letters. It would be, indeed, no easy matter to find another artist with ability equal to this writer for discussing the good and evil—the passions, dilemmas, and affectations—the self-sufficiency and the deplorable weakness, the light and darkness, the virtue and the vice by which mankind are by turns affected. These volumes present a succession of richly-coloured pictures in the magic lantern of invention.

We have heard it objected, that Mr. Poe's pictures are not always to be taken as a correct representation of human nature. What human nature actually is at this period, would be a matter of some difficulty to ascertain, modified as it is by education, controlled by circumstance, and compounded of customs and costumes. The novelist, the sketcher, and the essayist, must take, not make their materials: and in all states of society, whether one of furs, feathers, and paint; *au naturel*—or of those furs turned into muffs, those feathers waving over helmets and *barrettes*, and that paint softened into rouge and pearl-powder—the view taken by an acute observer will be valuable as philosophy. The human heart, like the human countenance, is endless in its variety; the tree, the flower, the bird, the beast, resemble each other, till the likeness is that of ideality. The oaks at Dodona were but like those in any English park; the steed of the Macedonian might be but as the racehorse of our modern turf. Not so with the face of man—the statue, the picture, come down to us, and we trace similarity, but no sameness; for where can be found two human beings whose individuality could be mistaken? And the varieties of mind are still more infinite: the routine of circumstances may and will be the same—the battle may be fought, the orator and statesman contend for the high places, the festival assemble the young, and the thousand great and little events of life be alike—but the spirit which vivifies them will be different; even as our present age bears no resemblance to its predecessors, so those in futurity are equally likely to differ from our own. If, therefore, Mr. Poe appears now and then too sombre and fantastic, or deals in too wild imaginings, the fault, if fault it be, must be attributed to the advanced state of our literature, which—the incidents of invention being somewhat exhausted—makes an author frequently turn to sentiment and metaphysics rather than description or adventure.

In conclusion, we would just observe, that we have done but imperfect justice to this miscellaneous and agreeable work; one of the best lounging books we have perused for a very long while. It is quite impossible to dip into any part of it without having the attention riveted and the fancy pleased; so that, in truth, our only charge against it, is that it has detained us longer than was expedient from other volumes and other affairs.

The Ursuline Manual, a collection of prayers, spiritual exercises, etc., originally arranged for the young ladies of the Ursuline Convent, Cork. New-York: Edward Dunigan.

This fine collection of spiritual exercises, revised by the very reverend John Power, has been got up in a style rivalling in binding and beautiful engravings our most popular annuals. The work is intended as a gift-book for our catholic friends, and a very elegant and appropriate one it is for that purpose. Among the embellishments we notice a fine engraving of Carlo Dolci's "Christ blessing the Dead," and an exquisitely finished copy of Mochetti's Crucifixion.

Heath's "Book of Beauty," and a fine collection of splendid London annuals, may be found at Appleton's, in Broadway.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The holidays have brought us an infinite variety of communications and letters of all descriptions. If we were to undertake to oblige a hundredth part of the "constant readers" and "subscribers," whose prose and poetry are deposited in our "receptacle for things ——," we should be compelled to enlarge our modest sheet to treble the size of the mammoth "Boston Notion." This being inconvenient at present, we must reluctantly defer or reject the greater part of the contributions so liberally proffered. This we do with some compunction, for among the matter thus "laid aside" we often find articles of real worth—gems of "purest ray serene," which ought to be rescued from oblivion and neglect. What a capital book we might make out of our "rejected communications?" Let those, therefore, who see not their contributions in our columns, console themselves with the fact, that want of space and not want of will, in nine cases out of ten, prevents their insertion.—The puff sent us by "J. G." would do very well for the advertising columns of a daily paper, but we must decline giving it a place.—"H." will see that we have noticed elsewhere the circumstance which he objects to in the performances at the Olympic. We have no doubt the abuse will be reformed altogether.— We have not yet received a copy of Professor Longfellow's new volume of poems. We believe, however, that all that "X." says in its praise is true.—We can make no possible use of Hahneman's bulky manuscript. Will he relieve us of it?—The "Welcome to the New Year" is very well in its sentiments, but altogether too original in its grammar and spelling.—The letters in the National Intelligencer from Paris, are understood to be from the pen of Robert Walsh, Esq.—Our Washington correspondent is informed that we did not ask for personal and political details. Let him try again.—We have not meddled with Mr. Espy's theory, as Anti-Humbug must be aware. Why then inflict the attack upon him on the readers of the Mirror?—The contents of the present number are entirely original.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1839.

Congratulatory.—Before the next impression reaches our readers, another year will have dawned upon us, and we therefore embrace the present as the most fitting occasion we shall have of tendering our holiday congratulations both to old friends and new; and among the former there are many thousands who have been constant readers of the Mirror from its commencement, now nearly a score of years since. Among these are many whose smiles have rewarded our labours through all the vicissitudes of our editorial lifetime—we mean the ladies—God bless them!—whose bright eyes have sparkled as they looked approvingly into their Mirror. For their unchanging confidence and countenance we could say much by way of expressing our sense of gratitude, but for the present will content ourselves by wishing to one and all a cheerful, a merry, and a happy new year.

Visits on new-year's day.—We are gratified to learn that preparations are making to celebrate this good old Knickerbocker custom with greater spirit than ever on the approaching anniversary. The ladies will put on their best smiles to receive their visiters, which, with the usual adjuncts of mulled wine, coffee, and ginger-nuts, cannot fail to have an exhilarating influence upon them. We hope that this custom, which tends to strengthen friendships and keep alive the kindly feelings of the heart, may never fall into disrepute—and to the ladies we must look for its perpetuation.

Holiday presents.—The shops have put on their holiday attire. In Broadway and Chatham-street, and other parts of the town, there are splendid arrays of all descriptions of wares intended for presents. We stop to look in at the window of one of these fancy establishments—Werckmeister's. Here the lover of "little juveniles" may supply himself with hobbyhorses, regiments of infantry, squadrons of cavalry, drums, swords, trumpets, and all the accoutrements of "glorious war;" with boats, barges, steam-packets, and other nautical inventions—with tops, bats, balls, marbles, kites, sleds, and similar important trifles, or with dolls, cradles, bedsteads, and other furniture of "the baby-house," or with chairs, tables, sofas, bureaus and other fairy "properties." We will purchase lots of these on our return. Here is another store, kept by the sons of our old friend, the poet Woodworth. Now, if you have a mind to cater for your ladye-love, what an opportunity! Rings, watches, chains, beads, necklaces, bracelets, reticules, desks, work-boxes, or anything else you may fancy, in glittering profusion! Is your inamorata of a literary turn? make her a present of a volume of the New-York Mirror, and, like an honest fellow, pay for it in advance. After you have done this, you may step into Linnen and Fennell's, and buy their new and beautiful edition of Tom Moore's "Irish Melodies," or look in at Appleton's and examine their splendid collection of London annuals and standard books. Or has she a musical turn? step immediately in at Charles E. Horn's, and purchase a piano, or subscribe for the National Melodies of America, or his new musical periodical, which will contain all the popular compositions of the day. The confectioners, too, must not be forgotten. Stewart, in Chambers-street, is a great artist in this line, and his establishment is redolent of sweets. Then there's Howe's bakery, corner of Broadway and Howard-street; that's the place for crumpets, and jumbles, and doughnuts, and cookies, and all the other unmentionables of the pastry-cook. There are scores of other places, with the same or different attractive commodities; and we wish all our readers the will and the means to obtain "these good gifts."

Young ladies for sale.—In one of the Calcutta newspapers the following advertisement appears. What does it mean?—"Be it known, that six fair, pretty young ladies, with two sweet and engaging young children, lately *imported from Europe*, having the roses of health blooming on their cheeks, and joy sparkling in their eyes, possessing amiable manners, and highly accomplished, are to be *raffled for*, next door to the British Gallery. Scheme, twelve tickets at twelve rupees each."

A righteous verdict.—"I am more and more convinced," said a doge of Venice, speaking of one of his public men, "that he is an honest man, from the pains these villains take to injure him." We are reminded of this saying from seeing a paragraph going the rounds of the newspapers, stating that Doctor Brandreth has recently pursued a counterfeiter of his medicines in Boston, and recovered a verdict of six thousand two hundred and eighty-three dollars, which has given great satisfaction to everybody except the worthy doctor's opponents—the venders of "counterfeit presentments"—and their name is legion. The Star thinks, and we think so too, that "the prosecution serves the public by punishing a man who substitutes a base for a genuine article, by which life may be endangered."

Monument to Leggett.—We learn that arrangements are in progress for the erection of a monument to the memory of the late William Leggett, our former correspondent and friend. Mr. Frazee has been engaged to execute it, and has already prepared a beautiful design. It is an obelisk, standing on a pedestal. On the pedestal is a space for the inscription, and above, on the obelisk, is the bust of Mr. Leggett, in basso relievo. Early in the spring, the monument will be erected at New-Rochelle. When are we to have a collection of Mr. Leggett's writings? They will undoubtedly be his most enduring monument.

Pure orthography.—The following communication is from the pen of one of the most eminent men of America, distinguished not less for his qualities as a patriot, his wisdom as a statesman, and his sagacity as a jurist, than for his erudition as a scholar, his talents as a writer, and his accomplishments as a finished gentleman. The opinions of *such* a man are entitled to great weight, and they have it. We welcome him to the columns of the Mirror.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

My dear sir—I have received the Florida paper you had the kindness to send me, containing a general eulogy of the Mirror, and a specifick denunciation of its editor. You are accused, it appears, of obstinate disobedience to the *law!* which repudiates the letter *u* from *honour* and words of a similar termination. And yet this sapient disciple of Noah Webster inserts the proscribed vowel in *labour* repeatedly, and in articles proceeding manifestly from his own pen. No one surely but a thorough student of his master's *five discrepant dictionaries* could have exhibited such palpable inconsistency. Webster must be now more than eighty years of age; during at least fifty-five of which he has been exclusively occupied in experimenting upon his mother tongue. If he had slumbered for the same period in Sleepy Hollow, he would have been guiltless of murdering the king's English, and have conferred a negative benefit upon the Republick of Letters.

It was a coincidence somewhat singular that when your package arrived I was about taking up my pen to congratulate you on the salutary effect of your efforts in purifying the American press from the vulgarisms which have so sadly marred its orthography. You must indeed have observed the reaction that has already taken place, and which is daily increasing in favour of the cause you have so manfully sustained. You possess too much modesty to avow it, but I feel no hesitation in ascribing the change, in no moderate degree, to the recuperative energy of your example. The Harpers, who have nobly accompanied you in this beneficent career, and who are multiplying the issues of the press to an extent unprecedented in our country, will, in a short time, have imbodied nearly the whole of our standard literature in a pure orthography. Others, as you may have observed, are pursuing a similar course, leaving us nothing to regret but the too frequent suppression of the final *k*. The addition or omission of a single letter may seem of small importance to the mere cursory observer. Not so to the foreigner when attempting to learn the language. Not so, when we consider the contagious influence of such mutilations, and their ultimate and disastrous effect upon the perpetuity in their present form, of the splendid monuments of genius and erudition enshrined in our language. O that our professed lovers of a pure literature were imbued with more of the Roman spirit, which frowned indignantly upon any and every attempt to disfigure the Latin tongue, by the smallest variation in its orthography! To this sleepless vigilance we owe the astonishing fact that this beautiful language has existed nearly three thousand years (one thousand of which it was vernacular) without the change of a letter, if I mistake not, in a single word; and although no longer vernacular in the strict sense of the term, it is nevertheless at this day the settled medium of intercourse between the Literati of different and distant nations. It is admitted, even by Webster, that our language attained its maturity in the reign of Queen Anne and George the First. And yet countenanced by men from whom we should have expected better things, he has spent a long life in elaborating modifications which are only objects of amusement, if not of ridicule, with every Englishman of taste and discernment on which side soever of the Atlantick he may be found. One thing is certain, we must either conform to the British model, or put up with a dialect of our own; for assuredly our English mother will take no lessons on this subject from her American daughter. Nor is it just or even decorous that she should be required to exchange the elevated style of the drawing-room for the senseless prattle of the nursery. Surely there can be no sacrifice of national honour, no surrender of national independence in trusting the parent of the language with the conservation of its purity. Persevere, then, my friend, in your rectilinear course, in the animating hope of rendering our restoration complete, and of thus perpetuating and universally diffusing a language which, in every valuable quality, is unquestionably superior to all others.

TELL ME NOT OF HOARDED GOLD.

ANDANTINO.

Tell me not of hoard-ed gold From rich Pe-ru; Ra ther let me first be told that thou art true.

Cress.

Tell me not of hon-ours won, For I shall fear, One so hon-our'd, soon will shun My hum-bler sphere!

Tell me not of hon-ours won, For I shall fear, One so hon-our'd, soon will shun my hum-bler sphere.

2d—Tell me not of happy isles, Where thou hast been; Tell me not of lovely smiles, That thou hast seen; For I fear again thou'lt seek, A foreign shore; And the smile on Ellen's cheek, Will charm no more.

THE GEM OF THE WILD.

BY MISS VANDENHOFF.

The one little spot in the sand desert dreary,
Where green boughs are glancing, (as emeralds gleam
In a bed of bright gold,) for wanderers weary
To 'scape, 'neath their shadow, the sun's scorching beam—
That one smiling spot, with its cool flowing waters,
Is called, by the Arabs, "The Gem of the Wild."
Thus, Ella, (thou fairest 'mong Eva's fair daughters,)
Though doomed, from thy beauty to wander exiled,
To bear in my bosom the sharp sting whose anguish
Is softened by naught but the mem'ry of thee,
Though doomed through this cold world all lonely to languish,
Thy love is "The Gem of the Wild," sweet, to me!

Little folks.—We love little folks. They are the *future*. Some of them are what the immortal bard calls "the great hereafters." No period of life is more full of interest than that of childhood. We watch the expanding mind of a fine boy as we do the unfolding of a flower. It is redolent of beauty, hope and promise. Childhood is the primrose season of life; and when we see a cluster of little innocent urchins around the hearth, if our wishes could be realized, all their after days should be those of sunshine and happiness. We confess we *like* children, and that we sympathize in all their little griefs and share in all their hilarious and boisterous merriment. In this season of festivity they should never be forgotten, and we ourselves never do forget them. They anticipate the coming of the holidays with less pleasure than we experience in relating to them strange stories and legends about what St. Claus will do for them if they are—what they all ought to be—good girls and boys. It has been our custom to send them early to bed on a new-year's eve, on good terms with themselves and all the rest of the world, and then to fill their suspended receptacles for the bounties of St. Nicholas with trinkets, toys, and the good and wholesome comfits of the season. Oh the pleasures of these offices! none but a parent ever *did*, or ever *can* conceive it. Look at their bright and shining faces in the morning, and read your reward in their astonishment and gratitude. Parents, neglect not your little folks at this season of the year. You purchase a large amount of happiness at a trifling cost. Never be unmindful of your duty in this respect. Please your children on proper occasions, and they will please you in after life. Mind, never put rods and other emblems of reproof in the stockings of your dear little children while they lie dreaming of tokens of kindlier feelings from their patron saint. We do not envy those mistaken parents who could wantonly wound the sensibilities of their offspring and call tears to their eyes instead of smiles.

Evening parties.—The fashionable practice of going late in the evening to parties is one "more honoured in the breach than the observance." It is a foreign custom—one of the worst of our imported follies. The true way to enjoy a social assembly is to go early, and to retire before midnight, before the faculties are jaded and the attention wearied. When we hear of young ladies whirling through the waltz, the "dance of contact," as Knowles calls it, till two or three o'clock in the morning, and this for weeks in succession, we are not surprised at the pallid faces and attenuated forms which we see gliding past us in our daily walks.

A just reproof.—The snail-like pace at which our omnibuses travel has become proverbial. It is, we believe, a fact, that in nine cases out of ten, a person starting from the upper part of the city can reach Wall-street sooner by walking than by availing himself of the conveyance of an omnibus. A gentleman, as he issued from Bleecker-street into Broadway the other morning, was accosted in the usual manner, by an omnibus boy, with "Broadway up, sir! Broadway up! "Thank you, no," replied the individual—"*I am in a hurry.*"

Early rising.—"Let us get up early," was the exclamation of King Solomon, the wise man, to his love. We must confess the temptation to obey this advice is but slight these cold winter mornings; and yet of the good effects of this excellent habit there can be no doubt. At all seasons of the year it is beneficial, and perhaps never more so than in winter. In what beautiful language does Thomson urge the importance of this habit! Who could believe, that the man who could so eloquently inveigh against sloth, was himself the most indolent of men!

Conjugal punctuality.—A married gentleman in the East Indies is in the habit of receiving lengthy and affectionate epistles from his wife in Europe. These he never opens, but carefully puts them by, tied up and labeled according to their dates, in order, on his return, that his wife should read them to him all in a lump.

"Glorious sleighing"—A Pennsylvania paper thus parodies the speech of Richard—"Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious sleighing for those who like it." We must confess that we are among those "who like it." How many old and pleasant associations do the sleigh-bells awaken! The bright moonlight shining over a wide mantle of snow—the gay companions and the pretty faces—the song, the dance and the mulled wine. We can sympathize very heartily with the feelings of the poet expressed in the following stanza:

"As for the first wild flower,
In the early time of spring;
As for the summer shower,
When earth is languishing;
As for the rainbow's blending,
As for the daystar's glow,
I have watched for the descending
Of the Winter's virgin snow."

Lady equestrians.—In coming down town early the other morning, while the weather was clear and bracing, we encountered a party of ladies and gentlemen on horseback. It seemed to us at first that the spectacle was unseasonable, but when we looked upon the ruddy cheeks and glowing countenances of the fair riders, and remarked their evident enjoyment of the exhilarating exercise, we were disposed to alter our opinion. How many pining forms and sallow faces would be spared the departure of their bloom, if a habit so healthful and so agreeable were early adopted! We know of no more graceful sight than a lady on horseback; and we have seriously meditated a trip to London merely to see Victoria manage her steed She is said to be the best horsewoman in the world, but those who have said so have never seen our Broadway belles on horseback

Cockney criticism.—We have heard of a tourist from the vicinity of Bowbells, who, on the occasion of a recent visit to the Falls of Niagara, for the purpose of procuring material for a chapter in his forthcoming book of travels, after having undergone the heat and fatigue of one of the most insupportable days in midsummer, peeped over the edge of Table Rock, and gave it as his opinion that, "the Falls were very fair for a new country: yes—they were certainly clever; but that he did not enjoy them so much as the picture of them he had seen in the book-stores."

Conviction.—Every man has the power of executing whatever he is fully convinced of.

NEW-YORK MIRROR,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Embellished with Fine Engravings, and Musick arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.] SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, NUMBER ONE BARCLAY-STREET, NEXT TO THE CORNER OF BROADWAY. [PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

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THE PAGE.

It was deep midnight, and the stars shone bright
Over bold Sir Julian's halls;
But the revels' din still sounded within,
And shook the hoary walls:
For the knight drank deep, while the world was asleep;
He drank with his lemans fair;—
And he turned, in his joy, to the pale young boy
That waited beside his chair.

As the wine he quaffed, with that page he laughed;—
He laughed at his sister's shame!—
And the fair boy smiled—for how should a child
Know aught of maiden's fame?
Yet they two had grown together as one,
Till she fell to that man of guile;
And she now rests her head on a clay cold bed—
Oh 'tis strange that her brother can smile!

"Come, fill me a cup! Sir Page, fill it up,
While I drink to the fair and kind:
Yet methinks 'twere not ill they should taste who fill,
Lest mischief should lurk behind!"
His smile never failed, his eye never quailed,
As the brim to his lip he pressed:
Freely he quaffed of the sparkling draught,
And Sir Julian drained the rest.

"My Page, why so pale—do thy senses fail?
What ails thee, boy?—thou art ill!—
His eye is less bright and his lip more white,
But that smile plays round it still,
And his dim, dim gaze on Sir Julian stays;—
What may its meaning be?
"Sir Julian prepare, thou hast taken thy share
Of the poisoned cup with me!"

Wild is the cry that rises on high;
Terrible, sad, and wild;
As the vengeance is felt to be fearfully dealt
From the hand of that feeble child.
But its work is done; for the rising sun
Saw the knight in his plumed pride,
Lie stark and pale, 'mid his followers' wail,
A corse by the fair boy's side.

STORIES OF REAL LIFE.

THE THREE FRIENDS OF BRUSSELS.

Some years ago there resided at Brussels three young men, named Charles Darancourt, Theodore de Valmont, and Ernest de St. Maure, whose friendship for each other was of so ardent a nature, that they were generally known by the title of *The Inseparables*. The first link which bound these youths together was the remarkable circumstance of their having been all three born on one day, and, being all of good families, they had been constant playfellows in childhood, and studied at the same academy as schoolboys, and had become members of the same university in their more advanced years. Through all these stages of their existence, they had exhibited the same unvarying affection for one another, and had displayed great similarity in their tastes, feelings and pursuits. On reaching manhood, however, circumstances led them, as might be expected, to adopt different courses of life. Darancourt, the son of an eminent physician, selected the profession of the law as the road to eminence and respectability in the world. St. Maure, whose father was a nobleman of decayed fortunes, chose the army as most suitable to his birth and pretensions. De Valmont, on the other hand, preferred the captivating study of letters and the fine arts to the pursuit of any positive profession; and the circumstances of his father, a retired colonel of engineers, enabled the young man, for the time at least, to indulge his tastes in this respect.

Earnest de St. Maure, at the period whence this narrative takes its date, had not yet joined the army, but the imperial mandate (for Brussels was then within the dominions of Napoleon) was looked for daily, and Count de St. Maure and his lady were sadly preparing their minds for parting with their only and beloved son. At this time it was, that Charles Darancourt, who had been recently admitted a member of the masonick fraternity, took an opportunity of suggesting to young St. Maure the propriety of entering the same society. Darancourt's counsel was founded on certain stories told of soldiers having fallen into the hands of the enemy, and having been saved by discovering a brother-mason in some of the captors. "Now who knows," cried the young barrister, with the ardour of friendship, "but you, St. Maure, may be thrown into a similar situation, and may escape by the like means?" Though disposed to look upon the mysteries of masonry as a useless mummery, St. Maure allowed himself to be persuaded by his friend, and promised to undergo initiation at an early day. At the same time he would consent only on condition of Darancourt himself acting as sole initiator, which the barrister, however irregular the proceeding might be, professed his willingness to undertake.

During the Sunday immediately following the day on which this conversation took place, Count de St. Maure's house was observed to be shut up by the neighbours. None of the inmates, at least, were seen to issue from it, though they had ever been remarkable for their punctuality in attendance on the services of the church. The neighbours, however, merely concluded some of them to be ill. But about eight o'clock in the evening, Charles Darancourt and Theodore de Valmont called, in order to spend a social hour with the family. Their repeated knockings at the door remaining unanswered, they at length alarmed the neighbourhood. The door was burst open, and, to the horrour of the spectators, four murdered bodies were found in the various bedrooms. The corpses, whose throats were shockingly cut, were those of the Count de St. Maure, his lady, and their two servants. It was also found that a desk had been broken open, and plundered of valuable jewels, known to have been there. On this appalling discovery, Darancourt, whose friendship for the family was well known, appeared at first paralyzed with grief. When he recovered from his trance-like stupor, he rushed from the house, exclaiming, "My friend! my dear Ernest! Where is my poor friend!" This exclamation called the minds of the spectators, for the first time, to the circumstance of young St. Maure's absence. The authorities were speedily called to the spot, and, among other steps taken, a search was instituted for Ernest de St. Maure. De Valmont, who retained much more presence of mind than Darancourt had exhibited, conducted in person the search for Ernest. But the whole of Brussels was examined in vain. The young man was to be seen nowhere.

At the solemn investigation which took place into the whole of this tragick affair, circumstances came out which tended strongly to fix the guilt of parricide on the missing youth. A penknife, marked with his initials, was found near the scene of slaughter, covered with blood. This, to all appearance, was the instrument with which the murders had been committed. Rewards were offered for the apprehension of young St. Maure, and in the estimation of all men he was accounted a parricide, until, on the sixth morning after the murders, a new turn was given to the affair by the discovery of the youth's body in a stagnant well in the outskirts of the city. At first, indeed, as no wound was seen on the body, it was only thought that he had added self-destruction to his other crimes, but, on a more minute examination, a small puncture was detected on the breast, immediately over the heart. This had well nigh been passed over as a trifling and accidental scratch. At the urgent entreaty of one surgeon, however, the chest was thoroughly laid open, when it was found that the heart had been pierced to its centre by a sharp instrument of exceeding minuteness, in a direct line with the external puncture. This, obviously, had been the cause of death. As the young man could not have thus slain himself, and then have conveyed his body to the well, it became apparent to all that Ernest de St. Maure also had fallen a victim to the same conspiracy which had overwhelmed his parents. This, at all events, was the strong presumption; and so satisfactory did the discovery appear to the authorities, that they laid the son in the same grave with his parents, thus clearing his memory, as far as they could, from the dreadful charge of being a parricide. The arguments of Charles Darancourt were chiefly instrumental in procuring this justice for his departed friend. The young advocate displayed in this cause all the warmth of sorrowing affection, and all the power of forensick genius.

No further light was thrown on the fate of the St. Maures, until some weeks after the tragick event. Several papers were then discovered in an escritoire by the late count's brother, which threw a dark suspicion on one of the most intimate friends of the deceased—on Theodore de Valmont! It appeared by these documents that de Valmont had fixed his affections on Emily Duplessis, a beautiful young lady, who returned his passion, in spite of a long-standing quarrel between their families. Ernest de St. Maure and Charles Darancourt had been de Valmont's only confidants, and had assisted him in procuring interviews with the object of his affections. Being thus occasionally brought into contact with the young lady, Ernest de St. Maure had himself been inspired with a deep and unhappy passion for Emily Duplessis. He had confessed this to Darancourt, and had at the same time declared his resolution to root it out of his mind, and to die rather than injure de Valmont. But the passion had not been so easily overcome, and de Valmont had at length become aware of the truth. This led to a series of letters between him and St. Maure, which letters were now discovered. In some passages of these, de Valmont reasoned with Ernest as with a brother on the subject of his misplaced passion, while in others Theodore used language that now bore a most unfortunate aspect. "You know me too well," said de Valmont in one letter, "not to feel convinced, that, independently of all other motives, an innate sense of what is due to my own honour would urge me to inflict the most ample vengeance on the head of him who could avail himself of my unbounded confidence to estrange from me the affections of my adored Emily." These and other passages of the discovered correspondence admitted of an inference so unfavourable to Theodore de Valmont, that the authorities, on having the letters laid before them, immediately took him into custody. Various other circumstances of a disadvantageous nature came subsequently into view. It was remembered, by those who had been present, how comparatively little emotion had been shown by Theodore on the discovery of the murdered bodies, while Darancourt had displayed much agitating grief and horrour. Besides, de Valmont, it now appeared, had been met and recognized near the scene of guilt on the night of the murders. When asked to explain where he had then been, de Valmont showed manifest confusion, and said he had been visiting a friend, but positively refused to name that friend. And, moreover, a respectable female came forward, who averred that, on the third or fourth day after the tragedy, she had washed a shirt for the prisoner, the right sleeve of which was clotted with blood. The explanation which de Valmont gave of this circumstance was lame, confused and improbable. On these grounds of suspicion, Theodore de Valmont was appointed to take his trial for the murder of the St. Maures, though no one could even imagine a reason for his having included the parents in that revenge, which Ernest alone seemed to have merited at his hands.

Charles Darancourt was unremitting in his attempt to sustain the imprisoned friend under the heavy affliction of such a charge as this To Darancourt, Theodore confided the task of communicating the intelligence of this accusation to Emily Duplessis. The young lady was so dreadfully affected as to sink into a violent fever, during the ravings of which she revealed to her parents the fact of her having not only loved de Valmont, but of her having been recently united to him by a private marriage. This information, which she did not gainsay on recovering partially from her illness, had the effect of widening the circle implicated in these dark transactions, since the parents of Emily had the grief of seeing her fate bound up with that of one on whom a charge rested of the most atrocious kind. Their previous hostility to the de Valmonts, the parents might, perhaps, have readily got over; but there was now deep disgrace attending any connection with the very name of de Valmont. The discovery of the marriage was therefore concealed.

The morning allotted for de Valmont's trial arrived. The officers went to his cell to remove him, but lo! the place was empty! The prisoner had undermined the cell, and escaped by scaling the prison-walls. On the table lay a letter addressed to Mademoiselle Duplessis, which was opened by the authorities, and was found to contain an animated and solemn assertion of the writer's innocence. But, seeing circumstances to bear against him, he had resolved (the letter said) to take the only visible mode of saving his life, in the hope of one day proving his innocence; and until this was established, he never would return (he said) to Brussels. An energetick search was made for Theodore de Valmont, but it proved fruitless.

Thus was justice again baffled, at a time when it had fixed, in its own belief, on the true criminal. But Theodore's letter, which was long and most eloquently pathetick, made a deep impression in his favour on many persons, and, among others, on the parents of his wife, Emily Duplessis, or rather de Valmont. On conversing with their daughter, they moreover learned that Theodore had been visiting Emily on the night of the murders, and had hurt his right arm in crossing the garden-wall of her father's house. Not knowing that Emily in her illness had revealed the marriage, de Valmont would not betray the secret, and hence his confused answers when questioned, as already mentioned. Knowing these things, Emily's parents longed for Theodore's return, which might now have been comparatively safe. But he could not be heard of any where. The parents now consented to the open acknowledgment of their daughter's marriage with the absent Theodore, which consent Emily had strong reasons for entreating from them. When Theodore had been absent seven months, his wife gave birth to a son, for whom Charles Darancourt stood sponsor at the font. Darancourt, on this occasion, after pledging to the mother and child, called on the guests present to join him in drinking, "To the happy return of the absent father, and may his innocence soon be established!" Strange to say, this wish seemed in some measure fulfilled, not many days after its utterance, in a manner that deeply affected him who uttered it. A cart was stopped one night at the city barrier by one of the collectors of the imposts. No contraband goods were found in the cart, but in the act of search, a small box fell off, and was crushed by one of the wheels. The collector assisted in gathering up its contents, and, while doing so, picked up a brilliant diamond brooch. The collector had been once in the service of the Count de St. Maure, and instantly recognized the brooch, which was of great value, as having belonged to that nobleman. The carter was taken into custody, and, on examination, stated that he had been employed by a gentleman to carry trunks and various articles of furniture to a country-house about a mile distant from Brussels. Being asked the gentleman's name, the man readily gave it as "Monsieur Darancourt, the younger, residing in the Grand Square."

Charles Darancourt was ere long, as his friend de Valmont had been before him, consigned to a prison on the charge of murdering the St Maures. The strange fate which had thus caused suspicion to fall on the very dearest friends of the deceased, made the case most remarkable in the eyes of all men. Charles Darancourt was brought fairly to trial. He defended himself with equal calmness and ability, declaring the brooch to have been given to him in a present by the Count de St. Maure. On the other hand, the collector proved that the count had ever seemed to regard the brooch as the most valuable of his family jewels, and had once refused it, in the witness's hearing, to his own son. There was, on the very face of it, an improbability in the notion that a man of small fortune, like the count, should give away a jewel of such value, as a mere friendly present. It was further proved that Ernest de St. Maure had been last seen entering the prisoner's house, on the night before his disappearance; and on being called forward to tell what they knew, Charles Darancourt's three servants were found to have been all sent out of the way, on various errands, on the night in question. A chain of presumptive evidence of this nature was established against Darancourt, and, in despite of the talent with which he defended himself, he was condemned to die for the murder of the St. Maures

Charles Darancourt solemnly protested his innocence, and continued to repeat the assertion during the interval spent in awaiting the fulfilment of his sentence. The fatal day at length came, and the prisoner was led out to the scaffold, to die an ignominious death in presence of assembled thousands, who looked on with strangely mingled feelings of pity and satisfaction, caused by the ambiguous and mysterious nature of the case. The majority of the spectators could not bring their minds to believe in the commission of such

wholesale murders by one man, and that man an ingenuous youth, and a dear friend of the sufferers. But the decision of the law, though it could not remove doubt, was not to be opposed. When all was ready on the scaffold, and eternity immediately before him, Charles Darancourt pulled from his bosom a sealed packet, and handed it to the priest in attendance, with directions that it should be given after his death to his father. The fatal cord was about to be fixed, when a loud shout arose from the populace, and the crowd was seen opening up to permit the passage of a horseman, accompanied by several soldiers. "A respite!" was the cry. The populace, already excited by this event, were still more so, when they beheld the horseman spring to the scaffold, embrace the prisoner, and then advance to address themselves. It was Theodore de Valmont! He spoke at some length to the multitude, telling them that, on hearing of Darancourt's condemnation, he had flown to Paris, and had detailed the whole circumstances to the emperour, who had been thus moved to grant a respite. "I knew my own innocence," continued Theodore, "and I could not doubt that my beloved friend was equally innocent with myself. Our intimacy with the unfortunate deceased has well nigh brought death on both of us, for that intimacy is our sole crime. The mystery which hangs over this sad story, heaven will clear up in its own good time!" The shouts of the people rose joyfully on the air, for the words of de Valmont carried conviction with them.

What were the feelings of Charles Darancourt on being thus snatched from the grave? He retained all his calmness, and merely uttered a few broken sentences, expressive of gratitude to heaven for his liberation from the charge of being a murderer and a robber He then turned mildly to the priest, and requested the restoration of the packet. The priest was about to comply, when one of the attendant officers snatched it from the holy father's hands, declaring it to be his duty to retain and show it to his superiours. The prisoner quietly remonstrated against this seizure of papers relating only to private family affairs But the officer was obstinate. Darancourt and de Valmont were then conveyed to prison, as the respite ordered, till the emperour's will should be further known. On reaching prison, Charles Darancourt immediately communicated with his friends, and protested anew against the seizure of his papers. The authorities did not listen to his request.

Well might Darancourt struggle for the repossession of that fatal packet! Believing death inevitable, Darancourt had there made a confession—and what a confession! A confession of five cool and deliberate murders effected by *him* without an accomplice! The following is an abstract of that paper's contents:—"Having formed a deep attachment to Emily Duplessis, Darancourt had resolved to cut off both de Valmont and Ernest de St Maure, as obstacles in his way. Ernest fell first into his power. This victim came to the house of Darancourt to be initiated into the mysteries of masonry. Under pretence of performing these, Darancourt had contrived to bind the young man so that he could stir neither hand nor foot, and had then opened the victim's dress, and thrust a knitting-needle between the ribs into the centre of the heart! Ernest de St. Maure died instantly, almost without a groan. Taking a key, by which the deceased let himself into his own house at nights, from Ernest's pockets, and also a penknife, Darancourt then carried the body by a back road to a neighbouring well, and threw it in. He then hurried to the Count de St Maure's house, let himself in, and murdered the master of the house, his wife, and his two domesticks, while sleeping in their beds. The principal motive for Darancourt's entering the house was the desire to gain possession of a bond for five thousand francs, which, out of his slender means, the count had lent the young lawyer to prosecute his studies. The murder of the servants and, indeed, of the other victims also, was committed lest they should disturb him in the robbery of the house, which proved a temptation too strong to be overcome when the murderer found the chance in his power. Family jewels and cash to a considerable amount were the price of his guilt. By leaving the penknife, Darancourt hoped to throw suspicion on the son of the count, and this really turned out as he had anticipated, though the unexpected opening of the old well had subverted that part of the expected issue Darancourt had doomed de Valmont to death at the first opportunity."

This fearful revelation—from the murderer's own hand—filled the minds of the people of Brussels with the deepest horrour. Had the packet been returned to the guilty Darancourt, mystery, it seemed probable, would have permanently hung over the fate of the St. Maures; for the accomplished hypocrite, who had shed so much blood, seemed to know naught of conscience or its stings. When he was again taken to the scaffold, it was amid the execrations of multitudes, and no man's pity followed the wretch into eternity His crimes had been committed with as little remorse, and under as unnatural circumstances, as any that ever disgraced mankind

Theodore de Valmont was restored to the arms of his beloved Emily, and enjoyed as perfect happiness as ever falls to human lot. In the close concealment which he was compelled to preserve after his fight, he had not heard of the acknowledgment of the marriage, otherwise he would probably have braved all danger and returned earlier to Brussels This narrative, as the Oriental Herald (from which we derive the materials of this article) informs us, is founded upon facts that has really occurred.

GAIETIES AND GRAVITIES.

STORY OF THE PICTURE.

Accidentally resting for a moment in a small room lately in the house of a stranger, an oil-painting hanging on the opposite wall arrested our attention. There was nothing very remarkable, certainly, in the execution of the piece, of which it might have been said, in the gently sarcastick words of Goldsmith, that "had the painter taken more pains, the painting would have been better done." But the deposition of the figures constituted the striking feature, as this plainly indicated the piece to have been intended to commemorate some real accident, and that of a curious nature. The figures were three in number, all of them of the masculine branch of humanity. One of them was erect or standing, another was seated, while a third was resting on the floor on his knees and hands. In the centre of the group stood a large chest, the lid of which was raised and thrown back, exposing to view nothing distinct. So much for the relative positions of the men and the box. Now for the individual expression of each of the parties. The person on his legs had one hand extended, pointing to the open chest, while his countenance was directed to the sitting gentleman *vis-a-vis*, with a look that said as plainly as words, "What do you think of *that* now? Doesn't that astonish you?" The sitting gentlemen's sense of wonder responded to the call thus made upon it, and he replied, in the same mute way, "Well, I never—did I ever?—No I never—saw the match of *that*?" The kneeling figure afforded some glimps of a cause for these feelings of the gentleman on his legs and the gentleman in the chair. He had a board lying before him, on which some *silver spoons and forks* were ranged in rows. This board was about the size of the lid of the chest, and it was plain that there was some connexion between them, which caused the uplifted palm of the gentleman in the chair, and had brought the other individual to an erect posture. A tea-pot or coffee-pot, and some other articles of silver plate, were placed on the floor, a little aside, and corroborated the impression that silver was a substance deeply implicated in the whole affair.

To use a favourite expression of novelists when they are sensible of having been *more* than commonly dull and long-winded, "what has required so much time in description was discerned by the eye at a single glance." In the case of this painting, having taken in all at one look, we became more amazingly anxious to know the circumstances to which the piece referred. And the history of the painting was told to us, as we shall now tell it again.

A gentleman of good estate and repute, thought fit on one occasion to change his residence from one of our larger towns to a place at the distance of some thirty or forty miles in the country. At his departure, finding it inconvenient or unnecessary to take his stock of silver articles with him to his new residence, he deposited them with a goldsmith in town. The agent in handing over the plate to the jeweller was the proprietor's servant, a person who was to accompany his master to the country. It would appear that the plate had not been looked over on its consignment to the jeweller—at least, not at the immediate time of the gentleman's departure. The latter and his family, including the servant who had had the charge of delivering the plate, went to the country according to intention, and remained there some few weeks. An inventory, however, of the plate existed; and, ultimately, when the gentleman wished again to come to town, finding his residence in the country not to be so comfortable as he had anticipated, this inventory, at his request, was compared by the jeweller with the stock of plate consigned to him, when some of the articles were found wanting.

On the discovery being made, suspicion at once fell, and not unnaturally, upon the servant, who had been entrusted with the plate. He denied the charge when it was put to him; but there appeared no other way of explaining the deficiency in the chest, than upon the supposition that it must have been abstracted at the moment of consignment, as the quantity of plate existing in the possession of his master, when the family were in town, was perfectly well known. The servant was thrown into prison, in spite of his protestations of innocence. There he lay for several months; the belief of all being, that he alone *could* possibly be the purloiner of the missing articles, as no person but himself, it could be proved, had touched or intermeddled with the plate-chest before its consignment to the jeweller. The lost plate, it may be here added, consisted chiefly if not entirely of forks and spoons.

As the assizes did not come on for several months in the district where the accused servant was confined, the consideration of his guilt or innocence was necessarily delayed for that period, as far as an open trial, by a jury of his countrymen, was concerned. What would have been the result of such a trial, it is impossible to say; but the probability is, that it would have gone hard with the accused. He, in the meanwhile, during his imprisonment, begged hard and often to be permitted to go to town, declaring that he himself would speedily discover what had become of the lost plate. Impressed with the idea of his guilt, however, his accusers would not permit of this, and he remained in his cell, to await his doom.

But before the period for settling the case by a definite decision of a jury, a strange and most unlooked-for circumstance occurred, which totally altered the face of affairs. The plate-chest, from which the articles were missing, had been removed, as a matter of course, from the jeweller's premises to the house of the proprietor. That gentleman, on the imprisonment of his servant, had engaged a new one, to whom the care of the chest in question, as well as of other affairs of the household, was entrusted. Now, it chanced, that, while this new servant, on a certain time, was employed in turning up and examining in the course of his duty this identical plate-chest, he discovered a *slide*, or a sort of false top, which, on being taken out, revealed to his eyes a row of forks and spoons, not in the list of those over which he had been appointed curator. This slide was fixed into the top of the chest, in a way that will be perfectly intelligible to all who have seen trunk-lids that had a depending portion, forming part of the side. Having, of course, heard of the charge made against his predecessor in office, the servant at once concluded that these were the missing articles of plate, and hurried to inform his master

On receiving intelligence of this discovery, and satisfying himself of the mistake which he had been led into, the gentleman, it is natural to suppose, felt great contrition for what had happened. His first impulse was to send for the jeweller, who had been a party to the mistake. The jeweller came, and it is this meeting which the artist has put upon canvass. The jeweller is the seated personage, the proprietor of the plate is the gentleman on his legs, and the new servant is the party kneeling on the floor, exhibiting the recently discovered portion of the contents of the chest. Undoubtedly, the artist chose a good point of the story for delineation on canvass.

On this revelation being made, the accused servant was liberated, as might have been expected. But it was not to be supposed that he could put up patiently with the unfounded charge made against him, and the confinement which he had suffered. He claimed compensation, and the parties from whom he claimed it were under the necessity, willingly or unwillingly, of buying indemnity for their mistaken accusation, at the cost of several hundred pounds.

Such is the story of the painting. It has a moral, or perhaps two. The first and least pointed or special, refers to the danger of preferring such charges. The second and most directly applicable, may be conveyed in the words: "Let every man take care to know the outs and ins of his own plate-chest."

A CHAPTER ON LADIES' HAIR.

Expressive as the eyes and the mouth are, how much is the expression of each of them affected or altered by the manner in which the hair is dressed; so that, after all, every feature in the face is a subsidiary sovereign to the cranatory influencer of the whole facial aspect. Now, as far as *young* ladies are concerned, (for there is a satire about discussing the question as how an old lady should dress her hair, which we are gallant enough not even to allude to,) we are bold enough to declare it to be our opinion that the mode of wearing hair most suited to by far the greater number of faces, is that which allows a profusion of long and ample ringlets to fall over the shoulders, and to attire them, as it were, entirely behind, with just a ringlet or two curving down in front of each shoulder, as Miss Fanny Wyndham, many of our readers will remember, dressed her hair in the part she so exquisitely played in Lord Burghersh's lately produced opera, *Il Torneo*. The fashion commonly denominated *à la Chinois* we hereby enter our especial protest against, firmly believing, as we do, that the face would look scarcely less pleasing, in every respect, were the head completely shaved. Those huge curls, only three or four in number, on each side of the head, and first worn by our French neighbours, we also object to, unless the face is a small one, giving it, as they do in the reverse case, a look not sufficiently gentle and self-possessed and feminine. Plaited hair we admire and regard as judicious when the wearer possesses altogether but a little, but this is an extremely inferior mode of dressing it to the one we first mentioned, and *that* one, therefore, we demand and command shall be the mode practised by all the beautiful beings in the human botany of England.—*Court Journal.*

OLD PINCHER.

BY ELIZA COOK.

I frolicked, a youngling, wild, rosy and fat,
When Pincher was brought in the butcher-boy's hat,
And the long-promised puppy was hailed with a joy
That ne'er was inspired by a gold-purchased toy.

"What a darling!" cried I, while my sire with a frown,
Exclaimed, "Hang the brute! though 'tis easy to drown;"
But I wept at the word, till my sorrowful wail
Won his total reprieve from the rope or the pail.

Regarding his beauty, I'm silent, forsooth,
I've a little old-fashioned respect for the truth,
And the praise of his colour or shape to advance
Would be that part of history known as romance

Together we rambled, together we grew;
Many plagues had the household, but we were the two
Who were branded the deepest; all doings reviled,
Were sure to be wrought by "that dog" and "that child"

Unkennell'd and chainless, yet truly he served;
No serfdom was known, yet his faith never swerved;
A dog has a heart—secure that, you'll find
That *love* even in brutes is the safest to bind.

If my own kin or kind had demolished my ball,
The transgression was marked with a scuffle and squall;
But with perfect consent he might mouth it about,
Till the very last atom of sawdust was out.

When halfpence were doled for the holiday treat,
How I longed for the comfits so lusciously sweet;
But cakes must be purchased, for how could I bear
To feast on a luxury Pinch could not share

I fondled, I fed him, I coaxed or I cuffed,—
I drove or I led him, I soothed or I buffed;
He had beatings in anger, and huggings in love,
But which were most cruel, 'twere a puzzle to prove.

If he dared to rebel, I might battle and wage
The fierce war of a tyrant with petulant rage;
I might ply him with kicks, or belabour with blows,
But Pincher was never once known to oppose.

Had the pantry been rifled of remnant of beef,
Shrewd suspicions were formed of receiver and thief,
For I paused not at crime, and I blushed not at fibs,
That assisted to nurture his well-covered ribs

The linen half-bleached, must be rinsed o'er again;
And our footsteps in mud were "remarkably" plain:
The tulips were crushed, to the gardener's dismay,
And when last we were seen we were bending that way.

But we weathered all gales, and the years sped away,
Till his "bonnie black" side was fast turning to gray;
When accents were heard most alarmingly sad,
Proclaiming that Pincher, my Pincher, was mad.

It is true; his fixed doom was no longer a joke,
He that moment must die; my young heart was nigh broke
I saw the sure fowling-piece moved from its rest,
And the sob of keen anguish burst forth unsuppress'd.

A shot, a faint howl, and old Pincher was dead;
How I wept while the gardener prepared his last bed,
Something fell on his spade too, wet, sparkling, and clear,
Though *he* said 'twas a dew-drop, *I* knew 'twas a tear.

Our winter-night circle was now incomplete,
We missed the fond brute that had snoozed at our feet;
All his virtues were praised, all his mischief forgot,
We laaded his merits, and sighed o'er his lot.

He was never supplanted—nay, mention him now,
And a something of shadow will steal from my brow;
"Poor fellow!" will burst in such tone of regret,
That whispers my heart is his lurking-place yet.

No wonder, for memory brings back with him,
The thoughts that will render the lightest eye dim;
He is mingled with all that I idolized most.
The brightest, the purest, the loved, and the lost.

The smile of a parent, the dearest, the best,
The joys of my forest home spring to my breast,
And those days re-appear with a halo divine,
When old Pincher, a mother and childhood, were mine.

The Album.

THE YEARLY FAIR OF CASHMERE SHAWLS.

Perhaps the last idea that would ever enter into the head of a London or Parisian belle, when she is the envied possessor of a rich Cashmere, is the manner in which these costly shawls are transferred to European merchants. I have been witness to the extraordinary scene presented by a fair held for this purpose on the banks of the Volga, and I think that the ladies will be interested with its description.

A conflagration which took place on the confines of Europe and Asia, in 1816, burnt down the little village of Makarief. This event, unnoticed in the European journals, was of some consequence in the mercantile annals of the world, since in that miserable village had been held, from time immemorial, every year in the month of July, the fair where all the Cashmeres were sold that were brought by land into Europe. With the village were burnt the warehouses and shops used by the merchants. Ever since that time this fair has been tranferred to Nishnei Novgorod The Russian government had long been desirous that such should be the case, on account of the fine commercial situation of that town at the confluence of the Oka and the Volga

Just at the confluence of these rivers, thousands of temporary shops are constructed with the promptitude for which the Russians are celebrated. We see rise with marvellously celerity, taverns, coffee-shops, a theatre, ball-rooms, and a crowd of edifices of painted wood, constructed with some taste, all ready for the opening of the July fair. A crowd of people from all the corners of the earth assembled to fill these ephemeral streets. Russians, Tartars and

Calmucks, are the natural population; these are joined by Greeks, Armenians, Persians, Indians, Poles, Germans, French, English, and even Americans. Notwithstanding the confusion of tongues, the most perfect order reigns among this assembly of many nations. The riches amassed in this place are incalculable. The silks of Lyons and Asia, the furs of Siberia, the pearls of the East, the wines of France and Greece, and the merchandise of Persia and China, are seen on every side. But among the precious productions of Asia, certainly the shawls of Cashmere bear the first rank.

The sale of these beautiful articles is a sort of contract which never takes place excepting in the presence of witnesses. One of my friends, who dealt in this species of merchandise, requested me to be one of his witnesses. I therefore accompanied him to the fair, and by this means beheld all the proceedings of the negociation. On our arrival, we were joined by the other witnesses and two Armenian brokers, and my friend led us to a row of stone houses, without upper stories; here we were introduced into a sort of a cellar. The Indian merchant, who was the seller, sat here, surrounded by immense riches, in the form of four score bales of Cashmeres, which were ranged and piled against the wall; he dealt in no other merchandise. The extraordinary part of the business is, that shawls of the greatest value are sold without the buyer ever seeing them opened; they are never unfolded; nor does the buyer even examine a corner; nevertheless he is perfectly informed of their state by the descriptive catalogues of the brokers, who obtain these catalogues from Cashmere, drawn up with the utmost care and fidelity.

As soon as we entered, we squatted on the ground without speaking a word, and the brokers who conduct the whole affair proceeded to business. They began by placing the buyer and seller at diagonal points of the apartment; they then ran perpetually from one party to another, making known the price asked and the price bid, in many mysterious whispers. This negociation went on with great earnestness, till the prices seemed to approximate nearer, owing to one party lowering his demand, and the other raising his offer. The bale of shawls was then brought out, and placed between the owner and the buyer; the seller vaunted their beauty and value, and the buyer regarded them disdainfully, and hastily compared their number and marks with his catalogue. Then the scene grew more animated; the buyer made a positive offer, declaring it was the highest price he would give. The Indian merchant then rose to quit the warehouse; the brokers cried aloud with a high voice, and seized him by the skirt of the garment to detain him by force; one hauled him to one side, the other pulled him on the other, and, between them, they raised in a moment the most outrageous uproar. The poor Indian seemed very passive in all this confusion; I expected that the brokers in their zealous activity would do him a mischief, and I found that is sometimes the case.

Now comes the third act of this odd farce. If a fair price has been bid, the brokers endeavour to force the Indian merchant to give the buyer his hand, who holds it open, and repeats his offer in a loud voice. This is the most amusing part of the business, for the brokers seize the poor Indian, and try to get hold of his hand. The Indian defends himself, resists, escapes to the other end of the warehouse, enveloping his hand in the large sleeve of his robe, all the time whining out his first price in the most dolorous tone of voice. At last they catch him, and, in spite of his resistance, and even his cries, place his hand in that of the buyer.

Complete tranquillity succeeds this scene. The brokers congratulate the buyer. The Indian sighs piteously, and complains in a doleful tone of the violence and ill behaviour of the brokers. The brokers seat themselves, and prepare the bill of sale as the last act of the ceremony. All that has passed is pure acting, and considered indispensable to the etiquette of the sellers of Cashmere shawls; for if the Indian merchant has not been sufficiently pinched, and pulled, and pushed from side to side, and his head and arms bruised with the ardour of the sale, he will fancy he has parted with his goods too readily, and repent of the sale before the next July fair brings him to Nishnei again. The whole affair rested on this important difference: the Indian merchant asked two hundred and thirty thousand roubles for his bale, and the buyer gave him but one hundred and eighty thousand—of which the brokers receive two roubles out of every hundred.

The whole company, buyer, seller, witnesses, and brokers, then seated themselves cross-legged on a carpet with deep fringes. We were handed ice, served in vases of China porcelain. Instead of spoons, we had little spatulas of mother-of-pearl, whose silver handles were ornamented with a ruby or an emerald, or some other precious stone. When these refreshments were taken, the shawls were delivered. All the marks and descriptions were found perfectly right, the goods being precisely as the brokers had declared. The time of payment caused another contest; and when that was adjusted, all the parties concerned were expected to say a private prayer. I did as the others did; but I fear I was more employed in reflecting on the variety of religions that had met together on the business. There was the Indian adorer of Brama and other idols; two Tartars, who submitted their destinies to the regulation of Mahomet; two Parsees, worshippers of fire; a Calmuck officer, who, I verily believe, had a reverential regard for the Grand Lama; and three Christians, of different communions—an Armenian, a Georgian, and (meaning myself) a Lutheran. One of the company told me he had prayed that the ladies of Europe might abate their extravagant desire of possessing Cashmere shawls. As he was like me, only one of the witnesses, I may venture to conclude, that he did not draw any profit from this article of luxury, or he would never have put up so perverse a prayer at the grand fair of Nishnei Novgorod.

ASPHALTE, OR ASPHALTICK CEMENT.

It must have been generally observed, from the advertisements issued on the subject in the journals, that companies have been recently formed in our metropolitan cities for the sale of a substance called Asphalte, or Asphaltick cement, in connexion with certain continental mines where the material is procured. It is recommended to publick notice as a most valuable cement for building purposes, for covering floors and roofs, for flagging, both out of doors and in doors, and for various other useful objects. Some account of this substance, and of the condition in which it is extracted from the mines, may not be uninteresting to our readers

The term Asphalte has long been familiar to the world in connexion with building. Ancient Babylon was in a great measure composed of a species of *pitchy* or *bituminous* stone, called by the name of Asphaltick stone, which was found extensively in Asia Minor. In Palestine, a bituminous earth is procured in abundance at the present day, particularly from the neighbourhood of the Dead Sea, which, on account of the impregnation of its waters with bitumen, has often been termed the "Asphaltick Pool." The word Asphaltick, therefore, is used to signify anything impregnated with bitumen, which is the same combustible substance familiar (under slightly different forms) by the name of tar or pitch, and which is extracted both from minerals and vegetables. On examining the Valley of Travers, in the Prussian province of Neufchatel, about the year 1712, an ingenious, learned and speculative Greek, named Eirinis, discovered a fine bed of Asphaltick rock, and probably, from some recollections suggested to him by his knowledge of antiquity, began to make experiments upon the value of the rock for *cementing* purposes. He describes this rock, or Asphalte, as he called it, to be "composed of a mineral substance, gelatinous and calorous, more clammy and glutinous than pitch; not porous, but very solid, as its weight indicates; and so repelling the influence alike of air, cold and water, that neither can penetrate it; it is better adapted than any other substance to cement and bind buildings and structures of every kind; preserving the timber from the dry rot, from worms, and the ravages of time; so much so, that exposure to the most inclement extremes of weather only renders it the firmer and more enduring." Such is the account given by Eirinis of Asphaltick cement; and he also states that its efficacy and durability were tried and proved on many buildings in France, Neufchatel and Switzerland. "Nothing," says he, "can be easier than the composition of this cement," and gives directions for melting it as it is taken from the mine, and stirring it when melted, mixing with it at the same time ten per cent. of pitch, after which it is to be spread on the stone or wood to be coated, previously heated to a slight degree.

Such was the first attempt made, in modern times, to turn the natural production called Asphalte to service in building. Eirinis was not supported properly, however, and the Val de Traver's mines, though occasionally wrought by succeeding speculators, have only fallen into competent hands within a very recent period. Count de Sassenay, who had acquired the requisite experience by his having been for six years the proprietor and manager of the Seyssel mines, became, in the beginning of 1838, the proprietor of those of the Valley of Travers in Neufchatel. The Seyssel mines, it is to be observed, are also Asphaltick, and had been wrought for a number of years. But, on examination, Count de Sassenay found the Neufchatel mines to contain a finer-grained rock, and with two per cent. more of bitumen in it, than the Seyssel mines. He was therefore led to become the purchaser of the former, and has established a company at Neufchatel, with a capital of forty thousand pounds, for the working of Asphalte, and for its sale in the various countries around.

Count de Sassenay states, in the introduction to a little pamphlet which supplies us with these particulars, that there are two kinds of mineral matter which go by the name of Asphalte, though erroneously so. The first is an earthly concretion of gritty, loose texture, to which the count gives the name of *bituminous molasse*, and which he ascribes to the latest or tertiary formation of rocks. The other substance is the true Asphalte, which is solid, of the colour of soot, and is an admixture of bitumen with calcareous or limestone rock of the Jura formation, which belongs to the secondary era. The bitumen is here completely combined or amalgamated with the calcareous material, and this union is productive of a new homogeneous substance, which *alone is the true Asphaltick Cement*, or Asphalte. Bituminous molasse is a mineral substance comparatively abundant on the continent, and has been wrought in several places with the view of making the same cement, but has not undergone that natural admixture with calcareous matter which constitutes the true Asphalte, and hence such views have not been realized. This is not only stated by Count de Sassenay, but by M. Rozet, M. H. Fournel, (a noted engineer,) and other observers. "Many experiments have been made to imitate the cement we have mentioned (that of Seyssel;) but in these operations, the want of the calcareous matter has been attempted to be supplied by substances, which, absorbing the bitumen, produce a composition which cannot resist the influence of heat or cold, but is melted by the sun and cracked by the frost." The Val de Travers, where are found the finest kinds, as has been said, of this natural production, formed in all probability under strong volcanick action, leads into the Lake of Neufchatel. Half way up the mountain-sides, the Asphaltick works are carried on. "The operations," says M. Fournel, "are very simple, and consist merely in blasting the rock. The cavities for the powder are perforated by wimbles of about thirty-nine inches in length, one of which a man can work as he would a carpenter's auger. Thus manner of boring appears to be applicable only to the Asphaltick stone. The labourers can work better in winter than in summer; because the rock being harder and more condensed in cold weather, the powder has more effect, and the blasting is more extensive." The rock is in blocks of irregular masses, not in strata, and there is reason to believe that the whole mountain is of Asphalte.

Of late, however, the plan has been adopted of sending the stone itself to the place where it is to be used, and there melting and mixing it with tar immediately before use. This saves one melting. The way of using it requires little explanation. When melted, the cement is merely spread over the desired part equally, and in such thickness as circumstances may require. In the coating of places to be trodden much, such as footways, terraces, slabs, etc., it is customary to mix fine river sand with it, which gives it more stability, and a degree of roughness that is not unnecessary.

We have now to ask if the Asphaltick cement has been extensively tried, and with what issue. Count de Sassenay, when proprietor of the Syssel mines, obtained permission to use the cement in the fortifications of Vincennes, Douay, Grenoble and Besançon. The minister of war was satisfied by the experiment that it would be highly advantageous to have the roofs, floors, etc. of the barrack-rooms coated, both on the score of cleanliness, (inasmuch as the cementing was easily washed,) and on account of the protection against damp afforded by it. It was also found that rats and mice disappeared where the cement was laid down. On these facts being ascertained, the French minister of war contracted for the use of Asphalte in various buildings over which he had control. The extensive commissariat magazines at Bercy, and those which supply the garrison of Paris, the roofs, ceilings and floors of the detatched forts at Lyons, the arsenal at Douay, the new barracks at Peronne, those at Mont Louis and other places, were all supplied with Asphaltick coatings in whole or part. Asphalte was also substituted for the stone pavement in some of the cavalry barracks. The unwearability of the material rendered these experiments most satisfactory. A staircase, coated with the cement by Eirinis more than a hundred years ago, still remains, and is unmarked, whereas temporary *stone* stairs in the building are hollowed out by foot-marks.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE UNREASONABLENESS OF SPIRITUAL SLOTH.

Rouse thyself, O my soul, from thy spiritual lethargy! Remember, at every moment unnumbered beings take their flight into eternity. The infinite energy of the Eternal Mind is awake to all the events of his universe, and governing them all. The praises and melodies of heaven are unsuspended. The ever-prevailing Mediator continually intercedes. The day of thy summons into an unknown world, swiftly approaches by the unceasing hand of time; and every little section of the dial or the watch, which the shadow or the index traverses, is a portion of thy uninterrupted progress towards the home of spirits. "Behold, the Judge standeth before the door!" It will be but a transient succession, a swift continuation of hours and minutes; and thou shalt have to look back upon the consummation of terrestrial things, upon the awful disclosures and decisions of the great retributive day, upon the moment when thy own character, as viewed by the Searcher of hearts, stood first revealed, and with it thy allotment in a new untried existence. And now, while those scenes are yet future, every action, every temper, every purpose and bias of the mind is to be regarded as sowing for an eternal harvest. The influences of heaven, even of the Almighty, and all-Holy Spirit, are offered to him that implores them; and able to produce in the soul "fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." A celestial and endless blessedness is set before thy faith, with every solemn promise, and mighty work of Christ to guarantee its reality; and he who is gone to "prepare a place" for his followers, has engaged to come again, and receive them to himself

IMPROPRIETY OF SEVERE EXERTION IMMEDIATELY PREVIOUS TO OR AFTER MEALS.

The practical rule of avoiding serious exertion immediately after eating, has long been acted upon in our treatment of the lower animals; and no one who sets any value on the lives of his horses or dogs, ever allows it to be disregarded with respect to them. And yet the same man who would, unhesitatingly, dismiss his groom for feeding his horse immediately after a chace or a gallop home, would probably think nothing of walking into the house and ordering dinner to be instantly served for himself in similar circumstances. In the army, the difficulty of managing recruits on a march, in this respect, has often been remarked. Fatigued with the day's exertions, they can scarcely refrain from food so long as to allow its being properly cooked. They consequently labour under the double disadvantage of eating before the system is in a sufficient state of repose to benefit from the supply, and of having the food in a condition unfit for easy digestion. The old campaigner, instructed by experience, restrains his appetite, kindles his fire, cooks his victuals, makes his arrangements for the night, with a deliberation surprising to the recruit; and he is amply repaid for his temporary self-denial by the greater enjoyment and support which he derives from the very same materials which the impatience of the other has caused him in a great measure to waste.—*Combe's Physiology of Digestion.*

EXTRAORDINARY CAVERNS IN MORAVIA.

The number of singular and curious caverns in the mountain districts of Moravia, have long since attracted the attention of the men of science in Germany; many of them contain the bones of animals, particularly those of elephants and bears, completely imbedded in stalactites. When we contemplate these immense masses of spar, and remember they have been formed by single drops of water, the mind is lost when endeavouring to conjecture at what remote period these animals existed. Among the most interesting of these caverns, is that called *Slouper Tropfsteinhohle*, near the little town of Sloup, not far distant from Olmutz. Nor is that called the Macocha, which lies between Williamowitz and Nenhof, in a romantick forest, less worthy of attention. This cavern possesses the singular property of attracting electrick matter; hence the peasants, whenever the atmosphere indicates an approaching thunder-storm, retreat with their flocks and herds to a considerable distance from such a dangerous neighbourhood. The depth of this cavern is likewise so great, that when a stone is thrown into it, eight seconds elapse before it is heard to reach the water at the bottom; and if a pistol is fired into it, the report heard is equal in loudness to that of a cannon, at the same time the smoke from the powder, uniting with the damp vapour of the cavern, remains nearly an hour on the top in the shape of a bell.—*Spencer's Travels in the Western Caucasus*

TREES AND FLOWERS APPROPRIATE TO PLACES OF INTERMENT

At all periods, among every nation, flowers and certain trees seem to have been consecrated to the dead. The Romans planted the wild vine and box around their tombs. The wealthy assigned a beauteous garden to their departed favourites, as in the instances of Augustus and Mæcenas. Not only did they suspend garlands over their tombs, but scattered flowers around them. The same custom prevailed among the Grecians, who considered all purple and white flowers acceptable to the dead. The Thessalians strewed the grave of Achilles with the immortal amaranth and lilies. Electra complains that the tomb of Agamemnon received no myrtle-boughs; in short, instances of this practice are everywhere to be found. Among the Chinese, to the present day, the cypress and the fir shade their cemeteries; the former tree, an attribute of Pluto, was ever considered funeral, hence called *feralis*; and the *feralia* were festivals in honour of the dead, observed by the Romans. Varro pretends that the cypress was called funeral from *funus*, as it emitted an antiseptick aroma. Pliny and others affirm that it typified the dead, from its never shooting out fresh sprouts when the trunk was cut down. At any rate, to this hour it is planted in burying-grounds in every civilized country.—*Curiosities of Medical Experience.*

EARLY RISING.

"My morning haunts," writes the divine Milton, "are where they should be, at home; not sleeping or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast; but up, and stirring: in winter, often ere the sound of any bell awaken men to labour or to devotion; in summer, as oft as the bird that first rises, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till the attention be weary, or the memory have its full freight; then with useful and generous labours preserving the body's health and hardiness, to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpish obedience to the mind, to the cause of religion, and our country's liberty; and, when it shall require, our firm hearts, in sound bodies, to stand and cover their station."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A YOUNG LADY,

KEPT DURING A VISIT TO COPENHAGEN.

Hamburgh, September 10th.

My dear Caroline—We arrived in this city on the seventh; the weather is delightful and the journey, so far, very pleasant. You know that Hamburgh is situated at the mouth of the Elbe; its appearance is like that of most of the old German towns I have visited. The houses are four or five stories high and very narrow. Most of the streets are badly paved. On each side of the esplanade, a very pretty walk, is a row of handsome new houses. We have a charming view from the windows of our hotel. Before us, is spread a lake, surrounded by beautiful avenues which form an extremely pleasant walk. We went to the theatre yesterday evening; it is a large and handsome edifice, planned by Schinkel, the celebrated Prussian architect. As we intend setting off at an early hour to-morrow morning, I must end this note.

Copenhagen, September 20th.

I have been so busy since our arrival, that until to-day, I have not had time to write you. We left Hamburgh on the eleventh—drove all day and reached Kiel in the evening. There is nothing to be seen in this little town, which, as it is in the Duchy of Holstein, belongs to Denmark. The surrounding country, however, is beautiful, and there is a fine palace in the neighbourhood. The bathing establishment, for Kiel is a seaport, is very spacious and neat.

On the evening of the twelfth, we went on board the Frederick VI., the only steamer that runs between Kiel and Copenhagen. We had a fine passage, although the weather was rainy; it cleared up, however, and the sun shone brightly as we approached Copenhagen. There are two forts at the entrance of the harbour, the larger of which caused some annoyance to Lord Nelson, when he bombarded Copenhagen in 1801; it has since been still more strongly fortified and is now capable of containing two thousand men. The view we had from the steamboat of the quay and of the long line, a walk near the shore, was very pretty. We were taken on shore in a row-boat, found my uncle waiting for us and drove directly to his house. It is one of the finest streets in Copenhagen, and nearly opposite the palace of Princess Caroline, the eldest daughter of the king. There are two large hospitals here; one of them is in this street, as are likewise the academies for cadets and midshipmen. The cadets wear scarlet coats and dark blue trousers; the midshipmen are dressed in blue coats and blue trousers; the former wear swords and round caps; the latter daggers and three-cornered hats

We went to walk on the ramparts yesterday. Copenhagen has four gates, one at each point of the compass; the ramparts lead from one of these to the other, and are surrounded by a moat. They slope gently down towards each gate, so as to leave the entrance to it open. There is a carriage-road on the ramparts, as well as an elevated foot-path, from whence you have a view of the surrounding country and the beautiful lakes which supply the city with water. I have seen several women selling vegetables, whose costume was very odd. They wear short blue petticoats, made very full; blue or white aprons; and several shawls wrapped around the neck. Their head-dress consists of a blue or red handkerchief tied closely around the head. These women are peasants, who inhabit the island of Amager, which is connected with the city by a bridge.*

I accompanied my aunt to the bathing-house this morning; it is at the west end of the town, and warm and cold baths are to be had there. I must not omit to mention a singular custom in use here. Every time the clock strikes, during the night, the watchman calls the hour and sings or chants a verse. I have seen two or three watchmen in the street. They wear dark blue great-coats and odd-looking caps, and carry wooden clubs with iron spikes at the end of them

September 20th.—We drove to the garden of Fredericksburg, where the king and queen reside during the summer. It is always open to the publick, and much frequented. The palace is of white stone and is very spacious; it is situated on a hill in the centre of the garden. From the terrace before it, you have a charming view. The grounds are laid out with a great deal of taste. they are watered by a narrow stream on which the royal family sometimes sail.

September 23d.—Went to the burial ground. It is at a short distance from the city. It is surrounded by a brick wall, and there are four handsome entrances to it. All the graves are enclosed by hedges or iron railings. A small mound, strewed with sand, is raised in the centre of the grave; on it pots of flowers are placed in a large basket of painted tin. I observed wreaths of fresh flowers hanging on some of the tombstones. A friend told me that they were placed there by the friends of the deceased who often visit the grave. The paths between the graves are carefully weeded and strewn with gravel, so that the whole burial-ground looks like a garden. The road which leads to Fredericksburg, likewise leads to the burial-ground; it is shaded by lime-trees. We passed the monument erected in 1788, by Christian VII., father of the present king, to commemorate the emancipation of the peasants, who, up to that time, were slaves. It has the form of an obelisk; and is, I should think, from eighteen to twenty yards in height. At the four corners of the pedestal are statues of white marble, representing agriculture, loyalty, courage and patriotism. On one side of the base of the monument is an inscription to the following effect: the corner-stone was laid in 1792, by Frederick, the king's son and the people's friend.

September 27th.—Went to walk in the king's garden; it is at the end of the city. We saw a great many children there; some quite infants, in the arms of their peasant nurses, who were dressed in their pretty national costume; consisting of a scarlet or green gown, with short tight sleeves, long white gloves, and a little black velvet cap, trimmed with beautiful lace, and pink or blue satin ribands. The castle of Rosenberg is in this garden. It was built about two centuries back, by King Christian IV. It consists of a square building, at the angles of which are four towers of unequal height. The crown-jewels and some other curious things are kept there.

October 2d.—The annual review of the Danish troops is now taking place. My uncle proposed that we should go to see the horse-guards reviewed. The affair takes place on a large field near the city. In driving out of town, we crossed the Amalienberg, a handsome square on which are the palaces of the king, the queen, of the Princess Wilhelmina, their youngest daughter, and of Prince Christian, the heir to the throne. The palaces of the king and queen are connected by an arch, built in imitation of the Brandenburgh Gate, at Berlin. But to return to the review. The horse-guards are splendidly mounted and equipped. Their uniform is a buff-coat, a steel breast-plate, light blue trousers and a helmet with a black plume in it. They are armed with swords and pistols. The half of the regiment rode coal-back, the other half-brown horses. There were many spectators present. I was quite terrified at seeing the women and children standing so near the horses, or walking between the carriages, but I was assured I need not be alarmed, as accidents on such occasions rarely occur here.

Yesterday we went to the Botanick Garden. It is on a square called the King's New Market. The theatre, the two best hotels in Copenhagen, the Guardhouse (from whence the sentinels, posted in different parts of the city, are sent) and the palace of Charlottenburgh, are all on this square. The Botanick Garden is behind the palace, which is uninhabited, but where an exhibition of pictures is held yearly. The garden is open to those who wish to study botany, and there is a good library adjoining it, to which you can obtain admittance. There are many pretty promenades here: to-day we went to one I had not seen before, called the Long-line. In order to reach it, you must cross the esplanade, a broad straight walk, shaded by trees, but not nearly as agreeable as the Long-line. Indeed, I fear I shall not be able to give a very clear description of the latter. It is broad enough for a carriage-road and foot-path, and is bounded, if I may so express myself, on one side by a ditch which separates it from the high ramparts of the citadel, and on the other side by the harbour. In this delightful walk you have the benefit of the sea-air, while the arrival or departure of vessels, gives variety to the landscape.

December 3d.—I received the letter, in which you give me an account of your return to ***, about three weeks since. As I had nothing of any consequence to tell you, I delayed writing until now. The weather has been very rainy of late, and we have not been able to walk out much. The climate here is quite unlike what I had supposed; not very cold, but damp, windy and rainy. The twenty-eighth of October was the birth-day of the queen, who is a princess of Hesse-Cassel. The royal family attend the theatre on that evening; it was, therefore, proposed that we should go. It was with some difficulty that we succeeded in procuring seats, as the theatre is always very much crowded on this occasion. The royal family entered at six o'clock. Every one rose and remained standing till the king and queen were seated. The national air, which is beautiful, was then played by the orchestra, after which the curtain rose. The inside of this theatre is shaped like a horse-shoe. In the centre of it is a large lustre which is drawn up, when the curtain rises, and lowered at the end of each act. This is, I think, an excellent arrangement, as the glare of light one meets with, at most theatres, fatigues the eyes so much. On each side of the stage is a curtained box, one of which is intended for the royal family, the other for the ladies of honour. The king, dressed in a scarlet uniform, with blue cuffs and facings, the queen, in white satin and ostrich feathers, and two of the princesses occupied the front of the royal box. The king, who is now sixty-eight years old, is of the middle size, but very erect. The princess, Caroline Amelia, the wife of the heir to the throne, is beautiful; she has fine clear blue eyes, and a most benevolent smile. There were many officers at the theatre, whose uniforms added greatly to the splendour of the scene. It was not quite ten o'clock when we reached home, and I am told that the plays here are always out at that hour.

I am reading a very interesting book now, it is "Travels in the Tyrol." The author is Hewald, a Bavarian. I have translated some passages from it as an exercise; I will enclose them in this letter.

"On the way to Sellrain you pass through Axam, from whence you have a view of the village of Hyper Perfuss, where several distinguished Tyrolese were born: among these was Peter Haider. In 1797 when General Toubert had advanced as far as Mühlbach and had compelled Field-marshal Kerpern to retreat on Sterzing, a general levy of troops from the valleys of the Inn and the Wipp, was ordered. A party of those troops marched towards Muhlbach, in order to attack the right flank of the enemy which was stationed there. Haider was corporal in the division of five hundred men, who defended themselves so bravely during the bloody skirmish of the second of April, 1797. The captain and nineteen of his men were killed, twenty-four men were wounded Haider displayed much courage, and during the thickest of the fight, killed six Frenchmen with his own hand. He was thus separated from his companions and was suddenly surrounded by five French soldiers. He killed two of them and wounded a third, but almost at the same moment a chance shot wounded him in his left leg, and while sinking to the ground he receive a sabre cut across his right hand. His two remaining enemies now gave him several severe wounds on his head, and as he carefully avoided stirring or making any noise, they believed him to be dead, and left him lying in a thicket. As soon as they were out of sight, Haider raised himself and bound his pocket-handkerchief around his head. Having no other bandage, he was compelled to leave his other wounds uncovered. With the greatest difficulty he then moved forward, and had not advanced far before he perceived a wounded Tyrolese. Haider hailed him, and when he approached, recognised in him his brother, Pancraz. They were both too severely wounded to be able to give each other any assistance. Weakness, together with the fear of being discovered, compelled them to remain for thirty-seven hours in the wood, without food or even water. On the fourth of April, finding it impossible to remain there any longer, they dragged themselves on as far as Muhlbach, which although but at the distance of a quarter of a mile, it took them two hours to reach. When about crossing the bridge by which you enter the village, they observed that the enemy were issuing from the valley of the Valser. Haider and his brother found it necessary to hide themselves, and therefore crept into the machinery of a mill; but in constant fear and anxiety lest the mill should begin to turn, they soon left their hiding-place and sought refuge in a stable; but as they were not in security even there, a kind-hearted old woman gave them shelter in her cottage. On the fifth a surgeon visited them, and declared that Peter's wounds were mortal. He and his brother, however, passed a fortnight in this hut, and were then removed to their home, where an experienced surgeon attended them. Although they suffered indescribable pain, their wounds were at last healed, their health restored, and Peter was enabled to serve again in the campaign of 1799.

"We are now in Italy! Every object before us proves it. The grape grows by the side of the mulberry—the road is shaded by the weeping-willow and acacia—occasionally you see an olive tree or a slender cypress shooting up its graceful form into the clear sky. The houses no longer have that comfortable appearance which characterizes the German dwelling, for they are only built as a shelter during the occasional inclemency of the weather: they are seldom needed, the heavens are so blue, the sun so warm, the people enjoy themselves so much in the open air. Here the German language is only spoken by travellers. The *sour kraut* vanishes, rice and *pasta* take their place. Thus, amid a charming landscape, Roveredo rises before you. It is a pity that you already meet with the Italian custom of enclosing the fields with walls instead of hedges or fences. This often deprives you of the view, and if you wish to see more of it, you are compelled to stand up in the carriage. We entered Roveredo and drove rapidly over the Corso, which exhibits several handsome buildings and two inns; these are called 'The Crown' and 'The Little Horse:' I have been at both and can particularly recommend the latter The parents of the host were Germans, and he speaks their language. The house is airy, neat and elegant, the dinners are excellent. We had the best of vegetables, truffles in abundance and a dessert, consisting of such fruit, as all the hot-houses of a northern prince could not produce. The Germans, in general, are unjust towards Italian cookery. They come to Italy prejudiced against the use the Italians make of oil in their cookery, and the bare idea of it spoils the appetite of many; but I can give some consolation to those who dislike it. In this part of the country it is never used in soup, maccaroni, or in any dish composed of flour for the batter; fresh butter, which is to be had in abundance, is employed. Vegetables, and some national dishes, as is certainly very proper, are cooked in oil. Whoever wishes to be quite secure, can ask for fish, capon, roasted veal or maccaroni, and may be quite certain that the dreaded oil will not touch his lips. I was glad to find that at Roveredo lemon-juice takes the place of vinegar; boiled vegetables, with fresh oil, lemon-juice and pepper, are excellent.

"Many Tyrolese peasants employ themselves in their leisure hours with repairing or even making watches. Hell, a countryman, born in the village of Tyrol, carved those curious *bas-reliefs* in wood which are to be seen in the museum of Innspruck. The case of Joseph Kleinhans, a blind man, who carves in wood, is very remarkable. He was so unfortunate as to lose his sight when only four years old. While a child he amused himself by making little horses, or other playthings of wood. In his twelfth year he carved a crucifix, which excited a great deal of praise, and encouraged him to make other attempts. In his twenty-second year he went to Fugen, where he visited the sculptor Nussel, and received some instruction from him. He now resides at Innspruck, and is perfectly resigned to his fate, which is greatly solaced by the amusing occupation he has created for himself."

January 6th.—I have enjoyed myself very much during the past fortnight, and I often wished that you were here. On Christmas eve we were at a party at Mr. ——. His daughters are fine girls, and speak English extremely well. Indeed, I am surprised to find how many persons here speak English. I believe that the Danes have a great facility for learning languages. Every well-educated person not only understands, but speaks German and French with fluency. But to return to my party: about fifty persons were present, and the half of these were children. There were little boys

* This island was colonized by Dutch peasants, during the reign of Christian second, in the sixteenth century.

and girls of all ages; some of them not more than five years old. It was amusing to see so many little girls, all nicely dressed in white frocks. A *Christmas tree* had been prepared for the amusement of the children. This is a young pine, placed in a large tub. Wax-lights are stuck on the branches, which are then hung with sugar-plums, grapes, raisins, gilded apples, walnuts, etc. At a given signal the children began to take whatever they liked best, and they did not stop till the tree was completely stripped. Tea was then handed round and the dancing began. Waltzes and quadrilles were danced alternately till ten o'clock, when the children went to supper. The supper-table was spread in the dining-room and the grown persons assembled round it. The principal dishes on this occasion, were salad, with chopped beets and potatoes; sandwiches and different kinds of cake. After supper the children retired and the elder persons danced for a couple of hours. I am glad to have had an opportunity of seeing this truly Danish fête.

We had much snow during the last week in December. Sleighing ourselves, we had the pleasure of seeing people enjoying themselves in this way. The sleighs here are generally very small and light, and therefore easily overturned. They only contain two persons; the driver stands behind. It is the custom for the royal family and the court to make a sleighing party once in the course of the winter, but during the last two years so little snow has fallen that they have not been able to do it.

We went a few days since to visit the picture-gallery at the palace of Christiansberg, an immense and beautiful building. The market-place is quite near it, and thus we had an opportunity of seeing the peasants who were there selling vegetables. The men wear green or crimson jackets, ornamented with silver buttons, black loose drawers, dark blue stockings, and silver buckles in their shoes. A low-crowned beaver hat completes their costume. The dress of the women is that which I have already described; viz.: dark clothes, blue or white aprons and two or three very gay shawls. The palace of Christiansberg has been burned and rebuilt at three different periods; it is very spacious. There is a large court-yard behind it, surrounded by the king's stables, which are capable of containing two hundred horses The chapel, where the royal family attend divine service, is at the right side of the palace. The king's library, which is said to contain four hundred thousand volumes, is near it.

The collection of paintings is contained in twelve large and lofty rooms Christian IV. may be said to have been the founder of this gallery; Frederick IV. extended it by purchasing many beautiful pictures during his travels in Italy; and under the present reign, two private collections have been added to it. It consists of nine hundred and twenty pictures, and these are of the Italian, French, German, Flemish and Dutch schools. It would be a difficult, and I think also a useless task, for me to attempt the description of any of them.

Yesterday evening we went to the theatre, in order to see "The Dumb Girl of Portici." Mrs. Heiberg, the first tragick actress here, performed the part of the dumb girl extremely well. She is not handsome, but her face is expressive and her figure graceful.

March 17th.—We visited the castle of Rosenberg a few days since. I believe I have already told you that it was built by Christian IV. in order to enjoy the country air without removing to any great distance from the town. It was planned by Inigo Jones, and is constructed in a half Gothick style, with a large tower looking towards the garden, two others looking into the court-yard, and a fourth, which forms the entrance. The whole of the third story of the castle is occupied by a saloon, hung with tapestry of Danish manufacture, representing several battles which took place during the reign of Christian V. Many curiosities are preserved in the towers of the castle. Among these are a great deal of beautiful porcelain and cut glass; many pretty trifles turned in ivory by royal personages; the cap worn by Christian IV. at the battle of Femern, where he lost one of his eyes, etc. His pocket-handkerchief and the blood-stained bandage used for covering his eye, are also preserved. We were shown the thrones used at the coronation of the kings and queens of Denmark. They stand in a large hall where the high court of justice meets. The king presides and hears a cause pleaded there once a year. His majesty's throne is a curious piece of Gothick workmanship; a large amethyst and two emeralds are set in the back of it. Two silver lions, as large as life, are placed on each side of it, and when it is used, it is surrounded by a cushion of gold brocade. The queen's throne is encrusted with massive silver; the curtain belonging to it is of silver brocade. The sacred vase, used at the baptism of royal children, is superb. It consists of a pedestal of chased silver, supporting a large silver dish. In one room we saw several pieces of furniture of the most splendid description, such as mirrors with silver frames, silver andirons, gold boxes, vases, etc. We were shone a saddle, bridle and all the trappings of a horse, decorated with precious jewels—the marriage gift of Christian IV. to his son. We saw many other curiosities of which I shall only describe two, which struck me as being the prettiest there. The one was a lookingglass, about a foot square, with an enamelled frame, inlaid with rubies, emeralds and opals; the other was a little grapevine of enamel, the grapes made of amethysts and emeralds. I think you will agree with me in my admiration of these two little treasures.

I am reading "The Correspondence of Madame Compan with Queen Hortense," which is a delightful book. In some of the letters, written during the consulate, Madame Compan gives the same advice to her pupil, as your mother did to me before my departure, viz.: "Read your letters over after you have written them; recollect, that in writing you give the exact measure of your talents, mind and education. The note of a woman, even if addressed to her milliner or mantuamaker, may be seen by well-informed persons who will judge from it how she has been educated. Do not let your letters be too long: write on a small sheet, you will thus be better able to see what you have written, and to avoid the useless repetition of words. With a little care, you will succeed in attaining a most valuable talent."

May 9th.—Yesterday we went to Charlottenlund, a wood about two miles distant from town. Tents, where tea and refreshments are served, are pitched near the entrance. It is customory here for two or three families to drive together to some pleasant spot in the country and dine there in the open air. Charlottenlund is a favourite resort for such parties. I cannot tell you what charming walks and magnificent trees there are in this wood. Most of the paths are shaded by beeches; their foliage is so fresh and bright at this season. Princess Charlotte, the king's cousin, lives in the centre of the wood. Her palace, which is quite simple, is surrounded by a neat garden.

The exhibition of pictures at the Academy of Arts is now taking place. We went to see it last week. Those pictures which pleased me most were some flower-pieces, executed by the Danish artist, Jeneson. He has lately been in Italy, and has painted many beautiful Italian flowers for this year's exhibition with great success. We visited Roeskilde a few days since. This was the ancient capital, as it is now the burialplace of the Danish kings. We left town at ten o'clock in the morning and reached Roeskilde at two. The road is bad, and the country through which you pass not by any means pleasant.

The famous cathedral of Roeskilde was built in 1074, on the site of the first Christian church in this part of Denmark. Its founder was Bishop William, the confessor of Canute the Great. The church is filled with fine monuments of the kings of the house of Oldenburgh, mostly by Italian artists. The most remarkable of these is that of Margaret, queen of Denmark, Sweden and Normandy, commonly called the Semiramis of the North. The remains of Christian IV. the great king of Denmark, repose in a vault beneath the church. His coffin is covered with black velvet; his sword lies upon it. The altarpiece of the cathedral is of wood, very curiously carved. The town of Roeskilde is small and very much decayed. before the removal of the seat of government to Copenhagen, it was a place of considerable importance. MATILDA

LEGENDARY SKETCHES.

THE CONVICT'S BRIDE.

It was a dark, dreary morning in the December of 178—. The ground was covered with snow, and the bleak wind was howling in terrifick gusts through the streets. Yet, despite the inclemency of the weather, crowds of persons of all classes, and, among them, many of the weaker sex, might be seen hurrying towards the Place de Grève. It was the morning appointed for the execution of Victor d'Aubigny.

The circumstance which had called for this expiation of life at the altar of justice, are briefly as follows—and, blended with the strong love of excitement, so universal among the French, account, in some degree, for the eager curiosity discernible in the multitude, now hastening to the awful spectacle of a fellow-creature, in the full flush of youth and health, being plunged into the gulf of an unknown eternity. The crime for which Victor d'Aubigny was doomed to suffer was forgery. Remonstrance, petitions, interest, all had been tried to avert the fatal penalty. The offence was one of frequent occurrence, and must be checked, even at the costly sacrifice of a human life. Fortunately in our days the law is satisfied with less than the blood of its victim. In every country apologists are to be found for guilt, and sympathy is more readily excited when the perpetrator is endowed with great personal or mental advantages, or fills a position above the ordinary level in society. All these Victor d'Aubigny possessed; he had also the higher distinction of having, up to the period of his crime, borne a blameless character. From their earliest youth a close intimacy had subsisted between himself and Auguste de Biron. Similarity of age and pursuit, both being intended for the army, united them more than congeniality of disposition; for the warm generosity of Victor bore little resemblance to the cold, suspicious, vindictive nature of Auguste. They were alike only in their pursuit of pleasure, though even in the prosecution of this the taste of each took a different bias. The strong, and feverish excitement of the gambling-table too well suited the eager temperament of Victor. He who, in the midst of the most profligate capital of the world, had strength to resist all other allurements, fell a ready prey to that vice, whose fatal indulgence has often paved the way for the commission of almost every crime.

Auguste, on the other hand, shunning the dazzling *salons* of play, was a nightly visitant of the metropolitan theatres—not to enjoy the wit of Molière, or the genius of Racine, but to watch the airy movements of some *figurante* in the ballet. As they advanced to manhood, the success of D'Aubigny in society called perpetually into play the evil passions of his companion, whose feelings gradually changed from friendship to dislike, and deepened into hatred implacable and bitter, on the refusal of his hand by a lady, who assigned, as the reason, a mad, though unreturned passion, for his friend. Auguste controlled his resentment outwardly, and left Paris.

Victor at this period was betrothed to a lovely but portionless girl, and the day for the nuptials was fixed. A few evenings previous, he entered one of the gambling establishments with which Paris abounds. Enough; he was tempted to play, and in a short time found himself a loser to double the amount of all the ready money he could command. He rushed from the house in a state of phrensy. The money must be paid on the following day. To whom could he apply? Auguste, who might have assisted him, was in England, whither he had gone to be present at the *debut* of a celebrated *danseuse*. He suddenly recollected that his friend had left a large sum at his banker's. Forgetful, in the desperation of the moment, of everything but escape from present embarrassment, he forged a check for the sum required. It was duly honoured—but his doom was sealed. He instantly wrote to apprise De Biron of what he had done; pleading in mitigation that they had often shared the same purse, and binding himself to return the money at the earliest possible period. No reply was given to his letter. The time flew onward—the day for his marriage arrived. The bridal solemnity was over, when, as the party were leaving the church, D'Aubigny was arrested on a charge of forgery!

The trial and condemnation rapidly succeeded, and the day of execution dawned too soon. Victor met his death calmly and resignedly. But it is not with him our tale has to do—it is with her, the beautiful, the bereaved one—with Isabelle D'Aubigny, the convict's bride. From the period when the promulgation of his sentence rung in her ears, to that moment in which the fatal axe fell on the throat of its victim, nor sigh, nor tear, nor word, had escaped her. Every faculty seemed suspended by misery. The last, long embrace of her husband—the wild choking sob which burst from him, as she left his cell the night prior to his execution—the thousand frantick passionate kisses which he showered on her marble face, at the foot of the scaffold, all failed to dissolve the trance of grief into which she had fallen. But the moment of awakening agony came at last! When the guillotine had done its office, and the body of her beloved Victor lay bleeding and dead before her—sorrow, asserting its omnipotent sway over humanity, shivered the feeble barriers of temporary unconsciousness, and let the imprisoned mind free to contemplate the ruin of its only earthly hope, the extinction of all youth's sweetest visions. Then came the groan of anguish, the shriek of despair—the straining of the eyeballs, to assure itself of that which stretched every fibre of the heart with agony, till it almost burst with the tension. Then came that piercing look into future years, which so often accompanies calamity in its freshness; when all that would have sustained us beneath the heavy load, has been wrenched from us, for ever and ever!

Vainly the friends who surrounded Isabelle strove to tear her from the body of Victor. There was fascination in the gaze, though horrour was blended with it. Her own, her beautiful, lay a mutilated corse before her—he whom she had loved with an absorbing intensity, which would have defied time to lessen, circumstance to change—with whom she had hoped to journey through existence, partner of his pleasures, soother of his griefs. And now she was alone and desolate! Then indeed did she feel, that fate had levelled its deadliest weapon; and henceforth every hour was stamped with stern, unchanging, dreary despair. Great misfortunes either strengthen or enfeeble the mind. When the grave had closed over the body of Victor, Isabelle—the weak, the gentle, the timid Isabelle, returned to her lonely hearth, a calm, stern, determined woman.

All the *elite* of Milan were gathered together in the magnificent theatre of La Scala. Beauty lent its attraction, rank its patronage, and fashion its influence, to grace the farewell benefit of "La Florinda," the unrivalled *danseuse*, the boast of Italy, the idol of the Milanese.

It is not an easy task to rouse an English audience into a *furor* of ecstasy: an Italian one is composed of *material* of a more inflammable nature; and demonstrations which would seem to us extravagant and absurd, only appear to them a meet homage to genius. To-night their wonted enthusiasm received double impetus, from the consciousness that it was the last publick testimony they could afford, of their appreciation of the consummate skill and loveliness of the fair creature before them. The ensuing week would see her united to a wealthy noble, and this night witness her parting obeisance to an audience, of whom all the men were her worshippers, and even the women her partizans and admirers. The curtain rose, and certainly the appearance of the heroine of the evening was warranty enough for the burst of rapturous applause which followed. Her form, itself of the most faultless symmetry, acquired additional captivation, from the display and costliness permitted by theatrical costume. Her face, too, was one of surpassing beauty. Large, deep blue eyes, waves of the glossiest hair, and a skin of that clear transparent whiteness, which shows with such dazzling effect at night—all these attractions were in themselves enough to fascinate the sight. But there was that about "La Florinda" which interested the feelings fully as much. The dreamy melancholy of her profound and passionate eyes—the entire repose of all her features—the extraordinary expression about the small cherub mouth, which seemed formed for love and dimples, yet which none had ever seen relax into a smile—this it was which lent such witchery to her beauty, and threw around her a kind of mysterious charm, even amid the glare and frivolity with which she was surrounded.

Though assailed by temptation in every shape, so rigid and unblemished had been her conduct, that the noble family, to which she was about to be allied, vainly sought in it a pretext to dissolve the engagement between herself and their relative. Yet she lived in utter unprotectedness, with only the companionship of a young girl who officiated as her attendant. With society she never mixed, nor left her home, except to attend her professional duties.

On this her last evening of publick existence, all was done that could render her exit triumphant. The stage was literally filled with bouquets flung at her feet, accompanied by many a valuable and less perishing testimony to her worth and talent. When she made her farewell acknowledgments, each felt a pang of regret at parting with one so lovely and gifted, and many a bright eye was filled with tears—yet she, the cause, alone remained unmoved. There was gratitude in the graceful bowing of the head, and the meek folding of her hands on her bosom—but the face was calm and impassive as ever. The curtain fell amid an outbreak of such feeling, as shook the walls of La Scala to their foundation, and Florinda was seen there no more.

"Now pray, signora, on this your wedding-day, do look as if you were happy—Heigho! if I was so beautiful, beloved too by the marchese, I should be smiling all day long."

"My good Rosalia, I have long forgotten to smile or weep. In truth, poor child! you have had but a wearisome life, in attending on one in whose bosom the pulse of joy hath for ever stopped."

"O say not so, Signora; all the girls in Milan will be glad to wait on one so kind, so gracious, so gentle a mistress—ay, and so pretty a one too. For when I am braiding those long tresses, or fastening the sandals on your tiny feet, I feel quite proud in being permitted to serve La Florinda, who, all Milan says, has borrowed the face and form of the famous Venus at Florence."

"Fie on thee, child! I would chide thee for this flattery, but that an unkind word ever sends foolish tears into thine eyes. But hasten, Rosalia; the time wears on. Give me my veil, and leave me."

The attendant did as she was bidden, and Florinda was alone. For awhile she sat in deep meditation, her small white hands clasped upon her brow, as if to still the tumult of feelings rushing through her brain. The day at length had come for which she had patiently waited for years; for which she had devoted herself to a profession

which she abhorred, and toiled in it laboriously and ceaselessly—and nourished a life, she would otherwise have allowed the mildew of grief to corrode and destroy. The hour was at hand, when the one purpose of her existence was to be realized—the long recorded vow fulfilled. The near accomplishment of her wishes gave to the cheek of Florinda a flush of crimson, deep as the sunset of summer, and lit up her lustrous eyes with almost unearthly brightness. As she contemplated herself in the mirror, arrayed in all the costly magnificence of bridal attire, vanity for a moment preponderated; but it was a transient weakness. An instant more—the brow resumed its look of calm, stern determination—the beautiful mouth, its compressed rigidity. Having adjusted the orange wreath on her temples, and arranged the drapery of the long delicate veil, whose snowy folds enveloped her form from head to foot, she entered the conservatory adjoining her chamber, and taking from it a bouquet of choicest flowers, awaited the arrival of her bride's-maids and friends. In a few minutes the expected guests assembled, and leaning on the arm of the brother of her betrothed, she entered one of the carriages, and the party proceeded to the church of St. Ambrose. The nuptial rites were performed—and Florinda was greeted as La Marchesa di Vivaldi

The marchese, gently passing his arm around her waist, would fain have folded her to his bosom. A quick shudder, which seemed to convulse every limb, passed over her.

"My beautiful love looks pale!"

"'Tis nothing—a sudden faintness. I culled these flowers for you, your favourite heliotrope is there; take them—you will not surely refuse your bride's first gift?"

The marchese took the *bouquet* presented, pressed them passionately to his lips, inhaled their fragrance, and fell at the feet of Florinda a lifeless corse.

A wild, unnatural burst of laughter from the marchesa pealed through the church. "It is well—it is well! Victor, my beloved, thou art avenged. Now I will join thee."

Uttering these words, she took from beneath the folds of her dress a small poniard, and buried it to the hilt in her breast.

The bride and the bridegroom lay dead together!

On searching her desk, a paper was found explanatory of the catastrophe. It is scarcely necessary to say, that "La Florinda" was the name assumed by Isabelle d'Aubigny. In the record left of her motives and actions, she stated that after the execution of Victor, she made a solemn vow to become his avenger—but with a refined revenge, when his destroyer, De Biron, was at the height of earthly bliss. For this purpose her first aim was to captivate his heart. As the widow of Victor, she might fail in this. She was aware that he was a passionate admirer of dancing. Through the agency of that accomplishment, superadded to her beauty of person, she hoped to ensnare his affections. Her first step was to become the pupil of the most celebrated master of the day, and by dint of unremitting toil, she soon qualified herself for publick exhibition. She resolved to appear in Italy, to which country Auguste de Biron had retired, to escape the strong manifestations of dislike which, after the execution of Victor d'Aubigny, followed him whenever he entered society at Paris. He was also the heir to a title and considerable estates in the Abruzzi. The death of his relative, soon put him in possession of these, and he became the Marchese di Vivaldi. At this period, Florinda, who was cognizant of all that befel him, made her *debut* at Naples. All Italy soon rung with her fame—and she was offered an engagement at "La Scala." She accepted it—appeared—became the idol of the publick—and soon the object of her revenge bowed at her feet a suppliant for her love—a suitor for her hand. She accepted him. During the life of Victor, he had never seen her; and who, that looked on her fair unruffled brow, or listened to the musick of her low sweet voice, could imagine that in her breast every particle of womanly softness was extirpated—that her thoughts were only of revenge and death. It was at the altar's foot, her adored Victor had been torn from her arms; it should be at the altar's foot the expiatory sacrifice should be made—his murderer destroyed. She procured from the East a deadly poison, the simple inhalation of which produces abrupt and certain death. Every flower in the *bouquet* was steeped in the deadly essence: its effects have been narrated—and thus, by one of those frightful transitions, which circumstances accomplish in human destiny, where the restraining influence of fixed religious principle is absent, Isabelle, once loving and irresolute, became a murderess and a suicide!

A CHARADE—BY PRAED.

He talked of daggers and of darts,
Of passions and of pains,
Of weeping eyes and wounded hearts,
Of kisses and of chains;
He said, though love was kin to grief,
He was not born to grieve;
He said, though many rued belief,
She safely might believe:
But still the lady shook her head,
And swore, by yea and nay,
My whole was all that he had said,
And all that he could say.

He said my first—whose silent car
Was slowly wandering by,
Veiled in a vapour, faint and far,
Through the unfathomed sky—
Was like the smile, whose rosy light
Across her young lips pass'd,
Yet, oh! it was not half so bright,
It changed not half so fast:
But still the lady shook her head,
And swore, by yea and nay,
My whole was all that he had said,
And all that he could say.

And then he set a cypress wreath
Upon his raven hair,
And drew his rapier from its sheath,
Which made the lady stare;
And said, his life blood's purple flow
My second there should dim,
If she he loved and worshipped so
Would only weep for him:
But still the lady shook her head,
And swore, by yea and nay,
My whole was all that he had said,
And all that he could say.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

CARL THEODOR KORNER.

The warlike bards of ancient Greece, who animated their countrymen on the battle-field by bursts of spirit-stirring song—the troubadours of the days of chivalry, who waved their swords to strains of knightly prowess or of ladies' love—have in modern times found a prototype and an equal in the person of a young soldier-poet of Germany, Carl Theodor Korner. This gifted being was born at Dresden, on the twenty-third September of the year 1791, and was the son of a respectable Saxon counsellor of appeals. In childhood Theodor was afflicted with considerable weakness of constitution, which retarded his education a little; but as he advanced in years, his bodily strength increased, chiefly by the practice of gymnastick exercises, in which he became remarkably expert. He excelled as a dancer, a swimmer, a fencer, and a rider. His mental faculties developed themselves with his increasing bodily vigour. History, natural philosophy, and mathematicks, were his favourite studies of a severe order, and, among the lighter branches of knowledge, his tastes led him strongly to poetry and musick. At a very early age he played finely on the guitar, and wrote various little pieces for that instrument, which were much admired. His father neither repressed nor encouraged the poetical tendencies of Theodor; but when it is mentioned that the poets Schiller and Ochlenschagler (the Dane) were among the intimate friends of the family, it may well be supposed that the spirit of song inherent in the breast of young Korner was not left without encouragement and fostering praise.

On reaching the age of seventeen, Theodor Korner was sent to Freyberg to prosecute the study of the mining art, which he had chosen to follow as his profession. At Freyberg he had the good fortune to enjoy the instructions and friendship of the celebrated mineralogist, Werner, and made distinguished progress in his studies

In August, 1811, when he had not yet completed his twentieth year, he arrived in the Austrian capital, and now his career may be said to have commenced. His father was in easy circumstances, but it would appear that Korner, on his first arrival in Vienna, found a means of subsistence in the scientifick knowledge he had already acquired. Poetry, however, always his passion, soon became his business. He began to write for the stage, and in the course of a very short time produced many successful pieces, which raised their young author high in the esteem of his countrymen. Korner enjoyed at Vienna the friendship of Humboldt, Schlegel, Caroline Pichler, and other distinguished persons. The result of the general admiration which his compositions excited, was his appointment to the post of Poet of the Court Theatre—an official situation of this kind being the general way of making a permanent provision for poetical merit in Germany. But Korner had held this office only a few months, when the Prussians joined the other German armies, then campaigning against the French invaders. Theodor had already almost determined upon taking up his sword for his country; and this movement of Prussia, which he thought full of hope to the cause of German liberty, decided him upon the step. Though at the moment on the eve of being united to a young lady whom he loved deeply, Korner thought the call of duty paramount, and left Vienna, on the fifteenth of March, 1813, to join the Prussian army. "I must forth!" he said, in announcing this step to his father; "I must oppose my breast to the waves of the storm! Could I, think you, stand aloof, contented to celebrate, with weak inspiration, the success of my conquering brethren?"

Korner found, at Breslau, a free or voluntary corps in progress of formation, which, from its commander, Major Von Lutzow, was called Lutzow's Free Corps. This corps was filled with men vowed to freedom; it contained officers, artists, and landed gentlemen in its ranks, all inspired with the most enthusiastick patriotism. Such a corps was perfectly suited to the tastes of Korner, and he enrolled himself in it immediately. His comrades soon raised him to the rank of lieutenant, for they were spirits exactly of the order to be delighted with the martial and soul-animating strains which he composed for them. So dreadful was this body to the French in the course of the succeeding war, that Napoleon, it is said, laid a plan on one occasion for cutting them off at a blow. The first battle in which Korner was present, took place at Danneberg, on the twelfth of May, 1813, and on the morning before the onset, he composed his famous "War Song." On the seventeenth of June following, the Lutzow Free Corps were surrounded in the neighbourhood of Leipsick, and as an armistice had just been concluded, Theodor was sent by Major Lutzow to seek an explanation from the hostile commander. Instead of giving this, the cowardly officer struck a blow at the unprepared Korner with his sabre, and a general attack instantly followed on the free corps, which, being comparatively weak in numbers, was compelled to retreat. In the confusion, Korner was unnoticed. The stroke made at him had severely wounded him on the head. Another blow followed, and Korner fell back on his horse; but, recovering himself, he was borne by his spirited charger in safety to a neighbouring wood Here he found a comrade who helped to bind up his wounds. While thus engaged, a pursuing band of the foe appeared, and would have captured or killed him, had not Korner, with admirable presence of mind, turned his head to the wood, and cried with a loud voice, "Fourth squadron advance!" The stratagem succeeded; the enemy were alarmed, and retreated.

Moving farther into the woods, the wounded poet spent there the night. During this period, while expecting nothing but death, worn and exhausted, he composed the following sonnet.

"FAREWELL TO LIFE.

Written as I lay, severely wounded and helpless, in a wood, expecting to die.

My deep wound burns; my pale lips quake in death—
I feel my fainting heart resign its strife,
And reaching now the limit of my life,
Lord! to thy will I yield my parting breath!
Yet many a dream hath charmed my youthful eye.
And must life's fairy visions all depart?
Oh surely no! for all that fired my heart
To rapture here, shall live with me on high.
And that fair form that won my earliest vow,
That my young spirit prized all else above,
And now adored as freedom, now as love,
Stands in seraphick guise before me now—
And as my fading senses ebb away,
It beckons me, on high, to realms of endless day!"

As Korner composed these verses, in a situation realizing the supposed scene of Burns's "Farewell, thou fair day," he heard the enemy searching the wood at times, but at last he fell asleep. When he awoke, two peasants were standing over him. They had been sent to his aid by his comrades, and they bore him secretly to the nearest village, whence he was conveyed, a few days afterwards, to Leipsick, then in possession of the enemy. As Korner was known to have with him the money of the Lutzow corps, he was eagerly sought for, but his friends were faithful, and on his wounds being partly healed, he left Leipsick for Berlin. In this city he speedily made a complete recovery, and had returned to his post in the Lutzow corps, who were ordered to the right bank of the Elbe, above Hamburgh, before the seventeenth of August, when hostilities recommenced. Nine days afterward, Major Lutzow led his corps to the attack of a transport of provisions, escorted by two regiments of the enemy. On the morning of that day, the twenty-sixth of August, Theodor Korner wrote one of the most extraordinary pieces that ever came from poet's pen. It is almost untranslateable; but as much of its power and beauty, as can be given in a version, is given, perhaps, in the following translation, which appeared some years ago in a popular periodical:

THE SWORD SONG.

Thou sword upon my belted vest,
What means thy glittering, polish'd crest,
Thus in my ardent glowing breast
Raising a flame?—Hurrah!

"A horseman brave supports my blade,
The weapon of a freeman made—
For him I shine, for him I'll wade
Through blood and death—Hurrah!"

Yes, my good sword, I still am free,
And fond affection bear to thee,
As if thou wert betrothed to me,
My first dear bride—Hurrah!

"Soldier of freedom, then I'm thine!
For thee alone my blade shall shine—
When, soldier, shall I call thee mine,
Joined in the field?—Hurrah!"

Soon shall our bridal morn arise!
When the shrill trumpet's summons flies,
And red guns flash along the skies,
We'll join our hands—Hurrah!

"O sacred union! Haste away,
Ye tardy moments of delay—
I long, my bridegroom, for the day
To be thy bride—Hurrah!"

Then why cling to the scabbard—why!
Thou messenger of destiny—
So wild, so fond of battle cry,
Why clingest thou there?—Hurrah!

"Though fond in battle-fields to serve,
I hold myself in dread reserve,
The cause of freedom to preserve—
For this I stay—Hurrah!"

Then still in narrow compass rest—
Ere a long space thou shalt be blest,
Within my ardent grasp compressed,
Ready for fight—Hurrah!

"O, let me not too long await!
I love the gory field of fate,
Where death's rich roses grow elate
In bloody bloom—Hurrah!"

Then forth! quick from thy scabbard fly,
Thou treasure of the soldier's eye—
Come, to the scene of slaughter hie,
Thy cherish'd home—Hurrah!"

"O, glorious thus in nuptial tie,
To wed beneath heaven's canopy!
Bright, as a sunbeam of the sky,
Glitters your bride—Hurrah!"

Forth, then, thou messenger of strife!
Thou German soldier's plighted wife!—
Who feels not renovated life
When clasping thee?—Hurrah!

While in thy scabbard at my side,
I seldom gazed on thee, my bride—
Now heaven has bid us never divide—
For ever join'd—Hurrah!

Thee glowing to my lips I'll press,
And all my ardent vows confess—
O cursed be he beyond redress
Who'd thee forsake—Hurrah!

Let joy sit in thy polish'd eyes,
While glancing sparkles flashing rise—
Our marriage day dawns in the skies,
My bride of steel—Hurrah!

While Korner was reading these lines of living fire to one of his companions, shortly after he had pencilled them down in his note-book, the signal for attack was sounded. The enemy were beat back, and fled. One of the most bold in the pursuit was Korner; but the enemy halted, and sent back a shower of balls, one of which struck the young hero in the spine and liver, depriving him immediately of consciousness. He was carried back, and put under a surgeon's care, but life was soon over with Theodor Korner. He had not yet completed his twenty-second year. He was interred by his weeping friends under an oak near the village of Wobbelin. When peace was re-established, the place where he lay was enclosed, and a handsome monument erected, bearing an inscription, and ornamented with images of the "Lyre and Sword," an appropriate title given to a collection of his smaller pieces. His countrymen hold the memory of Theodor Korner in reverence and admiration, and may well do so; for, if ever poet sang and warrour fought with a noble and sacred purpose, such was the character of the impulses that inspired the verse and unsheathed the "steel-bride" of the young soldier-bard of Germany.

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

Acacia.—The flowers of a species of the acacia are used by the Chinese in making that yellow which bears washing in their silks and stuffs, and appears with so much elegance in their paintings on paper. They gather the flowers before they are quite open, and put them into a clean earthen-vessel, over a gentle heat, and stir them continually, till they become dryish and of a yellow colour; then to half a pound of flowers they add three spoonfuls of clear water, and after that a little more, till there is just enough to hold the flowers incorporated together. They boil this for some time; and the juice of the flowers mixing with the water, it becomes thick and yellow. They then take it off the fire, and strain it through a piece of coarse silk. To the liquor they add half an ounce of common alum, and an ounce of calcined oyster-shells, reduced to a fine powder. All this is well mixed together, and produces the lasting yellow they have so long used. The dyers of large pieces use the flowers and seeds of the acacia for dyeing three different sorts of yellow. They roast the flowers, as before observed, and then mix the seeds with them, which for this purpose, must be gathered when quite ripe: by different mixtures of these, they produce the different shades of colour, only for the *deepest* they add a small quantity of Brazil wood.

Lord Chatham on commonplace-books.—First, with regard to the opinion you desire concerning a commonplace-book; in general, I must disapprove of the use of it. It is chiefly intended for persons who mean to be authors; and tends to impair the memory, and to deprive you of a ready extempore use of your reading, by accustoming the mind to discharge itself of its reading on paper, instead of relying on its natural powers of attention, aided and fortified by frequent revisions of its ideas and materials. Some things must be commonplaced, in order to be of any use—dates, chronological order, and the like; for instance, Nathaniel Bacon ought to be extracted in the best method you can. But, in general, my advice to you is, not to commonplace upon paper, but, as an equivalent to it, to endeavour to range and methodize in your head what you read, and by so doing frequently and habitually to fix matter in the memory.

Poking the fire.—There are some people who take a great delight in seeing a good blaze on the top of a coal fire, and whose impatience to produce it will sometimes lead them into great rashness in the action of poking—that is to say, they use the poker at the top instead of the middle of the fire, and go probing about in search of a flame. They are told of this fault twenty times a-day, and it is a want of generosity in them not to amend it; - but, somehow or other, they do not. The consequence is, that after a momentary ebullition of blaze, the fire becomes dark and sleepy and is in danger of going out. It is, in fact, like a boy at school in the hands of a bad master, who, thinking him dull, and being impatient to render him brilliant, beats him about the head and ears, till he produces the very evil he would prevent.

Army contractors.—The following curious announcement is copied from a letter sent by a firm of army contractors, Long Acre, London, to a principal clothing establishment at Devizes:—"Sir, I have this day sent off, directed to Captain Estcourt, Devizes, a crate containing one quartermaster, three serjeants, three corporals, one trumpeter, one farrier, and forty-four privates, making a total of fifty-three, for the Devizes troop of Wilts Yeomanry." The crate, we suppose, must have been a large one, and almost as awful as the wooden-horse of Troy.

"Comparisons are odious."—One of the perambulating fishmongers of the city of York, the other morning, in drawing the attention of the citizens to his stock of what the Scotch call "caller fresh herrin'," did so by temptingly announcing "Here's fine herrings, with backs like farmers and stomachs like landlords." How far the comparison was odious or otherwise we shall leave for those more interested than ourselves to decide.

The opera duet.—Last week, in a ramble to Dulwich, I made these rhymes into a duet for a new comick opera I have upon the stocks. Mind—for I look upon the words as a model for that kind of writing.

First she.—There to see the sluggish ass,
Through the meadows, as we pass,
Eating up the farmer's grass,
Blythe and merry, by the mass!
As a little country lass.

Then he replies. Hear the farmer cry out, zounds!
As he trudges through the grounds,
Yonder beast has broke my mounds,
If the parish has no pounds,
Kill, and give him to the hounds.

Then, da capo, both join in repeating the last stanza, and this, tacked to a tolerable tune, will serve you a couple of months—you observe. In the same spirit of ridicule, Sir Richard Steele makes Trim, in his comedy of the "Funeral," sing Campley's check for three hundred pounds; repeating, "hundred -hundred—hundred,—because there are three hundred;" a better reason than can be given for most repetitions in musick.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Pianoforte playing.—"Many entertain the erroneous opinion, that to arrive at excellence it is necessary to practice at least six or seven hours every day; but I can assure them, that a regular daily and attentive study of at most three hours, is sufficient for this purpose. Any practice beyond this damps the spirit, produces a mechanical rather than an expressive and impassioned style of playing, and is generally disadvantageous to the performer, inasmuch as, when compelled to lay aside this incessant exercise, if called on to play any piece on a sudden, he cannot regain his usual powers of execution without having some days previous notice."—*Hummel's Pianoforte School.*

Arkansas baggage.—"Boy, run up stairs to No. and bring down my baggage—hurry, I'm about moving," said a tall, Arkansas-look axe-looking person yesterday to a waiter, at one of our crack hotels. "What is your baggage, massa, what is he?" "Why, three pistols, a pack of cards, a Bowie-knife and one shirt. You'll find them all under my pillow."

Good widow.—If she can speak but little good of him, (her dead husband,) she speaks but little of him. So handsomely folding up her discourse, that his virtues are shown outward, and his vices wrapped up in silence; as counting it barbarism to throw dirt on his memory who hath mould cast on his body.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a long and amusing communication from a lady, reprehending the practice of wearing bonnets in places of publick assembly. We agree very fully with our correspondent that it is a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance. The communication, which is extremely well written, should appear but for its length.—To the inquiry of "Vivi la Musica," we can only say, that we believe Miss Shurreff, with her satellites, Wilson and Seguin, return to the National in February.—We must decline the communications of "Rob," "T. J.," "Ernest," "Connoisseur," "L. E. V.," and "N. N." Our next number will contain an ample account, from a competent hand, of the proceedings of the society of St. Nicholas, at its last meeting.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1839

The copy-right bill.—We are glad to see that Mr. Clay has renewed his efforts in behalf of American and British authors, and caused his copy-right bill to be referred to the committee on the Judiciary. We trust that the good sense of Congress will at length see the propriety and justice of adopting this most righteous measure. Literature can never be a thriving plant in this country, so long as native authors have to contend with the competition of a host of unpaid British writers. Why should not intellectual labour be entitled to an equal protection with manual labour and handicraft? Is it less exhausting to the physical system, or does it contribute less to the great interests of civilization and social order? The distinction is unfair and iniquitous. The English mechanick can consign the productions of his industry and skill to the care of the American merchant, and reap the emolument he claims. The English author is permitted to derive no advantage from the sale of his intellectual productions in this country. His works may be pirated and mutilated, and he have no redress. This system is as injurious and oppressive to native authors as it is unjust toward those of Great Britain. We trust that our legislators will be enlightened enough to perceive the advantages which must accrue to American literature, from the adoption of Mr. Clay's bill.

Sully's Portrait of Victoria.—We learn from the United States Gazette that Mr. Sully has at length completed his portrait of the youthful queen. He has gratified a few friends by a private exhibition at his studio, previous to its publick exhibition. The queen is taken as if ascending the throne, and, in order to give a proper idea of that appliance of majesty, Mr. Sully has copied the throne which is standing in the House of Lords, covering the steps with cloth of gold. The face of the queen is, in expression, that which we see upon English prints of her majesty; the artist, however, has ventured upon a truth that many of his craft shrink from. He has left the lips of his figure open, a peculiarity of the queen's face, and one which is thought in a picture to derogate from "intellectuality." It is evident that Mr. Sully understood his mission: he has painted a *likeness* of the queen, and has devoted great attention to the face, whither we all turn to judge of likenesses. The features, though delicate and feminine, are of the Brunswick mould. The bold eye and projecting nose testify to character; and the light hair, youthfully glossy, speaks of the family. A diadem is borne upon the head, which receives light from an opening in the back-ground, and reflects light from jewels. The dress of the queen is of the regal state, as is proper to her position ascending the throne. The long, royal crimson robe, with its white lining, flows luxuriantly in ample folds upon the floor, and a white mantle drops from the neck over the upper portion of the robe. The left hand, with a long white glove, rests upon the arm of the throne, and the right holds its glove in a graceful position in front. The artist has chosen a good position for the little feet of her majesty, which appear gracefully beyond the dress. The height of the figure is exactly that of her majesty, viz. five feet one inch, and, as Jeanie Deans would say, "a bittock." A table near sustains the crown of ceremony and the mace of office. The painting is one destined to add to the fame of the estimable and modest artist, and will be visited by thousands who feel an interest in the arts, and a desire to see a likeness of the first sovereign in the world. In looking at the features of the queen, we inferred that her predominant feeling is benevolence, and we should say that in any situation of life she would be called an amiable woman.

The unities.—One of the *dramatis personæ* in Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby" gives a definition of the dramatick unities. It is in the best style of Boz:—"Might I ask you," said Nicholas, hesitating between the respect he ought to assume, and his love of the whimsical, "might I ask you what the unities are?"—Mr. Curdle coughed and considered. "The unities, sir," he said, "are a completeness—a kind of universal *dovetailedness* with regard to place and time—a sort of a general oneness, if I may be allowed to use so strong an expression. I take those to be the dramatick unities, so far as I have been enabled to bestow attention upon them, and I have read much upon the subject, and thought much. I find, running through the performances of this child," said Mr. Curdle, turning to the phenomenon, "a unity of feeling, a breadth, a light and shade, a warmth of colouring, a tone, a harmony, a glow, an artistical development of original conceptions, which I look for in vain among older performers—I didn't know whether I make myself understood?"—"Perfectly," replied Nicholas.—"Just so," said Mr Curdle, "that is my definition of the unities of the drama."

The respirator.—This is the name of an instrument, invented by Mr. Combe, to protect the lungs of invalids from sudden atmospherick changes, as, for instance, going out of a hot room into a temperature below zero. It consists of three or four layers of wire gauze, which constitute a covering for the mouth. This absorbs the warm air of the breath as it leaves the lungs, and gives it out to the fresh air which enters.

The theatres.—Since opera has ceased to be in the ascendant at the National, the houses have worn a thinner aspect. The ballet has been the principal attraction the past week. At the Park, a new farce by Haynes Bayly, has been played several nights with success. It is called "Tom Noddy's Secret." The story is as follows:—Mr. Thomas Noddy (Placide) a worthy old schoolmaster, has had for some years the care of an orphan, rescued from peril, and left with him an infant, by *Captain Ormond* on the night of the memorable battle, which ended in the defeat of Charles The *Captain* from time to time remits for the care of his *protegée*, whom he supposes to be a boy; while the schoolmaster, who has a sad habit of never doing to-day what can be done to-morrow, suffers the time to run on without acquainting the *Captain* of the mistake. Meanwhile the girl grows up, the old man grows older; he never had a good memory, and now he has a very bad one, which he endeavours to assist by knotting his handkerchief, and the *Captain* returns. The feeling of gratitude which *Gabrielle* had previously entertained for her preserver deepens at the sight of him, both being equally unconscious of "*Tom Noddy's Secret.*" *Gabrielle*, when informed of it, thinks to lighten the annoyance of the *Captain* by presenting herself first to him in the uniform he had presented to the supposed boy, and afterwards in her own attire. Entanglement on entanglement is as fast interwoven as the accumulating knots on old *Noddy's* handkerchief. One of the most ludicrous is in the jealousy of *Inkpen*, the usher of the schoolmaster, and lover to his daughter *Mary*, who challenges the disguised *Gabrielle* to mortal combat. The perplexities of the procrastinating schoolmaster become unendurable, and force him to tell his secret by letter to the *Captain*. This letter he sends by *Gabrielle*, mentioning that the bearer is the girl in question; but she gives it to *Mary*, who gives it to *Inkpen*, whose astonishment at being taken for a young lady in disguise, is matched by the *Captain's* dismay at the unpromising appearance of his ward. It all comes right, however, and the *Captain* marries his ward; and then the old man ties his last knot, to remember to tell the audience to be sure not to forget to come and hear his "secret" again, and to make a knot in their own handkerchiefs to remind them. The performers were in high spirits, and Mr. Placide's *Tom Noddy* was excellent. We are glad to find that the manager of the Park is again turning his attention to opera, always the most attractive species of entertainment ever presented at that house. On Monday next, we have an entirely new lyrical drama entitled "*Ninetta*," translated from Rossini's La Gazza Ladra, in which Mrs. Bailey sustains the principal character, assisted by Jones, Brough, Morley, Richings and Mrs. Hughes. The orchestra has been strengthened, and the choruses will be full and efficient. This opera will, no doubt, have a run, as great pains have been taken with it, and Mr. Hughes has exerted himself to the utmost to produce it in a correct and admirable style. As regards Mrs. Bailey, we need but say that she always has been a favourite in this city as a sweet vocalist and an exceedingly clever actress, and that during her absence from the Park, her time has been profitably employed in the study of a higher class of musick than she has yet attempted before the publick of New-York. We have heard her engagement at the Park spoken of by amateurs with much enthusiasm, and we shall be pleased to see a full house on Monday night to welcome the new opera.

Crania Americana.—We have seen a specimen of this novel and important work, and do not hesitate to pronounce it highly honourable to the advanced state of science and the arts in this country. It embraces a comparative view of the skulls of various aboriginal nations of North and South America: to which is prefixed an essay on the varieties of the human species, and on the American race in particular, illustrated by seventy plates and a coloured map, and one hundred and fifty wood engravings—the whole under the superintendence of Dr. Morton, of Philadelphia, who has devoted much time to the subject, and is well qualified for the undertaking. The work is a most interesting one, and calculated not only to illustrate the principles of phrenology, but for the study and information of those who take an interest in the character and physical peculiarities of the aborigines of the western world. It will be accompanied by a supplimentary treatise from the celebrated George Combe, which must give great additional value to the work. The *Crania Americana* is the result of many years application to the study of the different varieties of the North and South American tribes. The lithographick drawings of human skulls, seventy in number, are splendidly executed; and the wood engravings of specimens of comparative anatomy and of Indian instruments for varying the shape of the skull, are also well done. The publisher of this work, Mr. J. Fuller, is, we are informed, now at the Astor House, where he will remain a few days, to give such information relative to the work as may be desired. A specimen may also be seen at the store of D. Appleton and Co., No. 200 Broadway. The work, we are assured, will be delivered to subscribers *exclusively*. Persons desiring copies had therefore better secure their chance forthwith, particularly as but a limited number can possibly be afforded from the plates.

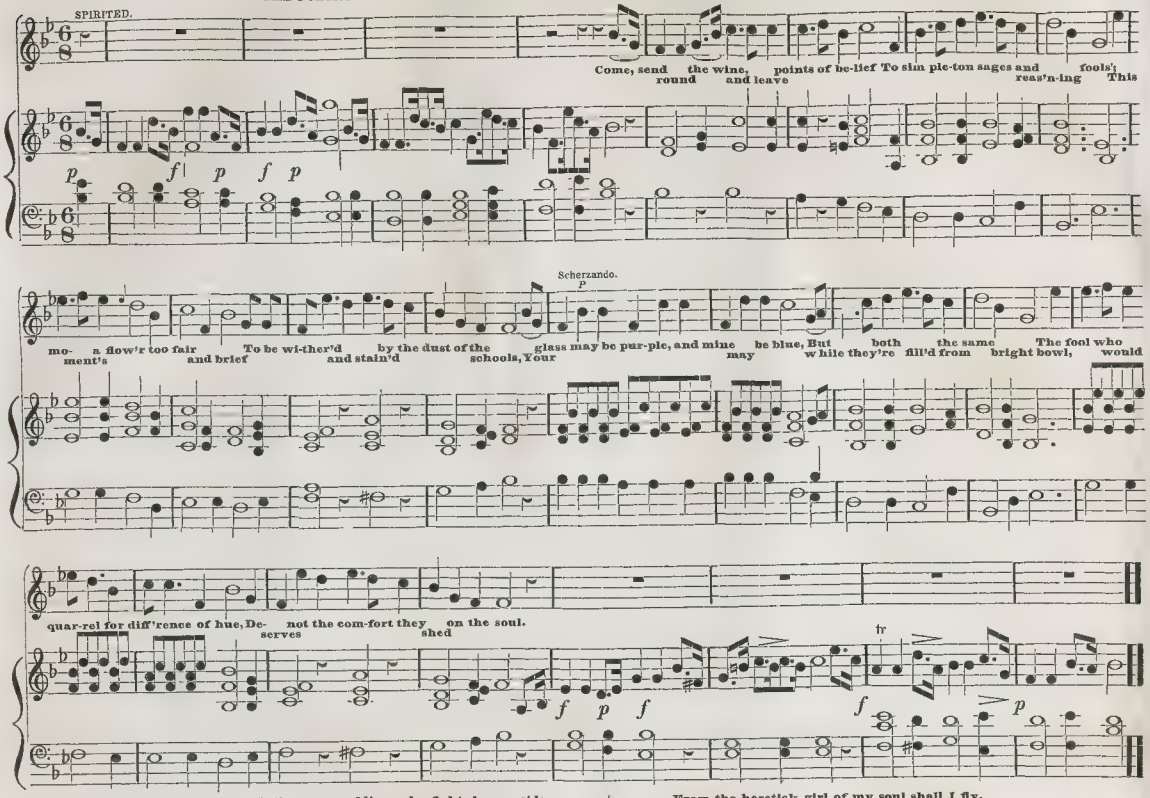
Sporting with danger.—Miss Louisa H. Sheridan, on being advised by her physisian to pass the present winter at Bourdeaux or Madeira, in consequence of a cough which afflicted her, addressed the following playfully punning lines to the unpleasant harbinger.

"Ma'am, that is a *very bad* cough of yours."
"Sir, I regret to say it is the *very best* I have."

Do cease, hollow sound! you alarm e'en the merry
You banish all *spirits* away from "*pale Sheri.*"
Strange! that *Sheri*, in order with colour to glow,
Must change to *Madeira* or else to *Bourdeaux.*
But since a long voyage seems the only resort,
When at sea how *the Sheri* will long for *the Port.*

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

THE POETRY BY THOMAS MOORE—THE MUSICK ARRANGED BY SIR JOHN STEVENSON.



SECOND VERSE.—**Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side**
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?

From the heretick girl of my soul shall I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No! perish the hearts and the laws that try
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this!

Miscellany.

LINES TO A LADY.

Before the graces you disclose,
By fresh ones are o'ershaded,
And duties rise more grave than those,
To last when those are faded,

It will not weary you, I know,
To hear again the voice
First heard where Arno's waters flow,
And Flora's realms rejoice.

Of beauty not a word have I
(As thousands have) to say,
Of vermeil lip or azure eye
Or cheek of blushful May.

The gentle temper blessing all,
The smile at envy's leer,
Are yours—and yours at pity's call
The heart-assuaging tear.

Many can fondle and caress—
No other have I known
Proud of a sister's loveliness,
Unconscious of her own.

A soldier at anchor.—A military officer, who most cordially detested the halberds, used, as a substitute for flogging, to expose delinquents upon parade with a large iron bomb-shell attached to one of their legs. One day, when several men were undergoing the punishment, a sailor, who by chance had strolled near, called out to his companions—"My eyes, shipmates! only just look here—I'm blest if here isn't a sodger at anchor."

A cure for a scolding wife.—Rose, private secretary to Louis XIV., having married his daughter to M. Portial, president of the Parliament, was constantly receiving from his son-in-law complaints of his daughter's ill temper. To one of these he at length answered, that he was fully convinced of her misconduct, and was resolved to punish her for it: in short, that if he heard any more of it, he would disinherit her. He heard no more.

Aqua vitæ.—The name very absurdly given to alcohol, when used as an intoxicating beverage. It has been the *aqua mortis* to myriads of the human race; and will, probably, ere long destroy all the native tribes of North America and Australia.

Cigar smoking.—We do not get drunk now-a-days; we only stupify ourselves with cigars. Every generation has some anomaly which it elevates into a fashion.

Life in the west.—Our Yankee traveller, who saw the live hoosier, has again written to his mother:—"Western people go their death on etiquette. You can't tell a man here that he lies, as you can down east, without fighting. A few days ago, a man was telling two of his neighbours in my hearing a pretty large story. Says I, 'Stranger, that's a whapper!' Says he, 'Lay there stranger!' And in a twinkling of an eye, I found myself in the ditch, a perfect quadruped, the worse for wear and tear. Upon another occasion, says I to a man I never saw before, as a woman passed, 'That isn't a specimen of your western women, is it?' Says he, 'You are afraid of the fever and ague, stranger, an't you?' 'Very much,' says I. 'Well,' replied he, 'that lady is my wife, and if you don't apologize in two minutes, by the honour of a gentleman, I swear that these two pistols (which he held cocked in his hand) shall cure you of that disorder entirely—so don't fear, stranger?' So I knelt down and politely apologized. I admire this western country much; but curse me if I can stand so much etiquette; it always takes me so unawares."—*Chicago Democrat.*

Pleasures of eastern travel.—There is none of that languor and feverishness that so generally result from travelling on wheels. The very hardships bring enjoyment with them, in invigorated health, braced nerves, and elevated spirits. You are in immediate contact with nature, every circumstance of scenery and climate becomes of interest and value, and the minutest incident to country, or local habits, cannot escape observation. A burning sun may sometimes exhaust, or a summer storm may drench you; but what can be more exhilarating than the sight of the lengthened troop of variegated and gay costumes dashing at full speed along, to the crack of the Tartar whip, and the wild whoop of the surrugée? what more picturesque than to watch the reckless career over upland or dale, or along the waving line of the landscape, bursting away on a dewy morn, or racing home on a dewy eve?

Church-rates.—A certain baptist spinster of rather a free tongue, to which she was giving unbridled liberty in a late parish dispute about church-rates, was thus reproved by one of the opposite party:—"Miss ——, you will recollect that dipping adults, according to your faith, first came into fashion when parish ducking-stools for scolds went out; the one took the place of the other. Be cautious; for though you are not young, we may even before you die go back to the good old practice." The grizzled damsel was nearly choked with rage.

Morning.—The best part of the day, for most purposes, is in a great measure lost by most persons. There is no question of it. It is either lost in sleep—between sleeping and waking—feeble efforts to arise—buttoning up at the toilet, or in a state of trifling indecision what to take hold of first.

FROM A LADY'S ALBUM.

May Time, who sheds his blight on all,
And daily dooms some joy to death,
O'er thee let years so gently fall,
They shall not crush one flower beneath.

As half in shade, and half in sun,
This world along its path advances,
Oh, may that side the sun's upon,
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances.

In a peck of trouble.—We pity the subscribers to the Wayne County (Indiana) Journal. At the last accounts the editor, publisher, and proprietor, together with his wife and two children, were sick, the journeyman was "on a batter," the devil was unruly and wicked, as all devils are from the old one down, the wood was all out, and the cow hadn't come home.

New associations.—After speaking of a "Bayadere Association," which they have got up in New-York, and which goes the "whole figure" in the dancing way, the editor of the Baltimore Sun says that they have in that city a "Buy a deer Association," who eat nothing but venison. Some of the members are said to be so nimble that they can jump a fence ten feet high.

Wellerism.—"The day we celebrate," as the fat pig said to the turkey last Christmas

What we like to see.—A man walking about a race-course with a constable: it looks as though he had credit once.

WINTER.

Gather around your blazing hearths, and tell
Dread stories of my power, for, lo! I come
To howl above your happy roof—recount
To the young prattler how I split the bark
On the dark ocean's breast, and yell a dirge
O'er the young sea-boy's grave; tell of the blights
I cast upon the flowery fields, of all
The dazzling splendour of the rising sun,
When on my frosty robes he looks, and darts
His golden beams upon my coronal.

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LINGER NOT LONG.

Linger not long!—Home is not home without thee;
Its dearest tokens only make me mourn.
Oh! let its memory, like a chain about thee,
Gently compel, and hasten thy return.
Linger not long.

Linger not long!—Though crowds should woo thy staying,
Bethink thee—can the mirth of friends, though dear,
Compensate for the grief thy long delaying
Costs the poor heart that sighs to have thee here?
Linger not long.

Linger not long!—How shall I watch thy coming,
As evening's shadows stretch o'er moor and fell!
When the wild bee hath ceased her weary humming,
And silence hangs on all things like a spell!
Linger not long.

How shall I watch for thee when fears grow stronger,
As night grows dark and darker on the hill!
How shall I weep, when I can watch no longer!
Oh! art thou absent?—Art thou absent still?
Linger not long.

Yet I should grieve not, though the eye that seeth me
Gazeth through tears that make its splendour dull;
For oh! I sometimes fear, when thou art with me,
My cup of happiness is all too full.
Linger not long.

Haste, haste thee home unto thy mountain dwelling!
Haste as a bird unto its peaceful nest!
Haste, as a skiff, when tempests wild are swelling,
Flies to its haven of secured rest.
Linger not long.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES OF REAL LIFE.

THE ADVENTURES OF A PAIR OF TOP BOOTS.

Part the Second.

BY JOHN ST. HUGH MILLS.

"The *soul* secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger and defies its point."

From change of circumstance, we now endured the mortification of adorning the little bandy legs of a superannuated post-boy at the George Inn, Hounslow Heath. With body carelessly reclined against the corner-post of the stable-yard, and crossed feet, which he kept in constant motion, much to our annoyance, the old boy cast a sheep's eye toward the great metropolis, and occasionally the reverse way, anticipating, with a degree of restlessness, the approach of some carriage requiring fresh horses. At length one was visible in the distance, with four horses, rattling along at full gallop, coming from London.

"Now, then,—bring out first two pair, and don't come the undertaker's move!" hollowed he, pulling a large bell which, swinging to and fro, created much bustle among the helpers, hostlers, and stable-boys. Before the horses could be brought from their stalls, an elegant dark chariot dashed up to the entrance. The riders of the reeking animals jumped instantly from their saddles—the groom in the rumble sprung from his seat—and the flushed countenance of a handsome military looking young man simultaneously popped itself out of the window of the carriage.

"Quick—quick!" exclaimed he.

"In less than no time, sir," replied our wearer.

"Clap on them traces, old butter-thumbs, or I'll spoil yer beauty," hollowed the groom.

"Your veels vants vatering vastly, there all on a smoke," squeaked an infantine post-boy, grinning and pointing to the steaming axles, in consequence of the friction

"How long *are* you going to be?" impatiently asked the gentleman. "I never witnessed such a set of idle awkward scamps in all my life."

"Oh, Charles! if we should be overtaken," exclaimed an effeminate voice from an invisible quarter.

"For heaven's sake, do not Emily. I shall go mad if you talk so inconsistently," replied the irritated Charles. "I repeat my question—how long are you going to be?"

"All right, sir," replied the servant, touching his hat and jumping into his seat.

Away we went at furious speed, a bargain having been quickly struck between the attendant and the riders that they were to go at full gallop the whole of the stage, for two sovereigns each above the regular charge. What post-boy would not ride eight miles for two sovereigns as hard as he could go? Not one in the united kingdom Our master rode the wheel-horses, and, careless of the pole rubbing our very *soles* out, fulfilled his agreement to the letter. Not an instant did he relent from stimulating the horses to their full speed.

"Keep them on the stretch, like fiddle-strings," he cried to his partner on the leaders. "We'll make 'em fly"—and fly we did, with a swiftness only to be equalled by that of a Canadian patriot.

We had proceeded about two miles on the road, and were descending a steep hill, when one of the pole-chains snapped. Our wearer made known the accident to the rider before him—with consummate skill twisted the vehicle on to the edge of a bank, and, checking the horses, he succeeded in stopping the carriage without any material damage. Charles, speechless with excitement, jumped out, pulled his hair with regardless destruction to its luxuriant beauty, stamped passionately the ground, and at length managed to inquire, "What had occurred?" "Chain broke," was the laconick reply

"What shall we do! What shall we do!" exclaimed the voice from the chariot.

"Emily, you'll certainly drive me mad if you persist in such inconsistent observations," said Charles, skipping about in every direction, willmg, but incapable, to render the smallest assistance, from his extreme anxiety to proceed. "Never mind that. There, that will do. Make haste. I'm convinced that I shall do something desperate directly," were among his continued, brief, exclamations.

"Who's got any string," inquired our master.

"Here, take these," replied Charles, offering his silk suspenders.

"They an't no use," said the interrogator

"Perhaps this will do," tearing off, and offering a skirt of his coat.

"Nor that neither, sir; but we'll manage it without your undressing yourself."

"I'm fainting, Charles—I'm fainting—I'm certain I shall faint," screamed the voice from the inside of the carriage.

"Emily, you will drive me mad if you persist in such inconsistent exclamations," again replied Charles, in a tone of despair, going to the carriage door.

"What dreadful accident has occurred to you, dear Charles? Look at your coat, love."

"Emily, my angel, don't refer to such a tale."

"Get in, sir—get in. Here they come, by St. George," said the servant, pushing his master unceremoniously into the chariot.

"Who—when—where? Let me see—gracious me—what shall we—." Boys, ride for your lives. A hundred pounds if you get through the next gate before that carriage on the top of the hill. Go on—go on." Such were the orders of Charles, who appeared almost frantick, at seeing a phaeton galloping toward them at full speed, not more than a mile distant.

"How shall we escape, dear Charles? Do tell me, love," entreated Emily.

"You will certainly drive me mad, Emily, if—. Go on—give it them—that's it—he gains upon us—stop on the other side of the turnpike. Do you hear?" hollowed Charles.

"Ay, ay, sir. All right," was the reply.

On rushed the horses at a reckless speed, the riders using their best means to reach the gate, which was now in sight, about half a mile off. The carriage in pursuit was also being propelled at an inordinate pace down the hill, rolling from side to side, momentarily in danger of being upset. Standing up might be seen a fine old gentleman, with locks as white as the driven snow, looking through a glass at the chariot he was chasing with so much evident determination of capture. Now and then he would encourage his postillions to increase their pace, if possible, with fresh tempting bribes; holding in his hand a purse well filled with gold, and jingling the pieces to the gratified riders, who urged their horses forward to the utmost stretch of their power.

"We shall catch them, ha, ha, ha!" laughed the old fellow. "The piratical rascal, I shall hook him," said he, as he plainly saw that he was gaining upon the pursued at every stride.

In a few seconds we reached the desired gate, and stopped as suddenly as our impetus would permit; but, yards before the carriage could be brought up, Charles and his servant leaped upon the ground; the former, seizing the turnpike-man by the throat, said, "Give me the key of the gate, or I'll strangle you on the spot."

"Spare me, sir—spare me—I've a wife and thirteen helpless babies," exclaimed the terrified turnpike-man.

"Where's the key."

"There it is, sir—I've a wife and—"

Bang went the gate, which prevented the remainder of the sentence from being heard, and the key being turned by Charles, it afforded no slight obstacle to his pursuer. After performing this politick feat so completely to their satisfaction, Charles and his servant hastened to their respective seats, and on dashed the carriage at its former rate. Scarcely had it proceeded one hundred yards when the phaeton arrived at the obstructing barrier.

"Gate—gate," shouted the postillions. "Gate—you scoundrel, open that gate!" bawled the old gentleman, in a terrifick voice.

"T'otherone's stole the key—and I can't," replied the astonished toll-keeper.

"Then I'll be the death of you—you villain."

"Oh, dear me, what shall I do! I've a wife and thirteen small children. One kills me if I wont—t'other if I don't," exclaimed the turnpike-man, with "unshed tears swimming in his eyes."

"I fear it's no go," suggested one of the riders.

"The cunning rascal. Just as he was within my grasp, to escape me!" exclaimed the old gentleman, with indescribable vexation. "But I'll have him yet. Which is the fastest horse?"

"This is *the* clipper, and no mistake," replied one of the postillions, dismounting.

"Shorten the stirrups. Give me your whip. Now your spurs. There," said the old fellow, climbing into the saddle. "Will he leap?"

"He'll *try*, sir, if you put him at it stiff," was the reply.

The old gentleman tightened his rein, turned his horse's head toward the hedge on the road-side, and driving the inexperienced animal forward, had the greatest difficulty in saving himself from being thrown a somerset over the horse's head, which, from motives of self-preservation, prudently declined the jump, much to the amusement of the postillions, who apparently enjoyed the courage of the ancient equestrian.

"He wont do it," said the old gentleman, breathless with exertion.

"Give him another trial, sir, I'll tip him a *hint* from *behind*," was the encouraging remark. Again the reluctant horse was urged to perform a part, totally out of his line; and the promised hint being given, in the shape of a severe lash from a whip, he half-scrambled, half-tumbled, through the brambles into the ditch on the opposite side, and after a great deal of splashing on his part, and holding on by the mane and pummel of the saddle by the rider, they completed a landing into the field, which feat was vociferously applauded by the laughing postillions. The old gentleman proceeded a few yards on the side of the ditch, then again the animal was required to try a leap at which he did not evince so great an aversion. The horse had been on the road all his life, and finding himself on the turf, contrary to all inclination, he, with an equal disposition to that of a fish seeking its native element, sprung with superiour agility over both ditch and hedge, regaining his long-used road on the other side of the locked gate. The postillions cheered—the turnpike-man grumbled, in an under-tone, something about, "evading a toll was against the law," and the old gentleman dashed along in pursuit of the fugitives. Away he rattled as fast as the horse could go, which evidently caught some of the enthusiasm of his rider; for, in the whole course of his posting career, he never before evinced such energy and good-will on any occasion.

"Oh, dear me. It's all over with us," sighed Charles, as he caught a glimpse of the chasing horseman. "Who could imagine that he would be so desperate?"

"Charles, love. Oh! do tell me what you mean?" entreated Emily.

"Mean," repeated he with emphasis. "I mean, my angel, that the governour will overtake us in less than three minutes."

"I'm fainting Charles, dear. Oh! do tell me how we shall escape!"

"Escape is impossible, and although, Emily, you *are* a dove, alas! you have not wings. See, there he comes on horseback. Oh! that the brute would tumble down."

"Charles, recollect, sir, that *brute* is my father," replied Emily with offended dignity.

"I meant the horse, not the rider, dear."

"If the horse fell so must the rider, I suppose; and, perhaps, then he might be——," and a flood of tears interrupted the completion of the sentence.

"Stop, stop—pull up—it's no use proceeding—we must be overtaken," hollowed Charles.

The post-boys obeyed the mandate by reining in their foaming steeds, and bringing the carriage to a sudden stop.

"Now for a pretty scene," said Charles, with a melancholy visage, anticipating, with anything but pleasurable sensations, a meeting with the governour, who, in a few seconds, likewise came to a terminus of his gallop breathless at the side of the carriage. Large drops of perspiration trickled down the rubicund countenance of the excited old gentleman, as he sternly gazed upon his daughter and the abashed Charles. There was a long pause and silence with all parties, as if each was afraid to break it; at length the old gentleman said, in a voice trembling with deep emotion,

"Emily, did I deserve this—I who have been always so kind and indulgent to you?"

"Allow me, sir," replied Charles, in a tone and manner of the greatest respect, "to explain this affair, and take upon myself the blame, who alone am really answerable, for its imprudence, to say

the least of it. I acquainted you with the reciprocal feelings of attachment existing between your daughter and myself candidly, and without the slightest hesitation or concealment of my prospects and present situation in life, which admitted of no objections, entreating your consent to our union, as I believed there existed no reasonable obstacle. Your reply was, that Emily should never become the wife of a soldier, for more reasons than their proverbially being dissipated and extravagant, which was quite sufficiently objectionable for your withholding your consent. I endeavoured to prevail over your, as it appeared to me, fallacious denial of my wish fruitlessly, and therefore, with great difficulty, persuaded Emily, as my only alternative, to become mine without your consent. We endeavoured to succeed in our resolve to become united, and were on the road to ——.

"The deuse, sir!"

"Pray forgive us, papa," said Emily, with such a pretty bewitching manner, that no father, however hard-hearted, could have refused. The governour, however, was not too hasty in overlooking such a serious piece of insubordination as an attempt at a runaway match. He frowned sternly, though a smile would, notwithstanding his endeavours to suppress it, steal upon his lips, as he called them "two rascals!" and added, "you thought to escape me with your manœuvres, but I was too much for you—old as I am—you scamps."

"Yes, sir," added Charles, "I admit that I did all in my power to succeed in my plan; but——"

"I beat you with mine," replied the old gentleman with great apparent gratification at his signal success.

The horses were recovering from their over-exertions, their panting sides were subsiding into quietude—the riders, standing within a few yards of the carriage, wiping the heat-drops from their foreheads, and the dust from us, looking with much curiosity at the group who were more deeply concerned in the matter than themselves, when the old gentleman, taking the hand of Emily, placed it in that of her lover, and said, "I forgive you from my heart. I was wrong with my silly objection, and you, Charles, in being so very *hasty*. You cannot say, however, but that my plan beat yours, and that Emily will be your wife with my consent.

The road was retraced, and we accompanied as happy a trio as ever took "hasty steps."

THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER AND THE JUDGE.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

It was the land of poetry and song—the land peopled with the memories of the mighty past—the land over which the shadows of a long renown rested more glowingly than a present glory. It was beautiful Italy; the air, like a sweet odour, was to the senses as soft thoughts are to the mind, or tender feelings to the heart, breathing serenity and peace. That sweet air-swept balmily over the worn brow of an invalid, giving to the pallid hue of his countenance the first faint dawn of returning health.

The eye of the invalid was fixed on the dark characters of a book in cumbrous binding and massive clasps, which the Roxburgh Club would now consider an invaluable black-letter; and so absorbed was he in its perusal, that he heard not the approaching steps of visiters, until the sound of their greetings roused him from his meditations.

"The saints have you in their keeping!" said his elder visiter, a man whose brow bore traces of age, though time had dealt leniently with him.

"The dear Madonna bless you!" ejaculated his other visiter, a young girl with the large flashing eye, the pure oval face, and the classick contour of Italy.

The invalid bowed his head to each of these salutations.

"And now," said the merchant, for such was the elder visiter, "that your wounds are healing, and your strength returning, may we not inquire of your kin and country?"

A slight flush passed over the pale face of the sick man; he was silent for a moment, as if communing with himself, and then replied, "I am of England, and a soldier, albeit of the lowest rank."

"Of England!" hastily responded the merchant, "of England! of heroick England!" He crossed himself devoutly, and started back as if afraid of contamination.

"I may not deny home and country," replied the soldier, mildly.

"But I shall incur the church's censure for harbouring thee!" exclaimed the merchant; "thou knowest not what pains and penalties may be mine for doing thee this service!"

"Then let me forth," replied the soldier; you have been to me the good Samaritan, and I would not requite you evil; let me go on my way, and may the blessing of heaven be upon you in the hour of your own need!"

"Nay, nay, I said not so. Thou hast not yet strength for the travel, and, besides, England was once the brightest jewel in our holy father's crown, and she might reconcile herself again; but I fear me she will not, for your master, Henry, is a violent, hot-blooded man, and he hath torn away the kingdom from apostolick care. Know you not that your land is under interdict, and that I, as a true son of holy mother church, ought not now to be changing words with thee?"

"Even so," replied the soldier; "but there are many that think the king's grace hardly dealt by."

"The shepherd knoweth best how to keep his fold," replied the merchant, hastily; "but you are the king's soldier; you take his pay, you eat his bread, and doubtless ought to hope the best for him, and even so do I. I would that he might repent and humble himself, and then our holy father would again receive him into the fold; but, now I bethink me, thou wert reading; what were thy studies?"

The brow of the soldier clouded—he hesitated a moment; but then gathering up his resolution, replied, "In the din of the battle this book was my breastplate, in the hour of sickness my best balm," and he laid the open volume before the merchant.

"Holy Saint!" exclaimed the merchant, crossing himself, and drawing back as he beheld the volume which his church had closed against the layman. "Thou then art among the hereticks who bring down a curse upon thy land! Nay, thy sojourn here may bring down maledictions upon me and mine! upon my house and home! But thou shalt forth. I will not harbour thee! I will deliver thee over to the church, that she may chasten thee! Away from him, my child! away from him!"

The soldier sat sad and solitary, watching the dying light of the sun, as he passed majestically on to shine in other lands. One ray rested on the thoughtful brow of the lonely man as he sat bracing up his courage to meet the perilous future. As he thus mused, a soft voice broke upon his reverie.

"You are thinking of your own far off home," said the Italian girl: "how I wish that all I love had but one home—it is a grief to have so many homes!"

There is such a home," replied the soldier.

"Ah!" replied Emilia; "but they say that hereticks come not there! Promise me that you will not be a heretick any longer."

The soldier smiled, and sighed.

"You guess why I am here to-night," resumed the Italian girl, "I know it by that smile and sigh. You think that I am come to tell you to seek your own land and home, and, therefore, you smiled, and you just breathe one little sigh because you leave this bright sun—and me."

"Am I then to leave you, perhaps to be delivered over to the power of your implacable church?"

Emilia crossed herself. "No, no, go to your own land and be happy. Here is money; my father could not deny me when I begged it of him with kisses and tears. Go and be happy, and forget us."

"Never," exclaimed the soldier, earnestly—"never! and you, my kind and gentle nurse, my good angel—you who have brought hope to my pillow, and beguiled the sad hours of sickness in a foreign land—words are but poor things to thank thee with."

"I shall see you no more!" said the young Italian, "and what shall make me happy when you are gone? Who will tell me tales of flood and field? I have been happy while you were here, and yet we met very sadly. My heart stood still when we first found you covered with blood, on our way back to Milan after the battle. You had crept under a hedge, as we thought, to die. But I took courage to lay my hand upon your heart, and it still beat; so we brought you home; and never has a morning passed, but I have gathered the sweetest flowers to freshen your sick pillow; and while you were insensible in that terrible fever, I used to steal into your chamber and kneel at your bed-foot, and pray for the Madonna's care. And when you revived you smiled at my flower, and, when you had voice to speak, thanked me."

Emilia's voice was lost in sobs; and what wonder if one from man's sterner nature mingled with them?

The morrow came. The Italian girl gathered a last flower, and gave it in tearful silence to the soldier. He kissed the fragrant gift, and then, with a momentary boldness, the fair hand that gave it, and departed. The young girl watched his footsteps till they were lost to sight, listening to them till they were lost to sound, and then abandoned herself to weeping.

"Thou art sad, dear daughter," said a venerable father to his child, as they traversed that once countrified expanse through which we now jostle our way from the City to Westminster, "Thou art sad, dear daughter."

"Nay, my father," replied the maiden, "I would not be so; but it is hard always to wear a cheerful countenance when—"

"The heart is sad, thou wouldst say—"

"Nay, I meant it not."

"I have scarcely seen thee smile since we entered this England—I may not say this heretick England."

"Hush! dear father, hush! the winds may whisper it; see you not that we are surrounded by a multitude!"

"They are running madly to some revelry."

"Let us leave the path then," said the girl; "it suits not our fallen fortunes, or our dishonoured faith, to seem to mingle in this stream of folly. Doubtless the king hath some new pageantry."

"Well, and if it be so," replied the father, "haply the gewgaw and the show might bring back the truant smile to thy lip, and the lost lustre to thine eye. Thou art too young to be thus moodly sad. See how anxious, how eager, how happy seem this multitude! not one care-worn brow!—thou mayest catch their cheerfulness. We will go with the stream."

The girl offered no further resistance. They were strangers in the land; poor, almost penniless. They had come from their own country to reclaim a debt which one of the nobles of the court had incurred in more prosperous days, when the merchant was rich in silver and gold, and merchandise.

The vast throng poured on, swelling until it became a mighty tide; the bells pealed out, the cannon bellowed, human voices augmented the din. The Thames was lined on either bank; every building on its margin crowded, and its surface peopled. Every sort of aquatick vessel covered its bosom, so that the flowing river seemed rather some broad road teeming with life. Galley after galley, glittering with the gold and the purple, came on laden with the wealth, and the pride, and the beauty of the land, and presently the acclamation of a thousand voices rent the skies, "The King! the king! long live the king!" He came—Henry the VIII. came, in all that regal dignity, and gorgeous splendour, in which he so much delighted.

And then began the pageant, contrived to throw odium on Rome, and to degrade the pretentions of the pope. Two galleys, one bearing the arms of England, the other marked by the papal insignia, advanced towards each other, and the fictitious contest commenced.

Borne on by the crowd, our merchant and his daughter had been forced into a conspicuous situation. The peculiar dress, the braided hair, the beauty and the foreign aspect of the girl had marked her out to the rude gallantry of the crowd; so that the father and daughter were themselves objects of interest and curiosity.

The two vessels joined, and the mimick contest was begun. Of course the English colours triumphed over the papal. Up to this point, the merchant bore his pangs in silence; but when the English galley had assumed the victory, then came the trial of patience. Effigies of the cardinals were hurled into the stream amidst the shouts and derisions of the mob. At each plunge groans issued from his tortured breast. It was in vain that Emilia clung to his arm, and implored him, by every fear, to restrain himself. His religious zeal overcame his prudence; and when, at last, the figure of the pope, dressed in his pontifical robes, was hurled into the tide, the loud exclamation of agony and horrour burst from his lips, "Oh monstrous impiety of an accursed and sacrilegious king!" sounded loudly above the din of the mob.

It was enough; the unhappy merchant was immediately consigned over to the secular arm.

Oh, sad were those prison hours! The girl told her beads—the father prayed to all the saints—and then came the vain consolations by which each endeavoured to cheat the other. They thought of their own sunny land, its balmy air, its living beauty, and that thought was home.

November came with all its gloom—the month that should have been the grave of the year, coming as it does with shroud and cerecloth, foggy, dark, and dreary; the father's brow numbered more wrinkles, the once black hair was more nearly bleached, the features more attenuated.

And the daughter—ah! youth is the transparent lamp of hope—but in her the light was dim.

In fear and trembling the unhappy foreigners waited the day of doom. The merchant's offence was one little likely to meet with mercy. Henry was jealous of his title of head of the church. He had drawn up a code of articles of belief, which his subjects were desired to subscribe to, and he had instituted a court, of which he had made Lord Cromwell vicar-general, for the express trial of those whose orthodoxy in the king's creed was called in question. Neither could the unhappy merchant hope to find favour with the judge, for it was known that Cromwell was strongly attached to the growing reformation; and from the acts of severity with which he had lately visited some of the adherents of the Romish creed, in his new character of vicar-general, it was scarcely probable that he would show mercy to one attached, by lineage, and love, to papal Rome. Strangers as they were, poor, unknowing and unknown, what had they not to to fear, and what was left for hope?

The morning of trial came. The fogs of that dismal month spread like a dark veil over our earth. There was no beauty in the landscape, no light in the heavens, and no hope in the heart.

The judges took their places: a crowd of wretched delinquents came to receive their doom. We suppose it to be a refinement of modern days, that men are not punished for their crimes, but only to deter others from committing them. This court of Henry's seemed to think otherwise; there was all the array of human passion in the judges as well as in the judged. On one hand, recreant fear abjured his creed; on another, heroism braved all contingencies, courting the pile and the stake, with even passionate desire; and the pile and the stake were given with stern and unrelenting cruelty.

At length there stood at the bar an aged man and a youthful girl; the long white hair of the one fell loosely over the shoulders, and left unshaded a face wrinkled as much by care as by age: the dark locks of the other were braided over a countenance clouded by sorrow, and wet with tears.

The mockery of trial went on. It was easy to prove what even the criminal did not attempt to gainsay. The aged merchant avowed his fidelity to the pope as a true son of the church denied the supremacy of Henry over any part of the fold, and thus sealed his doom.

There was an awful stillness through the court—stillness the precursor of doom—broken only by the sobs of the weeping girl, as she clung to her father's arm. Howbeit, the expected sentence was interrupted; there came a sudden rush, fresh attendants thronged the court. "Room for Lord Cromwell! room for Lord Cromwell!" and the vicar-general came in his pomp and his state, with all the insignia of office, to assume his place of pre-eminence at that tribunal. Notes of the proceedings were laid before Lord Cromwell. He was told of the intended sentence, and he made a gesture of approbation. A gleam of hope had dawned upon the mind of the Italian girl as Lord Cromwell entered. She watched his countenance while he read; it was stern, indicative of calm determination; but there were lines in it that spoke more of mistaken duty than innate cruelty. Yet, when the vicar-general gave his token of assent, the steel entered Emilia's soul, and a sob, the variest accent of despair, rang through that court, and where it met with a human heart, pierced through all the cruelty and oppression that armed it, and struck upon some of the natural feelings that divide men from monsters. That sound struck upon Lord Cromwell's ear, his eye sought the place whence it proceeded; it rested on Emilia and her father. A strange emotion passed over the face of the stern judge—a perfect stillness followed.

Lord Cromwell broke the silence. He glanced over the notes that had been handed to him, speaking in a low voice, apparently to himself—"From Italy—a merchant—Milan—ruined by the wars—ay, those Milan wars were owing to Clement's ambition, and Charles's knavery—the loss of substance—to England to reclaim an old indebtment."

Lord Cromwell's eye rested once more upon the merchant and his daughter. "Ye are of Italy—from Milan; is that your birthplace?"

"We are Tuscans," replied the merchant, "of Lucca; and oh! noble lord, if there is mercy in this land, show it now to this unhappy girl."

"To both, or to neither!" exclaimed the girl; "we will live, or we will die, together!"

The vicar-general made answer to neither. He rose abruptly: at a sign given by him, the proper officer declared the court adjourned; the sufferers were hurried back to their cells—some went whither they would—others, whither they would not; but all dispersed.

A faint and solitary light glanced from a chink of the prison-walls—it came from the narrow cell of the Italian merchant and his daughter.

The girl slept—ay slept. Sleep does not always leave the wretched,

to light on lids unsullied with a tear. Reader, hast thou known intense misery, and canst thou not remember how thou hast felt and wept, and agonized, until the very excitement of thy misery wore out the body's power of endurance, and sleep, like a torpor, a stupor, a lethargy, bound thee in its chains? Into such a sleep had Emilia fallen; she was lying on that prison floor, her face pale as if ready for the grave, the tears yet resting on her cheeks, and over her sat the merchant leaning, asking himself whether, treasure that she was, and had ever been to him, he could wish that sleep to be the sleep of death.

The clanking of a key caught the merchant's ear; a gentle step entered their prison. The father's first thought was for his child. He made a motion to enjoin silence; it was obeyed; his visiter advanced with a quiet tread: the merchant looked upon him with wonder. Surely—no—and yet could it be? that his judge—Lord Cromwell, the vicar-general, stood before him—and stood, not with threatening in his eye—not with denunciations on his lip, but took his stand on the other side of poor Emilia, gazing on her with an eye in which tenderness and compassion were conspicuous.

Amazement bound up the faculties of the merchant. He seemed to himself as one that dreameth.

"Awake, gentle girl, awake," said Lord Cromwell, as he stooped over Emilia. "Let me hear thy voice once more as it sounded in mine ear in other days."

The gentle accents fell too lightly to break the spell of that heavy slumber; and the merchant, whose fears, feelings and confusion formed a perfect chaos, stooping over his child, suddenly awoke her with the cry of "Emilia! Emilia! awake, and behold our judge!"

"Nay, nay, not thus roughly," said Lord Cromwell, but the sound had already recalled Emilia to a sense of wretchedness. She half raised herself from her recumbent posture into a kneeling one, shadowing her dazzled eyes with her hand, her streaming hair falling in wild disorder over her shoulders, and thus resting at the feet of her judge.

"Look on me, Emilia!" said Lord Cromwell. And encouraged by the gentle accents, she raised her tear-swollen eyes to his face. As she did so, the vicar-general lifted from his brow his plumed cap, and revealed the perfect outline of his features. And Emilia gazed as if spell-bound, until gradually shades of doubt, of wonder, of recognition, came struggling over her countenance, and finally in a voice of passionate amazement she exclaimed; "It is the same! It is our sick soldier guest!"

"Even so," said Lord Cromwell, "even so, my dear and gentle nurse. He who was then the poor dependent on your bounty, receiving from your charity his daily bread as an alms, hath this day presided over the issues of life and death, as your judge; but fear not, Emilia; the sight of thee, gentle girl, comes like the memory of youth and kindly thoughts across the sterner mood that hath lately darkened over me. They whose voice may influence the destiny of a nation, gradually lose the memory of gentler thoughts. It may be, Providence hath sent thee to melt me back again into a softer nature. Many a heart shall be gladdened, that, but for my sight of thee, had been sad unto death. I bethink me, gentle girl, of the flowers, laden with dew and rich in fragrance, which thou usedst to lay upon my pillow, while this head throbbed with agony of pain upon it; fondly thinking that their sweetness would be a balm: and how thou wert used to steal into my chamber and listen to tales of this, the land of my home! Thou art here; and how hast thou been welcomed? to a prison, and well nigh to death. But the poor soldier hath a home; come thou and thy father, and share it."

An hour! who dare prophesy its events? At the beginning of that hour, the merchant and his daughter had been the sorrowful captives of a prison: at its close, they were the treasured guests of a palace.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF AUTHORS.

"Who is that brisk, dapper little man, that is flitting about the room from one table to another, his eyes sparkling, and his intellectual countenance radiant with good humour? He seems a general favourite, especially with the ladies."—"That," said my friend, "is Thomas Moore. Hark! he is going to sing—one of his own inimitable melodies. Listen." The poet of *Lalla Rookh* sat at the piano (looking no more a *little* man, for he *sits* high, and no one would suppose him short, when seated,) and enchanted us with *Nora Creina*. It was a treat of no slight order to hear the poet sing his own beautiful song; when he concluded, a burst of applause broke from every lip—and, during its continuance, the bard left the instrument, and was again employed in smiling and bowing to all who came in his way. I saw an individual standing, with his elbow resting on the mantelpiece, and deeply engaged in reading a volume of the *Fairy Queen*; his hair, which had been of a jet black, was parted in the middle of his forehead, and, along the crown of his head, now gray hairs were plenty, or rather, it was the sort of hair called "grizzled." His eye was one of the finest I had ever seen—black and piercing, and when he spoke, it almost *glowed*. There was much of a kind and sweet expression about the mouth: the countenance, altogether, plainly told of much care and some sorrow. There was a slight stoop in the shoulders; he wore his shirt-collar loosely, and without a neckcloth, but not in the manner of a coxcomb. This was Leigh Hunt, the most delightful essayist of the day. While I was looking at Mr. Hunt, a gentleman of very diminutive stature, with a good-humoured face, accosted my friend. He had a very slight hare lip, large gray eye, with a good deal of humour lurking about the corners of his mouth. His hair was thin, and the crown of his head was bald. When his conversation was lively, there was a little of the blarney in his accent. When he was gone, I found it was Crofton Crocker, the author of *Fairy Legends*. "Who is that good-humoured looking personage, with whom every one talks in turn, who speaks with a strong Irish accent, and takes snuff 'immensely,' as Mr. Butler would say?"—"Oh! that is Dr. Taylor, the best Hebrew scholar of the day, and author of several standard works. He is well versed in Oriental literature, and is a principal contributor to that capital journal, *The Athenæum*. That very slovenly farmer-looking personage, with the top-boots, rather tall and elderly, is the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles, who beat Lord Bryon in the '*Pope*' controversy. His sonnets are very beautiful, and he has almost equalled Dr. Watts in his verses for children."—"Yonder is a strange-looking being," said I; "that half-man, half-woman, around whom so many persons are crowding. Who is she? I heard her talking, just now, of matters which women seldom converse on with gentlemen, and she seemed to understand her subject too."—"The political economist in petticoats—Miss Harriet Martineau. The enemy of over-population, and the writer thereon. It is a strange subject for a lady to keep up, but it is in vain to deny that she has handled her subject well. That young lady nearer, with the very intellectual countenance, and plain dress, is a person of quite a different order of mind to Miss Martineau. She is one of the most delightful poetesses and novelists in our country. It is Miss Landon.

SUWARROW'S LACONISM.

His movements were quick as lightning; yet his motto was, "Haste is necessary, hurry injurious." Prince Coburg on the Rumnith, in a French letter, urgently requests his assistance; he sends it back, with, the Russian superscription—"I am coming—Suwarrow;" and in a few hours he arrives with sixteen thousand men. The vizier, with sixty thousand men is beaten. He scarcely approaches Ismael when the mighty fortress falls into his hands, and he writes—"The Russian standard flies on the walls of Ismael!" After the total defeat of the Polish army near Brest Litowsk, he wrote to Rumjanzow—"Sirakowsky's corps is no more!" A short time after, he writes—"Huzza! Warsaw is ours:" and receives the equally memorable reply—"Huzza! Field-marshal Suwarrow!—Catharine." He never walked—he always ran; and never rode but in a gallop. He often repeated—"Money is necessary in war, but time is still more precious. I act by minutes, and not by hours." His words were as concise as his letters. Pressed by the enemy on all sides, the Austrian General Melas asked him whither to retire. With a pencil he writes in reply—"To Placencia, *i. e.* forward." Melas obeys, Macdonald is beaten on the plains of Hannibal, and Suwarrow receives the victorious Melas in Placencia. Baron Thugut wished to draw from him his plans for the war. Suwarrow gave him a blank sheet of paper, and hurrying away, he said—"These are my plans." But when it was proposed to him to act on the defensive, he said with indignation to the foreign aid-de-camp, "Tell your prince he is a young man, but I am an old soldier; the words retreat and defensive are not in my vocabulary. I have overthrown the theory of tactucks hitherto employed, and made my own. Adieu." He had been the first to leave blockaded fortresses in the back of his army. He disliked ambiguity in speech, as much as he loved short and decisive replies. Asking one day an Austrian general, "Why did Hannibal not go to Rome after the battle of Cannæ?" who immediately replied—"Perhaps they had also a council of war at Carthage;" he instantly understood, and embraced him affectionately. When this same council wished to prescribe to him his warlike movements, he had not even the patience to read their instructions through; and wrote underneath, "Full power to the general-in-chief—reporting only to the emperour in person: such are my orders." His sayings were often very pithy, and he did not even disdain a pun. Hearing some person extolling the cunning of Dumourez, he said—"He is not cunning who is considered as such." He delighted to repeat and explain his military tactucks to his soldiers on the parade; and they were such that every one of them could understand them. He used to say, "The bullet is silly, but the bayonet is dexterous," and "huzza to the bayonet!" was for his army the signal for victory.

TALLEYRAND'S JOKES.

One day, a banker, with whom he was well acquainted, waited upon him to ascertain the truth of a rumour of the death of George III., which was expected to affect the funds. The banker, of course, anxiously apologized to the minister for the intrusion, and for the extraordinary nature of his request. "How?" exclaimed Talleyrand, with the imperturbable gravity peculiar to him: "There is no harm—no indiscretion whatever. I shall be delighted if the information I have to give is of any use to you." The banker was profuse of acknowledgments. "Well, now, I must tell you," continued Talleyrand, with an air of mysterious confidence, "some say the king of England is dead, others that he is not dead; for my own part, I believe neither the one nor the other. I tell you this in confidence; but, for heaven's sake, do not commit me." When the first consul one day inquired how he was so rich, he replied, by a dexterous compliment—"I bought stock the day before the eighteenth of Brumaire, and sold it again next day." This was the date of Napoleon's first usurpation. Some of his compliments were still more delicately turned. Some one asked him the address of the princess of Vaudemont. "Rue St. Lazare," he replied. "But I have forgotten the number." You have only to ask the first poor person you meet; they all know her house."

A SPECIMEN OF WELCH LITERATURE.

The Welch poetical triads are part of a species of literature with which the reader may not be acquainted, as the Welch is not taught in this country, either as a living or dead language. The following specimen contains many valuable observations expressed with singular brevity:

The three foundations of genius are—the gift of God, human exertion, and the events of life.

The three first questions of genius—an eye to see nature, a heart to feel it, and a resolution that dares to follow it.

The three things indispensable to genius—understanding, meditation, and perseverance.

The three things that ennoble genius—vigour, discretion, and knowledge.

The three tokens of genius—extraordinary understanding, extraordinary conduct, and extraordinary exertions.

The three things that improve genius—proper exertion, frequent exertion, and successful exertion.

The three things that support genius—prosperity, social qualifications, and applause.

The three qualifications of poetry—endowment of genius, judgment from experience, and felicity of thought.

The three pillars of learning—seeing much, offering much, and writing much.

NIAGARA FALLS.—An Englishman lately visiting Niagara Falls was asked his opinion:—"Very neat, 'pon honoúr—very neat!"

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

Ong sal.

A MONK, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
In the depth of his cell, with its stone-cover'd floor,
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
Produced the contrivance we now shall explain
But whether by magick, or alchymy's powers,
We know not—indeed 'tis no business of ours—
Perhaps it was only by patience and care,
At last that he brought his invention to bear.
In youth 'twas projected, but years stole away,
And ere 'twas complete, he was wrinkled and gray—
But success is secure, unless energy fails,
And at length he produced "The Philosopher's Scales."

What were they? you ask. You shall presently see:
These scales were not meant to weigh sugar and tea—
O, no—for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh;
Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains, or planets, to atoms of sense
Naught was there so bulky but there it could lay,
And naught so ethereal but there it would stay;
And naught so reluctant but in it must go.
All which, some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he tried was the head of Voltaire,
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there:
As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief,
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
As to bound like a ball on the roof of the cell.
Next time, he put in Alexander the great,
With a garment that Dorcas had made for a weight;
And though clad in armour, from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.
A long row of alms-houses, amply endowed,
By a well esteemed pharisee, busy and proud,
Now loaded one scale—while the other was prest
By those mites the poor widow dropp'd into the chest—
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down, the farthing's worth came with a bounce.
Again he performed an experiment rare:
A monk, with austerities bleeding and bare,
Climbed into his scale—in the other, was laid
The heart of our Howard, now partly decayed—
When he found, with surprise, that the whole of his brother,
Weighed less, by some pounds, than this bit of the other.
By further experiments, no matter how,
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plough.
A sword, with gilt trappings, rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a tenpenny nail.
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weighed less than a widow's uncrystallized tear.
A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale.
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
Ten counsellor's wigs, full of powder and curl,
All heaped in one balance, and swinging from thence,
Weighed less than some atoms of candour and sense.
A first water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato, just wash'd from the dirt.
Yet, not mountains of silver and gold would suffice
One pearl to outweigh—'twas "the pearl of great price."
At last the whole world was bowl'd in at the grate,
With the soul of a beggar to serve as a weight,
When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff,
That it made a great rent, and escaped at the roof.
When balanced in air, it ascended on high,
And sailed up aloft—a balloon in the sky;
While the scale with the soul in, so mightily fell,
That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

MORAL.

Dear reader, if e'er self-deception prevails,
We pray you to try "The Philosopher's Scales:"
But if they are lost in the ruins around,
Perhaps a good substitute thus may be found:
Let judgment and conscience in circles be cut,
To which strings of thought may be carefully put:
Let these be made even with caution extreme,
And impartiality use for a beam:
Then bring those good actions which pride overrates,
And tear up your motives to serve for the weights.

SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS.

Above all, let me urge on those who would bring out and elevate their higher nature, to abstain from the use of spirituous liquors. This bad habit is distinguished from all others by the ravages it makes on the reason, the intellect; and this effect is produced to a mournful extent: even when drunkenness is escaped. Not a few men, called temperate, and who have thought themselves such, have learned, on abstaining from the use of ardent spirits, that for years their minds had been clouded, impaired by moderate drinking, without their suspecting the injury. Multitudes in this city are bereft of half their intellectual energy, by a degree of indulgence which passes for innocent. Of all the foes of the working class, this is the deadliest. Nothing has done more to keep down this class, to destroy their self-respect, to rob them of their just influence in the community, to render profitless the means of improvement within their reach, than the use of ardent spirit as a drink. They are called on to withstand this practice, as they regard their honour, and would take their just place in society. They are under solemn obligations to give their sanction to every effort for its suppression. They ought to regard as their worst enemies, (though unintentionally such,) as the enemies of their rights, dignity and influence, the men who desire to flood city and country with distilled poison.

A PROMISE "IN FUTURO."

A president of the parliament of Paris, when presenting an address to the duke of Burgundy, then an infant, said, "We come to offer you our respects; our children will give you their services."

OFFICIAL NOTICES.

THE ST. NICHOLAS SOCIETY OF NEW-YORK.

[BY AUTHORITY.]

On the sixth ultimo, the members of this society celebrated their anniversary by a dinner, at the American Hotel, prepared by the prince of hosts, Mr. Cozzens. Our readers will, doubtless, recollect that, at the last celebration of the day, we were unanimously elected historians of the society; and, by virtue of that appointment, we now proceed to record the wondrous sayings and doings on this time-honoured festival. The great banner of the society, displayed at an early hour in the morning from the upper battlements of the hotel, gave ample warning to every true New-Yorker that Saint Nicholas expected every man to do his duty; and, accordingly, at five o'clock, a numerous band had collected to pay homage to their patron saint, and do justice to the exquisite viands.

The Guests.—The Hon. Aaron Clark, mayor of the city; the Hon. Jeremiah Johnson, mayor of Brooklyn; the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk; the Rev. Dr. Schoonmaker, and the representatives of the national benevolent societies, of this city, were received by the president, in his official costume, in a room appropriated for the purpose.

The spacious dining-room was ornamented with the portrait of Saint Nicholas, executed, we believe, by Van der Velde, a distinguished Dutch artist. The other decorations, and the whole arrangement of the dining-room, were of the most simple and beautiful character. The dinner was faultless, and was universally pronounced the most elegant entertainment of the kind ever given in this city. Amid the choicest dishes of the modern school, appeared *oly cooken, smoked goose, paas eggs*, and other Knickerbocker cookeries. The servants of the society, in the livery of the olden time, rendered everything complete. The president of the society, Gulian C. Verplanck, presided, assisted by vice-presidents Schermerhorn, Heyer, Benson, and J. A. King. After grace before meat had been said, by Bishop Onderdonk, chaplain of the society, the company proceeded to discuss, with due solemnity and grave deliberation, the business of the day. Thanks having been returned by the venerable Dr. Schoonmaker, of Long Island, the *Non nobis Domine* was sung in beautiful style by Messrs. Horn, Maynard, and Rogers.

The cloth having been removed, the president announced the following regular toasts:

1. Saint Nicholas—The good holy man: whom our childhood loved, our manhood honours. *Auld lang syne.*
2. Our city—God prosper it. *Home, sweet home.*
3. The state of New-York—A wilderness in 1609, an empire in 1838 *March.*
4. The President of the United States. *President's March.*
5. The National Benevolent Societies of our city. We extend to them the right hand of fellowship, and greet them as brothers; emulous only to rival them in good works. *Life let us cherish*
6. The sons of New-York all over the world *Here's a health to them that's awa.*
7. The daughters of Manhattan. Glee—*Here's a health to all good lasses.*

To the second regular toast, the Hon. Aaron Clark replied in a suitable manner, and offered the following toast:

William Dunlap, the historian of New-York.

After the fifth regular toast, the representatives from the St. George's, St. Andrew's, St. Patrick's, New-England, and German societies acknowledged the compliment paid their respective bodies, and offered the following toasts:

By Charles Edwards, Vice-President of the St. George's Society.—American literature: already a planet, may its bright rings increase.

By D. Hadden, President of the St. Andrew's Society.—The commerce of New-York: its main pillar—good faith.

By Campbell P. White, President of the St. Patrick's Society. The memory of the founders of the Dutch West India Company, to whose public spirit and munificence we are so largely indebted for the first improvements in this city.

By J. Hoxie.—Peter Stuyvesant:

"His good remembrance, sirs.
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb."

By C. W. Faber, Vice-President of the German Society:

"Eendraght mackt magat."

The next toast being, according to ancient usage, the privileged one of the presiding officer, the President, before announcing it, proceeded to address the society to the following effect:

He began by congratulating the sons of St. Nicholas upon the general prosperity of the institution, and of its individual members, upon the continuance of the relations of peace and amity with all foreign powers, and upon the total, and be trusted, final cessation of all hostile inroads and depredations from the Yankees resident within their borders. Above all, he congratulated them upon the unshaken stability of their ancient constitution, which, coming down to us in its most important and unwritten provisions, from a remote and venerable antiquity, still continued without change to defy the assaults and innovations of this age of experiments.

By one of those ancient, unwritten articles, it had been made the duty of the chief executive officer of the society, upon every return of this high annual solemnity, to report to his assembled brethren the more weighty matters, touching the general welfare, which had occupied him and his official advisers, during the past year. This duty, said he, I shall now proceed to perform, with as much brevity as is compatible with the magnitude and deep interest of the affairs under consideration.

The first objects of your inquiries, upon assembling in this place, have, doubtless, been in relation to the new locality chosen for this solemnity, and the cause of this apparent innovation.

We met last year upon the old classick and poetick ground of our city, south of modern Wall-street, within the ancient city ramparts: the seat of the venerable Dutch dynasty. That venerated soil, I need not repeat to you, so often trodden by the feet of Van Twiller and Stuyvesant—illustrated by so many great events of our earlier history, must ever be in our eyes, what that time-honoured hill consecrated by the fate of Romulus and Remus and their prophetick vultures, was in those of the patriotick Roman. Thence, it might naturally have been expected, that we should continue to hold our high annual meetings within the precincts of that sacred region. But our erudite and enterprising board of stewards had planned out a grander scheme, of which the brilliant Delmonico festival is to be but the first act—the prologue—to a long and swelling theme of our city's glories.

They determined that three successive annual festivals should be held in rotation, at various places, each associated with some recollections of history or antiquity, fit to be honoured and cherished by the sons of St. Nicholas. Guided by a philosophy equally profound and practical, they aimed to form a living record of the bright epochs of our city annals, by combining in the minds of our youthful members those recollections with the most pleasing associations of friendship and festivity. As then the last location was selected in reference to the poetry and romance, and the grand historical reminiscences of our early story, so, that now chosen, is one fraught with political recollections, closely connected with our ecclesiastical polity and especially rich in legal lore.

Its political recollections I need not dwell upon, for they are still fresh. It was here, in the *fields*, as this neighbourhood was called until the beginning of the present century, that occurred many of the most stirring scenes of popular movement or excitement during the trying days of the stamp act, just before our revolution, and the earlier times of the revolution itself, as well as afterwards, at the adoption of the new federal constitution, and the political contests that grew out of it. These remembrances are doubtless sufficient to hallow any soil. But there are yet others of deeper and graver interest, far less familiar to the publick mind, and these it is now the praiseworthy aim of our stewards to revive and freshen.

This, my brethren, with reverence do I speak it, this is the consecrated ground of legal science! Here, where we now meet, was once the "Dominie's Bowerie," since well-known in our courts, as the "King's Farm;" here was that beautiful Bowery, now indeed covered with vast piles of red bricks and gray granite, yet destined to bud and flower for ever in equity and look green in reports. On this spot, where our festive board is spread, in 1690 stood the humble rose-embowered cottage of the good Dutch dominie, Everardus Bogardus, and here was born the loved child of his old age, his sole heiress, that lovely Annaké, who, under her matron name of Annaké Jants, became the fruitful mother, not only of a numerous and worthy race, but of that famous and still-continued litigation with Trinity Church—so magnificent in its amount, so rich in its black-letter learning, and so gloriously protracted in its duration.

But the half is not yet told touching the legal interest of this spot. Just on the other side of Broadway, almost opposite to the dominie's house, was the Shoemaker's Field, where at the beginning of the last century and the end of the preceding one, dwelt the rich and beneficent John Harberdinch, cordwainer, formerly of Old Utrecht, late of New-Amsterdam. There he dwelt with his beloved though childless wife Mayken Haberdinch, and there he watched over the budding beauties and virtues of his wife's younger sisters, Catalyntie and Jannatie. There he died, after devising one-third of the little farm of seventeen acres, lying on the east side of the Broadway and north of the Maiden's Path, to the support of the Dutch Church. Memorable proof was then given of the wisdom of our ancestors and the profound skill of our old lawyers. With such admirable skill and prophetick sagacity was that will drawn, as well as the cotemporary conveyance from another quarter to Trinity Church, of the dominie's Bowery, that after having fulfilled for a century and a half, (as perhaps they may for ever,) the pious intentions of the donors for the support of religion, the instruments were so contrived that as soon as any superfluous income should accumulate, it should, at once, overflow to the unspeakable relief of that meritorious and suffering class of our population, the New-York bar. Such prophetick wisdom, I think, can scarcely be ascribed to any other source than the immediate inspiration of our own benevolent Saint Nicholas.

Yes, here, and just opposite us, were brought up the lovely and far-famed Annaké Bogardus, and her no less lovely and famous playmates, Jannatie Van Kleeck and Catalyntie Van Benthuysen. Here the damsels oft met, and confided to each other the secret of their loves, unconscious that they were all to become the future heroines of the law—unconscious that whole tribes of great-grandchildren would study every incident of their history, of their loves and their marriages, with an interest far more intense than was ever inspired by any heroine of poetry or romance. For never, surely, have the woes of Juliet, or the wrongs of Desdemona, the epick tale of Angelica or Clorinda, or the gayer adventures of Sophia Western or Di Vernon, been read and re read with so rapt an attention, so deep and absorbing an interest, as has been oft inspired by the simple story of Annaké Jants, Catalyntie Van Benthuysen, and Jannatie Bos. Little, indeed, could they have dreamed that their names were to descend to the remotest posterity in the pages of learned reporters, whose grandmothers were yet unborn; that they were to become the subjects of forensick eloquence, of legal acuteness, of judicial wisdom: above all, little did they dream that the very sound of their own melodious names would hereafter call forth from their graves Bracton and Plowden, and Coke and Croke, and Fortescue and Latwych and Levin, all those judges and pleaders old, who are doomed, for certain sins committed in their professional flesh, occasionally to revisit the precincts of the law, each in his parchment-shroud, "making courts hideous."

Here, too, was the scene of the youthful loves of that goodly youth, Jan Peterson Bos, when he wooed and won the blooming Jannatie; and on this very spot, as ancient records tell, were they joined in holy wedlock by Dominie Bogardus. When the good man joined their hands, the demon of litigious discord, perched (as Milton describes Satan in Paradise eyeing our first parents) on the wide-branching elm that overshadowed the dominie's roof, "sat like a *cormorant*," and gazed with malicious triumph upon the scene as he anticipated how in less than a century and a half the issue from that marriage would be arrayed in stern hostility against the very successors in office of the kind old dominie—how he himself, the strongest and fiercest spirit of the law, should breathe his own fire into their breasts, how he should arm their selected champions for the contest in mail of proof, from his own well-stored armoury, and giving each his black-lettered shield, bid them "Lay on, Macduff."

We are then, I repeat, upon the classick ground of our law; and when hereafter the volumes of Johnson and Wendell are what the year-books of Henry VII. now are, doubtless full many a lawyer from the as yet unsettled and unexplored future states beyond the Rocky Mountains, full fraught with learning of lapsed devises and desires to charitable uses and devises void *ab initio*, and the rest of that learning which Lord Coke declares to be more perplexing to a lawyer than all his other learning put together—many such a lawyer will come hither in pious pilgrimage to visit the ground hallowed by the memories of Annaké Jants and Jannatie Bos.

Our learned, pains-taking and philosophical stewards had another important though secondary object also in view in this change of location and of our host with it. They purpose to make these solemn festivities the means of a series of profound experiments conducted according to the strict Baconian method upon the principles of cookery and its several schools and theories. The last annual banquet was prepared by French artists, according to the strict and severe principles of that classick school of science. The present, as you perceive, is an ingenious and excellent union of the English and Dutch kitchens, not without some admixture from other quarters. A few repetitions of these great and complicated experiments, the stewards trust, will not only lead to most salutary and agreeable practical results, but may also settle some great theoretical principles. One of these, long in doubt, seems peculiarly important.

The prevailing culinary philosophy teaches that perfect cookery is to be attained only by a selection and combination of the several excellencies of various schools. But high authority has held that this doctrine is erroneous, and that excellence is to be best reached by keeping the several schools of art quite distinct, and by carrying each to its peculiar point of perfection. So far did that exemplary and epicurean prelate, the late earl of Bristol, (better known in Irish politicks as the bishop of Derry,) carry this doctrine, that for the purposes of his liberal hospitality he kept five several kitchens, so perfectly distinct, that he turned off his favourite French cook for peeping into the English kitchen to watch the roasting of a sirloin.

Some ten or twelve years of experiments will enable the stewards to settle these and other vexed questions, with the sanction of the whole society to their own private experience and judgment; and when it is considered how many nations have spent more time than that in manufacturing a government to their taste, and that even the United States have employed nearly as much in experiments upon so insignificant a subject as the currency, it must be conceded without dispute that this short term will be well spent, in clearing up these recondite and doubtful points of culinary science.

The physical condition of our society is highly satisfactory. I will not dilate upon the subject of the publick health, because an ample report (which will be soon submitted to you) has been prepared by the learned head of our medical department, Dr. Francis, enriched as usual with elaborate elucidations and digressions, philosophical and phynological, philological and phrenological, medical and moral, dietetical, ethical and æsthetical.

My next official duty is to inform you of the state of our fiscal concerns. These are in such a state as to demand no further legislation, having been conducted according to the rules prescribed by the wisdom of our forefathers, and administered with fidelity and prudence. At the close of our fiscal year we have no outstanding claim against our treasury, and no debt funded or unfunded. We have no bonds or treasury notes to provide for—none having been issued; not has there been any default among any of the officers entrusted with the publick funds. It is indeed due to that frankness which should mark all our executive communications to inform you, that our auditing committee for some time hesitated to pass the accounts of our worthy treasurer in consequence of an errour in his favour of three cents and three quarters, wholly unexplained and unsupported by any proper voucher. It was not so much the amount of the sum that made the difficulty, as the evil, moral and financial, example of sanctioning such a gross departure from the accuracy of our ancestors, and the precedent it might hereafter prove for fraud or negligence.

Disdaining and rejecting the arts of modern bookkeeping by which such errours are slurred over, your financial functionaries proceeded in a searching and laborious examination, until at last the errour was satisfactorily traced to the rejection of fractions less than one quarter of a cent in an interest account—a discovery which relieved alike the conscience of our treasurer and the honour of our society.

The example of certain other governments had induced some of the younger members among our constitutional advisers to suggest the propriety of enacting fiscal laws, inflicting severe and ignominious punishment upon defaulting or absconding publick officers, and, at the same time, requiring large securities from all officers entrusted with the publick treasure. We had no hesitation in rejecting this proposition as wholly in contradiction to our character and usages, and those of our fathers. As the Romans in the days of their virtue had neither a punishment nor a name for the crime of parricide, so we hold that knowing as we do the crime of publick defalcation only from report of what takes place in other governments, no officer of St. Nicholas can be bound by stronger ties, or give more ample security than his own word and honour.

Such being the state of our treasury, I am not obliged to exhort you to any rigid economy in expenditure. On the contrary, that duty having been already performed, I am bound to advise you to imitate our ancestors and apply their noble motto of old Harberdinch, *Dando Conservat*, by employing the savings of our judicious parsimony in the relief of distress and the patronage of art and genius.

Having thus recapitulated to you the principal matters which have occupied our several departments, the boards of stewards, of medicine and of finance, it remains only to speak to you of those points which pertain solely to the personal administration of your chief magistrate or those vice-presidents who may temporarily represent him.

When I last met you, brethren, in this solemn assembly of our states-general, I was able to show the clearest evidence of my having in all things trodden in the footsteps of my illustrious predecessor, by the gratifying fact that not a murmur of discontent had been raised against any measure of our administration. It is now somewhat otherwise. A prominent and capital measure of our administration has been assailed and misrepresented, and a venal and prostituted press has lent its aid to the maligners of our government. You need not be told that I refer to the shameless misrepresentation of our conduct and motives in assuming for publick and official purposes—and those only—the primitive and constitutional decoration of your official head—the old-fashioned *cocked hat*.

To the enlightened and patriotick majority of our body who have thus far triumphantly sustained our administration, this measure requires neither defence nor explanation. To the heated and misguided few who have given a willing ear to the calumnies of a purchased press, I might well be content to reply that I take the responsibility of using the high inherent prerogative of the executive, as I understand my own official rights and duties.

But I would, rather in the language of reason and argument, appeal to the sober second thoughts of our misled brethren. I do not,

therefore, think it derogatory to the dignity of our station to lay before you, in full, the grounds and reasons of this great and salutary though calumniated measure. It rests, brethren, alike upon wise considerations of publick policy and upon the gravest reasons of constitutional usage and precedence. Let me speak first of the grounds of publick policy. The ordinary course of fashion, exposes the head of the private citizen to all the varieties of change which may result from caprice, accident, design, foreign influence or associated wealth. It subjects the hat to continual expansion and contraction, now expanded to the size of a Spanish *Sombrero*—now cut down to a jockey-cap—one day flattened down to the skull, and the next mounting up into a sugar-loaf cone—and all these fluctuations, I repeat, occur as the caprice of foreign courts or the interests of combined and associated hatters may dictate. Is it right, then, that your chief publick functionary should be exposed to such an influence, which may seriously interfere with his administration and curtail his dignity. Private men may yield to such influence without injury; but the publick dignity cannot. Personally and in private life, your chief magistrate has no enmity to the vender or maker of hats, and cheerfully accommodates his taste to theirs. But as the official representative and guardian of your honour, he feels that the emblem of your dignity and sovereignty must be beyond the control of aristocratick wealth and style at home, as well as quite out of the reach of the machinations of the royal or noble despots of fashion abroad. It is clear, then, that our constitutional covering of the head should be alike dignified, permanent and independent, and that it should be wholly separate and divorced from the fluctuations of fashion. What basis, then, must be assumed to attain that desirable stability? What could be assumed but the noble, and substantial and unvarying cocked-hat of our great-grandfathers!

When that symbol of ancient dignity was first restored to its pristine honours on the head of your executive, presiding officially, it received the universal and unbought applause and reverence of the people. But a few factious voices objected, and a venal and hat-purchased press gave currency to their calumnies. It was alleged that the assumption of the *cocked-hat*, was a usurpation of your rights, and a step to regal power. This civil and pacifick hat, was likened to the little military hat of Napoleon, with which the little corporal won and kept the affections of his soldiery, until he changed it into an imperial diadem. Nay, it was said to be already a crown; and, in the affrighted imagination of these malcontents, your executive head assumed as horrible a shape as that of the visionary and shadowy spectres, of whom,

—— what seemed his head,
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.

Brethren, it is not so. This, our venerable, constitutional cocked-hat is as far from the regal crown, glittering with magnificence, wrung from the toil and blood of its subjects, as it is from the slovenly, blood-red cap of Jacobin anarchy. It is the true, the old, the appropriate symbol of regulated liberty, and reverence for law, of antique faith and pure honour, and high-bred courtesy. Whence do we derive its origin? Not from the times of Pagan darkness of the courts of bloody tyranny. We need not, to ascertain its history, search for that long-lost volume of Aristotle, which contained his celebrated chapter on hats, as quoted by the learned Mock Doctor, of Moliere. No, we read its history in the most authentick annals of learning, of commerce and of freedom. It comes to us in its present shape, from the most enlightened age and country of the civilized world. It made its first appearance in Holland, in the high and palmy state of the republick, when a burgomaster of Amsterdam, ("that happy union of the noble and the burgher," as Burke finely describes him,) after disposing of the cargo of a whole fleet of East-Indiamen, loaded with teas and spices, and them, perhaps, ordering a hundred-thousand guilder picture, from Rembrandt or Paul Potter, could put on his cocked hat to go to the States-General, to receive an English or French ambassadour, and accept or reject their master's proffered alliance. It was afterward worn with slight variations of costume, legal, clerical, medical or military, as the case might be, by the judges and divines, and scholars and statesmen, and wits and men of genius, of England's best days, by Holt and Mead, by Bentley and Boyle, by Swift and Addison.

To come to our own country. It was the covering of the leading patriots of the revolution, and was early adopted and used in that peculiar sense in which we now assume it, as the emblem of republican sovereignty. It was even such a hat as this, which covered the brow of Hancock, (if we can trust unvarying tradition, and the faithful pencil of Copley,) when he placed his signature, the first, on the Declaration of Independence,—when, with a heart throbbing for his country's welfare, but with a steady hand, he signed his name, with that immortal flourish which perpetuates to the latest posterity at once the patriotism and the penmanship of the merchant statesman.

Indeed, so indissolubly connected in the minds of the father of our liberties was this hat with the idea of sovereign independence, that we have it on the best authority, that when our Congress of the old confederation were, for the first time, to receive a foreign ambassadour, after due deliberation as to the mode of reception, it was decided that it should be according to the etiquette of the Dutch States-General in such cases. Accordingly the ambassadour was received by Congress, all covered with cocked hats, which they took off, in token of personal courtesy, when he entered; but, as soon as his credentials were read and he appeared as the representative of a monarch, they covered themselves again in symbol of equal sovereignty. It was long worn in our own state by the Van Cortlandts, and the Van Rensselaers, who presided for so many years in our Senate; and the future biographer of the late Chancellor Sandford will have to record of that eminent man, that he was the last speaker of the House of Assembly who presided in a cocked hat.

Is not this measure of our administration now fully vindicated, or must we stop to refute the alleged resemblance in character of our hat to that of Napoleon?

We would speak of that great man with all the reverence due to his genius and his fame—but our hat can have no fellowship or concord with his. Its low crown and narrow pent-house in front, bears as little resemblance to the liberal dimensions of the one you here beheld, as do the designs, objects and principles of our respective governments.

Whether that low-crowned three-cornered hat of the little corporal, glittered with the rays of glory beneath the bright sun of Austerlitz—or was seen in dim and disastrous eclipse, through the mists and sleet of Leipsick—whether it led the triumphant charge of the "young guard" at Marengo or Jena, or was borne back in the tumultuous rout from Warsaw or Waterloo, it was ever to the nations of the whole earth, the terrible sign of carnage and desolation. On its narrow rim, as on the crest of the fallen archangel, "sat horrour plumed." Is it so with us? No. Our beaver bears no plume but that of goodfellowship. It is the symbol only of the faith and morals, the honour and courtesy of the best men of the best times.

I have now said enough to vindicate our conduct and motives, and submit the whole to your sober consideration.

Our relations with all the neighbouring powers continue to be entirely pacifick. You have this very evening heard the renewed pledges of amity given by their eloquent representatives here: a friendship, of which your president and his representatives have, during the last year, received many solid and satisfactory proofs on the various anniversary solemnities.

You have also been enabled to judge for yourselves of the advances made by our Yankee tribes in the arts of civilized life, from the deportment and the speech of their chief here present; who, I can assure you, is not, as you might reasonably suppose, a half-breed, but a real, full-blooded Yankee. Such is the confidence I have entertained in the good faith of these heretofore dreaded enemies of our race, that I did not hesitate, at their last annual *Kentecoy*, or feast on clams and parched corn, held on the anniversary of what, according to their tradition, they call "the landing of the pilgrims," to trust myself among them alone, without arms and without escort, until midnight.

The commission, recommended at our last meeting, for preserving and imbodying our ancient poetry and melodies, have been assiduously engaged: They will report, in part, during the present session; but their final report must be delayed until the return from Holland of an illustrious envoy, whom we have accredited, with full powers, to various courts of Europe.

Mr. Harmanus Bleecker, the learned and eloquent president of the Albany St. Nicholas Society, has lately sailed for Europe, with the design of exploring the hidden treasures of the ancient literature of Holland, as well as the sources of our national habits, language, laws, and learning, in other quarters. He had full power, from our Albany brethren, to negotiate all proper treaties of friendship and alliance. Having the fullest confidence in his zeal, talent, and patriotism, we did not hesitate to grant him similar powers on our behalf, with one exception only. Knowing the zeal with which (as was natural) he had espoused the cause of the king of Holland, against the revolters of Belgium, we feared that he might involve us in that contest; for, to use the words of an eminent statesman, "whatever sympathy we may feel for the spread of orthodox dominion, yet neither our interest nor our honour demand that we should become parties to any such struggle." Having pledged him to perfect neutrality on this point, we have clothed him with unlimited powers on all others, and we look with confidence to his return as an event which will enrich his country with the fruits of his own enlightened observation, and the best treasures of foreign genius.

The president then proposed the health of Mr. Bleecker, in the following words.

Harmanus Bleecker, president of the Albany St. Nicholas Society—An honourable representative to Europe of New-York's best virtues and talents. In exploring the ancient sources of our own race, manners, morals, laws, and learning, may he find in them alike the fountains of joy and health to himself, and of philosophical and patriotick instruction for his countrymen.

The president was frequently interrupted, during the delivery of his message, by loud and enthusiastick applause, and sat down amid long and continued cheering. Letters were then read from the president of the United States, Chevalier Martini, minister from the Netherlands, Commodore Hull, General Lewis, president of the St. David's Society, S. C. Dortie, Esq., president of the French Benevolent Society, and William Dunlap, Esq., in reply to the invitation of the stewards. The following are a few of the volunteer toasts which have reached us:

By Vice-President Benson.—Our ancestors—The most enduring monument of their enterprise, the city of New-York.

By Vice-President King.—The memory of Hendrick Hudson: the skilful pilot, the intrepid manner. His fame is our boast, his discovery our inheritance, his untimely death the reproach of others.

Dr. Francis, the senior consulting physician of the society, then presented his annual report on the state of the health of the society, which exhibited a high degree of improvement in the morals and habits of the members. The learned doctor was, as usual, peculiarly happy and eloquent. The views which he took of the physical temperament and intellectual capabilities of the earlier settlers of the city from whom the present members of the Knickerbocker Society derived their origin, was equally gratifying to their corporeal feelings and their active mental powers. They could not forget the never-tiring industry of their ancestors, nor the glories of the Stuyvesant dynasty. Boerhaave of Holland had educated some of our most conspicuous and earliest prescribers in the medical art; Dr. Isaac Dubois and Professor Dupuy, both enumerated as graduates of the Leyden University, and also Dr. William Beekman, men deserving of commemoration for their professional career and their moral excellence. But he would not here enlarge. The history of the state of New-York, its publick acts and its eminent men, were committed to the charge of Mr. Dunlap, the historian, whose name the society had just toasted. It was an important trust, happily assumed by an individual who had already won merited reputation, and who, in the performance of this new service, would confer new benefits and win new honours. Our present race of physicians had imbibed their lessons of wisdom from masters high in the science of healing from different nations and schools: though the majority could boast of having been the disciples of American teachers and were graduates of American medical colleges, now so liberally and so successfully diffusing the blessings of saving knowledge throughout the land. Dr. Francis regretted that he could not refer to any very important statistical tables by which to institute a comparative view of the health and longevity of the older Knickerbocker inhabitants, the better to satisfy their inquiries as to the excellent health which the present population of the city enjoyed. Governour Colden had a century ago spoken well of the climate; and he himself had strong reason to conclude from the tide of emigration which found its way to New-York, that the sanative quality of the air, the excellence of its locality, and the numerous blessings of the city were as well understood and appreciated now as in the times of New-Amsterdam. The members of the St. Nicholas Society at large, said Dr. Francis, have great reason to be satisfied with the physical health of the association during the past year. The period of mercantile disaster has passed away: the *experiment* had been brought to an end: the uncertainties incident to the peculiar condition of publick affairs which they had recently experienced no longer annoy them. If any of them had suffered from the disorders of depletion, it became them now to be still more watchful of the mischiefs which depend upon an excessive plethora. This was most effectually to be secured by the exercise of a liberal and extensive charity at all times worthy the proposed objects of the society and ennobling to human nature. The *currency* was now restored, and with it the honest patrons of their honest and benevolent saint had every reason to congratulate themselves on their future prospects. The commercial metropolis was again the scene of efficient industry and daring enterprise. Again, said Dr. Francis, if that attractive goddess, Speculation, had in some instances put in jeopardy their fortune, she had in no case dethroned their reason. There was an inherent elasticity in the constitution of a son of St. Nicholas which forbid so sad a calamity. Soundness of mind, blended with soundness of body and integrity of purpose, were the proud characteristicks of the members of the association which he had now the honour to address. Hence our festivities were greeted with the countenances and the approbation of the eminent representatives of other benevolent societies. Dr. Francis hoped that every subsequent reporter of the health of the society whom they in their decision might hereafter appoint to discharge that anniversary trust, would be able to make a like favourable statement as he now had the honour and satisfaction to do. After some further additional observations on the mental manifestations of the members of the association, derived from a knowledge of their cerebral development, during which he alluded in no parsimonious plaudits to the worthy president in his rich costume of office, he enjoined upon them a continuance in the exercise of their gastronomical talents with their wonted circumspection alike worthy of their long established fame and so consonant to the soundest principles of Hygeia. Dr. Francis concluded by expressing his most fervent wishes for the happiness of the individual members and the continued prosperity of the Society of St. Nicholas, and offered the following toast:

By *Dr. Francis.*—The merchants of New-York, alike distinguished for Dutch integrity and New-England enterprise.

By *Col. Webb.*—Our chief medical adviser: his theories are illustrated by his practice. An honour to his profession, and one who, when he comes among us on our anniversaries, always brings "healing on his wings."

By *P. Hone.*—New-Yorkers: "at home" to all the world, let them not forget they are masters of the house.

By *the Rev. Dr. Schoonmakèr?*

De eerste Duytsche Burgers van Niew-Amsterdam: Vermaest voor goede Zeden en Godsalige geding opregtigheit in handel, volherdende in arbeit. Verkoende een gewenschte voorbeelt voor haer nakomelingen.

Translation.—The first Dutch citizens of New-Amsterdam: celebrated for correct morals and pious deportment, sterling integrity in business, patient of labour, exhibiting an example worthy of the imitation of their descendants.

By *Mr. Manager Van Wagenen.*—The health of the Hon. Jeremiah Johnson, mayor of the city of Brooklyn.

By *W. A. Duer, President of Columbia College.*—The great secret of the prosperity of New-York: the union of Dutch perseverance with Yankee enterprise.

By *Mr. Steward James J. Jones.*—The health of our first Vice-President, Washington Irving.

By *the President.*—Our Board of Stewards: their learned and self-denying labours deserve the gratitude of the members.

D. C. Colden, Esq., Chairman of the Board, returned thanks, in behalf of his colleagues, and offered the following toast:

Our host—this day without a rival.

By *Mr. James H. Kip.*—Wouter Van Twiller, the first governor of New-Amsterdam.

By *Mr. S. Ward, Jr.*—The memory of Dewitt Clinton. His glory is borne down to posterity on the waters of the great canal.

By *Mr. J. P. Thomas.*—The health of Peter G. Stuyvesant, the first president of our society.

By *Mr. Secretary Lawrence.*—The historian of the New-Netherlands, buried amid the quiet shades of Sleepy Hollow, may he soon again come forth to enlighten and to charm the world.

By *Mr. Secretary H. Fish.*—The health of our worthy treasurer, John Outhout, Esq.

By *Mr. W. D. Duer.*—The memory of Abraham Van Vechten, late President of the Albany St. Nicholas Society.

The President then read the following letter from Diederich Knickerbocker:

December 6th, 1838.

Myn geboefde vriend Gulfan:

Ik heb gezeilt in myn schip genaamt "die Goede Vrouw," van Albanis aan di Nieuw-Nederlandts, ende hier ben ik gevangt in het ystegen over Kinderhook.

Voor Zekers. Ik ben bedroeft dat ik can niet middag met u eeten.

Schenken u glassen ende drinken. *Oranje boven.* Ik blyve u getrouwr Vriend,

DIEDERICH KNICKERBOCKER.

Aan Mynheer G. C. Verplanck, tot Nieuw-York.

The President having retired, Mr. Vice-President Benson took the chair, and proposed,

The health of Gulian C. Verplanck, our President: the eminent scholar, distinguished statesman, and faithful officer.

During the evening the company were delighted by a variety of glees, songs, etc., by the distinguished vocalists before named, and by several members of the society. We must not omit mentioning, that, at the usual time, schaps and pipes decorated with the orange boven, were introduced. The festivities terminated at a late hour, after an evening which recalled vividly to the minds of the members of the society, the habits, manners, and virtues of the olden time.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

DAVID DOLEFUL AND JEREMIAH CARY.

BY A. L. STIMSON.

I HAVE little patience with a man who will let mishap scare his soul into despondency. Much less can I bear with one who will whine at naught. Hence is it that David Doleful and myself are "at swords' points." Heaven forgive me the discharity, but I could flog that fellow with as good a will as that with which I now write him down an ass!

Continual whining has sadly marred nature's handiwork, and wrinkled David's face like wet and pendent drapery. The corners of his expressive mouth, falling from their legitimate *locale*, rest upon his chin as if too wo-begone to support themselves; and his once corpulent nose now collapsed from excessive sighing, looks the victim of a *rhinoplastick* operation. Even his clothes, rich like

their owner though they be, have a joyless sort of a set: Carlyle, with his strong imagination, might fancy that they wept.

David Doleful gave no brow-sweat for his handsome fortune, nor did merit, put to interest, win him talents, but the blind goddess dropped her treasure gratuitously in his path. "It fell in his way," as fat Jack says of Worcester's rebellion, "and he found it." Yet doth he grumble of his ill-fortune! With the constitution of a horse and the health of a buck, he is ever whining about debility and inward aches! His wife is the best housekeeper in the country, his children dutiful and his domesticks faithful; still grumbleth he of "mismanagement," "disobedience" and "extravagance."

He sold some bank-stock—it netted him an unexpected profit; the next day he sold more, with greater gain; at which he cursed his stars because the previous sale had been a sacrifice! For many hours afterward he groaned gall and spleen, and thrice that day he kicked his unoffending dog. With everything around him to render him happy, David Doleful makes himself miserable. Always glowering over the dark side of the picture, his distempered imagination multiplies the horrours, and the dim perspective crowds with forms of evil. *Expecting* mishap, he huggeth to himself its counterfeit anxiety; and, fancying that he is in the iron-armed embrace of the real Simon Pure, snivels like a whipped school-boy.

How unlike Jerry Cary! Jeremiah, little like his biblical name, save that he is full of harmony, never laments anything. "*Ride si sapis*," is his motto, and he is right. It *is* better to laugh than cry. Ill-luck has often battered at his patience, but never succeeded in disturbing its equanimity. Well do I recollect, how good-humouredly at school he bore the flagellations due the peccadilloes of others. In truth, he made the best of everything.

Nature had not formed his *person* in her most classick mould, maugre whatever she had done for his mind. At school his face was distinctly freckled, his hair—in courtesy it was styled *auburn*; and his "organ of smell"—that was unequivocally snub.

"Never mind!" said Jerry, "I shall not be troubled by the petticoats. My face is my ægis." In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, such a conclusion would have been correct, but Jerry was fated to stumble over the solitary exception; inasmuch as a young and rather handsome heiress, forgetting his defects of phiz, and seeing only his contented disposition and intellectual worth, fell in love with him one day, and he, very good-naturedly reciprocating the compliment, married her.

Proceeding home in a carriage from the church where the union had just been consummated, the vehicle upset, spilled the bride and brides-maid, and broke a leg of the bridegroom.

It was, especially, *mal-apropos*—to break a limb upon such an occasion, and Jerry had as much reason to repine at the accident as any one, similarly situated, could have, but he bore it with his usual good nature.

"Ah!" said he, one day in the last quarter of his damaged honey-moon; in answer to an expression of regret, endearment and sympathy which had escaped his interesting spouse—"'Tis all for the best, Susy! I *desired* a little in-door life. Besides, but for this accident, my love, business would not have allowed me so much of your company. So, ha! ha! upon my word, I look upon it as one of the most fortunate events of my life. I do, indeed!"

"Now, now, you bear it too cheerfully! I declare you do!" exclaimed his wife, tossing her pretty head a little—a *very* little angrily. "A broken leg so inopportunely *is*, to say the least, an *excessive* annoyance!"

"Ha! ha! All for the best, my love. But stay! I had forgotten that being 'flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone,' you suffer as much as I from these shingles and bandages!"

Susan's first child was, unfortunately, born blind. "Not so *very* unfortunate, after all!" said Jerry. "It might have been worse. Let us thank an omniscient Providence that the dear little fellow is not club-footed. Surgery may, perhaps, remedy his sight; and if it can't, why—why, after all, the faculty of seeing is so often abused—so often a curse to its possessor! It changed Lot's wife to a lump of salt, you know!"

Such is Jeremiah's philosophy; and for all trials, great or small, he makes it applicable.

His wife broke a pitcher—a costly one.

"Dear me! What a pity!" said she, provoked at her own carelessness.

"Not a whit!" responded Jerry. "*I never* liked that pitcher. Such an awkward handle! I'll get another."

His chimneys were contrary. There are few who can keep their patience in smoky rooms; Jeremiah, however, after fully ascertaining that with *his* house the nuisance was incurable, forthwith began to extol the *virtues* of smoke, and it was not until after he had sold his bacon-making residence, and purchased an abode more conducive to comfort, that he would allow that smoke was *not* an indispensable necessary to civilized life.

His little blind boy withered and died, like a sunless rose, ere he could lisp "father!" Susan had been a second time a mother, but her love for her first-born burned brightest, for to the pure flame of maternal love was added interest for the darkness which shrouded his vision like a continual night. Even so was the poor boy endeared to the heart of his father. Sad indeed, then, was the ceremony with which the little sufferer was consigned to the grave, where all are blind alike.

They returned to their dwelling. The prattle of the sightless one no longer greeted their foot-fall—all seemed cheerless and desolate to Susan, and sitting down, she hid her face in her hands and wept. The heart of Jeremiah was sad, but not to abandonment, like that of his wife. He opened the Bible given him by his mother on her death-bed, and, drawing his chair near to Susan, read aloud that beautiful chapter wherein our Saviour asks for little children to be brought unto him, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

When he had concluded, he closed the book and clasped the hand of his wife affectionately within his own.

"'Susan'—said he, and his voice sounded like gentle musick in her ears—"let us not murmur. God is just—is merciful. If *he* had lived, it would only have been to grope through the world. *Now* he is in heaven, where to all, all is light. Let us deserve to meet him there."

Only a few years afterward Jeremiah was reduced to comparative poverty. The bulk of his property had been invested in the stock of the bank, which failed, unable to pay a shilling on a dollar. Thus compelled to dispose of his expensive establishment, change his style of living altogether, and, with his wife and four children, take to "short commons," his spirits did not desert him.

Said Jerry, "Never mind!"—two words which he never failed to throw at the teeth of every mishap which he encountered—"Never mind! I like variety.. I'm tired of riding in a carriage. I broke my leg in one once. Walking is an exercise that I need very much. Come, come, this is not so bad an affair after all—it will test the value of my friends. Besides, now, I can *earn* the bread we eat. Ah! it will be a labour of love, and that enriches the soul! I can almost say that I am glad this accident has happened: I can, indeed!"

Let no one think that our patient friend's philosophy is the apathy of the *stoick*. It arises from no lack of sensitive and acute feelings, but from a benevolent determination to *make the best of everything*. This is the secret of his contentment under a load of mishaps and reverses.

Ever striving to render all around him happy, he is a sterling friend; never repining at the decrees of Providence, he is a true Christian.

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

REASONS FOR JOHN SMITH TO CHANGE HIS NAME.

New-York, December 20, 1838.

DEAR SIR—There is a subject on which any one might be eloquent, emphatick, energetick, but I fear there is no pen adequate to convey to you the importance of it. It is a curious subject, no less a one than to ask a man to change his name!

"Smith, you will certainly have to change your name."

We thought at first of approaching you with a round robin, as the conspirators did in the olden time. We intended to set forth the many and the cogent reasons why such a change should be made, and as our signatures would follow one another in a circle, the ringleader of so daring a proposition would never be known. On the whole, however, it was thought most advisable to write a letter, and I volunteered to incur the risk of your taking offence—as if any one of the name of Smith could take offence at a proposal of this kind.

To say your name is Smith is enough—it speaks volumes in itself. To be sure, it is a word of only one syllable, but look at the letters which compose it! They are, individually, the most contemptible in the alphabet, and always serve to usher in whatever is pitiful or worthless, and there is no other method of conveying an impression of a Small—Mean—Insignificant—Trashy—Humbug, but by appropriating the five initials—and these five initials what are they when combined—why-S M I T H!

No honest man would change his name for that of Smith even were it Sheepshanks, Pot, Kettle, Vinegar or Bellows, of which names there are many on record. He would not change any of these, objectionable as he thinks them, for one that would place him behind a screen all his life. No, he would not take the shadowy name of Smith, even under the expectation of inheriting an estate. Not for the reason that no one of that name could by any possibility have an estate to bequeath, but that he would lose his personal identity.

I doubt whether there are at this day more than two men who could find any reasons strong enough to be induced to take the name of Smith. These two men—*par nobile fratum*—our two recent, glorious defaulters—they might find it convenient to preserve their incognito; and in what way could they effect it so completely as to veil themselves in this misty, gauzy apology of a man?

Do you think the police-officers would ever run after a man by the name of Smith? They never pursue the crime, but the criminal, and this criminal must have a name—is Smith a name—*ergo*, our two noble defaulters would remain unwhipped of justice even on the idle supposition that the government issued warrants against them. "Why don't they prove an alibi?" said Weller, sen." *Smith* is an alibi in itself. Let rogues, therefore, hide behind this magnetick board, for they will be invisible to us; but, like Dr. Elliotson's two hospital girls in London, this board will be no obstruction to them.

Smith, therefore, is a nonentity, a dead letter—a dead letter, did I say! Why, he that owns it is dead and buried. The very playwrights make fun of it. In a recent farce one of the characters is made to say, "Smith, Smith, I am sure I have heard that name before." Did you ever see a man that did not blush deep crimson when you asked his name, if it be that of Smith! Talk of the man who lost his shadow, Schleimel, I think, he was called; what was that compared to the loss of the substance, for he that loses his personal identity is lost indeed.

It has been often said that if you are in Broadway and call out Mr. Smith, every tenth man will turn; but if you call out John Smith, every other man will look round.

No Smith ever gets rich or gets fame; if by chance one of the name does a clever thing or writes a clever book, who can identify it? *what* Smith reaps the benefit of it? The honour is diluted to a homœpathick dose, and *the* Smith who ought to swallow the whole allopathick credit, gets only the millionth part of a drop to his share.

Do you think that the Messrs. Carvill or Harper would be so indiscreet, or so insane, as to buy the copyright of a work from any man by the ubiquious name of Smith?

Men never think of calling their dogs Smith. Cæsar, Pompey, Carlo, Napoleon, Victoria, these are the names, but not Smith; a sensible dog would not answer to it. Young puppies might; those that are in their blind state must put up with it till their eyes were open, but no longer. If John Smith were to engrave his name on a dog's collar, tens of thousands would whistle for him, for the name is Legion; nay, if "*Legion*" were engraved on the collar of a stray dog, the most natural thing in the world would be to carry him to a *Mr. John Smith*.

Every man that wants to travel incog., either to escape civilities or the penitentiary, calls himself Smith; not Smith by itself, but Captain Smith. No woman faints on board a steamboat, or at the theatre, or in Niblo's Garden, but there is a Dr. Smith, nay, several Drs. Smith, ready to officiate.

Good, honest, ingenious old Tom Smith, the famous blacksmith that once flourished in Courtlandt-street, told me that he often wondered and wondered, his name being Smith, that he should have been so foolish as to double his cognomen—that he should tack it to head and tail—Smith, the blacksmith! However, said the poor, vexed man, I thank heaven that I am not rich, for I might then have sent my son to college, and as sure as fate he would come out a doctor, which would be worse than all.

A Dominie Smith might, perchance, die a bishop, but no thanks to his name; he climbs up the ladder by holding fast to the skirts of same patron saint. He is not Bishop Smith, but the bishop of St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, or St. John, or the bishop of Georgia or Maine.

No one likes to relate an adventure of which a man by the name of Smith has been the hero, (can such a name belong to a hero?) he dreads the thousand and one questions that will pour out upon him—"Which Smith? Where does he live? Has he a middle name? What is his first name?" Many a good joke, many an excellent anecdote has been smothered because the name of *Smith* was in it.

Paradise could not hold all that have come and gone by the title of Smith. St. Peter would be afraid of a disturbance, he would not open the gates to let any more in, I am convinced.

The proverb says, that if all lost things went to the moon, how full of good advice it would be. And I say that if all doctors went to Old Nick, how full of *Smiths* his furnace would be.

It is said that the legislature will not grant permission to a man to change his name unless it be one that has an improper meaning, such a one that he could not offer to a lady without a blush, or in case of the expectation of an inheritance. Read this letter to them, and they will see at once that Smith is no name at all when inheritance is in question, and that a man does not only blush when offering it to a lady, but even to that august body the legislature themselves. Depend upon it, there will be no debate: you will receive your new name by return of mail

I remain yours, in the hope of this change; but alas! I shall know you no longer if you are still to be John Smith; for crowds upon crowds are flitting before me, and all unreal. You will merge in the misty mass and become a hallucination. Adieu. A

CHARADES.

I.

My first—but how describe to thee
What I myself scarce know!—
The source of love and joy; to me
Too oft, alas! of wo.

It is the gayest, saddest thing,
That heaven to mortals gave.
It flutters most on rapture's wing,
It withers o'er the grave.

My next I've sought, with toil and pain,
In various realms to find,
My search, alas! how very vain!
Its home is in the mind.

Mary, mayst thou, on whose dear breast
My whole in beauty glows,
Enjoy within that peace and rest
My whole alone bestows.

II.

Up—up—Lord Raymond, to the fight,
Gird on thy bow of yew;
And see thy javelin's point be bright,
Thy falchion's temper true:
For over the hill, and over the vale,
My first is pouring its iron hail.

No craven he! yet beaten back,
From the field of death he fled;
My second yawned upon his track,
The hen's lonely bed;
He smote the monarch in his lair,
And buried his rage and anguish there.

At dawn and dusk my whole goes forth
On the ladder's topmost round;
He looks to the south, and he looks to the north.
He bids the bugle sound;
But many a cheerless moon must wane,
Ere his exiled lord return again!

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

A WESTERN HEROINE.—The ladies who have received their juvenile education towards the vicinage of sun-down, though they may be deficient in tambour, filligree, and cross-stitch, have managed to pick up some startling accomplishments, which partake decidedly more of the useful than the ornamental. A lady in Arkansas, Mrs. McBride, has lately distinguished herself in such a way, as to be emblamed in a newspaper paragraph. She was sitting quietly at home, engaged probably in some trifling occupation of elegant leisure; mending horse-shoes, or shaping axe-handles for example, when she was informed by one of her children that the dogs had treed a panther within half a mile of the house. Having no ammunition, she sent to a neighbour's and procured powder and lead, moulded some bullets, loaded her gun, and proceeded to the place and brought down her game at the first fire. The report of the gun started up another panther near at hand, which ran up a tree, within half a mile of the other. She again loaded her gun, and killed the second also at the first fire, from the top of one of the tallest trees. Such exploits remind one of the ancient history of this colony, when a sturdy *yawnow* would shoot an Indian, if necessary, with as little remorse as Mrs. McBride shot the panther.

NOT AT HOME.—The Philadelphia Spirit of the Times tells the following story at the expense of one of its customers:—"The devices of collectors, it is known, are various as they are sometimes ingenious—and more especially so with collectors of newspaper bills. Ours has just related to us the following, which being good as well as late, we give it for the benefit of all parties. Dropping in at the place of business of a slippery customer, yesterday morning, he addressed the servant with—'Is Mr. Butler within?'—'No; he is out of town.'—'When can I see him?'—'I don't know—have you any special business with him?'—'Yes; there is a small bill which I wish to settle.'—'Well,' said the servant, 'I don't know whether he will return this week or not.'—'But I wish to pay the bill, as I am to leave town immediately.'—'Oh! you wish to pay him some money? He is up stairs, I'm thinking; I will call him. Please to walk in; take a chair, sir; your hat, if you please. Mr. Butler will be with you in a moment.'"

VENETIAN JUSTICE.—There was formerly a law in Venice by which all the goods in the chamber of the deceased became the property of the priest who attended him in his last moments. It so happened, on one occasion, a man died possessed of a considerable fortune in bills, bonds, notes, ect., which he kept in a portfolio under his pillow, and which, on his decease, Mons Curé proceeded, while the body was yet warm, to appropriate to himself. This the heir naturally resisted, and kicked the priest down stairs. The cure immediately preferred a complaint to the inquisition. The holy fathers ordered the offender to pay a fine of ten francs! and declared that, in future, if any one dare to push his irreverence so far as to *kill the priest*, they should be fined twenty! After this decision few ecclesiasticks attempted to enforce so ticklish a law.

ECCENTRICITY.—A gentleman of original habits, the Baron de R., who has the mania of travelling on foot in search of the picturesque, is perambulating France. If he finds any prospect impeded by a clump of trees, or even by a wood, he immediately enters into an arrangement with the owner of the land, hires workmen, and without regard to expense has it all cleared away to open out the view, which, when rendered complete, he enjoys for a few days, and then departs, never, perhaps, to see it again. Once, it is said, he wished to burn down a farm-house and buildings which destroyed a fine prospect, but could not prevail on the owner to indulge him in this freak of fancy.

AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.—A blind man having contracted a violent passion for a certain female, married her, contrary to the advice of all his friends, who told him that she was exceedingly ugly. A celebrated physician at length undertook to restore him to sight. The blind man, however, despised his assistance. "If I should recover my sight," said he, "I should be deprived of the love I have for my wife, which alone renders me happy." "Man of God," replied the physician, "tell me, which is of the most consequence to a rational being, the attainment of happiness, or the attainment of truth?"

IMPORTANCE OF ECONOMY IN TRIFLES.—Two commercial men were lately disputing about the extent and importance of the houses which they represented, when one adduced as an instance of the extent of the correspondence of "his house," the fact that they saved two hundred pounds a year in ink by not putting strokes across the t's. "Oh," said the other, "that is nothing; our house saves upwards of three hundred pounds a year by not putting dots over the i's."

BURNS AND WOMEN.—Burns was a sort of male coquette; his desire to please women, and to gain their notice, never slept, and on this subject he betrayed too much vanity in his conversation. He found beauty in many of those to whom he paid attention, which was solely created by his own imaginations. His earnestness of manner, and the power of his eye, made him a general favourite with females. Many of his songs were on the lips and in the heart of every Caledonian nymph. The knowledge of this fact seemed to please him more than any other subject of his ambition.

SPINSTERS.—Some of our fair readers, perhaps, are ignorant of the origin of this term: will they allow us to enlighten them? Among our industrious and frugal ancestors, it was a maxim that a young woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set of body, table and bed linen. From this custom, all unmarried women were termed spinsters—an appellation which they still retain in all law proceedings.

CHART OF HEALTH:—*Love.*—A compliment of the heart growing out of an inordinate longing after something difficult to obtain. It attacks persons of both sexes, generally between the ages of fifteen and thirty; some have been known to have it at the age of sixty.

Symptoms.—Absence of mind: giving things wrong names; calling tears nectar, and sighs zephyrs; a fondness of poetry and musick; gazing on the moon and stars; loss of appetite; neglect of business; loathing for all things—save one; blood-shot eyes, and a constant desire to sigh.

Effect.—A strong heart-burn; pulse high; stupidly eloquent eyes; sleeplessness, and all that sort of thing. At times, imaginations bright—bowers of roses, winged cupids, and buttered peas; and then again, oceans of despair, racks, torments, and pistols.

Cure—Get married.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We acknowledge the receipt from Washington of the voluminous Congressional Sketches by Crayon; there is so evident a political bias throughout, that we must, though with reluctance, decline publishing them. The personalities, however clever, with which they abound, likewise contribute to render them inappropriate to our columns.—We have received from a German correspondent a number of poetical translations in his native language from Mrs. Hemans. They appear to be executed with spirit and fidelity, but would do better for the meridian of Vienna than New-York.—"Dramaticus" is informed that he is wrong in supposing that we know any more than himself of the secrets of the greenroom.—We must decline the contributions of "T. Y.," "Phidias," "Rosa," "X. T. T.," "Veritas," "Q.," "Leonor," and "S. N. M."—The article on the theory of Stories is at the disposal of the author. Its length renders it unwanted to our purpose.—"To Amelia." Ladies promenading Broadway in veils must not be annoyed if gentlemen fail to recognise their fair friends. We admire the elegance of these enviable veils, but totally disapprove of their monopolizing the hidden smiles which are lost upon these screens of beauty.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1839.

The Lady's Book.—We cheerfully avail ourselves of the commencement of a new volume, to say a word or two in behalf of this really valuable periodical. Modest and unassuming, as becomes a lady's book, it is, nevertheless, a most agreeable, well-stored and diversified miscellany, full of choice and capital contributions from the best of our native writers, in addition to which it not unfrequently furnishes original articles that bear the stamp of foreign and celebrated parentage. Here, for example, in the January number now before us, we find the productions of Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, Mrs. Buchanan, Miss Leslie, Miss Miles, Grenville Mellen, C. W. Everest; W. B. Tappan, J. T. Fields, Professor Alden, and many others not unknown to fame, making altogether a host of contributors, of which any publisher might be justly proud. All whom we have named are, we believe, permanent correspondents. The truth is, our friend Godey, (than whom, we take this occasion parenthetically to say, a kinder or a better cannot be found,) has chosen the true course to make his *Book* attractive and popular. In these times of stirring competition, he who would prosper must strive; and, acting upon this maxim, he has laboured diligently not to fall behind the general progress. Wisely avoiding a system of paltry economy, he has been liberal in his outlays, both as regards mere mechanical appearances, and also in reference to the richer material that supplies his pages. His *Book* is neatly printed and handsomely embellished, and his list of correspondents needs no eulogium. Many of the names it embraces are of those whom it has long delighted us to honour, and who have often given grace and zest to our own pages. Under the judicious editorial management of Mrs. Hale and Miss Leslie, the Lady's Book has gained a high literary standing; and as their services are to be continued, the work, of course, will maintain the position it has acquired. Though from the variety of its contents it offers inducements to readers of both sexes, it is more especially devoted to the ladies; and it advocates their interest with becoming spirit, while, at the same time, it supplies articles expressly intended for their gratification. It is published monthly by L. H. Godey, Philadelphia, at three dollars per annum.

Croton water-works.—It is expected that the Croton river will be flowing and ramifying through our city, about the year '41. What a day of jubilee will it be, that sees our vast population plentifully supplied with pure, soft water! It should be celebrated in a manner worthy of the occasion. No man should be privileged to wear a long face on that day, unless it were Mr. Knapp, the worthy individual whose vocation it has been to supply our citizens with "pure spring" water. A new and powerful argument will be put into the hands of the temperance people, and the cold water and moonshine men will be almost tipsy—with excitement. Let there be, on that occasion, a grand *jet d'eau* constructed in the Park, and another on the Battery, and let the whole city quaff in the sparkling element to the health of the originators and builders of the Croton water-works.

Chiming of bells.—Why is the beautiful custom of chiming bells so totally out of use in this musical city? In Philadelphia and Boston, it is much in vogue, especially in the summer season, and we never heard that the effect was other than grateful to all hearers. There is no musick which appeals to the sympathies of so many at the same moment, or which is more soothing and beneficial in its influence. We have often thought that there was no fiction in the story of the Russian nobleman, who was diverted from the commission of the crime of murder, by the recollections and associations of his days of youthful innocence, awakened by suddenly hearing the chime of the bells of St. Petersburgh. What is become of the chiming bells of Trinity Church?

New publick buildings.—The workmen continue busily engaged upon the new *Exchange*, and its gigantick proportions begin to loom up and assume an imposing and symmetrical shape. A short distance above, in Wall-street, the new *Custom-house* lifts higher and higher, every day, its white marble front. These two buildings will be honourable monuments of the taste and enterprise of the country. The foundation has been laid for the erection of the new building for our *Athenæum* library in Broadway, opposite the Athenæum Hotel. This structure is to be of brown freestone, a very appropriate and beautiful material, obtained from the quarries of our own state.

New theatre.—We learn that the ground in Chatham-street, near the corner of Roosevelt, has been leased for the erection of a new theatre. The location is an eligible one, but another theatre for New-York is as superfluous as a fifth wheel for a coach. Would it not be wise to wait until the theatres now in existence receive from the community an adequate support?

Theatrical—new plays, etc.—If the legitimate drama be on the decline, it cannot be for the want of new plays. We learn from the London correspondence of the Star, that the theatrical market is likely to be liberally supplied the coming season. A new tragedy, founded on the tragick fate of RIZZIO, is in preparation at Covent Garden. Bulwer is writing a play, of which Salvator Rosa will be the hero. It will be produced in February. The adventures of the artist are of a romantick and dramatick nature. Jerrold is busy on a new five act play, and Bernard on another. Knowles has a new play on the anvil. The story is historical, and founded on the well-known incident of the vespers of Palermo. The subject has been several times attempted, and most recently by a modern French poet, and by Mrs. Hemans. But we believe it has, as yet, formed the foundation of no successful stage-play. We cannot doubt that Knowles will do it justice. A new opera from Rooke, the author of Amilie, may soon be expected. We hope it will reach us before Shirreff and Co leave us. A new farce by Haynes Bayly, (decidedly the most successful of English farce-writers,) has been produced at the Haymarket. It is called Mr. Greenfinch. Dickens's Oliver Twist and Nicholas Nickleby have been successfully dramatized. In the latter piece, Mrs. Keeley played the part of Smike. Van Amburgh continues to draw at Drury-Lane. We see the London papers announce, in flaming letters, a "Life of Van Amburgh, the celebrated beast-tamer," by one Mr. Washington Warren, of New-York. *Vive la humbug!*

Periodicals.—A new series of Dr. Bartlett's widely-circulated and ably-conducted journal, the *Albion*, has been commenced with the new-year. It makes a beautiful appearance, and presents new claims upon the liberal support of the community. The *Expositor* is the title of a weekly journal, recently commenced in this city, by Louis Fitzgerald Tasistro. It is printed in a good style, and has, thus far, been edited with talent and good taste. We do not doubt it will attain a permanent and profitable establishment. The old *New-England Galaxy*, of Boston, has been revived by a son of the original editor and proprietor, and has entered, we trust, upon a prosperous career, under the auspices of Mr. Joseph H. Bockingham. The *Baltimore Monument*, conducted and published by Messrs. M'Jilson and Arthur, is the title of an excellent monthly publication, which we are always glad to see upon our table. It is worthy an extensive support.

Omnibuses.—We perceive that some of the omnibus managers have taken our hint as to the propriety of drawing up their vehicles close to the kerbstone, for the purpose of admitting or "betting out" passengers. Ladies, especially, should always refuse to cross a muddy street to enter an omnibus, when, with a slight exertion on the part of the driver, they might be spared the danger and the inconvenience. This subject is not of too trifling importance to call for an especial ordinance from the Mayor—for if omnibuses are licensed for the publick convenience, it is proper that that convenience should be consulted with deference and attention.

Mr. Simmons's lectures on the poets.—We are glad to see that Mr. Simmons's course of lectures, at Clinton-Hall, on the English poets, have been attended by crowded and fashionable audiences. An introductory lecture, and two succeeding ones on Shakspeare, have already been delivered, and a third on Milton is advertised for Monday next. We can assure those of our readers who have not heard Mr. Simmons, that they have lost a rare intellectual entertainment. He is the best elocutionist we have ever heard. His style is brilliant and vigorous, and his resources of illustration are remarkably fertile, ingenious and original. His present course of lectures has, perhaps, been one of the most popular and best attended ever undertaken in this city.

New books.—We have received from Messrs. Lee and Blanchard, *Oliver Twist*, complete in two volumes, from the prolifick pen of Charles Dickens. The same publishers have also issued a new novel, by Mr. Kennedy, entitled "Rob of the Bowl." It is an admirable fiction, and will, doubtless, run to several editions. "Bogota, or an Expedition to New-Grenada," by J. Steuart, is the title of an interesting volume from the press of the Messrs. Harper. It conveys much new and valuable information, respecting men and things in New-Grenada, and is written in a condensed and attractive style.

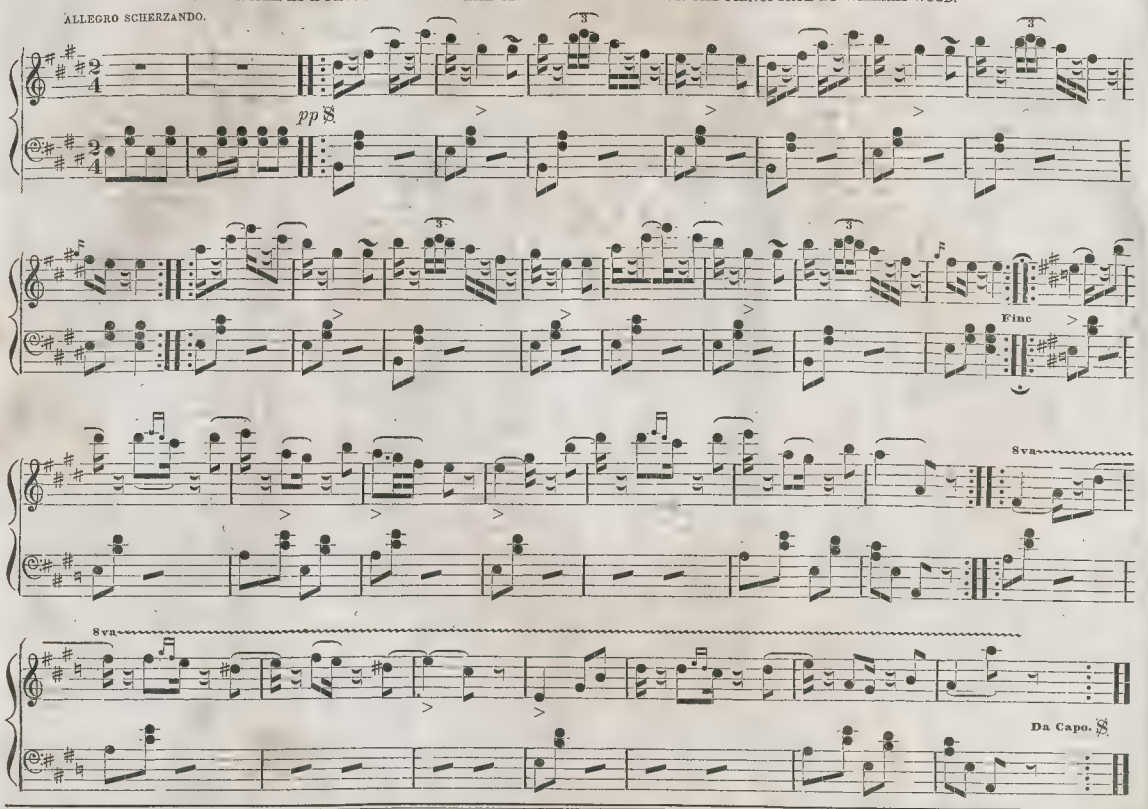
Mr. Dunlap's exhibition of paintings.—The exhibition of paintings at the Stuyvesant Institute, which closed on Saturday last, netted to our estimable fellow-citizen, Mr. Dunlap, about one thousand dollars profit. This was creditable to the city, and to the committee by whose exertions the exhibition was got up. We are happy to learn that Mr. Dunlap's history of New-York is in a state of forwardness, and will be forthwith put to press.

Grandjean's composition for the hair.—Our opposite neighbour in Barclay-street, Mr. Grandjean, offers a composition for the hair, which is really superior to any preparation of the kind we have ever tested. Its efficacy in strengthening and softening the hair has been abundantly proved, and, it is an article, the demand for which is already extensive, and must increase as its valuable properties become more known.

The churches of New-York.—We have seen a little book, very neatly got up, published by R. Carter, 58 Canal-street, and for sale by all the booksellers, giving a succinct account of all the churches built in New-York, from the time of the first place of worship in the fort, at the foot of Broadway, to the present day, with the successive preachers. The work appears to us a very pretty and appropriate holiday present to the young, at this season, and containing much valuable information for the old.

POLISH DANCE.

CELEBRATED AS A FAVOURITE OF MADAME CELESTE—ARRANGED FOR THE PIANOFORTE BY WILLIAM WOOD.



NEW MUSICK.

The following are the words of Mr. Horn's beautiful new melody, as sung by Mrs. Horn at the recent concerts and musical *soirées*. It is a production of exquisite merit, and must of course become universally popular. It has just been published by Davis and Horn, No. 411 Broadway. It's a fault in the copy before us, that the author's name is omitted. It should have been given in the title-page; but we presume the composer found the words in the newspapers as usual, and does not know himself to whom he is indebted for so much sweet poetry. Can any of our correspondents enlighten us upon this subject? We should like to know who the bard is, and it would be gratifying to find that he is a native writer; but we presume it will, like "I've been roaming," "Allan Water," etc. turn out to be the effusion of some one of the old poets.

ALL THINGS LOVE THEE—SO DO I.

Gentle waves upon the deep,
Murmur soft when thou dost sleep;
Little birds upon the tree,
Sing their sweetest songs for thee!
Cooling gales with voices low,
In the tree-tops gently blow,
When in slumber thou dost lie,
All things love thee—so do I.

When thou wak'st, the sea will pour
Treasures for thee to the shore;
And the earth, in plant and tree,
Bring forth fruit and flowers for thee!
While the glorious stars above
Shine on thee like trusting love:
From the ocean, earth and sky,
All things love thee—so do I.

THE FINE ARTS.

MUSICK AND POETRY.

On these exhaustless subjects, Mr. P. F. White intends to deliver a lecture at the Boston Lyceum. This gentleman is a graceful poet and a chaste musician, and his compositions have met with universal favour. Washington Irving and Thomas Moore have both spoken of his lyrical productions in terms of warm commendation. The efforts of such men as Horn, White, and Henry Russell, cannot be too highly appreciated. They would be cherished in any community having the least pretensions to taste or refinement. We have before us a letter from Thomas Moore, written to a friend in this city, from which it appears that Mr. White stands high in the estimation of that unrivalled minstrel.

PORTRAIT OF PROSPER M. WETMORE.

Inman has painted and Parker has engraved an admirable portrait of our gifted townsman, Prosper M. Wetmore, Esq. It is one of the best things that have emanated from the pencil or burine of either artist. A copy is hanging in our private office, and it seems almost an identity of the fine writer it portrays. It is one of the series of our PORTRAIT GALLERY, of which Irving, Halleck, Bryant, Willis, and Sprague, have already appeared. It will enrich the pages of the Mirror soon after the publication of one of Ward's *chef-d'œuvres*, engraved by Jerdan, one of the most skilful artists in America, of whom very little at present is known. We feel quite certain that the subscribers to the Mirror will be astonished, as well as delighted, at the fidelity to nature and exquisite finish of these two elegant works of art. We hope to be able to place the first before them in the course of the present month, and the second very soon thereafter. We shall continue the PORTRAIT GALLERY OF THE MIRROR, until we have published accurate likenesses of all our native writers, male and female, entitled to such a distinction.

MISCELLANY.

CUPAR ANGUS.—A gentleman in this neighbourhood received, the other day, an appalling communication from his correspondent in Edinburgh. The latter, after having written a letter to his friend, in which he states, that "if anything new happens before the hour of post, I shall not fail to acquaint you," dropped down in an apoplectick-fit and expired. The clerk who wrote the letter to the dictation of the master, upon learning this melancholy catastrophe, added, in a postscript, "Since writing the above, *I have died*;" and the letter was despatched accordingly.—*Scotch paper.*

THE KING'S ARMS.—A country fellow left his village one summer, and went to Windsor, for the loyal purpose of beholding his late majesty. On his return home he was asked by his neighbour if the sight had answered his expectations. "Loch!" said the clodhopper, "I was never so disappointed in all my life; why do you know now, that his arms were for all the world like the arms of any of us common men; and I wish I may die if I hadn't heard a thousand times that the arms of the king were a *lion* and a *unicorn*."

CONNUBIAL BLISS.—It has been recorded by some anti-connubial wag, that when two widowers were once condoling together on the recent bereavement of their wives, one of them exclaimed, with a sigh, "Well may I bewail my loss, for I had so few differences with the dear deceased, that the last day of my marriage was as happy as the first." "There I surpass you," said his friend, "for the last day of mine was *happier*."

A SCORE.—A drunken fellow being asked by a publican "to pay his score," amounting to ten pots of beer, replied, "No, no, wait till I've had twenty, and then it may be a score indeed."

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.—There was a drunken pantomimist of the name of Wood, who was once attached to Manly's company. This fellow wished to appear in a speaking part, and at a very short notice found himself entrusted with the character of Orano, in the play of Pizarro. This gentleman has to deliver an account of Alonzo's deportment in the battle-field, and of his final captivity by the Spaniards Sheridan's words bothered poor Wood, who, at the appointed time, marvellously distempered with drink and fright, delivered himself, in choice cockney vernacular, of the following condensed report:

I seed him up—and—I saw'd him down.
And then—I I—saw'd him taken prisoner.

"Did ye?" roared Manly from the back of the boxes, "then I'll saw you off, Mister Wood, as a useless log, Mister Wood. Come round here for your week's salary, Mister Wood, and then cut your stick, Mister Wood!"

THE TAVERN DINNER.—A party of *bon-vivants* who recently dined at a celebrated tavern, after having drank an immense quantity of wine, rang for the bill. The bill was accordingly brought, but the amount appeared so enormous to one of the company, (not quite so far gone as the rest,) that he stammered out it was quite impossible so many bottles could have been drank by seven persons. "True, sir," said Boniface, "but your honour forgets the three gentlemen *under the table*."

CAUTION TO LADIES.—"You are the very person I wanted," said a lady at a ball the other evening, to an officer of the Guards; "you must dance with Miss ———. Come, I'll introduce you to her." "Excuse me, I am no dancer." "Oh, but you can't refuse now. She is a very pretty girl, and has thirty thousand pounds." "Why, really, I am not a marrying man myself—but, if your ladyship pleases, *I'll mention her to our mess*."

DAMAGES FOR A HEARTBREAK.—A young lady in Vermont has recently recovered no less than twenty-two thousand dollars from her sweetheart, who had broken his promise to marry her.

EARLY DREAMS.

Oh! never another dream can be
Like that early dream of ours,
When the fairy, Hope, lay down like a child,
And slept amid opening bowers.
Little we recked of our coming years,
We fancied them just what we chose,
For whatever life's after lights may be,
It colours it first from the rose.

Published every Saturday, at No. 1 Barclay-street, next to the corner of Broadway. TERMS, FIVE DOLLARS per annum, payable, in advance. All letters must be post-paid, and directed to the editor.

G. P. Scott, Printer, corner of John and Gold-streets.

NEW-YORK MIRROR,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE CHARTER OAK.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

CHARTER Oak! Charter Oak!
Tell us a tale
Of the years that have fled
Like the leaves on the gale:
For thou bear'st a brave annal
On thy brown root, and stem,
And thy heart was a casket
For Liberty's gem.

Speak out in thy wisdom,
Oracular tree,
And we, and our children
Will listen to thee;
For the lore of the aged
Is dear in our eyes,
And thy leaves and thine acorns
As relicks we prize.

I see them—they come—
The dim ages of old—
The sires of our nation,
True-hearted, and bold;
The axe of the woodman
Rings sharp through the glade,
And the worn Indian hunter
Reclines in thy shade.

I see them—they come!
The gray fathers are there,
Who won from the forest
This heritage fair;
With their high trust in heav'n,
As they suffer'd or toil'd,
Both the tempest and tyrant,
Unblenching, they foil'd.

Charter Oak! Charter Oak!
Ancient and fair,
Thou didst guard of our freedom
The rudiment rare;—
So, a crown of green leaves
Be thy gift, noble tree,
With the love of the brave,
And the thanks of the free!

TALES OF ROMANCE.

FRANCIS OF VALOIS; OR, THE LADIES' PEACE.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

THE beams of the setting sun stole beneath the heavy velvet curtains, that partially shaded the barred and grated windows of the apartment occupied by Francis I. of France, during his long and weary imprisonment in the gloomy fortress of the Alcazar, at Madrid, and tinged with deceitful brightness the sunken temples and faded cheek of the illustrious tenant of this lugubrious abode, as he reclined in a state of listless languor on his embroidered couch.

Francis had pined away many months since his disastrous overthrow at Pavia, in that restless fever of hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick. One day excited by the deceitful professions of his imperial rival, Charles V., and another, plunged into utter despondency, by the vexatious delays and disappointments to which he was doomed, till the mental travail which he endured produced bodily illness of an alarming character.

It was at this critical period that his accomplished and amiable sister, the celebrated Marguerite of Valois, the widowed duchess of Alençon, with a degree of generous self-devotion, which, even in those days of chivalrous romance, was regarded by the princes of Europe with admiration and surprise, demanded and obtained from the Emperour Charles permission to visit her royal brother in prison.

An indefinite hint of the possibility of such an event as her arrival had been conveyed to Francis; but the more eagerly the presence of this beloved sister was desired by him, the more was he disposed to regard the idea of her coming as an improbable chimera, which was held out to amuse and cheer his drooping spirits by his faithful attendants.

On the present evening he was aroused from his feverish languor to a state of intense excitement, by hearing his inexorable jailer, Don Ferdinand Alarçon, summoned by the sentinel who had been parleying with a lady, at the door of the ante-room.

"How now!" cried Don Ferdinand, stepping to the portal.

"It is a lady and her page, who are desirous of an interview with the king of France," was the reply.

"My duty to the emperour will not permit me to accede to their request," said Alarçon.

"We bring an order from the emperour," said the page, presenting a paper to Alarçon.

"This order," observed Alarçon, after he had carefully perused the pass, "empowers me to admit the duchess of Alençon and her attendant, into the presence of my illustrious prisoner; but I must first be convinced of the identity of the persons specified. Will you condescend to let me see you without your veil, madam?" continued he, addressing the lady.

She moved the enveloping screen for a moment, with a look which caused Alençon to recede three paces backward in surprise, as she significantly observed, "The emperour's order is not, then, sufficient warrant for my admittance?"

"Pardon me, madam; but you can scarcely expect one, who has the honour to be so well acquainted with your voice and features, to mistake you for the sister of the king of France."

"Have you, then, the audacity to dispute the written words of your imperial master?" inquired she.

"If there be any little underplot among the ladies," muttered Alarçon, "I trust the reckoning will be settled by the parties concerned."

"I will exonerate you from all blame," replied the lady, "except that of disputing the pass of which I am the bearer."

"Then, madam, I am to announce you, I suppose, as her grace the duchess of Alençon," said the sullen official, flinging open the jealously-guarded door of the inner room.

The sick monarch started from his couch, at the sound of that dearly-loved name, and extending his arms with passionate emotion, as Alarçon ushered the lady into his chamber, exclaimed,

"I am not, then, wholly abandoned of heaven! Heaven only knoweth how I have panted to embrace thee, my sweet sister. What, not a single word, or look, or kiss to bestow on thy unfortunate brother, Marguerite?"

"I fear I am the cause of disappointment to your majesty," said the lady, seating herself beside the couch. "I am not the lady of Alençon, but I come to cheer you with the tidings of her approach. Your royal sister greeteth you lovingly by me, and will be with you this present evening, heaven and the emperour willing."

"Blessings on the sweet voice that whispers such joyful news in the sick ear of a woful captive," said Francis; "but I must be permitted to look on the face of my gentle visiter," pursued he, removing the mantilla in which the lady's face and figure had hitherto been enveloped. The features on which he gazed were unknown, and yet appeared familiar to the royal scrutinizer; they were noble, beautiful, and expressive both of dignity and goodness. Her age, which is a difficult point to ascertain in a fine woman, did not appear to exceed two-and-twenty; but the self-possession and easy grace of her manner might have belonged to a more advanced period of life.

"Your name, fair lady?" said the king.

"I am called Mademoiselle de Heilley," replied the lady, looking down, while a suffusing blush mantled her delicate cheek.

"You are then my subject, my charming friend," rejoined the king, with great animation, taking her hand.

"Is it your custom, sire, to make so free with the ladies of your court?" asked the lady, with a smile.

"I am always proud to offer my homage to beauty," replied Francis, gallantly raising the hand which he held to his lips.

"Are you quite sure," pursued he, looking into the lady's eyes, "that my sister did not make you the bearer of some tender token of her love to me?"

"This ruby heart," replied the lady, taking the richly-wrought gold chain to which the gem was suspended from her neck.

"I shall wear it for the sake of her from whose lovely hands I receive the precious pledge," exclaimed Francis, bending one knee before his fair visiter. "Come, invest me with the order of which I perceive you are the grand mistress."

"What order does your majesty mean?"

"That of St. Cupid," returned the king.

"Your majesty has, I fear, been long a practised votary of that mischief-loving little traitor," said the lady, throwing the chain about his neck.

"You hold me now your lawful captive," said the king, kissing the glittering links of the chain.

"For how long?" asked the lady.

"For ever."

"Or till you see a fairer face than mine."

"It is impossible."

"You are a perilous wooer, sire; and, for my own peace, I have resolved never to see you again, till you are the husband of the queen dowager of Portugal."

"I will marry her to-morrow, then."

"Donna Eleanora will have cause to be flattered, when she understands the reason of your haste; but are you ready to perform the conditions on which your marriage with that lady depends?"

"My fair friend, we will not waste the sweet moments by discussing so painful a subject."

"Donna Eleanora has said that she would be prouder of being your wife, if you were only a landless knight, than of sharing any other crown in Christendom."

"And who empowered you to make this communication *to* me, sweetheart?" inquired Francis, taking Mademoiselle de Heilley by both hands, and bending a searching scrutiny upon her face. "Oh! my sister, the duchess of Alençon, was it? Mighty fine! I guessed as much when you began to talk of the Austrian; but I am not to be tricked by female *diplomatistes;* I am of full age and understanding to judge for myself, and, therefore, when you next favour me with a visit, my fair plenipotentiary, I hope it will be to make love to me on your own account, in which case I will endeavour to make you a more grateful return than I at present feel disposed to do."

"It is said that your majesty's heart is in the possession of the beautiful Française de Foix, your own subject."

"I have had leisure to repent me of the guilt and folly of my conduct in that instance, during my weary hours of sorrowful captivity and sickness," returned Francis; "and this broken heart has now centered all its affections upon France, and my fair young sons, and that dear sister, who will, perhaps, only arrive to close these eyes in their last repose." He bowed his face upon his pillow as he spoke, and sobbed with deep and passionate emotion, unrestrained by the presence of a stranger. It was, however, no stranger's voice, but accents that had been sweetly associated with all the best and purest pleasures of his life, from childhood upwards, that now, with tenderest words of comfort, interrupted this pause of agony, while dear familiar arms enfolded his wasted form in the fond embrace of a sister's holy love.

Francis uttered an exclamation of surprise, for the mysterious *avant courier* of his royal sister had disappeared, and Marguerite of Valois herself was hanging over his sick couch, and mingling her tears with his. He tried to welcome her, but could only falter out,

"Marguerite, mine own true-hearted sister!"

"Rouse yourself, my prisoned eagle!" she replied; "your imperious jailer is at hand, and I would not for the honour of Valois, that the proud Spaniard should see that the victor-plumes that soared so triumphantly at Marignan, could droop in hopeless despondency under any reverse of fortune."

"It is the body, not the mind, that hath succumbed," said Francis, pressing his sister's hand to his throbbing temples.

"Let the ethereal and immortal principle, then, wrestle with the earthly load that cumbereth and oppresseth its energies," returned his sister. "Charles of Spain, alarmed by the account of your indisposition, comes this evening to visit you, and his foot is even now on the threshold."

"I will defy the cold-blooded fox to his teeth," exclaimed Francis, starting from his couch.

"Not so, my brother; fight him with his own weapons, diplomatick coolness and reserve."

It was not in the nature of Francis to follow this prudent counsel, and when his imperial rival, attended by his chancellor Gattinary, and his own physician, whom he had brought to visit his illustrious captive, entered, he reproachfully addressed him in these words:

"Your majesty has then come at last to see your unfortunate prisoner die!"

"Not so, my brother and my friend," replied Charles, advancing to the foot of the couch; "but to speak of hope and speedy restoration to health and to liberty. I have also brought an old friend and faithful vassal to visit you, who will be only too happy to renew his homage."

"If your majesty means my traitor constable, Bourbon, I will not consent to be insulted with his presence. I trust there is none other subject or vassal peer of mine, over whom your majesty possesses the slightest influence," exclaimed Francis, passionately.

A smile of intelligence was exchanged between the emperour and the duchess of Alençon at these words. "Be calm, my brother," whispered she, laying her hand on his arm; "no insult is intended." At the same moment, on a signal from the emperour, Pepin, the dauphin's foster-brother, advanced from the ante-room, leading by the collar his royal master's favourite dog Clovis. Instead of bounding joyfully to greet his captive lord, the sagacious animal, with that mysterious tact which is instinctive to his race, paused, and looking wistfully in the monarch's face, uttered a low piteous note of recognition and sympathy.

"No traitor in sooth, but the most faithful and devoted friend art thou, my poor Clovis!" cried Francis; "but how came he at Madrid?"

"My sister, Donna Eleanora, understanding your majesty was suffering from indisposition, despatched an especial messenger to your royal sister the duchess of Alençon, requesting her to make your favourite dog and his little attendant the companions of her journey, and I petitioned my fair and illustrious guest to permit me to have the pleasure of presenting Clovis to your majesty."

"You had a fairer companion on your journey than these, my sister," whispered Francis, to the duchess of Alençon, as soon as the emperour and his followers had withdrawn.

"Whom does my royal brother mean?"

"Your charming attendant, Mademoiselle de Heilley. When shall I see her again?"

The countenance of Marguerite of Valois assumed an expression of uneasiness at these words. "If I had been aware that any previous acquaintance had existed between yourself and Mademoiselle de Heilley, I would have selected some other attendant," said she.

"My good sister," replied Francis, "I never saw your fair *suivante* till this evening, when you obligingly sent her to announce your kind visit."

"My brother, you are dreaming," said the duchess; "Mademoiselle de Heilley has never quitted me for a moment, till I left her in the ante-room just now."

"You did not then make her the bearer of this jewel?" demanded Francis, producing the ruby heart and chain.

"Certainly not. But it is plain that some fair lady has been your visiter, since the heart and chain are rather of too substantial a nature to be the creations of a feverish delusion. I will, however, summon my lady in waiting, that you may be convinced that you were mistaken with regard to its being Mademoiselle de Heilley."

When Mademoiselle de Heilley entered, Francis was compelled to acknowledge that she was not the lady who had used her name. He was evidently chagrined at the discovery, complained of fatigue, and permitted the ladies to withdraw

When the duchess of Alençon came to visit her royal brother the next day, she was pale and sad, and her countenance bore the traces of mortification.

"The object of my journey to Madrid has been frustrated," said she. "Donna Eleanora, your promised bride, has left Madrid, and undertaken a pilgrimage to Gaudaloupe, as an excuse to avoid seeing me, or it may be that she has taken umbrage at something you have said of her to your mysterious visiter, who was, doubtless, some practised siren whom that wily dissembler, Charles of Spain, sent hither to bewitch you, calculating on the great defect in your moral character."

"I will stake the fairest province in France, that she with whom I discoursed last night was not less chaste than beautiful," exclaimed Francis; "though with regard to my own conduct, I believe I *was* foolish enough to make love to her."

"Oh! doubtless you acted with your usual want of discretion; but upbraidings are unavailing. It is enough that you have mortally offended your affianced bride, and frustrated all my plans for your deliverance."

"Have you tried your influence with Bourbon, Marguerite?" asked Francis, eagerly.

A deadly paleness chased the lively bloom from the cheek and lip of the royal widow, as she replied mournfully:

"Even to that degradation have I stooped for the sake of my king and brother."

"And—and the traitor?—"

"Is willing to renounce his treasons, to sue for pardon on his bended knee, to his captive liege lord, and to place his sword, his fortunes, his life, his honour, even, at my disposal; but, Francis, he is powerless. Like yourself, he has been the dupe of Charles of Spain, and he has not the means of repairing the mischief he has wrought."

"Not if I reward him with my pardon, and your hand, Marguerite?"

"The terms on which you would purchase his good offices have been made known to him," replied she, mournfully; "had they been offered previously to the battle of Pavia, you had been now on the throne of France, and master of the Milanese."

"Impossible; you were not then a widow, Marguerite, and from the moment that our mother plighted your reluctant hand to Alençon, Bourbon became my deadliest foe."

"Such, indeed, has been the result of my mother's cruel policy, and your unkind acquiescence in the sacrifice of one who deserved better things at your hands, Francis of Valois. But I spare reproaches; you are reaping the bitter harvest of your own sowing."

"But, my sweet Marguerite, you are now released from your weary bondage to the poltron Alençon, and are free to wed with the object of your earliest affections, Bourbon."

"No, Francis; Bourbon cannot now repair the wounds he has inflicted on his country. He has explained to me, in the bitterness of his vain repentance, the impossibility of his rendering you any assistance. He is neither trusted nor respected by his new allies, the foes of France. Would that he had died on the blood-stained field of Pavia, when his rebellious sword severed the last link that bound him to the heart of Marguerite of Valois!"

"You have, then, told him this?"

"No: he told me that thus he read my feelings—that he was unworthy of me, and being unable to repair his crimes, he dared not sue for reconciliation. We have parted to meet no more on this side the grave, and all I now live for is my country. I still hope to be the means of restoring to France her king, if he will be true to himself."

The duchess of Alençon then unfolded to her royal brother a project for his escape from prison, into which Francis eagerly entered. The plan failed through the treachery of one of his attendants, who, having quarrelled with his colleague, La Rochepot, who was more fully trusted than himself, he, out of revenge, denounced the plot to the Spanish authorities. Francis was, in consequence, subjected to a more rigorous confinement than before, and the Emperour Charles, understanding the share which the duchess of Alençon had taken in arranging the matter, took measures for arresting her person as soon as the date of her safe conduct had expired; and Marguerite, while bending all the energies of her ardent character to the great object for which she had entered Spain, the deliverance of her royal brother, had been so insensible to the lapse of time, as to have arrived within two days of the limits of this period.

She received a hasty warning of the emperour's design from Bourbon, and having taken a hurried farewell of Francis, and received from his hands an instrument whereby he abdicated the throne of France in favour of his son the dauphin, she left Madrid privately, and travelled with such expedition, that before Charles had received certain intelligence of her flight, she was beyond the reach of his power.

After her departure, Francis sunk once more into a state of listless melancholy. His appetite failed; he refused to take air, exercise, or recreation; sleep forsook his pillow, and a dangerous relapse of fever, brought on by agitation and anguish of mind, succeeded. Gattinara, the honest chancellor of the Emperour Charles, to whom the state of the royal captive was reported by the physicians, thought proper to announce it to his imperial majesty in the following blunt terms:

"Will it please your majesty, that the last consolations of the church be administered to the king of France?"

"The last consolations of the church to Francis of Valois!" repeated the emperour, in surprise; "what next will he require?"

"Embalming and interment, if it be your imperial pleasure to grant him the favour of royal exequies," replied Gattinara. "The fact is, my lord, you have delayed the fulfilment of your promises so long, that in all probability Francis of Valois will get his release to-night from a higher power than yours, and you will be regarded by Europe in the light of his murderer."

"Nay, then," cried the emperour, "he shall be espoused to our royal sister, Donna Eleanora, to morrow."

"It is the opinion of six physicians, that Francis of Valois will be wedded to another spouse before morning."

"In that case no time is to be lost," cried the emperour, "or we shall not be able to claim any benefit from the treaty he has signed, not even a dowry for my sister. Lannoy," pursued he, turning to the viceroy of Naples, with whom he was engaged in a game of chess, "go to the queen of Portugal, and tell her to repair, with her ladies, to the Alcazar."

"Your majesty forgets that Donna Eleanora is still absent on the pilgrimage which you compelled her to undertake."

"That is an unlucky circumstance, but not without remedy: the parties must be espoused by proxy."

"Where shall we find a lady who can prepare herself for so important a ceremony on so short a notice?" asked Gattinara, coolly. "Your majesty's imperial consort, and the ladies of her court, are not at Toledo, consequently you cannot select a noble maiden for the purpose of representing your illustrious sister, without great difficulty and loss of time, to say nothing of the pride and importance of the Spanish nobles in their family arrangements. And this is so extraordinary a business"

"What is to be done, Lannoy?" said the emperour.

"Something, or nothing, it is plain," replied the viceroy, with a sarcastick smile; "and if I did not fear giving offence to her Majesty Donna Eleanora, I would ride off to Madrid, and receive the nuptial ring from King Francis, in her name."

"And as her proxy?" asked Gattinara, drily.

"Why not? a proxy only means a representative who expresses the consent of an absent person, which, as we all know Donna Eleanora has no objection to this alliance, I will venture to do, with regard to her marriage with Francis of Valois."

"Ride, then, with all the speed you may, Lannoy, that we may claim a dowry for my sister as his widow," cried the emperour.

In an incredibly short period after this conversation, the feverish slumbers of the royal captive were interrupted by the entrance of a priest, who, approaching the bed, with his breviary in his hand, asked, "if his majesty of France were disposed to enter into the holy state?"

"Not much, I confess," replied Francis; "however, heaven's will be done. Are you about to administer the last sacrament, father?"

"There are two others which, in your majesty's case, must precede that consoling ordinance, namely, matrimony, and penance; and for the first of these I am come to prepare your majesty."

"Matrimony!" cried Francis, in a feeble voice, "will you be pleased to produce the bride!"

"Don Ferdinand Alençon," said the priest, "I charge you, in the name of the emperour, to introduce the proxy of that illustrious lady, Donna Eleanora, the queen dowager of Portugal, into this chamber, and to arrange everything for the immediate celebration of her majesty's nuptials with the king of France."

"How now, Lannoy!" exclaimed Francis, as the viceroy, booted and spurred, defiled with dust, and breathless with hard riding, entered the chamber; "is it from your hands that I am to have the honour of receiving my Spanish bride?"

"No; it is Alarçon who is to act as the deputy of our imperial lord, on this occasion, and I am to have the honour of representing the illustrious bride," replied Lannoy; "your majesty will be graciously pleased to excuse my whiskers and spurs, I hope."

"*C'est egal*," muttered the astonished bridegroom, with an expressive shrug. The bearded representative of the bride gave an authoritative nod to the priest to commence the spousal rite, and Francis, supported in his bed with pillows, allowed his trembling hand to be guided, by his page Pepin, to place the nuptial ring on the huge finger which Lannoy thrust forth to receive the symbol of union between the imprisoned monarch of France, and the sister of his imperial master. At the conclusion of this farcical solemnity, Francis sunk back on his pillow in a state of exhaustion, so nearly resembling death, that the proxy of his future queen rode back to Toledo, with fiery speed, to announce to Charles V. that the prediction of the physicians would assuredly be verified.

Contrary, however, to their opinions, the crisis of the fever terminated favourably, and Francis slowly, but surely, recovered from his perilous sickness. The Emperour Charles paid him friendly visits during his convalescence, and the arrangements for his restoration to liberty were soon after completed. Hostages were, however, demanded by the emperour, for the fulfilment of the hard conditions of his release, and the payment of his enormous ransom. These hostages were to be either the heirs of twelve of the noblest families in France, or his two sons, the dauphin and his brother Prince Henri.

Tears rushed to the eyes of the royal victor of Marignan, when the bitter alternative was submitted to his consideration; but he replied, without hesitation, "Mine own fair sons must be the victims, then; I cannot ask any of my peers to resign a father's fondest hopes to break my chains." The young princes were accordingly conducted to the frontier town of Andaye by Marshal Lantre, and on the eighteenth of March, 1526, the memorable scene of the exchange of these royal children for their father, took place. Francis, guarded by Alençon and Lannoy, and fifty horsemen, appeared on one bank at the moment that Marshal Lantre, with the dauphin and his brother, reached the other.

A barge had been moored in the mid-stream of the Bidassoa, which formed the bound of demarcation between the hostile realms of France and Spain. On the deck of this vessel, the long separated father and his sons met and exchanged a hasty embrace, as a prelude to a yet longer parting. "It is not meet that the foes of France should behold me in my hour of weakness!" exclaimed Francis, dashing the rebel moisture from his eyes; and straining his children once more passionately to his throbbing breast, he tore himself from their caresses, leaped into the boat which had brought them to the barge, and springing to the shore, mounted his royal charger, which was in waiting for him there, waved his hand, and shouting, "Once more a king!" rode off at head-long speed, not trusting himself to cast a backward glance towards the Bidassoa, where the boat, containing the precious pledges whom he had given for the fulfilment of the hard conditions of his release, was rapidly gliding towards the hated shores of Spain.

The first use which the enfranchised monarch made of his freedom, was to protest against the whole tenour of the treaty to which he had been induced to affix his signature, while labouring under an access of feverish excitement; and regardless both of the matrimonial engagements into which he had entered with Donna Eleanora of Austria, and the perilous position in which his children were placed, he allied himself with his former enemy, Henry VIII. of England, and took an early opportunity of declaring war against Charles. Three years of harassing campaigns, equally ruinous in their effects to the prosperity of France and Spain, succeeded; and during this period the sons of Francis were confided to the custody of Donna Eleanora, the affianced bride of their father, and by her they were cherished with not less than maternal tenderness. She superintended their education with the same care which she bestowed on that of her young daughter the infanta of Portugal, and fully succeeded in winning the affection of the youthful hostages: while she gently, but unweariedly, exerted the influence which her virtues and talents had acquired for her in her own family, in endeavouring to compose the differences between her imperial brother and her affianced husband.

The destiny of Francis was, from the cradle to the tomb, peculiarly affected by the power of female influence. Left an orphan at the early age of three years, he was educated by his widowed mother, Louise of Savoy, whose ascendancy over his affections was at times perniciously enough exercised after he came to the throne; but, on the other hand, the bright genius and energetick spirit of his high-minded and accomplished sister, Marguerite of Valois, which were ever exerted for his good, were productive of the happiest effects, both on his fortunes and his character. It was from the clear head and brilliant imagination of this amiable princess, that the felicitous idea first emanated, of referring the differences between those irreconcilable foes, Charles and Francis, to a female congress, composed of the emperour's aunt, that veteran stateswoman, the Lady Marguerite, regent of the Low Countries, Louise of Savoy, the mother of Francis, Eleanora of Austria, and herself. It was to the mildness, patience, and good feeling exhibited by these royal *diplomatistes* extraordinary, that the exhausted realms of Austria, France, and Spain, were indebted for that happy termination of their hostilities which is emphatically styled, in history, "The Ladies' Peace."

It was on the fifth of August, 1529, nearly three years and a half from the day when Francis I. regained his liberty at the price of resigning his sons into the hands of his ungenerous rival, that a scene not less interesting than that which we have previously described, took place on the bosom of the watery boundary between France and Spain, where the constable Montmorenci gave the sealed cases containing the money stipulated for the ransom of Francis I. in exchange for the betrothed bride of Francis and his sons. The illustrious party landed at Bourdeaux, and Eleanora, still wearing the dress of a royal widow, entered, with a fluttering heart, the presence of her long wedded, but as yet unknown lord, leading, in either hand, the princely heir of France and his brother, who, but for her gentle, but powerful mediation, would, in all probability, have been doomed to life-long captivity in a Spanish fortress

Francis rose from his chair of state, and advanced to pay his first compliments to his Spanish bride rather with the formal courtesy of a royal act of ceremony, than the alacrity of a lover

"I bring your majesty a dowry more precious than both the Indies," said Donna Eleanora, presenting his two sons to Francis; "and all I ask of you in return for the three years of maternal care which I have bestowed upon them, is, that you should regard me, not as the sister of your foe, but as the happy instrument of restoring your children to your arms."

"If that sweet voice deceive not my ear, I have long regarded you with tenderer feelings still," exclaimed Francis, with sudden animation.

"Come, my fair sister, it is time to elucidate the mystery," said the duchess of Alençon, removing the veil which had hitherto enveloped the person of the royal bride, and revealing to the eager gaze of her king and brother the well-remembered features of the lady who had visited him in the Alcazar; and Francis, bending his knee before his blushing consort, exclaimed: "My wife, and my queen, behold how faithfully I have worn thy chains!" He opened his embroidered pourpoint as he spoke, and pointed to the glittering links that she had thrown about his neck on the eventful evening when she availed herself of the duchess of Alençon's pass to obtain an interview with the captive monarch, who had been a suiter to her brother for her hand

The scheme had been devised between Donna Eleanora, and Marguerite of Valois, but the circumstance having been betrayed by Alarçon to the Emperour Charles, had exposed the fair dowager of Portugal to a severe reproof, and the sentence of a pilgrimage to Guadaloupe, as a punishment for the bold step she had ventured, and also as a prevention to any future meetings between her and her affianced lord. On the following day, the marriage of Francis and Eleanora was celebrated at Bourdeaux with great pomp, and was hailed by the war-worn people of France as the last auspicious seal of "The Ladies' Peace."

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

A RUSSIAN ALMACK'S.

When the *coterie* of Almack's was first established, the fair and noble dames who constituted its committee, and selected the wife of the Russian Ambassadour as one of their chief colleagues, were little aware how recently emancipated from barbarism were the countrywomen of the beautiful and accomplished princess, and how rapid had been the progress of civilization among the imitative Muscovites. What Peter the Great found the Russians on his accession to the throne is well known, as well as how he laboured for their moral and intellectual advancement; what he did for manners is unrecorded, and for this reason, that his own were so little polished While, therefore, he was zealously employed in instilling the useful arts by precept and example, he neglected, as perhaps he little knew, the charms of cultivated society. To hew and shape timber, to fashion iron, to cast metal, to quarry stone, and perform all the laborious duties of infant civilization, were deemed by him the most praiseworthy accomplishments of the Russian nobleman; and it is therefore little to be wondered at, if the Graces under his auspices failed to hold their court amid the frozen marshes of the Neva. The intercourse that was kept up between Russia and the other states of Europe had produced little effect at St. Petersburgh, and none at Moscow; and when the Muscovite ambassadours appeared at Versailles, they were looked upon as scarcely less barbarous than a deputation from Otaheite would appear at the present day.

But what the Czar Peter could not effect was reserved for the Empress Catherine Alexowna, who, in regard to the softening influences of the sex, proved the truth of Lord Duberly's axiom, that "women are so much *cuterer* than men." How she accomplished her object, (if, indeed, our fair readers will admit that she *did* accomplish it,) we purpose to show.

The principal external sign of polished society is the prevailing character of dress, and to this point the empress first directed her attention. But, ignorant of the classical and picturesque costumes of the south of Europe, and probably conversant only with those of England and Holland, where the Czar Peter acquired his accomplishments, she drew thence all the improvements (.Such they could be called,) which she inflicted on her court, and introduced the use of taffeta, damask, brocade, lofty head-dresses, narrow waists, and high-heeled shoes, in lieu of the rich sable cap, the fur cloak, and the coarse but picturesque garments of dark woollen cloth, which wrapped the persons of her *dames d'atour*.

It was, however, to little purpose to change the externals of society, if a corresponding alteration were not to take place in the manners which direct mankind from within; and, holding in high estimation the usages of Great Britain, she resolved upon the introduction of mixed assemblies, where, for the first time, men and women should mingle in society upon equal terms, and learn the amenities of life by a publick observance of its forms. With this view she published the following imperial ukase, which we think will amuse our fair readers, even if it fail to convey an idea of the youth of

——— that new and polished nation,
Whose names want nothing but pronunciation,

and who figure now the first in the galoppe and mazourka—whose tongues speak all languages, and who have become the cynosure of grace, of diplomacy, and of courtesy.

UKASE RELATIVE TO ASSEMBLIES

"It is decreed, etc.

"1. The person at whose house an assembly is held shall signify the same by hanging out a bill, by way of advertisement, to both sexes."

There was no *Journal de St. Petersbourg* in those days, and the mystery of cards of invitation was of course unknown.

"2. The assembly shall not open before four or five o'clock in the afternoon, nor continue later than ten at night."

A reverend regard was here paid to the early habits of the uncivilized in all countries, though ten o'clock at night was rather bold for a first move; however, it was qualified in a subsequent article.

"3. The master of the house *shall not be obliged to meet his guests, or conduct them to his company, but must find them candles, chairs, liquors, and cards, dice, or other requisites for gaming!*"

This was not exacting much by way of sacrifice to the Graces, but entailed rather a serious expense on the giver of such an entertainment, when the Russian propensity for *candles* is considered, and that tendency towards strong liquors, when the example was set by the czar himself, and of which the evidence appears more in detail hereafter. The allusion to the materials for gaming is characteristick of that habit, which prevails as strongly in savage as in civilized life, and will do for either.

"4. There shall be no fixed hour for coming or going away, it is enough for a person to appear in the assembly."

That is to say, the first lessons in politeness shall not last too long, lest they tire the unwilling student.

"5. Every one shall be free to sit, walk, or game, as he pleases, and none shall hinder him, on pain of *emptying the great eagle* (a *pint bowl full of brandy*;) it shall likewise be sufficient on entering or retiring, to salute the company."

This must have been an admirable means of ensuring propriety of behaviour, when we consider the natural disinclination of the Russians to brandy, and the soothing nature of a pint of the raw material upon any offender. How the delinquents managed to salute the company afterward, is a matter for much conjecture.

"6. Persons of distinction, noblemen, superior officers, merchants and tradesmen of note, head-workmen, *especially carpenters* (here the memory of the dock-yard is gratefully considered,) and persons employed in the chancery, (*chancellerie.*) are to have liberty to enter the assemblies, as likewise their wives and children."

This was a widely-extended privilege, and seems to have included all except the actual serfs. It would almost do for New-York or Philadelphia.

"7. A particular place shall be assigned the footmen (except those of the house) that there may be room enough in the apartment designed for the assembly."

A wise regulation, and one which it would be well to consider, in all its bearings, even now, and in this country. The next is a glorious article.

"8. *No ladies to get drunk, upon any pretence whatever*, nor shall gentlemen be drunk *before* nine!"

This must have been a bold innovation indeed, and speaks volumes in favour of the general sobriety of Russia; while it sternly prohibits one sex, how tenderly considerate it is for the wants of the other. The penalty of breaking this rule is not mentioned, perhaps it consisted in being compelled to drain the great eagle again!

"9. Ladies who play at forfeits, questions, and commands, etc., *shall not be riotous*; no gentlemen shall attempt *to force a kiss*, and no person shall offer *to strike a woman* in the assembly, under pain of future exclusion."

This being interpreted, may mean to give the *gentlemen carte blanche* for pommelling *each other*, or for indulging in any domestick severity they please *at home*, where *riotous* ladies were subjected to legitimate control. It was a delicate thought to decree that the marks of favour which ladies bestow in publick (!) should not be *enforced*, and the bearded *élégants* observed it, no doubt, implicitly.

Such were the Empress Catherine's famous *Code Civile*, in which there appears to us to be only one omission. No mention is made of the *knout* to stimulate the polite neophyte.

COLLECTIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS.

STALACTICAL GROTTO.—A discovery has recently been made in the department of L'Ardeche, two leagues from the Pont St. Esprit, of some immense natural grottoes, seven in number. The first has the appearance of a magnificent cascade, and after a walk of a quarter of an hour a rock is arrived at, which being mounted leads to a second, and thus on to the seventh. It is in this last that nature appears to have collected together all that can be imagined of the most curious and interesting kind. On all sides are seen the most beautiful stalactites and petrifactions, producing the most singular effects, and presenting the most astonishing pieces of natural sculpture. At some parts of the grotto the vaulted roof is so high as to be out of sight, and in others within the reach of the hand. Some of the magnificent columns of stalactites which support are so large that six men could not encircle them. The echoes produced are equally astonishing, and if one of the columns be struck with a cane the vibration is so great that the immense pile of rocks seems to be falling to ruin. A thorough examination of the grottoes cannot be made under seven hours. The first persons who entered the grotto discovered a skeleton, which is supposed to have been there about fifty years, judging from its appearance.—*French Paper.*

ADIEU.—In using this expression, which habit has rendered trivial, few persons recollect its real origin and meaning, and that in pronouncing it they recommend their friend *a Dieu*—to the protection of God.

AUTHOR OF "THE SEASONS.—Thomson was one of the most genial, unaffected, and *loveable* of all the *genus irritabile.* Not one spice of gall or envy seems to have mingled in his composition We fancy we see him, with his hands in his breeches pockets, eating peaches, from the sunny side, in Bobb Doddington's garden—lolling in his bed till past noon, because he had "no motive" to rise early—or sauntering about his garden-walks at Richmond, muttering his wayward fancies, and moulding them into immortal verse. Yet, withal, he was an accurate and enthusiastick observer of nature. He must have studied deeply in his early days, and during his fits of abstinence and seclusion; for latterly he was too social and companionable a man to burn the "midnight taper" over his books in the acquisition of knowledge. Genius, however, is a wonderful instructor, and can perform greater miracles than ever were achieved by Arabian dervise or magician. Thomson was utterly free from that *amor sceleratus habendi*, which Ovid classes among the sins of his iron age. It is related, as showing how heedless he was in his money concerns, that in paying a bill to his brewer, he gave him two bank-notes rolled together instead of one. When the mistake was pointed out to him, "Never mind," said the easy, good-humoured poet, "I have enough to go on without it!" A better anecdote is told of his having been robbed of his watch between London and Richmond, "Pshaw, d——n it, said he, "I'm glad they took it from me, 'twas never good for anything."

PREVENTION OF JEALOUSY IN A WIFE.—One thing every husband can do in prevention, and that is to give no ground for it. And here it is not sufficient that he strictly adhere to his marriage vow; he ought further to abstain from every act, however free from guilt, calculated to awaken the slightest degree of suspicion in a mind, the peace of which he is bound by every tie of justice and humanity not to disturb, or, if he can avoid it, to suffer it to be disturbed by others. A woman that is very fond of her husband, and this is the case with nine-tenths of English and American women, does not like to share with another any, even the smallest portion, not only of his affection, but of his assiduities and applause; and as the bestowing of them on another, and receiving payment in kind, can serve no purpose other than of gratifying one's vanity, they ought to be abstained from, and especially if the gratification should be purchased with even the chance of exciting uneasiness in her, whom it is your sacred duty to make as happy as you can.

PRINTING IN CHINA.—Printing began in China, by means of stone plates, about the year 930, and, though no accurate account of the process has been given us, we hear that the plate was blackened, and the characters being sunk in the stone in low relief, the paper became black and the letters white, which is still the case with a much improved method of lithographick printing that the Chinese have long adopted. Stone plates were soon superseded by wooden ones, the letters and figures being worked in high relief, by cutting and filing down the wood all round them. The characters, therefore, as with us, are black when printed, while the paper continues white. Moveable types, made of burnt earth, were tried at least seven centuries ago, but terminated in a return to the old method. The Chinese paper is so fragile and transparent as to be printed only on a single side.

THE EARLIEST ARCHITECTURE OF ROME.—The city of Rome, like the inhabitants, was at first rude and unadorned; the houses, agreeably to the name given them, (tecta,) were only a covering and defence against bad weather. They were not formed into regular streets, but flung together as chance directed; the walls were half mud, and the roofs pieces of boards. Anything finer than ordinary was used in decking the temples; and when those began to be furnished with the statues of the gods, (which was not till long after Numa's time,) they were either of earthenware or wood. The chief ornament, both of the temples and the houses, was their ancient trophies, which were trunks of trees loaded with the arms taken in war.

TAGLIONI.—The Emperour Nicholas, however hardened he may be to the dictates of common humanity, is sensible enough to the charms of Taglioni's dancing. Recently his majesty was pleased to receive a bouquet from the hands of the *danseuse*, and presented her in return with one composed of precious stones—a very pleasing exchange, under the circumstances, doubtless, to the former. Nor is the enthusiasm she excites confined to the emperour; for we read that the empress also, "in a fit of enthusiasm, detached her rich bracelets from her wrists, and threw them at her feet." Such are the honours paid to "*la déesse de la danse.*"

CHAIN OF BEINGS.—Bitumen and sulphur form the link between earth and metals—vitriols unite metals with salts—crystallizations connect salts with stones—the amianthus and lytophytes form a kind of tie between stones and plants—the polypus unites plants to insects—the tube-worms seems to lead to shells and reptiles—the water serpent and the eel form a passage from reptiles to fish—the anas nigra are a medium between fishes and birds—the bat and the flying-squirrel link birds to quadrupeds—and the monkey equally gives the hand to quadruped and to man.

DR. SAVAGE.—This learned divine, who died in 1747, travelled in his younger days with the earl of Salisbury, to whom he was indebted for a considerable living in Herefordshire. One day at the levee, the king (George I.) asked him how long he had resided at Rome with Lord Salisbury? Upon his telling him how long, "Why," said the king, "you stayed there long enough; how is it you did not convert the pope?"—"Because, sir," replied the doctor, "I had nothing better to offer him"

MOTS.—The duke of Wellington recently appointed his brother, Lord Maryborough, to the vacant cinque port office of governour of Deal Castle, for which it was mentioned, Sir H. Hardinge had applied. "Well, (said one,) I thought Hardinge knew better how to play his cards than to miss-Deal." "I can't tell how that may be, (observed H——,) but I know this, the duke won't revoke"

A HINT.—A king of Prussia sent to a tribe of Bedouins the Caliph Mustapha, a very celebrated physician, who inquired on his arrival how they lived. "We never eat till we are hungry, and then not to repletion," was the answer. "I may return, then," said the doctor, "I have *no business* here."

CONJUGAL LOVE.—Sterne, who used his wife very ill, was one day talking to Garrick in a fine sentimental manner, in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," said Sterne, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burned over his head." —"If you think so," said Garrick, "I hope your house is insured."

BEAUTY.—Salezzo de Pedrada praising an old lady for her beauty, she answered, that beauty was incompatible with her age. To which Salezzo replied, "We say, as beautiful as an angel; and yet the angels are, of all creatures, the most ancient."

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

WHAT IS LIFE?

Original.

SAY, what is life!—a feeble flower,
Declining as it blooms;
Which bears at heart the withering power,
The canker that consumes!
A wintry cloud, an April beam,
A stage for empty strife,
A waking thought, a troubled dream—
Ah, such is life!

A web of checker'd hopes and fears,
A bubble on the wave—
A shade, composed of smiles and tears,
A pilgrim to the grave!
A bark upon the waters tost,
(The sport of storm and strife,)
Her rudder gone, her anchor lost—
Ah, such is life!

And what is death!—a dreaded doom
To pleasure's silken slave;
Who fears to sleep amid the gloom
That wraps the silent grave.
To quit this scene of earthly joys,
Oh! who would yield his breath!
Resign ambition's gilded toys,
To welcome death!

The soul that feels affliction's pang,
To life's dark ills a prey,
Soars to the source from whence it sprang,
And spurns the cumbrous clay.
No more may terrours shake my breast,
Or waste my feeble breath;
Death rocks the cradle of our rest,
Then welcome death!

L. L. T

TOPICKS FOR THOUGHT.

Sir John Gage, constable of the Tower, when he led Lady Jane Grey to execution, desired her to bestow on him some small present, which he might keep as a perpetual memorial of her. she gave him her *table-book*, wherein she had just written three sentences, on seeing her husband's body; one in Greek, another in Latin, and a third in English. The purport of them was, that human justice was against his body, but the divine mercy would be favourable to his soul; and that, if her fault deserved punishment, her youth at least, and her imprudence, were worthy of excuse, and that God and posterity, she trusted, would show her favour.—*Naves.*

The first Greek musicians were gods; the second heroes; the third bards; the fourth beggars.—*Dr. Burney.*

A distressed mother in England, reduced from a full to a scanty diet, and bewailing the loss of her son, receives no consolation from being told of a woman in France, whose son fell in the same battle, and that the taxes are equally increased in both countries by the same war. But kings, and ministers, and generals, and historians proclaim, as a glorious contest, every war which appears to have been as fatal to the enemy as to their own party, though half of each nation is slaughtered in the field, and the other half reduced to slavery. This is one of the bare-faced impositions with which mankind are perpetually insulted, and which calls upon us, in the name of humanity, to pursue this inquiry into the causes of war.—*Barlow's Advice to the Privileged Orders.*

Instead of shutting himself up in an island, and abusing all the rest of mankind, the philosopher should make the world his country, and should trample beneath his feet those prejudices which the vulgar so fondly hug to their bosoms.—*W. Lawrence.*

The Cashmerees, the men, are noted all over India for their address, treachery, deceit, cunning, lying, and every other malpractice; they are very litigious and quarrelsome, but it seldom proceeds to blows with them; they are very mischievous, spreading hundreds of false reports every day; are in general great cowards, and have no dependence on each other. There is a bridge in the middle of the city, called *Zeenah-kuddile*, on which is a small bezaar; this is their famous lounge, and the focus for all the reports and news that are daily spread. They have no publick schools or colleges; there may be about one hundred masjeeds, mostly made of wood; some of them are of brick and mortar walls. The Seeks have prohibited their assembling to pray in them, lest they should cause a disturbance and rebellion. The whole of the present revenues of Cashmere, as collected by the Seeks, is now thirty-six lacs of rupees per annum, of which the land-rent, grain, and saffron, give only twelve lacs: and twenty-four lacs are collected from the duties on shawls and merchandize: this is equal to about twenty-seven lacs of Indian money. The soil is very rich and fertile, and not one eighteenth part of the arable land is brought into cultivation: if properly ruled, and protection given to the cultivators, the land-rent would alone yield fifty lacs per annum. They have two crops annually; in the first crop, they have the finest kinds of rice, maize, millet, oord, moonge, cotton, and lobeeah; in the second crop, wheat, barley, peas, beans, kablee, chimeh, mussoor, linseed, and mustard.—*Moorcroft.*

There is no all-pervading influence in the Deity of the Boodhists, who is supposed to maintain a quiescent state, untroubled by the government of the world, and wholly unconcerned about the affairs of men. The followers of Boodh imagine that although their god takes very little interest in the good or evil actions of his creatures, which are rewarded and punished in this world, prosperity being the universal consequence of virtue, and misfortune the constant attendant upon vice; that sanctity of a very superiour order, extraordinary acts of self-denial, and the good wrought by the reformation of their brethren, secures to the devotee rigidly performing these and other duties, the power of working miracles, and even after death a certain degree of those God-like attributes which may be employed to influence the destinies of mankind.—*Elliot's Views in India*

Sitting down to read and examine a common-place book or productions, is as useless as to measure yourself with a man whom you know to be shorter than yourself.—*Manuscript.*

WESTWARD, HO!

Arranged to a popular western melody, by Charles E. Horn, and dedicated to George D. Prentice, Esq.

THE WORDS BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I.

Droop not, brothers!
As we go
O'er the mountains,
Westward, ho!
Under boughs of mistletoe,
Log-huts we'll rear,
While herds of deer and buffaloe
Furnish the cheer!
File o'er the mountains—steady, boys!
For game afar
We have our rifles ready, boys!
Aha!
Throw care to the winds,
Like chaff, boys!—ha!
And join in the laugh, boys!
Hah—hah—hah!

II.

Cheer up, brothers!
As we go,
O'er the mountains,
Westward, ho!
When we've wood and prairie-land,
Won by our toil,
We'll reign like kings in fairy-land,
Lords of the soil!
Then westward, ho! in legions, boys!
Fair freedom's star
Points to her sunset regions, boys!
Aha!
Throw care to the winds,
Like chaff, boys!—ha!
And join in the laugh, boys!
Hah—hah—hah!

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF AN ARTIST IN ROME.

From "The Romance of Hyperion."

BY PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.

I often reflect with delight upon the young artist's life in Rome. A stranger from the cold and stormy north, he has crossed the Alps, and, with the devotion of a pilgrim, journeyed to the eternal city. He dwells, perhaps, upon the Pincian Hill; and hardly a house is there which is not inhabited by artists, from all lands. The very room he lives in has been their abode from time out of mind. Their names are written all over the walls; perhaps some farther record of them is left in a rough sketch upon the window-shutter, with an inscription and a date. These things consecrate the place in his imagination. The names, even though unknown to him, are not without associations in his mind.

In that warm latitude he rises with the day. The night-vapours are already rolling away over the Campagna sea-ward. As he looks from his window, above and beyond their white folds, he recognizes the tremulous blue sea at Ostia. Over Soracte rises the sun, above his own beloved mountain, though no longer worshipped there as of old. Before him the antique house, where Raphael lived, casts its long, brown shadow down into the heart of modern Rome. The city lies still asleep and silent. But, above its dark roofs, more than two hundred steeples catch the sunshine on their gilded weather-cocks. Presently the bells begin to ring, and, as the artist listens to their pleasant chime, he knows that in each of those churches, over the high altar, hangs a painting by some master's hand, whose beauty comes between him and heaven, so that he cannot pray, but wonder only.

Among these works of art, he passes the day; but oftenest in St. Peter's and the Vatican. Up the vast marble staircase, through the Corridor Chiaramonti, through vestibules, galleries, chambers, he passes as in a dream. All are filled with busts and statues, or painted in daring frescoes. What forms of strength and beauty! What glorious creations of the human mind! And in that last chamber of all, standing alone upon his pedestal, the Apollo found at Antium, in such a majestick attitude! with such a noble countenance! life-like, god-like!

Or perhaps he passes into the chambers of the painters, but goes no farther than the second; for, in the middle of that chamber, a large painting stands upon the heavy easel, as if unfinished, though more than three hundred years ago the great artist completed it, and then laid his pencil away for ever, leaving this last benediction to the world. It is the transfiguration of Christ, by Raphael. A child looks not at the stars with greater wonder, than the artist at this painting. He knows how many studious years are in it. He knows the difficult path that leads to perfection, having himself taken some of the first steps. Thus he recalls the hour, when that broad canvass was first stretched upon its frame, and Raphael stood before it, and laid the first colours upon it, and beheld the figures, one by one, born into life, and "looked upon the work of his own hands with a smile, that it should have succeeded so well." He recalls, too, the hour, when the task was accomplished, the pencil dropped from the master's dying hand, and his eyes closed to open upon a more glorious transfiguration; and at length the dead Raphael lay in his own studio, before this wonderful painting, greater than any conqueror under the banners and hatchments of his funeral!

Think you, that such sights and thoughts as these do not move the heart of a young man and an artist! And when he goes forth into the open air, the sun is going down, and the gray ruins of an antique world receive him. From the palace of the Cæsars he looks down into the Forum, or towards the Colosseum; or westward, and sees the last sunshine strike the bronze archangel, which stands upon the tomb of Adrian. He walks amid a world of art in ruins. The very street-lamps, that light him homeward, burn before some painted or sculptured image of the Madonna. What wonder is it if dreams visit him in his sleep—nay, if his whole life be to him a dream! What wonder, if, with a feverish heart and quick hand, he strive to reproduce these dreams in marble or on canvass?

ORIGINAL TRANSLATIONS.

MAELZEL'S AUTOMATON CHESS-PLAYER.

Translated from an article by Deppong, in a late French journal.

In our notice of the celebrated machinist of Ratisbonne, (Maelzel,) we alluded to the chess-automaton of Baron Kempelin, which Maelzel repaired, and exhibited to the publick of Europe and America for twenty years, the secret of which was not detected, neither at its first nor second appearance in Paris, although separated by an interval of thirty-two years; nor were the publick more fortunate in London, in 1819, when the automaton was narrowly observed by many clever machinists. At last the mystery was discovered in Paris, and published in a monthly journal devoted to the game of chess, by M. de Tournay. Two of the confederates of Maelzel reside in Paris. Their names are well known to the members of the chess-club; and since the death of Maelzel, having no interest or obligation to remain silent, they no longer hesitate to reveal their co-operation. The mystery may, therefore, now be considered as known; and the problem of the machinery of the automaton chess-player completely solved.

Every one must remember that his first impression, upon seeing the chess automaton, was the concealment of a human being within the box, who directed the arms of the automaton. Baron Kempelin, and after him Maelzel, always opened it on both sides, previous to the exhibition, that the spectators might convince themselves it contained nothing but wheels, tubes and springs, amid which it was quite impossible that a human being could be concealed from their observation. Thus the ingenious inventer succeeded in imposing upon the credulity of the publick.

The wheels, etc., were partly painted upon a thin partition, which could be easily displaced, and thereby conceal the person within the box, who, of course, entered it before it was rolled into the exhibition-room. The doors being successively opened, the spectators were permitted to see only half the interiour at a time, which enabled the person concealed to pass from one side of the partition to the other, and in cases of necessity even to take refuge within the body of the automaton. So far, it was a mystification unworthy of figuring in the history of the mechanical arts. But let us see what afterward happened. First, it was indispensable to find a man who was able to shift his position within the machine and direct the moves of the automaton, who should be capable of playing the game with sufficient skill to overcome any antagonist who might present himself, and whose moves he could not see. Hence it became necessary that the state of his adversary's game should be made known to him, and therein consisted the merit of Kempelin's wonderful invention. The invisible person was seated upon a small stool, lighted by a candle, which the exhibiter took care to place within the machine at the commencement, in order, as he said, to convince the publick that nobody could be concealed within undetected.

An opening was contrived in the box to supply the invisible person with air. The chess-board used was of that kind called *Echiquiers de Voyage*, invented to play in carriages and at sea; they differ in no respect from those in ordinary use, except each piece being pointed with an iron pin, to fix it firmly upon the square. This precaution was necessary, lest by any accident the game of the invisible player might be disarranged.

The board upon which the automaton played, was placed upon the box, visible to the audience, immediately over the head of the hidden player; it was extremely thin, and had its counterpart exactly represented upon the reverse, or ceiling of the box within. Each square was provided with a small iron lever, which balanced or turned upon a pivot, and the pins of the pieces used by the automaton being strongly magnetized, attracted the levers of the squares upon which they were placed, causing them to fall back when the pieces were moved, thus indicating to the invisible player the exact state of the game, which, as he could not see above, he was compelled to follow with the most painful attention.

Hence he was obliged to remember each piece moved upon the squares above.

The squares of a miniature board were numbered corresponding with the numbers of the squares of the board over his head, that he might not be exposed to mistake the moves. On his left side he had a moveable iron handle, connected with springs, in the left arm of the automaton, which the player directed at will. By this contrivance the automaton was enabled to seize a piece with his left hand and remove it from one square to another. The invisible player saw above, upon the reverse chess-board, whether he directed correctly the arm of the automaton. From the beginning, every one wondered that the automaton moved his left arm instead of his right; this, it was answered, was an errour of the inventer, discovered too late to rectify. But errours of this sort are rarely committed, and it is now well known that the inventer placed the machinery upon the left side of the hidden player designedly, that his right arm and hand might be at liberty to direct his play more readily upon his own board. His antagonist was always obliged to place the pieces upon the centre of the squares; without this precaution the magnetized pieces would not have been perpendicular to the iron levers upon which they were to act, and thereby reveal to the invisible player the moves of his antagonist.* There is, however, one circumstance sufficient to explain, viz.: how the hidden player could direct the arm of the automaton with sufficient precision to enable its wooden fingers to seize the diminutive pieces placed upon the board. All mistakes in moving from one square to another might be avoided, although even that must have been very difficult; but how were the fingers of the automaton made to open and close exactly upon the piece to be moved? To effect this, an admirable precision of mechanism was indispensable, combined with the nicest practice of the invisible directer, in order that the operation might be perfectly performed. Even admitting these two conditions to have been skilfully fulfilled, it is yet difficult to comprehend them.

The invisible person was then the soul of the machine, and it became indispensable for the exhibiter of the automaton to have, at his disposal, a person, who would consent to be confined within a narrow box for several hours in a painful position, and to remain there nearly motionless; but, above all, not to betray his presence whatever might happen. Besides being capable of directing the machine perfectly—an affair, as we know, of the utmost delicacy—he must be able to play a first-rate game, to encounter the play of any antagonist who might choose to contest his skill.

Baron Kempelin was fortunate enough to find a person who ably fulfilled these conditions. While he exhibited the automaton, it was nearly always victorious, which still further increased the astonishment—we may almost say the stupefaction of the publick. Nevertheless he was vanquished in Paris, by Philidor and by Lezat; but sufficient glory remained, even after a defeat by such consummate masters of the game. When Maelzel got possession of the automaton, he took the greatest pains to find out an able assistant. We are not acquainted with the name of the person who accompanied him to Germany; but at Paris he engaged M. Boucour, who is even now regarded as one of the best players belonging to the Panorama Club. It is, however, almost impossible to believe that a man of his large dimensions could, by any manner of means, ensconce himself within a box of four feet in length, three in height, and two in width, and yet be able to play a skilful game of chess. Afterward he was superseded by an Israelite, of small size, (Alexandre,) who still resides in Paris, and is the author of an excellent work, "*L'Encyclopédie des Echecs.*" The *Palamède* mentions a third person, M. Mouret, (with but one leg,) a man of wit and humour, who consented to accompany Maelzel in his peregrinations, and who became his copartner in the profits of the concern. In England he engaged the services of a Mr. Lewis. But the person who performed the part of the invisible player for the longest period, was an Alsacian, of the name of Schlumberger, alias Mulhouse, after his native town.

He went with Maelzel to the United States; remained fifteen years with him, and died there, three months before his celebrated friend and patron. He possessed, in an eminent degree, all the qualifications necessary to his employment. He was the pupil of one of the first professors of the art, *du Café de la Régence*, and played a strong game. His tenuity and suppleness enabled him to encase himself readily within the partition of the machine, and to pass, with the utmost ease, from one part of it to another, whenever it was the pleasure of a curious spectator to examine the interiour. Shut up within so narrow a space, it was very difficult, as well as painful, to avoid, by the slightest noise, the presence of a living being. The profound stillness and attention of the audience while the game was playing, would have rendered the slightest sound audible, and, doubtless, it was to divert the attention of spectators, that the inventer introduced clock-work, which was always wound up at the commencement of the exhibition and put in motion at each move, in order to mask the deception.

We have been told, that upon one occasion the invisible player in a moment of forgetfulness, or from intense reflection upon the game, was guilty of the indiscretion of sneezing—the sound of it was distinctly audible from amid the machinery, and rudely interrupted the profound silence of the assembly. It was certainly the most critical moment in the whole life of Maelzel, who, with admirable presence of mind, exclaimed, "Good heaven, a spring is broken! Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to suspend the exhibition for only a quarter of an hour, to repair the machinery"—when, immediately, he rolled the box behind the curtain, and did not spare his reproaches to his unhappy confederate.

At another time, a person who suspected the secret, and who wished to expose Maelzel, cried fire, fire, with might and main, during the exhibition. Amid the confusion of the audience, Maelzel had the self-possession to withdraw his machine. It was, indeed, high time, for the invisible gentleman was upon the point of popping out of his hiding-place, in the presence of the company, overcome with fright and amazement.

The necessity of having a confederate to assist him in his exhibitions, subjected Maelzel to a most unhappy state of dependence, more especially when there were arrearages to settle; a predicament which often happened, as poor Maelzel was by no means so

* Maelzel's exhibitions in the United States differed from those described above. He always gave a duplicate board to the antagonist, and removed the pieces correspondingly upon the board of the automaton.

good an economist as he was a machinist, and never had the reputation of being the most punctual of paymasters.

The *Palémede* gives a ludicrous anecdote touching this point. Maelzel, being at Amsterdam, was engaged to exhibit his automaton in the presence of the court of the king of the Netherlands. Half an hour previously to the exhibition, he discovered that his confederate was absent without leave; he ran to his hiding-place, and found M . . . ., who then assisted him, undressed. "What does this mean—what has happened?" exclaimed he, in amazement. "I have a fever," replied M . . . . "The deuse you have! why you were in good health but a moment ago." "Very true, sir, but the attack was as sudden as a flash of lightning." "Ay, but the king will soon arrive, and what will he say?" "Say! why, that the automaton has a fever." "A truce with your jests. I have no desire to laugh, for the receipts will be large, and must be returned. Let me entreat you to get up!" "Impossible!" "I will call in a physician." "Quite useless." "Is there, then, no means of putting this vile fever to flight?" "Certainly, but one, only." "Well, what is it?" "It is to pay me down the fifteen hundred francs which you owe me." "But that cannot be done to-night." "Yes, yes, it must be done forthwith." Poor Maelzel was obliged to yield to his confederate, and to count him out the money—after which the automaton played his game of chess admirably well.

The secret now being generally known, the machine of Kempelin (repaired by Maelzel) has lost its attraction; still it must always be regarded as a very ingenious invention. Previously to its appearance, no one would have believed it possible for a person to play a game of chess, shut up within a box, without being able to see the pieces on the board upon which the game was played.

It is said that Kempelin had been piqued into the invention of his machine, by a challenge of the empress of Austria, whom he had attended in his quality of chamberlain, to witness magnetick experiments. He promised to show her an experiment much more astonishing, and within six months produced his automaton, the real secret of which, in reality, depends upon the power of the magnet

We did not, in our first article, enumerate all the curious productions of Maelzel's genius. We ought not to have forgotten his mechanical legs, rendered so unfortunately necessary, after the murderous battle of Austerlitz. Legs, which a German writer, in an article dictated by enthusiasm, pronounced to be no less commodious than those furnished by dame nature herself. E. N. B.

SKETCHES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

OLD ENGLISH WRITERS.

BY WILLIAM COX.

CUPID'S CURSE.

The following beautiful ditty is from an old dramatick pastoral written by George Peel, about the year 1584, entitled, "The Arraignment of Paris;" which pastoral, had it been in all parts equal, would, in the opinion of one of the most profound, accomplished, and good-hearted criticks England has produced, (Charles Lamb,) have left the famous "Faithful Shepherdess," of Fletcher, only a secondary place in this species of literature. A copy of this song was sent, by Lamb, to a favourite composer of the day, with a hint that it only wanted "fit musical numbers to be the rarest love-dialogue in the language." I do not think the hint was ever taken; or, if so, the task was executed in such a manner, as altogether failed to withdraw this graceful little poem from the obscurity into which it had undeservedly fallen. The honour of doing it justice, therefore, still lies open for the achievement of any gentleman skilled in "the concord of sweet sounds;" and should Horn or Bishop chance to cast their eyes upon it, perhaps the "Mirror" may yet have the good fortune to be the medium of presenting this gem, set in appropriate brilliants, (crotchets and quavers,) to the world.

The scene of the pastoral is laid in Mount Ida, and in the vicinity, where Paris, there in obscurity and concealment, is dallying away the hours with his then beloved Eonone. By way of passing the time, he invites her to sing; she declines; but, on being pressed, complies in the following fashion:

Eonone. There is a pretty sonnet, then, we call it "Cupid's Curse,"
"They that do change old love for new, pray gods they change for worse!"

Paris agrees to bear a portion of the burden of the song which the luckless Eonone has selected with somewhat of a prophetick spirit, and straightway the woods of Ida are filled with Cupid's Curse.

EONONE

Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
And fair as any may be,
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.

PARIS.

Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
And fair as any may be,
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.

EONONE.

My love is fair, my love is gay,
And fresh as bin the flowers in May,
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry, merry, merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse—
"They that do change old love for new.
Pray gods they change for worse!"

Both. { Fair and fair, etc. / Fair and fair, etc. } *repeated.*

EONONE.

My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises sing,
My merry, merry, merry roundelays;
Amen, to Cupid's curse—
"They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!"

Both. { Fair and fair, etc. / Fair and fair, etc. } *repeated.*

There is a natural freshness, and light and airy tenderness about this, dashed with a shade of deeper feeling, that is especially delightful, and there cannot be a shadow of doubt about the propriety of the malediction. What say you, ladies? Is there not more heart, spirit, and sincerity in it, than in the maudlin stuff so abundant in novels and so scarce in real life; in which, the deserted fair one prays her faithless swain "to forget her," hopes he may be happy with some other "object of his affections," and so on? Angels are scarce, and no true woman forgets, or likes to be forgotten; and though she may be of so high, pure, and tender a nature as thoroughly to forgive, and altogether eschew active malice, or the wishing of evil, yet, should the woman for whom she has been forsaken *chance* to pay her false lover in his own coin, and elope with another, her feelings might, possibly, be of that mixed character which the believers in the perfectibility of humanity would do well not to scrutinize too closely, or they might, peradventure, damage their theory. There is little doubt but that ninety and nine out of every hundred of the fair creatures, from the blossom at the boarding-school to the full-blown beauty of the ball-room, will with hearty emphasis say "Amen!" to Cupid's curse:

"They that do change old love for new, pray gods they change for worse!"

EPITHETS.

There is some profitable advice to be gleaned from the following extract from an old play, written upwards of a couple of centuries ago, by Shirley, entitled, "The Changes." Young versifiers and incipient poets would do well to scan it over. The adjective is too useful and convenient a part of speech to be roughly reprobated. Poets would have to labour hard to make smooth work without it; and a judicious sprinkling of such "flowers" and ornaments of the language, is often productive of the happiest effects; but then, on the other hand, when used to excess, they as certainly enfeeble and render mawkish the verses they are meant to strengthen and enrich. A too copious infusion of them, smothers a sentiment or obscures a description, pretty much in the same way that an undue portion of sugar in your coffee overpowers and utterly annihilates the original flavour or aroma of the berry; therefore, like all other sweet matters, adjectives are to be sparingly used. You may get too much honey.

Here is the passage, with the arguments for and against:

Caperwit.—Adjectives! would you have a poet without
Adjectives! They're the flower, the grace of our language.
A well chosen epithet doth give new soul
To fainting poesy, and makes every verse
A bride! With adjectives we bait our lines,
When we do fish for gentlewomen's loves;
And with their sweetness catch the nibbling ear
Of amorous ladies. * * * *

I will maintain 't against
A bundle of grammarians, in poetry
The substantive, itself, cannot *subsist*
Without its adjective.

Friend.—For all that,
Those words would sound more full, methinks, that are not
So larded; and if I might counsel you,
You should compose a sonnet clean without 'em.
* * * * When the sense
First framed, is tied with adjectives, like points,
And cannot hold together without wedges,
Hang 't, 'tis pedantick, vulgar poetry!
Let children, when they versify, stick here
And there these puny words, for want of matter,
POETS WRITE MASCULINE NUMBERS!

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

PARISIAN THEATRICALS.

Victor Hugo's new tragedy—new star in the French theatrical firmament.

Victor Hugo's new tragedy of *Ruy-Blas* has been produced at the theatre of the Renaissance with partial success. The plot is a strange one, and, though improbable, possesses considerable interest. Victor Hugo does not pretend that it is an original one; it suited his purpose, and he made use of it: like Molière, he takes his goods wherever he can find them. In order to fully explain the story of the new piece, I think it better to go back a little, and remind you that Diderot, in his *Jacques le Fataliste*, has given us the account of a most frightful vengeance, imagined and carried into execution by a woman. Abandoned by her lover, and smarting under the insult, she seeks out a wretched creature from the streets, the slave of vice and deceit, and teaches her to assume the character of a woman of rank. She gives her a noble house, servants, carriages, good name, and wealth. Lures are thrown out to attract the deceiver: he comes, pays court to the golden idol, and at last proposes for her hand, and is accepted. The morning after the marriage, the horrid truth is revealed to the unfortunate husband, and a woman's vengeance is complete. From this striking story, M. Aucelot constructed a vaudeville, which he called *Léontine*, and a highly interesting production it was. Victor Hugo has now turned the incidents to account, merely changing the sex of the deceived and deceiving party, and making a servant the instrument of vengeance. The queen of Spain, wife of Charles II., has humiliated Don Salluste, a Spanish nobleman, and banished him from court. He seeks revenge: he finds a being vile and degraded: he gives him a name, rank and opulence. He manages to have him introduced at court, and gives him orders to spread every lure to captivate the queen. The plot succeeds: she hates her husband, and becomes enamoured of the stranger: her love prompts her even to comply with an invitation to her lover's house, written, however, by Don Salluste; she is discovered there by her enemy, and informed that her lover is his creature; that her character is gone, and that by the laws of Spain the punishment for her weakness is death. The instrument of this vengeance, however, really loves her: he turns on his employer, reproaches him with his baseness, and then stabs him to the heart. He afterwards poisons himself, and the piece ends.

Such is the tragedy of decidedly the most powerful living dramatick writer of France. He has badly chosen the story; for what we can believe possible with the female heart, we see could never take place with man. Diderot seems quite aware of the difficulty which exists even in rendering the story credible for woman, as he dwells at length on every charge, and prepares the readers, as much as possible, for the succeeding step. Then, in the play, the sudden advancement of Ruy-Blas is improbable; as is his obeying his master, after becoming a man of greater power. The writing of the piece in many parts is stilted and careless. The second act and the fourth are tiresome, and lead to nothing, but other parts are of great beauty and force. The *dénouement* is of wonderful power. The audience were absolutely struck with wonder, and the piece concluded amid the loudest applause. The lacquey was well performed by Frederick Lemaître, whom you have seen in London as *Robert Macaire;* the other parts were filled by actors whose names are not very familiar to the English ear.

The great event of the week has been the visit of the king to the Théâtre Français, to witness Corneille's noble tragedy of *Cinna*. The audience was most brilliant, and the house was crowded, although the intention of the royal visit was known but to few. The royal party arrived at seven o'clock: it consisted of the King and Queen of the French, the King and Queen of the Belgians, Madame Adelaide, the Princess Clementine, the Duc de Nemours, and six others. The king was warmly received, though not enthusiastically. Old age has laid a heavy hand on him lately: he looked broken and infirm: he was in good spirits, however, and awarded his approbation lavishly enough during the evening. Sigier, Beauvallet and Mdlle. Rachel played with great ability. Sigier is, without dispute, the greatest actor in France: he is low in stature, and slight in person, something resembling the elder Kean; he was Talma's favourite pupil, and frequently reminds one of that great actor in parts of his performance; at other times he bursts forth like the great Kean, and carries the whole house with him. He played the part of Augustus on the night of the king's visit. Beauvallet was the Cinna of the night: he was deservedly applauded in the third act, when, after struggling between honour and love, he yields to the latter, and consents to become an assassin to please his mistress.

As to Mdlle. Rachel, she really surprised me: she is now about seventeen years of age, (it is said not seventeen yet,) yet she filled her part with a dignity and propriety which were admirable. I saw her in Voltaire's play of *Tancrede*, filling the part of Aménaide, in the early part of the week; and I conceived that she failed in the part: before the king her success was incontestable. There is no doubt that this young girl possesses great talent: indeed, considering her age, I deem it wonderful: her principal merit consists in the calmness and depth of dramatick energy: she possesses a tranquil force, which frees the spectator from all fear of her failing in any passage, no matter how violent or deep the passion of it may be. One always feels that whatever degree of power is displayed, a far greater quantity remains behind: in stern and determined characters, such as Medea or Lady Macbeth, she must be unequalled: in tender or sensitive parts, such as Juliet or Desdemona, she would fail. There is an inflexibility, an iron fixedness about her acting, which evinces but little sensibility: she wants flexibility of voice and sensibility of soul, which are to talent what grace is to beauty. On the other hand, she possesses a grand and noble simplicity and a fine taste, which lead me to believe that she will become hereafter the first actress in France.

You may wonder at my dwelling on this topick so long: but a really great actress is rare, and this young girl assuredly is already one. You would scarcely believe that a few years ago she ran the streets as a gipsy, gaining a precarious livelihood by singing and dancing: her history is a curious one, though she has not yet reached her seventeenth year. The king waited to the end of the performance, and expressed himself most graciously to every person. Mdlle. Rachel was standing in the inner lobby, with all the curiosity of her age, to see the royal party go out: no longer the severe and majestick matron, but the gay, lively girl, proud of the applause she had received. The king recognized her, and stopped short, to say how much he had been delighted with her acting; the queen said even more, and the delight of the blushing girl was at its height, when, after receiving the compliments of the other members of the royal party, Louis Philippe added, "Business prevents my often visiting the theatre, but I will return to see *you*." What a moment! Praised by two kings and their queens in person, and able to attract so sagacious a monarch as Louis Philippe, occupied as he is by state affairs, to visit her again! Poor child! less has turned wiser heads.

GAIETIES AND GRAVITIES.

TRYING TO PLEASE EVERYBODY.

HINTS TO EDITORS.

One reader cries, your strain's too grave,
Too much morality you have,
Too much about religion;
Give me some witch and wizard tales,
Of slip-shod ghosts with fins and scales,
And feathers like a pigeon.

I love to read, another cries,
Those monstrous fashionable lies—
In other words, those novels,
Composed of kings, and priests, and lords,
Of border-wars, and Gothick hordes
That used to live in hovels.

No, no, cries one, we've had enough
Of such confounded love-sick stuff
To craze the fair creation:
Give us some recent foreign news
Of Russians, Turks, the Poles, or Jews,
Or any other nation.

The man of dull scholastick lore
Would like to see a little more
Of first-rate scraps of Latin;
The grocer fain would learn the price
Of tea and sugar, fruit and rice;
The draper, silk and satin.

Another cries, I want more fun,
A witty anecdote or pun,
A rebus or a riddle;
Some wish for parliamentary news,
And some, perhaps, of wiser views,
Would rather hear a fiddle.

The critick, too, of classick skill,
Must dip in gall his gander-quill,
And scrawl against the paper;
Of all literary fools,
Bred in our colleges and schools,
He cuts the greatest caper.

Another cries, I want to see
A jumbled-up variety,
Variety in all things—
A miscellaneous hodge-podge print,
Composed (I only give the hint)
Of multifarious small things.

I want some marriage news, says miss,
It constitutes my highest bliss
To hear of weddings plenty;
For in a time of general rain
None suffer from a drought, 'tis plain,
At least not one in twenty.

I want to hear of deaths, says one,
Of people totally undone
By losses, fire or fever;
Another answers, full as wise,
I'd rather have the fall and rise
Of racoon skins and beaver.

Some signify a secret wish
For now and then a favourite dish
Of politicks to suit them;
But here we rest at perfect ease,
For should they swear the moon was cheese,
We never should confute them.

Or grave or humorous, wild or tame,
Lofty or low, 'tis all the same,
Too haughty or too humble;
So, brother editors, pursue
The path that seems the best to you,
And let the grumblers grumble.

THE DRESS-MAKER.

Let us "take a single victim;" let us present the London dress-maker's girl, but a year in her teens, compelled, it may be, to aid in the support of younger brothers and sisters. How many bleak, savage winter mornings does she rise, and, with half-frozen fingers, put on her scanty clothes—all insufficient to guard her shrinking limbs from the frost, the wind, and rain,—and, with noiseless feet, that she may not disturb "any of the lodgers," creep down three-pair of stairs, and, at six o'clock, pick her timid way through mud, and cold, and darkness, to the distant "work-room?" Poor, gentle thing!—now, hurrying on, fearing that she is five minutes too late, and now pausing, and creeping into a door-way, to let some staggering drunkard pass, roaring and reeling home. It may be, too, that this little creature was born in the lap of comfort—was the pet, the hope, of a fireside—was the darling of a circle—the child of competence, of luxury. Death, however, has taken her father—the sole prop and stay of a house of plenty; and the widow, after struggling from year to year, has passed from bad to worse; and now, with four children—our little dress-maker's girl the eldest—pines in a three-pair back room, whence, every morning, our young heroine, with a patience and a pensive sweetness—the gifts of early adversity—sallies forth to unremitting toil.

Gentle reader—is this a false picture? Is this a coloured thing, tricked out to cozen sensibility?—the creation of a florid story-writer—the flimsy heroine of a foolish novel? Oh, no! do not think it: at this moment, hundreds upon hundreds of the fairest and the most delicate human buds—of creatures who, born in the regions of May Fair, had been painted, and their portraits scattered through the empire, as very triumphs of "the excelling hand of nature"—work twelve, fourteen, sixteen hours per day—for what? For just enough to prove how very little human nature may exist upon. To proceed.

Our little dress-maker has arrived at the "work-room." After two or three hours, she takes her bread and butter, and warm adulterated water, denominated tea. Breakfast hurriedly over, she works, under the rigid, scrutinizing eye of a task-mistress, some four hours more; and then proceeds to the important work of dinner. A scanty slice of meat—perhaps an egg—is produced from her basket: she dines, and sews again till five. Then comes again the fluid of the morning, and again, the needle until eight. Hark! yes, that's eight now striking. "Thank heaven!" thinks our heroine, as she rises to put by her work, "the task for the day is done!"

At this moment a thundering knock is heard at the door. "The duchess of Daffodils *must* have her robe by four to-morrow,

Again the dressmaker's apprentice is made to take her place—again she resumes her thread and needle: and, perhaps, the clock is "beating one" as she again, jaded and half dead with work, creeps to her lodgings, and goes to bed, still haunted with the thought that as "the work is very back," she must be up by five to-morrow.

Beautiful, and very beautiful, are the dresses at a drawing-room! Surpassingly delightful, as minutely described in the columns of the *Morning Herald* and the *Morning Post!* To the rapt imagination they seem woven of "Iris' woof:" or things manufactured by the Fairy Queen, and her maids of honour: yet may imagination, if it will, see in the trappings the work of penury, of patient suffering, and scantily rewarded toil. How many sighs from modest humble worth have been breathed upon that lace! How much of the heart-ache has gone to the sewing of that flounce! "All the beauty of the kingdom," says the Court Chronicler for the thousandth time, "was at her majesty's drawing-room!" What! all the beauty in brocade, in satins, and in velvets! Is none left for humble gingham—none for homespun stuff? Oh, yes! beauty that has grown pale at midnight, that wealthy beauty might shine with richer lustre the next court-day! Beauty that has pined and withered in a garret, that sister-beauty might be more beautiful in a carriage!

Can there be a more forlorn, more pitiable condition than that of the daily seamstress, growing old and lonely on the wages of her ill-paid craft. Follow her to her room—the topmost nook of some old, gloomy house, in some gloomy court; survey the abode of penury; of penury, striving with a stoutness of heart, of which the world knows nothing, to put a bright face upon want; to smile with patience on the greatest, as on the pettiest privations. This is the dress-maker, long since past her girlhood; the seamstress, no longer out-stared in the street—followed for her beauty—flattered—lied to; tempted with ease and luxury, when her own home offers nothing but indigence and hardest labour. This is not the young, blushing creature, walking in London streets, her path full of pitfalls; the lawful prey of selfish vice—the watched-for prize of mercenary infamy. No; she has escaped all these snares; she has, in the innocence and constancy of her heart, triumphed over the seductions of pleasure; has, "with the wings of a dove," escaped the net spread for her by fiends with the faces of women. She has wasted the light-heartedness of her childhood, and the bloom of her youth, in daily, nightly toil; and arrived at middle age, she is still the working sempstress—the lonely, faded spinster—the human animal vegetating on two shillings per diem. Is not this the fate of thousands in this our glorious metropolis?

Among many of the most annoying trials of life, the trial of a new dress by a wayward, aristocratick customer, or what is infinitely worse, by purse-proud ignorance, is not the least to the poor dress-maker's girl, who may be commissioned to take the garment home. If there be a failing in a flounce, the slightest error in a sleeve, if a cuff be a hair's breadth too broad, or a thread too narrow, down will come a shower of hard words—and that, sometimes from the prettiest, and seemingly the meekest of mouths—about the astounded head of the dress-maker, who with helpless looks for the omission of others, or, what is equally likely, for the forgetfulness or new whim of the lady herself, stands silent and abashed; or flutteringly hesitates an excuse, or promises instant amendment. Such promise, however, for the time, only increases the storm; until the culprit finds that silence is the best defence, and she is at length ordered "to take the thing away," and, if she please, "to throw it on the fire!"

Now, ere we proceed, will all our lady readers put their fair white hands upon their gentle hearts, and, with unblushing faces, declare that never, at any time of their lives, did such a scene as that above described pass between them and the dress-maker; the innocent scape-goat of the faults and the caprice of the employers and the employed? "We pause for a reply."

THE EMPEROUR OF RUSSIA CROSSED IN LOVE.

Madame Krudener lived for some time at Frankfort. She was the ornament of the aristocratick circles. She was gifted with the greatest beauty and the finest mind. M. Krudener saw her, fell desperately in love, and married her. His occupation called him to St. Petersburgh, but foreseeing all the perils to which his beautiful young wife would be exposed at court, he made her take a most fearful oath to ensure her fidelity, and he swore himself, at the same time, that if he ever discovered her playing him a trick he would kill her on the spot. M. and Madame Krudener went to Russia; the moment she appeared at court the czar was struck with this creature with golden hair and a complexion brilliant as the day. The husband was immediately treated with the greatest distinction; he was pushed on in the diplomatick career to which he belonged, and a bright future was opened to him. In the meantime the emperour addressed himself to Madame Krudener, but she nobly resisted the temptation of the love of the greatest and certainly one of the finest men in Europe. He was much affected by her coldness, became melancholy and unhappy, and exhibited all the despair of a young man. The facts soon became publick, and the unrequited passion of the czar for the fair Madame Krudener was a common topick of conversation.

The world was soon after astonished to see Madame Krudener in the train of the empress during the last visit to Germany—it was believed that she had yielded; but such was not the fact, and the emperour continued as miserable as before. Indeed, he disclosed at Munich the secret of his passion and his disappointment; for he was seen at reviews, at the opera, at court, looking languishingly, and sighing, near this lady, and honouring her with the most marked attention; but every one remarked at the same time that the lady received those marks of favour with determined coldness, and that in appearing in the service of the empress, when the emperour was present, she was discharging an unpleasant duty.

Such is love. It is the aristocrat more powerful than the autocrat—it is the sovereign of the emperour.

REASONS FOR RISIBILITY.

"Why do you laugh so much."—*Query in a Ball-room.*

Sweet coz! I'm happy when I can,
I'm merry while I may,
For life's at most a narrow span,
At best a winter's day:
If care could make the sunbeam wear
A brighter, warmer hue,
The evening star shine out more fair,
The blue sky look *more* blue,
Then I should grow a graver man—
But since 'tis not the way,
Sweet coz! I'm happy when I can,
And merry while I may!

If sighs could make us sin the less,
Perchance I were not glad—
If mourning were the sage's dress,
My garb should still be sad.
But since the angel's wings are white,
And even the young saints smile—
Since virtue wears a brow of light,
And vice a robe of guile—
Since laughter is not under ban,
Nor goodness clad in gray—
Sweet coz! I'm happy when I can,
And merry while I may!

I've seen a bishop dance a reel,
And a sinner fast and pray,
A knave at top of fortune's wheel,
And a good man cast away!
Wine have I seen your grave one's quaff,
Might set our feet afloat,
But I never heard a *hearty* laugh
From out a villain's throat;
And I never knew a mirthful man
Make sad a young maid's day—
So, coz! I'm happy when I can,
And merry while I may!

THE PASSAGE BEHIND THE FALLS.

The most orthodox exploit expected of the visiter to Niagara is the "passage under the great sheet of the Horse-shoe Fall;" and, although I have travelled too far to think it necessary to thrust my head into the mouth of every *lion* that yawns by the way-side, yet this lion both yawned so wide and roared so loud, that I considered it due to my cloth to accept the challenge. Accordingly I am just come home with a splitting headache, bloodshot eyes, and sundry rheumatick twinges, gained by the most awful conflict with wind and water that I ever engaged in. Putting myself into the hands of the negro guide, I was turned into a small room, to exchange my own uniform for one resembling, I should imagine, that of Neptune's merman guards, namely, a suit of green oil-cloth armour, fitting me like a sentry-box. In the same character two Prussians, with teeth chattering, were pouring forth, as they dressed, a volume of guttural congratulations on their respective performances in nature's great shower-bath. Having completed my disguise, I followed my Atlantean guide; and, pursuing his footsteps down the cork-screw and courage-screwing stair, that leads down the face of the cliff, fancied myself Aladdin led by his gigantick Genius.

The prospect from the little path leading over the shattered crags of the foot of the Great Crescent—to whose tender mercies I was shortly to commit myself—is glorious beyond conception; and I felt the same desire to linger there as one has to admire the paintings in the ante-room of a dentist; my Ethiopian cicerone, however, dragged me forward through a shower of sulphur-smelling drippings from the rocks above, and in a moment I found myself blinded, buffeted, and breathless, in the midst of a hurly-burly of wind and water that defies description. "Look up!" cried my guide, during a momentary lull; and for one instant I distinctly saw the grand vault of over-arching water shooting from the impending rock, and passing me in its descent at the full distance of thirty paces. Presto! came an avalanche of water which knocked my hat down to my chin, followed by a hurricane of wind and spray from below that blew it off, and left me gasping like a dying tench! In the midst of my tribulation, I remembered the superb-minded couple who added trifold awe to the awful ceremony of wedlock by having it performed on the "Table Rock;" and I thought that they could not find a fitter font for the baptism of their first-born than the spot where I then stood: the lady-mother would not have far to look for a wetnurse!

Having remained about five minutes at "Termination Rock," (the *ultima thule* of human footsteps, one hundred and fifty-three feet from the mouth,) in vain hopes of another glimpse through the continual cloud of mist, I beat a willing retreat, delighted to "*revocare gradum*" from that "hell of waters." Had there been a dozen Eurydices at my heels, I should not have lost one of them—for I never once looked behind me! On my way out I inquired for the spot where an ambitious traveller, named Egerton, passed, according to his own account, two whole days in engraving his name on the rock beneath the sheet of water. It is already utterly obliterated!—such is fame! His humble servant is perhaps now giving his name a better chance of immortality than all his own efforts have accomplished! As for me, I would rather drop into my grave, "unhonoured and unsung," than purchase distinction at such a price.

I can hardly understand how ladies can undergo the above awful ordeal—yet the names of many fair visitants to "Termination Rock" are recorded on the books. My gigantick guide seems proud of his guardianship of so many pretty charges. He told me that yesterday he had escorted a young Spanish lady "under the sheet," and that she was very nervous. I thought of Othello, as I looked in his sable face, and was not surprised at the maiden's alarm!

The indignant pointer.—A gentleman was visited by one that was as fond of the sport as he who could do better; off they started on a September morn with one of the best of the kennel; the dog, nothing loth, ranged, quickly found, and stood steady; up walks the gunner—bang! bang! away the birds flew; the dog gave an insignificant look at his companion, as much as to say, "You must mend this." Again, and again, with no better effect than the first, the dog watching the flight of the covey till out of sight. He then gave the gentleman a most expressive look of contempt, and trotted home to his master.

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

English and French beauty.—Let me pause a moment to recover my breath, and I shall give you my final opinion of the beauty of English women. They are the only women in the world who can venture to show their faces in daylight! Let this be said without any undue qualification of my homage for foreign beauty in general, and French beauty in particular.

"Quoi!—Neron est-il amoureux?
Depuis un moment; mais pour toute ma vie,
J'aime (que dis-je aimer?) jidolatre Junie."

But it was made for the light of chandeliers. Its poignancy, like gunpowder, sleeps until it is touched by flame. It is a fine picture, but the picture requires to be placed in the right position, to be shaded by draperies, and coloured by contrast, and a hundred other ingenuities, which amply exercise the taste and talents of the possessor. In fact, its finest effect is like every other fine thing in our country—it is theatrical. The scene must not be approached *too* near, nor glared on with too much light, nor dimmed with too little—but the lamps are essential, and then we have nothing to do but to gaze, and be——undone.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

"Penny-a-line" pathos.—A paragraph struck our eye in Wednesday's Morning Cronicle. It was headed in startling capitals, awful death. All death is awful, but when a penny-a-liner thinks it necessary to prefer the epithet, and put two words into capitals, it must be awful indeed! The paragraph proceeded thus:—"Mr. Morgan Long, Ironmonger of Dowlais, died last week while in the act"—Now then, thought we, for something awful. What could have been the *awful* act Mr. Morgan Long was engaged in? We had already allowed the runnet of horrour to turn our blood into the curds and whey of chilly terrour, when we proceeded with the paragraph, which ended thus—"while in the act of *smoking his pipe.*" What a wretched denouement! We expected he had been cutting off three of his children's heads, and was in *the act of* playing at foot-ball with that of the youngest. But "*smoking his pipe*"—the thing is so disgustingly commonplace, that the penny-a liner ought to be expelled from the race, which he has degraded by his unworthiness.—*Spectator.*

Rubini.—Deep pathos is a grand characteristick of this celebrated singer; his thrilling accents pierce the very soul. An habitual melancholy expression of countenance renders his affecting passages doubly touching. As a natural result, Rubini's *forte* is not the gay and *bruyante* musick which distinguishes "Guillaume Tell." It is the more pensive genius of Bellini that has developed the wonderful powers of this artist to their fullest extent. Among the various operas of this master, in which Rubini appears, my individual judgment would prompt me to select "La Somnambula," as one affording him the completest triumph. It is here, as the heart-broken lover of Amina, that Rubini infuses his very soul into the passionate musick of the piece. His manner of rendering the beautiful aria, "Ah! perche non posso odiarti?" (False one, I love thee still,) is indescribably touching. So perfectly is he master of the musick, that the difficulty of the piece—sufficient in itself to engross the attention of the *mediocre* singer to the great prejudice of effect, is with him no greater obstacle to the full and entire expression of it, than would be the ordinary tones of the human voice, as employed in ordinary conversation. Rubini is, unquestionably, the only tenour in Europe who can do full justice to the exquisite melody and soul-stirring pathos of this beautiful air.

Mozart and beethoven.—Mozart struggled all his life with difficulties, and was obliged to toil incessantly, not for fame, but for his daily bread. His widow was saved from destitution by her second marriage with a respectable man, who became, too, a father to her dead husband's children. His sister, the celebrated girl who shared the triumphs of his childhood, and whose name is for ever associated with his memory, died a few years ago in old age and such extreme penury that she was obliged to be supported by charity. Beethoven lived unpatronized by the great and neglected by the publick, barely able to subsist by a life of labour and parsimony, unknown and unheeded among his countrymen, even while his great name was resounding through Europe; and all because his transcendent genius was not accompanied by the suppleness of the courtier and the arts of the man of the world. Let our musicians think a little on these things before they join in the common cry against their own country, and repine that "their lot was not cast in the pleasant places" of Germany.

Western wit.—We don't know the reason for it, but certainly it appears to be a fact, that persons prize an occupation in proportion to the fancied ease which it will admit. Of this class is an old woman, whom I met in my travels. We had been busy during the day running a line through a dense piece of woodland. The old woman gazed on us for some time in silence. We all saw that she wanted to enter into conversation; and none, with the exception of myself, wished to gratify her. I soon commenced a dialogue on various subjects and things, and, as a matter of course, I put "*my best leg foremost.*" Struck with my language, she exclaimed, in a tone quite flattering to my vanity, "La, how larned you are." But the compliment received a death-blow. "If I was as high-larned a scholar as you," continued she, "I'd quit injineerin' and go to keepin' a little grocery!"

THE BALL OF ABERGAVENNY.

"The Bell was at the Angel."—*Gazette and Guardian.*

"The Ball was at the Angel"—true:
Oh how these words recall,
The first in grace and beauty too,—
The Angel at the Ball!—*The Borderer.*

A gentle hint.—"Your hand annoys me exceedingly," said the prince of La Roche Suryon to a talkative person who was sitting near him at dinner, and who was constantly suiting the action to the word. "Indeed, my lord," replied the gabbler, we are so extremely crowded together that I do not know where to put my hand." "Put it on your mouth," said the prince.

Wellerism.—That's vat I calls a strong inducement to go round, as the man said yesterday ven he came to a mud puddle so deep he couldn't get over without swimming.

Genius.—"I know of no such thing as genius," said Hogarth to Mr. Gilbert Cooper; "genius is nothing but labour and diligence."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The beautiful translations of "S. D." from La Fontaine, shall have a place in our next. We hope the translator will carry out his (?) design.—"The Unknown Beauty, or the Maid with the Velvet Spencer," *evinces talent in the writer, but his extravagancies remind us of the wild, confused conceits of the poets of Cowley's time. Who would think of comparing his lady's eyes to "two argent orbs of joy, set in a canopy of chaos?" And yet we are unwilling to throw aside these stanzas. There is a grace and beauty about some of them which would redeem whole pages of trash.—The pretty lines to the* Nautilus *shall assuredly appear. The French contributions of "P." only fell under our observation a day or two since. We will with pleasure transfer some of them to our columns. The other promised contributions will be welcome.*—"Summer Twilight" *is fanciful; but the writer must study the rules of versification.—We must decline the contributions of "T. Y.," "Sa-orun," "Pindus," and "Hazutt, jr."*

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1839.

The fashion of hoops revived.—The antiquated fashion of wearing hoops has, it is said, been revived among the ladies of Paris; and the wardrobes of our grandmothers are again likely to become of service. We find the following pathetick expostulation upon the subject in the London Court Journal, addressed to the ladies of England:—"Ladies of England! the ladies of Paris are wearing hoops. Absolutely, the unapproachable, the figure-annihilating, the imprisoning hoop, is revived among the ladies of the most "tasteful country in the world," and bids fair to fall at last into very general use. But, ladies of England, we pray you, devoutly, not to follow their example. Do not, like them, determine upon walking about in immense hat boxes—do not fetter the cheerful boundings to which your happy hearts prompt you by any such personal fortress, by any such a "walling-in" of your fair and aerial forms. We are not, we respectfully assure you, in the very least desirous to do away with all the restrictions which fashion may place upon individual taste—we should groan only five times if we heard that you were going to revive high-heeled shoes, only ten times if we were informed that you had all resolved to wear patches—but the state into which we should fall, of despondency and despair, if you were again to *think* even of hoops, much less to *get into them*, might give rise to the most alarming consequences—consequences which it might benevolently please you to lament. The attempt has been made, in a Morning Paper, to disarm you of immediate objection by intimating that the new Parisian hoops are "neither so large nor so heavy as those worn in former times by our grandmothers." But this is only what has been called a "weak invention of the enemy." They may, it is true, be small and light, so is a pepper-box, but how they can "give much elegance to the female shape," when the very nature of a hoop is utterly to destroy the shape, it is difficult to imagine. In fact, we are convinced that the hoop can do no such thing; at all events, that it cannot add elegance to the figures of Englishwomen; and we do not believe that the figures of our fair continental neighbours at all deserve to have so great an insult paid them as is implied by the observation that anything so unnecessary, so absurd, so out of keeping, as a hoop, can enhance the symmetry of the personal aspect of Frenchwomen. Ladies, of whatever nation, are unimprovable—no art can increase the beauty of a woman's form, and the adoption of *any* piece of attire which her sweet modesty and exquisite taste does not deem necessary is an injustice to herself, to which the capricious admiration of the other sex should neither tempt nor force her. So much, or rather *little*, at present We do not fear that we shall be called upon for any further observations on this point, although we shall deem it our duty to do so if Parisian bad taste gets its *circulars* sent over for the patronage of the ladies of England."

Grace Horsley Darling.—Such is the mellifluous name of the daughter of a light-house keeper on the coast of Scotland, who has recently been an object of much interest. With the aid of her father, and at the hazard of her own life, she succeeded in rescuing nine persons from the wreck of the steamboat Forfarshire. Grace Darling has in consequence been the heroine of the season. The different humane societies of Great Britain have presented her with medals and silver cups innumerable. Five pound notes have been sent from all quarters, begging a lock of her hair. A fine brig launched at Perth has been named after her. Her likeness, finely engraved, together with the likenesses of her father and mother, have appeared in all the print-shops; and if notoriety can turn the poor girl's head, she is in a fair way of being spoiled. Our last accounts from London inform us, that a new drama, entitled *The Wreck of the Sea, or the Fern Light*, intended to represent the heroism of Grace Darling, had been produced at the Adelphi theatre, with success. The drama opens with a view of the port of Haller; *Grace Darling* is addressed by *Captain Barton*, whose suit she rejects, being already betrothed to *Stannion*, mate of an Indiaman, daily expected in England. Her father, the keeper of Fern Light-house, descries the approach of a storm, and he and his daughter reach it to make preparations for the coming gale. The storm rises, and they resolve to extend what aid they can to the crew of a vessel which is making for the shore and firing minute guns of distress In the second act the cabin of a steamer is represented on the stage—the storm has arisen—two of the crew, *Deadlight* and *Gorton*, have resolved in the confusion to plunder the passengers, but are resisted by *Stannion;* a combat ensues, and in the meantime the storm increases to a hurricane. The next scene represents the deck of the vessel, and all is horrour and confusion. The spectators are then presented with a view of the exterior of the light-house, near which *Grace Darling* appears on a rock anxiously looking out upon the dreadful scene before her *Deadlight* swims ashore, and has in his struggle on board the vessel obtained a miniature from *Stannion*, which turns out to be a likeness of *Grace Darling*, and which, to prevent any discovery of his villany, he throws into the sea, but falling short of the waves, is picked up by herself. He makes a struggle to recover it, and in doing so falls over a rock and is drowned. *Grace* and her father, after in vain exhorting the fishermen to follow them, take to their boat, and the whole stage is then made to represent the ocean in a state of most violent agitation. *Grace* and *Old Darling* are seen in their boat—they reach the vessel and save the crew, and the curtain falls.

Estimate of women among the Arabs.—We learn from the journal of a recent traveller, that the wickedness of women is a subject upon which the stronger sex among the Arabs, with an affected feeling of superiour virtue, often dwell in common conversation. That women are deficient in judgment or good sense is held as a fact not to be disputed even by themselves, as it rests on an assertion of the Prophet; but that they possess a superiour degree of cunning, is pronounced equally certain and notorious Their general depravity is pronounced to be much greater than that of men. "I stood," said the Prophet, "at the gate of Paradise and lo, most of its inmates were the poor: and I stood at the gates of Hell; and lo, most of its inmates were women." In allusion to women, the Khaleefeh 'Omar said, "Consult them, and do the contrary of what they advise." But this is not to be done merely for the sake of opposing them; nor when other advice can be had. "It is desirable for a man," says a learned Imám, "before he enters upon any important undertaking, to consult ten intelligent persons among his particular friends; or, if he have not more than five such friends, let him consult each of them twice; or if he have not more than one friend, he should consult him ten times, at ten different visits; if he have not one to consult, let him return to his wife, and consult her; and whatever she advises him to do, let him do the contrary: so shall he proceed rightly in his affair, and attain his object." A truly virtuous wife is, of course, excepted in this rule such a person is as much respected by Muslims as she is (at least, according to their own account) rarely met with by them.

A young husband.—This is the name of a work by Dr. Alcott, recently published by George W. Light. The Boston Mercantile Journal tells a good story in connexion with the title. A lovely young damsel, with health blooming on her cheek, and hope sparkling in her eye, stepped into a bookselling establishment a day or two since, and addressing a handsome clerk behind the counter, said, "I will thank you for a 'Young Husband,' sir!" meaning, of course, Dr. Alcott's late work The clerk gazed for a moment on the vision of loveliness which appeared before him—then, laying his hand on his heart—making a low bow—he gallantly replied, "If you wish for a young husband, *I* am at your service, Miss." The poor girl's blushes betrayed her confusion at this unexpected reply—but she damped the ardour and hopes of the youthful aspirant to her hand, by stammering out—"I—I—I— want one for my—my—my *brother*, sir."

Theatrical.—The benefit of Miss Alexina Fisher will take place at the Park on Tuesday next. She is a delightful and highly "talented" actress, and we trust that the house will be crowded on the occasion. Shall we not be gratified with a sight of our old favourite, Thayer, on that evening? We perceive by the bills of the Franklin that he is in the city, and we should really like to see him once more on the boards of the Park

Bowery theatre.—It is definitely determined, we believe, that this structure is to be rebuilt under the superintendence of Mr. Hamblin, and that it will continue under his management. A more competent and experienced manager could not be found. His recent engagement at the National theatre must have been as satisfactory to himself as it was gratifying to the publick.

Distinguished visitors.—We learn from good authority that Sergeant Talfourd, the distinguished author of "Ion," contemplates a visit to the United States during his next summer vacation. A visit may also be expected from Lord Brougham. A generous welcome will await them.

La Gazza Ladra.—The adaptation of this beautiful opera—Rossini's *chef-d'œuvre*—at the Park, is very ingeniously done, and has been received with great favour by the publick. Mr. Hughes, the leader of the orchestral corps of the Park, is entitled to the credit of the adaptation.

On dits.—Wallack has purchased Willis's new comedy, "Dying for him," and is to produce it next autumn.

Mr. Dunlap's History of New-York has been put to press, and will be published in September next.

The artists are making preparation for a very brilliant exhibition of paintings in the month of May next Mr. Durand, encouraged by the sale of his two beautiful landscapes, lately exhibited at the Stuyvesant Institute, has several others in preparation for the spring exhibition.

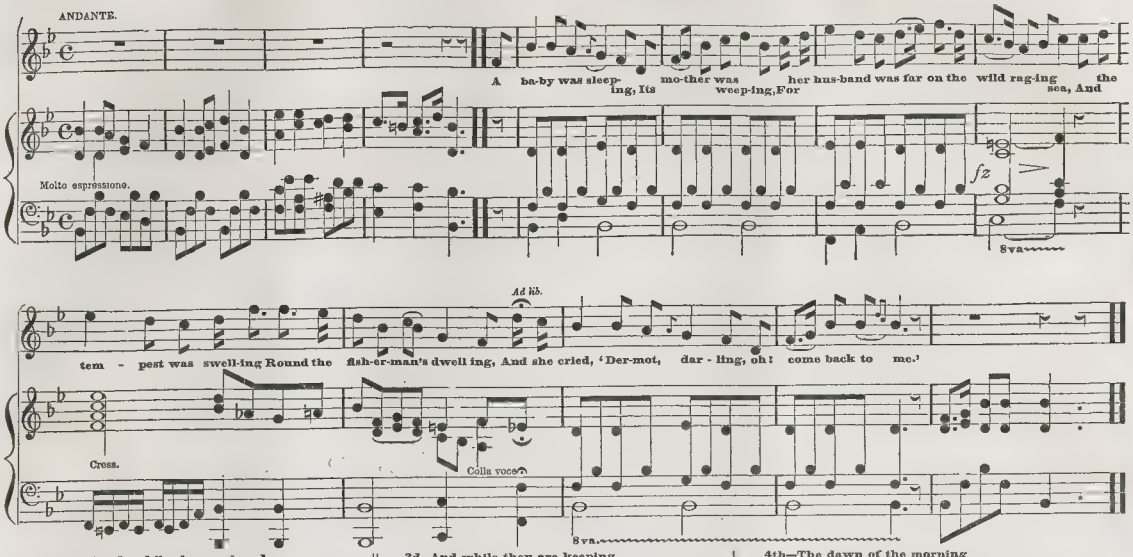
Chapman is engraving a head of Peter Stuyvesant; Paradise a head of Washington; and Durand the head of the author, for the History of the State of New-York

Mr. Paulding, the Secretary of the Navy, is said to be the author of the exquisite little volume entitled "A Gift from Fairy Land." The etchings, which are beautifully executed, are by Chapman. Many thousand copies of this work should be sold, for it is one of the most delightful books for children ever issued from the press of this or any other country.

Washington Irving is engaged on a new work, we understand, for Messrs. Lea and Blanchard

THE ANGELS' WHISPER.

AN ADMIRED BALLAD—WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY SAMUEL LOVER.—PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.



2d—Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumber'd,
And smil'd in her face as she bended her knee;
'Oh! bless'd be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee.'

3d—And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh! pray to them softly, my baby, with me;
And say thou wouldst rather
They'd watch o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

4th—The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,
And closely caressing
Her child, with a blessing,
Said, 'I knew that the angels were whispering with thee.'

THE FINE ARTS.

New prints.—"*Left leg foremost.*" Painted by R. Farrier, and drawn on stone by T. Fairland. This print represents a veteran shouldering a broom, with his wooden substitute for a leg stretched out, teaching a young laughing urchin by his side how battles are won and lost. The boy is beating a mimick drum, and is entering into the "pomp and circumstance of war" with equal enthusiasm of his preceptor. A pipe in the unoccupied hand of the merry old fellow, and a glass and pitcher upon the top of a water-butt, are almost conclusive proofs of his not belonging to the temperance society. In the back-ground there is a female with a child in her arms looking on the scene, from a cottage window, with the smile of a mother playing upon her lips. Altogether this is one of the most interesting productions of the kind we ever saw.—"*The Ruined Gamester.*" An awful title, but not so direful upon examination. A boy with melancholy visage, leaning against a wall, is looking at three playmates interested in a game of marbles. He has evidently staked his all, stood the hazard of the die, and is meeting the chances of fortune with frowns. This is painted by C. A. Duval, and exquisitely engraved by G. H. Every.—"*The Blind Beggarman.*" Here an object of charity is represented in the most glowing colours. An old man, upon whom the sun shines or not to him is equally the same. His eyes no longer perform their allotted office; but day and night admit only the same sad darkness. His hat is meekly held in hand for the reception of pity's kind offerings, showing a venerable head, over which many chilling frosts have swept, leaving a few scant locks rivalling even winter's snows. No one could look at this print without a feeling of sympathy for "the blind beggarman." These beautiful engravings are to be had of Davis and Horn, No. 411 Broadway.

Musical instruments.—While enjoying the delights of a fine concert, it is usual to dwell on the masterly composition, the sweetness of the air, or the fine execution, yet it never occurs to us to praise the quality of the instrument. This is an oversight of more importance than at first sight would be considered; for it must be evident that, however refined the taste of the composer and of the performer, however delightful the strains as they stand upon the score, yet, without a sufficient instrument for their expression, it is utterly impossible to render adequate justice to beautiful ideas. This is well known to the professor of musick, and hence the exceeding care with which he selects the medium through which he purposes to display his talents before the publick. The violinist, the flutist—the professor, in short, of any instrument of a portable nature—has generally a favourite or pet article on which he plays his obligato. It is not always so, however, with the pianist—that instrument is unwieldy; and a favourite, when once placed in his apartment, is seldom allowed to be moved. He, therefore, has recourse to a maker, and we may fairly judge of the general skill of the manufacturer by the frequency with which his instruments are used for such occasions. Viewed in this light, we cannot but remark on the almost general demand that is made by professors for the pianofortes of Stodart, Worcester, and Dunham, of our city. It is rare that we hear the sound of any other in our concert-rooms; and, certainly, the brilliancy of their tones and their sound quality justly entitles them to this pre-eminence. We have more than once observed the remarks of a reputed contemporary on this subject, in which we have always acquiesced; but the effects at a concert, lately given at the Apollo Saloon, by Mr. W. A. King, impel us to give utterance to the admiration we sincerely felt on hearing the fine specimen of manufacture then brought forward; and we take pleasure in recommending the instruments of Messrs. Stodart, Worcester and Dunham, to all who, being admirers of musick, are desirous of cultivating good taste and beauty of tone in its execution.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"The far west, or a tour beyond the mountains."—We are gratified to find that this admirable work, from the pen of our esteemed countryman, Flagg, of Louisville, receives the commendation of the criticks far and near. The book is a good book, and deserves the praise it receives. Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, (himself one of the most singularly-gifted of our native writers,) pronounces Mr. Flagg's book the best that has ever been published on the subject of which it treats—and Prentice's word has all the sanction of law authority with a great majority of those who read, and, what is more, purchase American works. The Harpers are preparing for a second edition. This is all as it should be.

"The american traveller."—This well-conducted journal deserves more than a passing notice at our hands. It is full of spirit and energy, and sustains a character for independence and spirit that is highly commendable. It is one of the exchange papers we open and read with pleasure. It has a circulation equal to that of any periodical in the country, for it contains useful and interesting information for all who travel by steamboat, car or stage. The editor, Royal L. Porter, Esq., is a flowing, easy, graceful, caustick writer, and possesses that tact for editing a publick journal, without which talent, even though of a higher order, is unavailable. In the conduct of a newspaper, there is nothing like your practical man, when, as in the present instance, he combines high intellectual attainments, a ready fancy and sparkling humour. We are happy to perceive that in addition to the semi-weekly, Mr. Porter has issued the *Weekly Traveller*, on a sheet of the same size, to contain all the tales, poetry, news, miscellany, editorial matter, legislative and congressional proceedings, prices current, shipping and commercial proceedings, in short, everything furnished by the semi-weekly, that can interest families in town and country. When we consider that it is issued at the exceedingly low sum of two dollars and fifty cents per annum, we are sure that it will have an unprecedented subscription list. At all events, we hope it may.

"The amaranth."—This is the title of the best English annual of the season. It is edited by Mr. T. K. Hervey, one of the most graceful and original of modern English poets. The Amaranth contains contributions from Sheridan Knowles, E. M. Fitzgerald, Caroline Bowles, Jerrold, Poole, and other well-known writers.

"The hesperian; or western monthly magazine." Such is the title of one of the best magazines in the country. It is published in Columbus, Ohio, and edited by William D. Gallagher.

"Republication of foreign reviews and magazines."—The valuable periodicals published by Mrs. Lewer, continue to be issued in a good style, and with remarkable punctuality. We are glad to learn that the enterprise has proved completely successful. "Bentley's Miscellany," for December, is as usual rich in entertaining matter.

MISCELLANY.

Compliments.—One of the most flattering compliments Frederick of Prussia ever paid, was that which he addressed to the celebrated General Laudohn, at the time of his intimacy with the emperour at the camp of Neiss. After they had discoursed for about an hour, the two monarchs sat down to dinner, with the princes and general officers in their train. Marshal Laudohn, who had been invited among the rest, was about to seat himself at the bottom of the table, but the king bade him come and sit by him, saying, "Come here, General Laudohn; I have always wished to see you by my side, instead of fronting me."

Friendship.—When the late king of Denmark was in England, he very frequently honoured Sir Thomas Robinson with his company, though the knight spoke French in a very imperfect manner, and the king had scarcely any knowledge of English. One day, when Sir Thomas was in company with the late Lord Chesterfield, he boasted much of his intimacy with the king, and added "that he believed the monarch had a greater friendship for him than any man in England." "How report lies," exclaimed Lord Chesterfield; "I heard no later than this day, that you never met, but a great deal of bad language passed between you."

A sarcastick reply.—A lady at Vienna having somewhat rudely remarked to Mr. Ward that it was strange that all the best society spoke French as well as German, while the English scarcely spoke French at all, or spoke it ill, Ward answered, that the English must be excused for their want of practice, as the French army had not been twice to London to teach them, as they had to Vienna.

Musical bon mot.—A gentleman at a musical party where the lady was very particular not to have the concord of sweet sounds interrupted, was freezing under the performance of a long concerted piece, and seeing that the fire was going out, asked a friend in a whisper, "How he should stir the fire without interrupting the musick?" "Between the *bars*," replied the friend.

Human happiness.—"I have lived," said the indefatigable Dr. Clarke, "to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of 'too many irons in the fire,' conveys an abominable falsehood; you cannot have too many—poker, tongs, and all, keep them all going." Daily experience, we are bound to say, verifies the remarks of the learned doctor.

"Felo de se."—A person having wilfully put an end to his life, by drowning in a canal, the coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Felo de se." Upon hearing it, a Frenchman exclaimed, how can that be, for he "Fell in de cut."

Out of the way.—"Send them all to ——," exclaimed a sacrilegious ruffian, speaking of some paupers. "Better send us to heaven, your honour, we shall be more out of your way there," replied one of them.

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ORIGINAL TALES.

THE ENGAGED LADY.

BY SOLOMON SOLUS, ESQ.

"WELL, well, I am glad you like Miss Clayton, she is certainly a very pretty girl for one so inexperienced; but, George, beware; don't fall in love—she's engaged!"

"Engaged!"

"Yes, sir, she's *engaged*; you seem to think it very strange!"

"Oh, not in the least, madam; she's surely *very engaging*!"

"It is queer you haven't heard of her engagement before—it's quite the common talk—I thought everybody knew it."

"Never a word before, I assure you—but, pray, to whom is she engaged?"

"O—to a gentleman!"

"To a gentleman, of course—whoever heard of a marriage contract between two ladies! To a gentleman, indeed! but I should like to know his name."

"Pretty well! Mr. Hubert, if you are not *engaged*, I'm mistaken—I fear my advice is quite thrown away!"

"Never mind the advice—the gentleman!"

"Why, sir, I believe he lives in Virginia."

"And the name?"

"Why, really, Mr. Hubert, you seem very much interested—but, to tell you the truth, I haven't learned his name."

The last speaker was a maiden lady of some——I was about to mention her age; but I have the worst memory in the world for dates, and I am afraid I shall not give it correctly. It would be of no use to consult the family Bible—she tore the record out long ago. But, if I am not very much mistaken, she was aged—I have not finished the sentence—she was aged about ——. In short, gentle reader, Miss Polly Nipkins was a maiden lady, who could not rationally look to *the future* for her thirtieth birthday.

Although I am by no means free from the common antipathy to "old maids," I am inclined to be very tolerant of all such as are single against their own inclinations, since it were the height of injustice to make necessity a matter of reproach. If Miss Nipkins was an old maid, it was not entirely her own fault. If she never married, it was not because she *woo'd* not. Unlike many in her situation, she could not be censured for having refused a score of good offers—she never had any. If, indeed, any gentleman was ever likely to be ensnared by her craft, it always happened that he "broke from her enclosure," upon further acquaintance. I am unable to account for her ill-success on any other ground than that of her ill-nature, which was well-nigh proverbial. With all the advantages afforded by a good education, respectable rank, and a tolerable person; her disposition, which was jealous, envious and mischief-making, rendered her the bane of society, and the constant source of unhappiness to herself.

It is painful to state, what is true nevertheless, that human nature is very nearly the same in women as in men, and that even the *fair* are capable of the most *unfair* proceedings. It was the uniform policy of Polly Nipkins, in the process of a courtship, (that's the best word I can find,) elegantly to disparage every young lady of her acquaintance, whom she thought at all in her way; either to advance her own interest in the affair, or, in the event of a failure, to render the case of her lady-friends as hopeless as her own.

Having made the reader sufficiently acquainted with one of our colloquists, we will proceed to a brief description of the other.

George Hubert was a young man of twenty-two—I knew him well at college—handsome, talented and genteel, and every way a fine fellow. At the time of our story, he was residing in Fairfield, Connecticut; where he had arrived a few months before, for the purpose of completing, in the office of a respectable attorney at that place, the last year of his legal study preparatory to an admission to the bar. He was already a decided favourite of Miss Polly Nipkins, of whom he knew very little, and decidedly in love with Miss Sarah Clayton, of whom he wished to know more. Miss Clayton, like himself, was a "resident stranger." Early in May, she had left her home in Virginia, to spend the remaining months of summer at the residence of a wealthy uncle, in the cooler climate of New-England. Possessing an uncommon degree of personal beauty, high conversational endowments, and withal a gentle and affectionate disposition, Sarah Clayton was eminently qualified to be admired and beloved. Still, she was too bright a mark to escape the shafts of envy; and more than once, in the lapse of eighteen summers, had she been made to wish she were less attractive. George Hubert had met her but twice, when, much to his amazement, he was fast losing a heart which, up to that time, had been entirely his own. Like every incipient lover, he found himself on enchanted ground, enchained by a spell equally mysterious and delightful. Such were the feelings of Mr. George Hubert, when Miss Polly Nipkins told him that Miss Clayton was "engaged!"

"Engaged!" exclaimed George, as soon as he had escaped from the presence of Miss Nipkins, "engaged! it is impossible!"

But reflection soon told him it was by no means impossible for a pretty girl of eighteen to be engaged; in fact, it was one of the most natural things in the world. And then, everybody said Miss Clayton was engaged—at least, Miss Nipkins said "everybody said so;" "it was quite common talk"—and why should he doubt that Miss Nipkins told the truth? But George was too deeply interested to let the matter rest here. He resolved to make farther inquiry, and, *if* she was *not* engaged—well, what then? Perhaps she would choose to remain so! No matter! He was determined to know the truth, however unpleasant. His investigations were pursued with as much delicacy and skill as he was master of—the result was most unpropitious. She was engaged! To be sure, some of the young ladies had only heard the story, and could not vouch for its correctness. But others knew it to be true—there was no chance for a mistake. The gentleman was a dashing young merchant in Virginia, who sent Miss Clayton a letter every week. So said Miss Nipkins, and so said the postmaster's two daughters.

Do not say, gentle reader, that Mr. George Hubert should have gone directly to the lady herself to learn whether she was unengaged. Perhaps he would have done so upon more mature acquaintance—*perhaps he did*. As it was, Mr. Hubert was not in the least disposed to ask a question, which would probably be answered to his mortification. Besides, he had no reason to suppose that the lady regarded him in any other light than that of a common acquaintance. Although George had neither the assurance, nor the disposition to "pop the question" directly, he occasionally rallied the lady about her "beau in Virginia." Miss Clayton, however, was a lady of too much refinement to take great pains to prove that she was unengaged; or, to assert the opposite, whichever was true; and hence treated the subject with mirth or indifference. Yet, hopeless as he deemed his case, and deeply as he felt the folly and danger of cultivating a passion for an "engaged lady," George could not deny himself the pleasure of her society. Chance and design brought him frequently into her presence, until at length the stranger was lost in the friend, and formal urbanity gave place to mutual kindness and esteem.

Thus passed a few weeks, when, with the recurrence of autumn, Miss Clayton received a request from her parents to return to her home in Virginia. She immediately prepared to obey the parental injunction, and, to the exceeding regret of Mr. George Hubert, and to the unspeakable joy of Miss Polly Nipkins, the ensuing week witnessed her departure. I believe it to be a pretty general truth, that, in any place, the amount of attention paid to each individual is inversely proportional to the number of inhabitants.

Accordingly, in every small village a recent arrival or departure seldom fails to create "quite a sensation," and furnish material for a fortnight's gossip. Miss Clayton had no reason to complain of neglect. When she arrived in Fairfield, the busy-bodies of her own sex assured *each other* she had *come to get* married! Now she had gone, they assured *the publick* she had *gone to be* married! No one had more to say about it than Miss Polly Nipkins.

"Well, Mr. Hubert, Miss Clayton has left us—I am sure we shall miss her very much—I am really *quite attached* to her."

"So am I," replied George, looking as if he meant more than Miss Nipkins could possibly understand.

"Quite a confessior, truly! you must be very disconsolate."

"Not at all!"

"But, do you know what took Miss Clayton home in such a hurry?"

"Humph!—a stage-coach, I suppose."

"Come, no joking—don't you think she's gone home to be married?"

"I don't doubt it."

"And yet you would hardly believe she was 'engaged!'"

"I know it."

"Well, you *now* believe she's engaged?"

"Yes, I believe she's *engaged now*."

The sentence was ambiguous—and Miss Nipkins didn't notice the emphasis. She continued:—"Well, it's queer enough, we never could learn the gentleman's name."

"I can tell you."

"Ah!—indeed! who is it?"

"George Hubert!"

"You don't mean *yourself*?"

"Myself—exactly! why not?"

"But I really thought—"

"I very much doubt it."

"But the *letters* you know—"

"Were from her *brother*—and you knew it too!"

"Allow me to beg—"

"I haven't a cent to spare!"

Here Miss Nipkins compressed her lips into the shape of a pair of shoemaker's pinchers inverted—trotted her foot with great rapidity, and looked like the most ill-used lady in existence!

"Madam," said Hubert, rising and taking his hat, "madam! accept from me a maxim, which I offer in the utmost sincerity and kindness—repeat it to every young lady of your acquaintance: as you regard your own reputation, and the reputation and happiness of your sex, *never report a young lady to be engaged, till you know it to be true.*

About two years after Miss Clayton's return to Virginia, I received the following note:

"DEAR SIR—I am to be married to-morrow!—you must be present by all means. We shall need your assistance. Miss Clayton would undoubtedly be happy to insert a word to her old friend, but just at this moment she is engaged. Yours, in haste, GEORGE HUBERT."

To SOLOMON SOLUS, *Esq.*

GAIETIES AND GRAVITIES.

MORNING CALLS.

"The carriage is at the door," said Lady Codrington to her daughter; "where shall we call this morning? at the Irvings?"

"What!" returned Claudia, who thought every moment wasted in which she was not exciting the admiration of the Lord Williams and Lord Alfreds of Park-place and Belgrave-square; "to be bored with a repetition of coughs and colds, and conundrums, how they were caught?"

"Well, then, the Grahams? We have not visited them for an age?"

"And what's more, mamma, I don't intend. I have no time to work for charity bazaars, and no money for charitable subscriptions."

"I promised Lady Glendinning," said the fair Claudia's mamma, "a call before we left town."

"I'd rather be a thousand times than go there, to hear her retail her visits to Devonshire-house; how well the duke looked; how kindly the duke behaved; how attentive the duke was to her fright of a daughter; and how——But I'm determined I won't call there, mamma."

"Mrs. Clifford, then?"

"Really," replied the acquiescent daughter, "all you propose are positively insufferable. Mrs. Clifford, indeed, with her pittance of pin-money!"

"She married for love."

"Married for nonsense! That's no reason why we are to be bored for patterns of gowns, caps, and bonnets, which she is too poor to have direct from Paris."

"Really, Claudia, you are too severe."

"Really, mamma, you are too yielding. I declare, before I had worn the hat three times which Lord Alfred admired so much, the pattern had been exhibited to all the hundred cousins, in the hundredth degree, of her plebeian husband. We positively must cut them!"

"You know, my dear, that Mr. Clifford's father is very rich and very old, and Mr. Clifford will inherit all his money."

"Yes," returned Claudia, who began to lose her temper at the list of "ineligibles" which were presented to her view; "and I know, too, that rich relations never die. There's my godmother, Lady Stepney, as old as Methuselah, and as active as a boyden of fifteen!"

"My dear Claudia," exclaimed Lady Codrington, "how very lucky you have mentioned her. It never occurred to me that we owe a call to that excessively unpleasant person."

"Yes! I suppose we must go there, if we wish to be remembered in her will," replied the young lady, reluctantly.

"But I thought," said mamma, quizzingly, "you had no time to work for charity bazaars, and she is sure to ask you."

"*Cela est different*," smiled Claudia.

"And no money for charitable subscriptions, and she is sure to beg of you—*apropos* of money, my dear child, you must not be so extravagant; your Paris milliner's bill was enormous!"

"Papa can afford it."

"But papa says he has lost so much at Brookes' this year, and there are such heavy complaints from his country estates, that he cannot afford it."

"I'm sure," returned the young lady with dignity, "I can't dress less than I do now. Lady Jane Harwood's bill was double the amount of mine."

"Lady Jane can afford it: but now for your odious godmother."

To Lady Stepney's the carriage drove, while Claudia indulged in pleasing anticipations of charity bazaars and charity subscriptions, and her mamma in inventing excuses for not calling before.

Lady Stepney sat in her easy-chair, the very picture of her caste. The room could not by any possibility have belonged to any but an old maid. There was no evidence of human sympathy; there was no appearance of the human world; everything looked like herself, hard, rigid, and uncompromising. The library was composed of Pamela, Sir Charles Grandison, and Clarissa Harlowe, while even the antique tabby (not the maiden, but the cat) looked as venerably majestick as her mistress. The embroidery in which her ladyship shone was as old as herself; indeed, the ancient furniture and the ancient lady looked almost as ancient as the portraits of the family which were hung around; and, were it not for the purring of the cat, and the occasional movements of Lady Stepney, they might have been regarded as ideal rather than real.

Her ladyship rose not to receive her guests, but looking as dignified as possible, gave them a formal welcome.

"How charmed I am, my dear madam," said Lady Codrington, "to see you looking so well."

The "odious godmother" remained completely unrelaxed in her dignity.

"Ah!" she continued, "busy, as usual, working for some charitable institution, I know."

"Your ladyship is right," returned the old lady, glad to get a *hit* at her visiter. "I do not pass my time in gadding to and fro making morning calls, forgetful of my old friends."

"Ah! I knew you would think us inattentive; but the truth is, we have been staying away until we could surprise you."

"You have surprised me," said Lady Stepney, cynically.

"And now," continued Lady Codrington, utterly regardless of the insendo, "your dear Claudia hopes you will accept the trifle that has caused our absence."

"Hum!" said the ancient lady, very incredulously.

"We knew you would have some charitable work, some fashionable bazaar, under your protection: and our dear Claudia has been slaving, positively slaving, to get an article or two ready for your stall."

The maiden began to look gratified. Your tabbies are generally avaricious.

"There's a dear good creature," she replied; "I knew you would assist me; but have you no news? I was sorry to hear of Mr. Deacon's death."

"Yes! and the way the widow behaved; how infamous; within three months she was at the opera flirting with every one——"

"That would flirt with her," put in Claudia, good-naturedly.

"Yes!" said the Tabby, who laid claim to being a wit, "I always thought she was like her mourning, very *deep*."

"And very deceptive; but you are so hard," said Claudia toadingly; and then the Tabby laughed, and both the ladies laughed, as in duty bound towards a rich relative! What will not a little wit (and plenty of money) effect?

"But now, my dear madam," said Lady Codrington, "we must bid you farewell—you will hear from us soon," said her ladyship significantly as she left the room.

"Claudia," she continued when out of ear-shot, "tell the man to drive to Howell and James's; we must buy something for her abominable bazaar, and make her fancy you have worked it; it will do just as well."

"There they go," said Lady Stepney sarcastically, as she heard the carriage drive off. "Mother and daughter—both alike—a pretty pair they are; but if ever they one penny of my money I *shall* be surprised."

THE MISER AND THE CANTATRICE.

Love, all powerful love! conquers everything. It is that alone which can dissolve the stony heart of the miser, and compel him, to his own utter astonishment, to part with his beloved gold, which he considered more valuable than his existence.

A very ridiculous affair has lately taken place in La Belle France, which entirely justifies our exordium! A cantatrice, whose beauty and accomplishments almost equalled the sweetness of her voice in rendering her popular, lately made a tour through the provinces, where her success exceeded her most sanguine expectations. It so happened that the city of Marseilles was to be the scene of her exertions. The fame of her beauty and talents had preceded her, and expectation was on tiptoe to witness the first appearance of the celebrated Signora L——i. The possession of enormous wealth, even if it be in the hands of a miser, does not always deaden the heart to the influence of divine musick. So at least it was in the case of Monsieur F——. He was among the audience on the night of Signora L——i's appearance before the musical publick of Marseilles. Whether it were the lady's extraordinary musical talents, or her elegant and graceful carriage, or the influence of a beautiful face and figure, certain it is, that the heart of M. F—— was touched. Who can describe the conflicts in his breast between his love of money and his passion for the divine Signora. Venus conquered! and the wealthy provincial felt constrained by her power to lay his riches and his heart at the feet of the lovely cantatrice. He despatched a billet-doux of the most amorous complexion to the lady; he offered everything but his hand. How was his offer received? The Signora was not only inexorable but indignant; she rejected the miser's addresses with scorn, and placed his effusion in the hands of a more honourable lover. The lover was as indignant as his mistress. He sent the miser a challenge! Poor Monsieur F——, not only to be foiled in his pursuit, but to be compelled to fight a duel; it was dreadful! What could he do? "Love makes a man"—it made one of Monsieur F——. He accepted the challenge, and boldly and resolutely declared that he would not resign his claim to the lady upon any consideration whatever: he would fight the whole army if necessary! Nothing but death should make him forego his pursuit! The lover and the Signora were alike astonished; the former at the display of courage in the miser, so totally unexpected; the latter at so extraordinary a proof of the power of her charms. It is certain that the lady expressed much less anger at the presumption of Monsieur F—— than she had previously done, and her lover could hardly boast that his arm was invigorated by the encouraging smiles of his lady-love. The two suitors met! We of course cannot determine what was the cause of the result, whether Monsieur F—— were the better swordsman, or the lover were depressed by the coolness of the Signora, but it is certain that Monsieur, the miser, conquered!

Our fair readers might imagine that the lady would compensate her lover for his sufferings and mortification by her loving care and sympathy; if they do so, they are very much mistaken. Signora L——i did no such thing! Her thoughts dwell more upon the bravery and devotion of the miser than upon the misfortunes of her lover; she never visited him during his confinement from his wound, but, on the contrary, showed an unusual degree of apathy and unconcern. But we must return to Monsieur F.; he proceeded to his house a conqueror, but what was conquest to him if he could not reap its appropriate fruits? Long and serious were his reflections! What chance was there that he could obtain the object of his passion? He feared that the lady's heart was impregnable! He hoped that, if he made an offer of his hand, it would be accepted, and his Signora make a virtuous wife. He resolved to make the experiment! He wrote another billet of a more respectful nature than the first; he apologized for his former impertinence, and tendered his hand. It was accepted, and Signora L——i became Madame F. to the infinite amusement and amazement of the good people of Marseilles. As for Monsieur F. he seemed a changed character! He filled his fine old mansion with new and splendid furniture, set up a magnificent equipage, which eclipsed anything ever seen in Marseilles. Balls, routs, and parties were given in rapid succession, and Monsieur F. thought himself a happy man. The honeymoon passed swiftly away; in the meantime the unfortunate lover of Madame F. had recovered from his wound, but not from that caused by the baseness and ingratitude of his mistress. It so happened that, when Marseilles had just ceased to talk about the "Miser Married," that Madame F. was invited to a party where her former lover was also a guest. Judge her confusion and dismay. But these soon were away. Her lover was as polite as if Madame F. had been a perfect stranger. She gradually recovered her self-possession and entered into gay conversation with her discarded swain. Monsieur F. was delighted! His lady's cheerfulness was a sure sign that her heart was his own! Poor Monsieur F. How he was mistaken! Propinquity is a dangerous thing. The next day the inconstant Madame F. had fled! Monsieur F. is still food for the laughter of the Marseillois. He is inconsolable.

WHEN I WAS IN MY PRIME.

BY CAROLINE ROWLES.

I mind me of a pleasant time—
A season long ago—
The pleasantest I've ever known,
Or ever now can know:
Bees, birds, and little tinkling rills
So merrily did chime:
The year was in its sweet spring-tide,
And I—was in my prime.

I've never heard such musick since,
From every bending spray—
I've never pull'd such primroses,
Set thick on bank and brae;
I've never smelt such violets,
As, all that pleasant time,
I found by every hawthorn root,
When I was in my prime.

Yon moory down, so black and bare,
Was gorgeous, then, and gay
With gorse and gowan blossoming
As none blooms now-a-day.
The blackbird sings but seldom now,
Up there in the old lime,
Where, hours and hours, he used to sing,
When I was in my prime.

Such cutting winds came never then,
To pierce one through and through;
More softly fell the silent shower,
More balmily the dew;
The morning mist and evening haze,
Unlike this cold gray rime,
Seemed woven waves of golden air,
When I was in my prime.

And blackberries—so mawkish now—
Were finely flavoured then;
And hazel nuts! such clusters thick
I ne'er shall pull again;
Nor strawberries, blushing wild, as rich
As fruits of sunniest clime;
How *all* is altered for the worse,
Since I was in my prime!

KÖRNER'S FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

We gave, a few weeks since, a brief sketch of the life and writings of the poet Korner, "him of the lyre and sword," Mrs. Jameson, in her new work, presents a touching sketch of the life of an applauded actress, Madame Arneth, once Antoinette Adamberger, and the beloved of the warrour bard.

"It was not," says Mrs. Jameson, "till we had been for some time intimate that I ever heard her allude to Korner. One evening, as we were sitting alone, she gave me, with much feeling and graphick power, and even more simplicity, some particulars of her first interview with him, and the circumstance which led to their encouragement. I should tell you that she was at the time a favourite actress of the Court Theatre, and excelled particularly in all characters that required more of delicacy, and grace and dignity, than of power and passion; those of Thekla in 'Wallenstein,' and Jerta in the 'Schuld,' being considered as her masterpieces.

"At the period of Korner's arrival, Antoinette was ill, in consequence of the extreme severity of the winter of that year, and the rehearsal of the 'Grune Domino' was put off from day to day, from week to week, till Korner became absolutely impatient. At this time he had not been introduced to Antoinette, and it was suspected that the beauty of Anna Kruger had captivated him. At length the convalescence of the principal actress was announced, the day for long-deferred rehearsal arrived, and the performers had assembled in the green-room. Now, it happened, that in the time of the late empress, the representation of Schiller's 'Marie Stuart' had been forbidden, because her imperial majesty had been greatly scandalized by the indecorous quarrel scene between Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary, and particularly by the catastrophe of the latter, regarding the whole play as extremely dangerous and derogatory to all crowned heads, more especially female ones. On her death it was hoped that this prohibition would be repealed, and the performers presented a petition to that effect. The emperour, however, steadily refused, on the plea that he had *promised* the empress never to permit the representation of the tragedy. The refusal had just been received, and the whole *corps dramatique* were in a state of commotion, and divided on the merits of the case. Korner, in particular, was in a perfect fever of indignation, and exclaimed, in no measured terms, against the edict which deprived the publick of one of Schiller's masterpieces, in tenderness to the caprices of an old woman now in her grave, et cetera. The greater number of those present sympathized with him. The dispute was at its height when Antoinette entered the room, still weak from recent illness, and wrapped up in cloaks and furs. Her comrades crowed around her with congratulations and expressions of attention, and insisted that the matter in dispute should be referred to 'Tom;' Korner, meanwhile, standing by in proud silence; he had not yet been introduced.—When the affair was stated, and the opinions of the majority vehemently pressed on her, she replied in her gentle manner, 'I do not pretend to judge about the injury done to the publick, or the expediency of the matter; it is a simple question between right and wrong—between truth and falsehood. For myself, I cast only say, that if I had made a promise to a person I loved, or to any one, I would keep it as long as I had life myself, and the death of that person would render such a promise not less, but more binding, more sacred, if possible.'

"This simple appeal to principle and truth silenced all. Korner said no more, but his attention was fixed, and from that moment, as he told her afterwards, he loved her; his feelings were interested before he had even looked into her eyes; and it is no wonder that those eyes, when revealed, completed the conquest.

"Within a few weeks they were betrothed lovers, and within a few months afterwards the patriotick war (die Freiheits-Krieg) broke out, and Korner joined Lutzow's volunteers. His fate is well known. Young and handsome, a poet and a hero, loving, and in the full assurance of being loved, with all life's fairest visions and purest affections fresh about his head, he perished—the miniature of 'Tom' being found within his bosom next to the little pocket-book in which he had written the Song of the Sword—the first shattered by the bullet which had found his heart, the latter stained with his blood. I have seen it—held it in my hand! Now, will you believe, that within three or four months afterwards, when Antoinette was under the obligation to resume her professional duties, the first character she was ordered to play was that of Thekla? In vain she entreated to be spared this outrage to every feeling of a heart yet bleeding from her loss; the greater her reluctance, the greater the effect which would be produced on the curiosity and sympathy of the publick; this, I suppose, was the cold calculation of the directory! She was not excused; and after going through the scene in which the Swedish captain relates to Thekla the death of her lover, the poor Antoinette carried from the stage by her aunt almost lifeless, and revived only to give way to such agonies of grief and indignation as threatened her reason.

"Madame Arneth is remarkably calm and simple in her manner, and more than twenty years had elapsed since she had been thus insulted and tortured; but when she alluded to this part of her history, she became gradually convulsed with emotion, trembled in every limb, and pressed her hands upon her eyes, from which the tears would gush in spite of an effort to restrain them.

"Antoinette had suffered what a woman of quiet but proud temper never forgets or forgives. She had made up her mind to quit the stage, and there was only one way of doing so with honour. Four years after the death of Korner she married Mr. Arneth, one of the directors of the Imperial Museum, an amiable man, considerably older than herself, and with whom she lived happily. Before I left Vienna she presented me with a book which Korner had given her, containing his autograph and the dramas he had written for her—'Die Toni,' 'der Grune Domino,' and others. I exclaimed thoughtlessly, 'O how can you part with it?' and she replied, with a sweet seriousness, 'When I married a worthy man who loved me and trusted me, I thought there could be no wavering of the heart between past recollections and present duties; I put this and all other objects, connected with *that* first period of my life, entirely away, and I have never looked at it since. Take it! and believe me, even *now*, it is better in your hands than in mine.' And mine it shall never leave."

FASHIONABLE TOURISTS IN AMERICA.

All the world, at least the world of fashion, has visited the continent of Europe. The gaieties of Paris, the gorgeous magnificence, mixed with Asiatick barbarism of Moscow and St. Petersburgh, the treasures of art and classical remains of Florence and of Rome, and the glories of the Rhine, have been described and admired by every sort of writer in every form of words; by the classick Eustace, the learned Clarke, the satirical Lady Morgan, and the pert and gossipping Mrs. Trollope. Every nook and corner of the old world has been pryed into by the insatiable curiosity of English tourists; nay, even wars and rumours of wars, will not deter some from prosecuting their researches in countries where they have no especial nor indeed any sort of business.

America has hitherto pretty well escaped the brilliant eyes of our fashionable contemporaries. Captain Basil Hall and Mrs. Trollope have given us their ideas of America, and Miss Martineau has also given us a politico-economico view of our transatlantick brethren; but all that these writers have written necessarily forms but a very small portion of what might be done upon so fruitful a theme.

Now that the success of the great experiment, to open a steam communication (everything that Dr. Lardner has said and written to the contrary notwithstanding) with the United States, has rendered a voyage thither, in a moderate time and in perfect safety, a matter of almost absolute certainty, we prophesy that our fashionables will not be slow to avail themselves of the opportunity of visiting the New World, on the philanthropick errand of instructing the semi-barbarous inhabitants in the manners and amenities of polished society; and the unhappy people of the United States, now sunk in the grossest *Trollopism*, may, perhaps, in time, if infinite pains be taken with them, rival the inhabitants of Mayfair in the more polished arts of life and, as Jonathan is a go-a-head individual, we don't despair that New-York may produce its Chesterfield, Philadelphia its D'Orsay.

A little time only will elapse, perhaps, when Hart shall give us a set of New-York quadrilles or a Philadelphia gallopade. But before this can happen, our missionary fashionables must make up their minds and bodies to endure the privation and hardships attendant on missionary exertions. "Rome was not built in a day," and the New-Englanders cannot be expected to be converted in a single season. Our transatlantick voyagers must not be surprised or disheartened if their cosmopolitan efforts be at first met with reviling and scorn, and, perhaps, laughter; but virtue is its own reward, and the ignorance and the simplicity of the natives will furnish them with ample food for reflection, as well as plenty of amusement. Besides, the scenery to be met with in the States is on so magnificent a scale, that, even the picturesque rises into sublimity. Therefore, let a bevy of our fashionable beauties, and a mixed assortment of beaux from the Club-houses, take the wings of the morning, and the state cabins of the British Queen or the Great Western, and proceed on their voyage of mercy; and, whether successful or not, they will have the heartfelt satisfaction of knowing the philanthropy of their own intentions. Moreover, we take the liberty of hinting to our dandies that the American ladies are passing fair, and that their fortunes are not sacrificed to the making of an eldest son—and to our ladies that no women have more privileges than American wives. At all events, we are sure that they will receive a hearty welcome.—*London Court Journal.*

MILTON.

Milton!—we approach the name with reverence. The austere dignity of his personal character, no less than the sublimity of his genius, overpowers the imagination, and we feel that we are treading on holy ground. He was the purest of all the poets; set apart and dedicated, as it were, to the highest and noblest services. His morning studies, "often ere the sound of any bell awaken men to labour or devotion," remind us of his own exquisite description:

"His sleep
Was airy, light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which th' only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills (Aurora's fan)
Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough."

His first occupation was reading in the Hebrew Bible, and with his studies, musick and exercise, varied and interposed, the day passed over in sober intellectual gratification and delight. His "celestial patroness" sometimes

"Brought nightly to his ear"

the strains of paradise, and he knew and felt that these were inspirations which "after times would not willingly let die." His life was a true poem, "a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things." Educated with great care from the "laureate fraternity of poets," upper years and the ceaseless round of study led him, as he beautifully describes it, to the shady spaces of philosophy, and chiefly to the divine volumes of Plato and Xenophon. He imbibed a portion of that delicate, romantick gallantry predominant in the Italian poets; but what with Dante and Petrarch was an ardent, inextinguishable passion, with Milton was but a dream of fancy—a beautiful but cold admiration of female loveliness and perfection. Hence his youth glided away amid his academick bowers, without any permanent attachment; and, in after years, the robust, intellectual, character of his mind, his love of fame and of his country, must have led him to look with pity and contempt upon those who could consign

"The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade."

He was unhappy in his first marriage—unhappy in his children, and his life had fallen on evil days and evil tongues. He was alone, blind, and aged, with none to meet his enemies in the gate.

I WANDERED BY THE BROOK-SIDE.

BY R. M. MILNES.

I wandered by the brook-side,
I wandered by the mill,
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still.
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,
I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no; he came not,
The night came on alone,
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening air past by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind,
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer—nearer—
We did not speak a word,
But the breathing of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

COLLECTIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS.

A SETTLER.—Captain King, an early governour of New South Wales, was waited on by a country settler for the loan of a man to assist him in shingling his house. "Come to me," said the governour, "in six weeks' time, when the harvest is over, and I will find a man for you." Accordingly at the end of the time the settler, who does not appear to have been a man of much personal industry, again presented himself. "Go into that room," said the governour, "and you will see him." After a few minutes the man returned, saying he could not find him, though he had looked all about the room—even under the table and behind the sofa. "Not find him," said Captain King, "how is that?" Come with me; I will soon find him for you." Then, leading him a second time into the room, he made him look into a large mirror that was over the mantelpiece, "That is the man to shingle your house," said he; "take him with you, quick, and see that he does it."

WIGS.—The full-bottomed flowing wig of the reign of Louis XIV. known, at the time, as a long Duvilier, from the name of a celebrated French wig-maker, was the invention of a French courtier to conceal some deformity in the shoulders of the Dauphin. It was introduced into England soon after the Reformation. A wig of this sort was an expensive part of dress; we are told that Steele's dress wig cost fifty pounds. It appears from a note in Hawkin's "History of Musick," that it was common, in the beginning of the last century, for gentlemen to comb their wigs even in publick places, and that they carried their combs in their pockets to display this act of gallantry.

PERSEVERE.—If a seaman should put about every time he encounters a head wind, he would never make a voyage. So he who permits himself to be baffled by adverse circumstances, will never make headway in the voyage of life. A sailor uses every wind to propel his vessel; so should the young man learn to trim his sails and guide his bark, that even adverse gales should fill its belaying canvass and send it forward on its onward course.

REFLECTION.—Charlotte, said a gentleman to his daughter one day, you are really too giddy, and I fear never give yourself time for reflection. "'Pon honour, then, pa," replied the young lady, laughing, "you may make yourself perfectly easy on that account, for I generally spend half the day at the looking-glass."

NOSES.—The Russian minister to the United States, is called Somonosoff, (saw my nose off.) An *attaché* of the same legation in Washington, Blowmosnoxorf, (blow my nose off.) Besides which, we have Col. Kutmanosoff, of the imperial guard, (cut my nose off.) Marshal Pullmanosoff, (pull my nose off.) General Nozebegun, (nose begone,) and many others.

SINGULAR NOTICE.—The following notice was once posted up on the estate of a noble marquis in Kent:—Notice is hereby given, that the marquis of Camden (on account of the backwardness of the harvest) *will not shoot himself nor any of his tenants* till the sixteenth of September.

MUSICAL TASTE.—At a trial of skill in singing between the cuckoo and the nightingale, the *ass* was chosen an umpire. After each had done his best, the sagacious *ass* declared that the nightingale sung extremely well; but for a good plain song, the cuckoo was far his superiour.

SIDEWALKS IN PARIS.—A gentleman recently writing from Paris says: "In the best streets in this city they have lately got sidewalks, and the folks are mightily pleased with them." They are certainly very handy conveniences about a city.

A GOOD YEOMAN.—He improveth his land to a double value by his good husbandry. Some grounds that wept with water or frowned with thorns, by draining the one, and clearing the other, he maketh both to laugh and sing with corn.

VARIETY OF THE GENUS HOMO.—One of the cheap periodicals gravely informs its readers, that Toulouse is a large town—containing about sixty thousand inhabitants *built entirely of brick*.

JOSEPH GILLON.—Writer to the Signet, was an early friend of Sir Walter Scott, and a man of genuine humour. Calling on him one day in his writing-office, Scott said, "Why, Joseph, this place is as hot as an oven." "Well," quoth Gillon, "and is it not here that I make my bread!"

TRANQUILLITY OF MIND.—A pervading tranquillity is generally the characteristick of the first order of minds, as restlessness is of the second.

HOW TO INTRODUCE A PAS DE DEUX INTO A NEW PIECE.—"I must have a dance of some kind, you know," said Mr. Folair to Nickleby. "You'll have to introduce one for the phenomenon, so you'd better make it a *pas de deux*, and save time." "There's nothing easier than that," said Mr. Lenville, observing the disturbed looks of the young dramatist. "Upon my word, I don't see how it's to be done," rejoined Nicholas. "Why, isn't it obvious?" reasoned Mr. Lenville. "Gadzooks, who can help seeing the way to do it?—you astonish me! You get the distressed lady, and the little child, and the attached servant, into the poor lodgings, don't you? Well, look here. The distressed lady sinks into a chair, and buries her face in her pocket handkerchief. 'What makes you weep, mamma?' says the child. 'Don't weep, mamma, or you'll make me weep too!' 'And me,' says the faithful servant, rubbing his eyes with his arm. 'What can we do to raise your spirits, dear mamma?' says the little child. 'Ay, what *can* we do?' says the faithful servant 'Oh, Pierre,' says the distressed lady, 'would that I could shake off these painful thoughts!' 'Try, ma'am, try,' says the faithful servant; 'rouse yourself, ma'am; be amused.' 'I will,' says the lady, 'I will learn to suffer with fortitude. Do you remember that dance, my honest friend, which, in happier days, you practised with this sweet angel? It never failed to calm my spirits then. Oh! let me see it once again before I die!' 'There it is'—cue for the band, *before I die*—and off they go. That's the regular thing, isn't it, Tommy?" "That's it," replied Mr. Folair. "The distressed lady, overpowered by old recollections, faints at the end of the dance, and you close in with a picture."

ESTIMATION OF THE MARINER'S COMPASS IN CHINA.—All the junks which are employed on the ocean carry the mariner's compass, although it does not appear to give the Chinese navigators confidence, as they never, if they can avoid it, steer boldly out to sea, but keep as much as possible within sight of land. The Chinese consider that they were the inventors of this inestimable little instrument, and it cannot be denied that they have had it in use for many centuries. According to Klaproth, the knowledge of this instrument was communicated to the Arabs by the Chinese, and introduced into Europe by the crusades. However much they may fail to rely on its virtues, they appear to be sufficiently aware of its powers. It is considered as a deity, and they treat it as they do the others, with great ceremonial. Pieces of scented ghos-stick are kept constantly burning around it, as in the ghos-houses; while sacrifices of the youngest flesh and the finest fruits are offered to it. Here, ignorance appears to be the parent of superstition; but it is to be hoped that a knowledge of the laws of nature may open their eyes to the wisdom and excellence of the works of the Creator.—*Fan-Qua in China, by C. J. Downing, Esq.*

HATRED OF THE SPANIARDS FOR THE FRENCH.—"I ought at once to have known you were no braggart *gawacho*," said the landlord, by your not making a noise on entering the house, calling for everything, and abusing everybody. How do you think one of these gentry, who came into Spain as *friends*, to tranquillize the country, behaved to our *alcalde*? The Frenchman wanted a billet, and finding the office shut, went to the *alcalde's* house for it. The *alcalde* was at dinner, with a couple of friends; he begged the officer to be seated, saying he would send for the *escribano* and have a billet made out for him. 'And am I to keep waiting for your clerk?' said the Frenchman; 'a pretty joke, indeed.' 'He will be here in an instant,' said the *alcalde*; 'pray have a little patience, and be seated.' 'Patience, indeed!' exclaimed the other, 'make the billet out directly yourself, or I'll pull the house about your ears!' '*Juicio!* senor,' replied the mayor; 'do you not see that I am at dinner?' 'What are you at *now*,' said the Frenchman; and laying hold of one corner of the table-cloth, he drew it, plates, dishes, glasses, and everything, off the table. This is the way our French *friends* behave to us!"—*Scott's Ronda and Granada.*

"TAKE CARE OF THE PAINT."—We were highly diverted last night to see a loafer, who had got his Christmas load on a little earlier than common, staggering along as though the street was altogether too narrow for his particular style of walking. He finally "fetched up" against the side of a house which had been newly painted, his shoulder coming in contact first, and his left hand, as a stay, hitting next with a force which would have nearly upset an omnibus. Shoving himself clear by a vigorous effort, and taking one of those circles, which none but a drunken man can do, before he finally brought up all standing, he took one glimpse at his shoulder, another at the house, and a third at his hand, and exclaimed, "Well, that's a careless trick, in whoever painted that house, to leave it standing out all night for people to run against."

THE DINER-OUT.—The diner-out must have a most passionate love for children. He must so comport himself that when his name shall be announced, every child in the mansion shall set up a yell—a scream of rapture—shall rush to him—pull his coat-tails—climb on his back—twist their fingers in his hair—snatch his watch from his pocket; and, while they rend his super-Saxony—load his shoulders—uncurl his wig—and threaten instant destruction to his repeater, the diner-out must stifle the agony at his heart and his pocket, and to the feebly expressed fears of the mamma, that the "children are troublesome," the diner-out must call into every corner of his face a look of the most seraphick delight, and with a very chuckle assure the anxious parent that "the little rogues are charming!"

PUNISHING A JUSTICE.—Lord Hinchinbroke, the Cynthio of the "Tatler," was a gay and dissipated nobleman of Queen Anne's reign. The following anecdote of him, we are assured by contemporary writers, is true. An old Justice in Westminster had committed him to the roundhouse for a drunken frolick, and obliged him to pay for some windows which he had broken on the occasion. Soon after his lordship knocked up the justice at midnight, alleging business of importance, which could not admit of delay. The magistrate made his appearance, after some time, in his furred gown and double night-cap; when his lordship told him that he had had the misfortune that evening to tear his ruffle, and had only called on his honour to borrow a pin.

VIRTUE WITHOUT FEAR.—When, upon mature deliberation, you are persuaded a thing is fit to be done, do it boldly; and do not affect privacy in it, or concern yourself at all what impertinent censures or reflections the world will pass upon it. For if the thing be not just and innocent, it ought not to be attempted at all, though never so secretly; and if it be, you do very foolishly of those who will themselves do ill, in censuring and condemning what you do well.—*Epictetus.*

GOOD.—The mistakes of a layman are like the errours of a pocket watch, which affects only an individual; but when a clergyman errs, it is like the town clock going wrong—he misleads a multitude.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

SHE'S LAID IN THE EARTH!

Original.

She's laid in the earth! but her bright spirit soars
To the regions of bliss, from these sorrowful shores;
She moved, in her beauty, an angel while here,
And I saw she was form'd for a happier sphere.

Oh, sad are the sighs for her absence I heave,
And sad are my tears—though 'tis fruitless to grieve;
Yet oft, through the dark mists of sorrow, I see
In fancy, my Mary still smiling on me!

Wherever I go, there's no object I trace
Can tear from my mind her loved form or her face;
Nor time can my soul in forgetfulness steep;
Her dream-wafted image still smiles on my sleep.

In nights calm and clear, 'mid the bright orbs I try
To trace her blest home in the beautiful sky;
And I gaze on some star, till in fancy I see
Her far-shining spirit still smiling on me!

L. L. T.

TOPICKS FOR THOUGHT.

Harrowing a thing as it is to behold a fellow-creature walking to his own grave in the full enjoyment of health and faculty, plunging with full consciousness into a state of existence the nature of which is to us a mystery, there was something scarcely less painful in considering the motives of many of whom this mournful exhibition of man in his worst point of view was attended. We allude to the numbers of respectably dressed females, who seemed collected there for the purpose of beholding some pleasurable sight. Reflecting that in the old country no females attend such spectacles except those of totally depraved and vicious habits, that the delicacy and sensibility of the sex can neither delight in such scenes, nor be thereby improved, we feel bound to call upon their fathers, brothers, or husbands, as the case may be, to prevent their appearance in a place which ought not to yield them either delight or profit, and where they can expect no other feeling than those of bitter disgust at their want of moral decency.—*Niagara Chronicle.*

The barbarities and desperate outrages of the so-called Christian race, throughout every region of the world, and upon every people that they have been able to subdue, are not to be paralleled by those of any other race, however fierce, and however taught, and however reckless of mercy and of shame in any age of the earth.—*Howitt's Colonization and Christianity.*

The glowworm possesses the curious property of causing its light to cease at will. Dr. Burmeister mentions the curious fact, that while catching some of the flying species in his hat, they have so suddenly and entirely ceased to shine, that he has fancied that they must have escaped. When disturbed these insects emit a bright but frequently interrupted light; and when laid upon their backs they shine without intermission, in consequence of the continual motion in the endeavours of the insect to regain its position.—*Westwood's Classification of Insects.*

Reserve is generally the consequence of ill health, or grief of some kind, which makes people low-spirited, timid, and suspicious. Travelling or free locomotion has generally the effect of setting the blood in healthy flow, and dissipating mental as well as bodily impurities.

The torrent and the blast can mar the loveliest scenes in nature. War, with his ruthless hand, may rival the elements in their work of destruction; but it is passion alone that can lay waste the human heart; the whirlwind and the flood have duration in their existence, and have bounds for their fury, the earth recovers from the devastation of the conflict, with a fertility that seems enriched by the blood of its victims; but there are feelings that no human agency can limit, and mental wounds which are beyond the art of man to heal.—*Cooper.*

It is the unfortunate tendency of literary habits to enamour the studious of the seclusion of the closet, and to render them more conversant with the philosophy and erudition of bygone times, than with the sentiments and feelings of their fellow-men.—*Madden.*

Friendship, the wine of life, should, like a well-stocked cellar, be continually renewed; and it is consolatory to think that although we can seldom add what will equal the generous first growth of our youth, yet friendship becomes insensibly old in much less time than is commonly imagined, and not many years are required to make it mellow and pleasant, warmth will no doubt make a very considerable difference; men of affectionate temper and bright fancy, will coalesce a great deal sooner than those who are dull and cold.—*Boswell.*

Lady-Day, or Day of the Blessed Virgin, of the Roman catholicks, was heretofore dedicated to Cybele. "It was called Hilaria," says Macrobius, "on account of the joy occasioned by the arrival of the equinox, when the light was about to exceed the darkness in duration;" and from the same author, as well as from Lampridius, it appears that it was a festival of the Mater Deûm. Moreover, in a Greek Commentary upon Dionysius, cited by Dempster, in his Roman Antiquities, it is asserted, "that the Hilaria was a festival in honour of the mother of the gods, which was proper to the Romans."

Never to hear patiently of evil, nor speak that which is mischievous and wicked; to utter no lies, prevarications, or hypocrisy; to use no deceit nor over-reaching in trade or dealing; never oppress the weak and humble, nor offer violence to your neighbour; to keep your hands from pilfering and theft; and in no way to injure a fellow-creature.—*Brahminical Books.*

Women should be acquainted that no beauty has any charms but the inward one of the mind, and that a gracefulness in the manners is much more engaging than that of their persons; that meekness and modesty are the true and lasting ornaments; for she that has these, is qualified as she ought to be for the management of a family, for the educating her children, for an affection for her husband, and submitting to a prudent way of living. These only are the charms that render wives amiable, and give them the best title to our respect.—*Epictetus.*

The Abbé Maury, who had rendered himself obnoxious to the democrats, during the French revolution, was one night seized by the mob, who looked around for a lamp-post to suspend him on. "Pray, my good friends," said the abbé, "were you to hang me to that lamp-post, do you think that you would see any the clearer for it?" This well-timed wit softened the rabble and saved his life.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LOVE FILLS A BLISSFUL MEASURE.

Love fills a blissful measure,
But ah! before we sip,
The urchin, for his pleasure,
May snatch it from the lip;
Not smiles alone have power
On buds that passion rears;
They seek both sun and shower,
And love sends smiles and tears.

Though love's a tyrant ever,
His reign is in the heart;
Whose strings we'd sooner sever
Than lose the pleasing smart:
We love through life's commotion,
And oft, 'mid doubts and fears,
(Like beauty from the ocean)
Our bliss is born of tears.

When fortune's storms are sweeping,
And moon-like friendship's light
Shines coldly on our weeping,
Nor lasts through sorrow's night:
When dove-like peace flies from us,
Till o'er our cloudy fears,
Love builds his bow of promise
Above the flood of tears!

L. L. T.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES OF REAL LIFE.

MR. BEVERLEY LEE;

OR, THE DAYS OF THE SHIN-PLASTERS.

"Who's in or out, who moves the grand machine,
Nor stirs my curiosity nor spleen,
Secrets of state no more I wish to know
Than secret movements of a puppet show;
Let but the puppets move, I've my desire,
Unseen the hand which guides the master wire."—*Churchill.*

"The benefits he sow'd in me, met not
Unthankful ground, but yielded him his own
With fair increase; and still I glory in it."—*Massenger.*

"The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies."—*Shakspeare.*

WALL-STREET was in commotion. The pavements of that busy, bustling mart were crowded with brokers, bank-directors, merchants, speculators, politicians, editors, and all the other representatives of the commercial metropolis. Care and anxiety were written on every countenance. It was a time of unusual embarrassment. Commerce, trade, and all the resources of the country were paralyzed. Discontent and murmurings were heard in every quarter. There was a panick.

"General Jackson has destroyed the country!" said one.

"Mr. Biddle has curtailed our discounts!" said another.

"All confidence is lost!" said a third.

"And every merchant in New-York must fail!" said a fourth.

"We are on the eve of a revolution!" ejaculated a patriotick little stock-jobber, the chairman of a ward meeting; "and if we don't do away with the government, the government will do away with us; therefore, I say, down with the government!"

"Down with the bank!" responded an administration worthy near him, with equal fervour and patriotism.

"Neither the government nor the bank are answerable for the present condition of things," said a meddling little secretary of an insurance company, who stepped in as mediator between the contending parties.

"To what is it owing, then?" asked they.

"To the great fire of the sixteenth of December, which destroyed one section of our city and twenty millions of property."

"Not at all," said the editor of a political journal, who was supposed to know everything, past, present and to come. "Our calamities are owing to the enormous speculations which have taken place in real estate. We needed a check of some sort. We were buying lots in the moon and laying out lithographick cities in the stars, and the consequence is a revulsion unparalleled in our annals."

The conversation was here interrupted by the news that some twenty new bankruptcies had occurred among the oldest mercantile houses in the city; that one bank had stopped payment, and that a run had been commenced on the others. All was confusion and dismay. Individuals were seen hurrying to and fro with bags of coin upon their shoulders, of which they had just been draining the banks. Idle rumours were everywhere circulated

The president of one of the banks had committed suicide, and others had absconded with the moneys committed to their trust. Mobs were forming to lay waste all the monied institutions of the city, and to tumble the buildings about the ears of their officers. The mayor had called out the military to preserve the publick peace. The police patroled the streets by day, and the watch was doubled by night. The citizens of New-York were in dread of fire and the sword.

The hour of three, P. M., when all business ordinarily ceases in Wall-street, at length arrived. The omnibusses, those most convenient things in the world, (only when you want them, particularly on rainy days, they are either full or going the wrong way,) rumbled over the pavements. The multitude began to scatter; but, long after the money depositories were closed, might be seen lingering around the bulletins of the newspaper-offices knots of anxious, discontented spirits, talking over the events of the day and anticipating the horrours of the morrow.

It was in one of these little assemblies that Mr. Beverley Lee, a handsome, fashionable, light-hearted young fellow, a contributor to the periodicals and an author of no mean celebrity, became a participator in the all-engrossing conversations of the times. Mivins, an opulent, influential broker, who was accounted "a good man" on 'change, and proudly denominated in that vicinity "a bear," took him by the button, and pointing out the ruins of a building that had fallen to the ground not long before, said—

"That, sir, is now all that remains of those who were nick-named the Rothschilds of this country."

"I am sorry for their misfortunes," said Lee.

"Sorry!" rejoined the broker, "if my wish could have been realized, not only they, but all the Jews in New-York should be buried in the ruins."

"Why so?" said Belmont, a calm, dignified, silvery-haired, feeble old gentleman, who stood next to Lee, and who had been listening to their discourse without taking any part in it.

"Because," said Mivins, raising his voice and clenching his hand with strong emotion, "in my opinion, it's a part of the religious creed of a Jew to cheat a Christian."

"The Christian religion did not teach you that precept," said Belmont, mildly, a slight flush passing over his fine countenance as he turned upon his heel to depart.

"Stop, sir," said Mivins, placing his hand upon the old gentleman's shoulder and detaining him, "if you mean anything by what you have just said, you mean to insult me, and thus I resent it," added he, furiously, spitting upon his garments.

Belmont instantly rushed upon his assailant, and Lee, perceiving his danger, flung himself between the parties just in time to receive the blow aimed at his new acquaintance full upon his own stalwart bosom. A scuffle ensued; but the parties were soon separated. Not, however, until cards had been exchanged and the residence of each individual ascertained. That evening Mivins was waited upon with a cartel, and a meeting appointed for the morning. Lee did not retire to rest until late that night; his mind was filled with contending emotions. It was the first time his person had ever been profaned by a blow, and he was on the eve of washing out the stain upon his honour with his blood. Of all characters on earth, he detested that of a duellist most; but he was young, ardent, and full of those false notions of honour which have deprived the world of some of its brightest ornaments. The few hours that were left him before the meeting, were employed in making his testament and in writing to one who was dearer to him than life. To her he enclosed a lock of his hair, and a tear fell upon its glossy brightness at the thought that they might never meet again.

At the break of day, which was cold, comfortless and misty, two small boats were seen shooting across the Hudson river towards the Jersey shore. They arrived at nearly the same time. Lee and Mivins stood upon the bloodstained spot where Hamilton fell. As the parties were about taking their stations, they were interrupted by the sudden appearance of the venerable Belmont, who had been the innocent cause of their meeting. Approaching Lee he said—

"Young man, this quarrel is mine;" and, turning to Mivins, he continued, "from you, sir, I expect atonement for the affront you put on me yesterday."

"I came here," replied Mivins, "to fight, not to talk. Finding myself in the wrong, however, I am willing to make such atonement as is in my power. Of you, sir, I ask pardon for what was done in a moment of excitement, and which, I hope, your generosity will forgive."

Mr. Belmont received his apology, and they approached Mr. Lee, who stood pistol in hand waiting the result of their conversation.

"Mr. Lee," said the broker, "if a voluntary apology will be accepted by you for an insult which I certainly never intended, I am prepared to make one."

"Proceed, sir," said Lee.

"The blow, sir, was not directed at you, but at this gentleman. I sincerely regret what has happened, and as an evidence of my conviction that I was to blame, allow me to state in the presence of these gentlemen, that had not this interruption taken place, I intended to have received your fire unreturned; and, if I were living, to have made the concessions which I now freely tender."

Lee took the broker's proffered hand and they all returned to the boat of Mr. Belmont. When they were seated, Belmont said to Mr. Lee—

"You, sir, have done me a service, and I have registered it, 'where every day I'll turn the leaf to read it.' Like the Indian missionary, 'injuries I write on sand, but benefits upon marble.'"

Lee did not reply, but there was something in Mr. Belmont's tone and manner that strangely interested him, and he returned the pressure of his hand with all the warmth of glowing friendship.

But little of moment occurred on the water except meeting, when about half way across, a mysterious-looking craft running foul of a schooner in the mist, which it was afterwards ascertained contained the burly person of old Hays and a posse of police-officers, making their way to the scene of action; but, as usual, these worthies were too late to prevent the violation of the law or a breach of the peace.

After the veritable events, which, like faithful chroniclers we have just recorded, a scene of confusion took place in the city of New-York which baffles all description. The banks suspended specie payments; gold and silver were at a high premium. The town was inundated with a species of small paper currency, issued by every individual wishing to *make money*, specimens of which have been preserved as curiosities to the present day. These were small pieces of paste-board commonly called "shin-plasters," having printed thereon in Roman capitals, "good for six and a quarter cents," or any other sum which seemed *good* to the person issuing the same, and having his own christian and surname legibly written in the right hand corner of the paper. These circulated as freely among the community as omnibus tickets or bank notes, and possessed really about as much intrinsick value

The term shin-plaster originated with an old soldier of the revolutionary war, who, after fighting the battles of his country, was left to penury and want by a government, who paid him for his services in what was commonly denominated, "continental money," which, after the peace, it refused to redeem. This old soldier had received a wound upon the leg at the battle of "Bunker Hill," and believing that the money was printed upon paper of an *adhesive* quality, and knowing it to be good for nothing else, he was in the habit of dressing his wound with the rags, and calling them "shin-plasters;" hence the name, which will always stick to them to the end of the world.

The city, as we said, was in commotion The inhabitants seemed beside themselves. Every one appeared to be acting a part in the great comedy of the "Road to Ruin." The example set by the merchant was followed by all other classes. Stopping payment was universal. All business was at a stand still. Men assembled in clusters on the corners of the streets Argument ran high, and the everlasting words of General Jackson—Tammany-Hall—The Monster—Bribery and Corruption—Nick Biddle—Veto—Pewter Mug—Ruin—Loco-Foco—Real Estate—Henry Clay—The People—Fanny Wright—and other villanous compounds, were dinned into the ears of all who would listen to them. Enormous hand-bills were posted about the city, calling publick-meetings in the Park. Committees of *ten thousand* were appointed to go to Washington and Albany. Processions of tatterdemalions moved through the streets with bands of musick and colours flying. Those who had notes to pay were shinning it to borrow the money. If they succeeded, the notes were paid; if not, they were laid over, and nothing more was thought of the matter. Men of all professions, callings, and occupations, were idle, except the notaries, who fattened on the distresses of all around them, and were busy from the time the banks closed until late in the evening, protesting the notes of all unfortunate makers of the same who were unable to cancel them as they had promised.

Woful were the misgivings of the merchants; woful were the forebodings of the mechanick; and woful were the apprehensions and countenances of all misguided victims who had speculated in building lots and lithographick cities!

Mr. Beverley Lee, we are sorry to say, was one of this latter class. On his leaving college, he came into possession of fifty thousand dollars. Being an embryo author, whose craft taught him to build castles in the air—a man of fancy—young, ardent, and inexperienced, and hearing what immense fortunes had been amassed by speculating in lots, in an evil hour he attended a sale of real estate at the "Merchants' Exchange."

He bought lots on the Avenues—he bought lots at Harlem—he bought lots at New-Brighton—he bought lots at Skaneateles—he bought lots at Jamaica—he bought lots at Buffalo—he bought lots at Cahawba—he bought lots at Texas—and, in short, he bought lots all over. He had building lots, and water lots, and all sorts of lots. He was the owner of towns, villages and counties.

To obtain these invaluable privileges, he had paid every farthing of his fifty thousand dollars, had given his notes for several hundred thousands, and mortgaged his estate to an unimaginable amount. He was a great landholder—one of the lords of the soil. His word was good on 'change. Bank directors took their hats off to him. Dealers in fancy stocks greeted him with smiles; and Mr. Beverley Lee was a man estimated to be worth millions of dollars. While this delusion lasted, everything went swimmingly. What the people thought of Mr. Beverley Lee, Mr. Beverley Lee thought of himself. It was an exceedingly agreeable thing to be rich—*very* rich, enormously rich, and to become so too all of a sudden, and without the least exertion Mr. Beverley Lee purchased a town-house, a country-house, a villa on the banks of the Hudson, and he embellished his mansions with gorgeous furniture. He gave entertainments to his friends, and regaled them with costliest viands. He rolled in riches. It was pleasant—*very.*

Time, however, that rigid schoolmaster, taught Mr. Beverley Lee a lesson, which it would have been better for him had he sooner learned. He knew he had become suddenly rich, but it never occurred to him that he might become suddenly poor. True, he had read that riches take to themselves wings and fly away; but he had read that passage as applicable to other men, not to himself. When the veto came, he opened his eyes, and began to look about him. He feared there would be a storm, but he did not look for a tornado. First came the assessors, and demanded of him a thumping sum of money for opening streets and improving his property. This Mr. Beverley Lee paid, thinking it very kind in them to take such good care of his interests, considering he had not the honour of their acquaintance. Next came the tax-gatherers, with large demands, which Mr. Beverley Lee cancelled with rather a sorry grace. Then came the holders of mortgages for their interest, which drained Mr. Beverley Lee of his last shilling, and he was obliged to have recourse to the banks for a new discount to keep up appearances.

This he readily obtained, and things went on very well with Mr. Beverley Lee, until the banks were compelled to deny him further favours. Then his difficulties began to thicken. The notes he

had given for his property fell due one after the other, and were protested. In walked the auctioneer, and began to knock down his beautiful furniture, his library, his racing-stud, his country-house, his town-house, and everything that was his, real or imaginary. His lots, building and water, reverted to their original owners; and Mr. Beverley Lee, was, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-six, obliged to "*waddle*" out of Wall-street as "*lame a duck*" as was ever hatched in that nest of disappointment and speculation.

In an elegantly finished mansion near the Battery, about a year after the events just related, a family were seated round the evening fireside. Emily Withers was reclining on an ottoman, listening to the conversation of her parents and Mr. Larence Payne, a young attorney of small practice, but large expectations, who professed a great regard for the Withers in general, and the young lady in particular, who had on several occasions given him the most unequivocal proofs of her utter aversion. He, however, was not easily discouraged, and continued his visits, in the hopes of one day possessing not only the heart, but, what was of more consequence to him, the fortune of the lady.

Emily, was a lovely, dark-eyed girl, and the reigning belle and beauty of the town. She was an only child, and the sole hope of her fond and doting parents. She was very beautiful, and throngs of admirers had sought her hand in vain. On her first entrance into society, she was a light-hearted, merry creature, full of mirth and good-humour; but of late and wherefore, none could tell, a sad depressing melancholy had taken possession of her thoughts; and, as she leaned her head upon her hand, which was buried in her luxuriant tresses, the most casual might observe that all was not at ease about her heart. She was listening, we said, to the conversation; and when Mr. Lee's name was mentioned, a crimson flush stole over the pearly texture of her face and bosom, which spoke more truly than words, that she listened with an interest she in vain endeavoured to conceal.

"I do not think," said Mr. Withers, "that Mr. Lee is the man you have represented him."

"I am sure he is not," said his wife; and the eyes of Emily kindled with emotion as her mother spoke.

"What!" said Payne, "did he not cheat all his creditors, and run away?"

"I have heard that his failure was owing to the fall of real estate," said Mr. Withers.

"And from whom did you hear that?" inquired Payne.

"From my friend Mivins, the broker, with whom you may recollect he had a duel, which—"

"Ended in smoke," said the attorney, with a smile, intended to convey a stronger meaning than his words expressed.

"Yet, in that affair, Mivins said he behaved like a man of the strictest honour."

"Honour!" said the attorney, emphatically; yet, at the same time, drawling out the word Iago-like, as 'though there was some hidden monster in his thought.'"

"Yes, sir, honour. Mivins says that affair bound him to Lee for ever, and that he would endorse his honour with his life. He also declared that, when he heard of Lee's embarrassments, he would have assisted him to the utmost extent of his means, if he could have found him; but he had disappeared, and no one knew whither he had gone."

"Mivins, you know, my dear," said he to his wife, "though an impetuous, hasty man, has a noble, generous heart."

"He has, indeed, my dear," replied Mrs. Withers. During the last part of this conversation, Emily had, unperceived by any one, unfolded a small billet-doux, which contained a lock of dark glossy hair; and a liquid pearl shot into her eye as she recalled the image of him who had sent it, and read over the kind words of affection that accompanied the treasured relick. Looking up, she noticed that the eyes of the attorney were riveted upon her; she hastily concealed the note in her bosom, and turned upon him a glance of cold contempt and indignation.

"Do you know, Mr. Payne," inquired Mrs. Withers, "what became of Mr. Lee after his failure?"

"I know nothing more than I have told you," said Payne. "I could not keep the run of him. He gave me leg-bail for the last suit I brought against him, which I believe was all the bail he had to give. I wish I could catch him now."

"What for?" asked Withers.

"To lock him up."

"Why?"

"Because I never liked him."

"What offence has he given you?"

"None; but I always considered him a man of shallow parts—a self-conceited, inflated coxcomb—a bankrupt, who defrauded honest people out of their just demands, and who proved himself a coward, by running away from those whom he had not the courage to face."

Emily rose from her seat, her eyes flashing fire, and her lip quivering like a rose-leaf in a storm.

"Silence, sir! I wonder you do not blush to slander the innocent in their absence. I am ashamed to have remained here so long to hear him abused. 'A man of shallow parts!' If you possessed but a moiety of his mind, you might be a gentleman. 'A coward,' sir! It would be more than your pernicious soul is worth, to breathe that in his presence. O shame upon you, to make his misfortunes your triumph! I'll not hear you, sir," continued Emily, as the crest-fallen attorney was about to reply. "You have slandered the absent, and insulted those present; and I wonder my parents have listened to you so long." As she spoke these words, she quitted the apartment, leaving her father and mother in mute astonishment, and the attorney rivited to the spot.

The feelings of Payne may be imagined. He had missed the mark at which he aimed, and wounded the heart he hoped to win. He left the house shortly afterwards sunken in his own estimation, and seriously meditating a jaunt to Texas.

On the following afternoon, just before the hour of five, the wharf at the foot of Courtland-street was thronged with people of all descriptions, making their way out of the city. It was near the hour for the departure of the steamboats, and consequently carts, carriages and omnibuses—men, women, and children—wheelbarrows, porters, carriers and news-boys, were crowded together promiscuously.

"Here's the Courier and Enquirer, sir."

"Here's the Star, sir; buy the good old major, sir, for a trifle."

"Three Americans for sixpence, sir."

"Sun, Transcript, Herald, and New Era."

"Baggage for West-Point, sir."

"That's your bandbox, ma'am, which the porter smashed. I'll take care of it for you, ma'am."

"Do, Peter, that's a good lad."

"All ashore that's going."

"Haul in the plank."

Whiz—phiz—whiz.

"Let go that line—haul in."

And away darted the North America, like a foaming steed let loose, boldly and gallantly, out into the sparkling river.

Ding-a-ling-a-ling—"All those as has not settled their fare, step to the capting's office and do it there." Ding-a-ling.

And, by the time the passage is paid and the luggage recovered, the passengers find themselves splashing and dashing beneath the Palisades, some miles on their way to Albany.

The departure of the steamboats from the city, on a clear summer's afternoon, is a beautiful sight. They all leave at the same hour, and they shoot from the innumerable piers out into the glassy stream in such numbers, that one would think half the population were slipping away, and wonder how it is they are not missed from the metropolis.

Among those on board the North America, were Mr. and Mrs. Withers and their lovely daughter, who had just commenced the fashionable tour of the season. But their presence was forgotten or unnoticed, in the circulation of a report which spread like a panick among the passengers, that a notorious individual, of whom everybody had heard, but whom nobody had seen, was on board. This person had made more noise in the city of New-York, than any one who had lived since the abdication of Peter Stuyvesant. He of the Iron-mask—the author of Junius—the Great Unknown—had not excited more curiosity in their day and generation, than the mysterious being of whom we are now writing. To that strange character had been attributed all the manifold disasters of the country: the hard times—the suspension of specie payments—the troubles of abolition, and every other evil that threatened the safety of the republick. He possessed a wonderful faculty for doing mischief, and what was more wonderful still, a sort of magical ubiquity, for he was here, there, and everywhere at the same time. At one moment he was in Wall-street, levelling the banks with staves and bludgeons; at another, he was assaulting the arsenal of the state, (which, by the way, it is said he captured and imprisoned the commissary-general, his son George, and Cornelius the carpenter.) He was a great "agitator," and his name struck terror to the hearts and souls of the Gothamites.

"Who could he be?" asked everybody; but nobody knew.

From what we have just said, the reader will at once perceive that "*the man in the claret-coloured coat*" was on board the steamer.

But where he was, or what he was, or who he was, remained as profound a mystery as the philosopher's stone.

The shades of evening thickened among the Highlands, and the dew-dropping clouds hung like misty veils over the hill-tops, concealing their beauty and shrouding them from the sight. The passengers retired to their cabins, and, notwithstanding the curiosity of all, the man in the claret-coloured coat was nowhere to be seen, although it was ascertained to a certainty that he was on board. The North America arrived in Albany before the break of day, and long ere any of the sleepers were stirring, that shadowy, invisible spirit had gone on shore and "vanished into thin air."

Some said he was on his way to Canada to join the patriots; and, for the peace of the good city of New-York, we not only hope the story is true, but that the arch-fiend in human shape may be shot there, and trouble our worthy fellow-citizens no more.

At Albany, Emily Withers and her parents took the cars for Saratoga, where we shall leave them to drink the Hygeian-waters and pass away the sultry months of summer.

Seated in a gloomy apartment in a remote part of the town, was a poor author—pale and emaciated, and just recovering from a protracted indisposition that had nearly brought him to the grave. He was completing a new work of fiction for the press of Lea and Blanchard, who, with a liberality usual with those enlightened bibliopoles, when they discover undoubted genius and unemployed talent, had paid for the work in advance, and thus prevented the author from starving while he wrote. A table, a few chairs, writing materials, the works of Shakspeare, Walter Scott and Washington Irving, were the principal articles in his room. The author's loose morning-gown, like himself, had seen better days; and his shirt-collar being unbuttoned and falling on his shoulders, disclosed a throat and head that might have furnished a study for the sculptor. His pale features were occasionally lighted with a smile, and fire kindled in his thoughtful eye as the rich treasures of his mind were poured upon the paper. The work was finished. He laid aside the pen, and leaning his head upon his hand, communed with himself.

"My task is accomplished. The desire of my heart is at length fulfilled, and though times have sadly changed with me, and the blind goddess proven herself a fickle jade indeed, yet I feel that by industry and my pen, I may yet retrieve my sunken fortunes. Well, the past were pleasant days, but they have vanished, and with them all the hopes they inspired. Pain, penury, and disease have long exiled me from the world; but I shall return to it again, a wiser, and, I trust, a better man. O Emily, why does your bright image mingle with all my fondest recollections of by-gone times? You have forgotten me now; yet, how devotedly have I loved. Proud, passionate and wealthy, the world is all before you where to choose; and, though in the hours of my prosperity, hope flattered me with the belief that you would one day be mine, it would be presumption now. No, Emily, that golden dream is over—my heart is breaking at the thought that you never, never can be mine!"

Little knew Mr. Lee, (it was he who spoke,) the heart of faithful, trusting, doting woman. When her affections are once bestowed, she smiles at all the reverses of the world, and her love endures when all else perishes. Woman's love is like the hardy ever-green of our own native groves, and looks as cheerful in the storms of winter as when the genial airs of spring-time play around its branches, and all the other trees of the forest dress themselves in holiday apparel, amid the melody of birds and the silvery sounds of running waters.

Our author's revery was broken by a knock at the door of his apartment; he arose to let the intruder in, and the detested person of Larence Payne stood before him.

"So," said the attorney, "I have found you at last. Snug quarters these—quite out of the way of the bailiffs, eh, Mr. Lee? Well, this is much better than paying notes, interest, assessments and taxes. Everything quite comfortable and snug, I declare."

"To what," said Lee, recovering from his surprise, "am I indebted for this intrusion?"

"Intrusion! Well, I like that phraseology. No intrusion at all—not in the least. I came by order of a court of law, and here are two bailiffs with writs in their pockets for you: So you see you are wanted and must go."

"If you were not beneath my notice, I would throw you out of the window for your impertinence," said Lee. "Solely on account of your insignificance, I let you escape!"

"Excessively glad to hear it," said Mr. Larence Payne, as, with an oblique movement, he made the best of his way down stairs, followed by the sheriffs and their prisoner.

On their arrival at the City-hall, Mr. Lee was astonished to learn that every judgment against him had been cancelled on the record, and that he was free from debt and at liberty. At this unexpected news, the attorney, unperceived by any one, skulked away from the Hall, and was soon in a place of concealment.

Mr. Lee was lost in amazement at this unlooked-for stroke of good fortune. He breathed more freely than he had done for months. It seemed as though a mountain of difficulty had been rolled from his mind; he was a new creature. But who was his benefactor? What generous spirit was it that stepped forward in his moment of greatest need and released him from bondage? Was it Mivins, the broker? It must be he. Lee knew no other individual in the world, capable of such an act. It was like him. It was noble.

Within the last year, a change had come over the destinies of New-York. Commerce once more spread her snowy pinions to the breeze. The hammer sounded cheerfully upon the anvil. The banks resumed the payment of specie. Confidence was restored. Talent, enterprise, and industry again received their merited reward, and bright hearts and smiling faces were everywhere to be seen. It seemed as though the wand of Prospero had been at work—such a change came over the whole community. The gay and fashionable had returned from their summer tour, and Emily Withers was once more in town, improved in health and radiant in beauty.

It was an autumn evening. A line of carriages stood in State-street and round the Battery, their lamps sparkling like fire-flies among the trees, and illuminating the neighbourhood far and near. The house of Mr. Withers streamed with light, and was thronged with company. There was a wedding there. The guests had all arrived. Among them the venerable Belmont, who was the presiding genius of the scene.

When in England, whither he had gone, shortly after the duel mentioned in the early part of this narrative, he heard of Lee's misfortunes, and, taking the first packet, he hastened to relieve them. On his arrival in New-York, he cancelled all his responsibilities, for his wealth was inexhaustible, and settled upon Mr. Lee the fifty thousand dollars he had so thoughtlessly lost in his speculations, and had hither come to witness the happiness of his friend in his union with the blooming Emily.

"Why have you taken such an interest in that young man?" asked Mivins, the broker.

"He did me a service, and it is a debt of gratitude paid by a *Jew* to a *Christian*."

My story is done—"But what," asks the reader, "became of little Payne, the attorney?"

He did not go to Texas, but to Canada, to fight the battles of the patriots.

"And died there?"

"Yes, gallantly fighting by the side of THE MAN IN THE CLARET-COLOURED COAT."

ORIGINAL TRANSLATIONS.

FABLES FROM LA FONTAINE.

THE MAN AND HIS IMAGE.

To M. Duke de la Rochefaucauld.

A MAN, who had no rivals in the love
Which to himself he bore,
Esteemed his own dear beauty far above
What earth had seen before.
More than contented in his error,
He lived the foe of every mirror.
Officious fate, resolved our lover
From such an illness should recover,
Presented always to his eyes
The mute advisers which the ladies prize—
Mirrors in parlours, inns, and shops;
Mirrors the pocket-furniture of fops;
Mirrors in every lady's zone,
From which his face reflected shone.
What could our dear Narcissus do?
From haunts of men he now withdrew,
Resolved henceforth his precious shape
From every mirror should escape.
But in his forest-glen alone,
Apart from human trace,
A water-course
Of purest source,
While with unconscious gaze
He pierced its waveless face,
Reflected back his own.
Incensed with mingled rage and fright
He seeks to shun that odious sight;
But yet that mirror sheet, so clear and still,
He cannot leave, do what he will.

Ere this, my story's drift you plainly see;
From such mistake there is no mortal free.
That obstinate self-lover
The *human soul* doth cover;
The mirrors, follies are of others,
In which, as all are genuine brothers,
Each soul may see to life depicted
Itself with just such faults afflicted;
And by that charming, placid brook,
Needless to say, I mean your *Maxim Book*.

THE OAK AND THE REED.

The oak one day addressed the reed:
"To you ungenerous indeed
Hath nature been, my humble friend,
With weakness, aye, obliged to bend.
The smallest bird that flits in air
Is greater load than you can bear;
The slightest wind that wreathes the lake
Your ever trembling head doth shake.
Meanwhile my towering form
Dares with the mountain top
The solar blaze to stop,
And wrestle with the storm.
What seems to you the blast of death,
To me is but a zephyr's breath.
Beneath my branches had you grown,
That spread far round their friendly bower,
Less suffering would your life have known,
Defended from the tempest's power.
Unhappily; you oftenest show
In open air your slender form,
Along the marshes, wet and low,
That fringe the kingdom of the storm.
To you, declare I must,
Dame nature seems unjust."
Then modestly replied the reed:
"Your pity, sir, is kind indeed,
But wholly needless for my sake;
The wildest wind that ever blew
Is safe to me compared with you,—
I bend, indeed, but never break.
Thus far, I own, the hurricane
Has beat your sturdy back in vain:
But wait the end." Just at the word,
The tempest's hollow voice was heard.
The north sent forth her fiercest child,
Dark, jagged, pitiless, and wild.
The oak, erect, endured the blow;
The reed bowed gracefully and low.
But gathering up its strength once more,
In greater fury than before,
The savage blast
O'erthrew, at last,
That proud, old, sky-encircled head,
Whose feet entwined the empire of the dead!

THE SWAN AND THE COOK.

The pleasures of a poultry-yard
Were by a swan and gosling shared.
The swan was kept there for his looks,
The thrifty gosling for the cooks;—
The first, the garden's pride; the latter,
A greater favourite on the platter.
They swam the ditches, side by side,
And oft in sports aquatick vied,
Plunging, splashing, far and wide,
With rivalry ne'er satisfied.

One day the master cook,
Who'd got a drop too much,
Made in the yard a clutch,
And swan for gosling took,
In haste to cut his throat
And put him in the pot.
The bird's complaint resounded
In glorious melody;
Whereat the cook astounded,
His sad mistake to see,
Cried, "What! make soup of such musician!
Please God, I'll never set such dish on.
No, no; I'll never cut a throat
That sings so sweet a note."

'Tis thus, whatever peril may alarm us,
Sweet words will never harm us.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

MANAGING A HUSBAND!

THIS is a branch of female education too much neglected; it ought to be taught with "French, Italian, and the use of the globes." To be sure, as Mrs. Glass most sensibly observes, "first catch your hare," and you must also first catch your husband. But we will suppose him caught—and therefore to be roasted, boiled, stewed, or jugged. All these methods of cooking have their matrimonial prototypes. The roasted husband is done to death by the fiery temper, the boiled husband dissolves in the warm water of conjugal tears, the stewed husband becomes ductile by the application of worry, and the jugged husband is fairly subdued by sauce and spice. Women have all a natural genius for having their own way; still the finest talents, like "the finest pisantry in the world," require cultivation. We recommend beginning soon.

When Sir William L—— was setting off on his wedding excursion, while the bride was subsiding from the pellucid lightness of white satin and blonde, into the delicate darkness of the lilack silk travelling dress, the lady's-maid rushed into his presence with a torrent, not of tears, but of words. His favourite French valet had put out all the bandboxes that had been previously stored with all feminine ingenuity in the carriage. Of course, on the happiest day of his life, Sir William could not "hint a fault or hesitate dislike," and he therefore ordered the interesting exiles to be replaced. "Ver vell, Sare William," said the prophetick gentleman's gentleman, "you let yourself be bandboxed now, you'll be bandboxed all your life."

The prediction of the masculine Cassandra of the curling-irons was amply fulfilled. Poor Sir William! One of his guests, a gentleman whose wits might have belonged to a Leeds clothier, for they were always wool-gathering, confounded the bridal with one of those annual festivals when people cruelly give you joy of having made one step more to your grave—this said guest, at his wedding, literally wished him many happy returns of the day! The polite admirer of the bandboxes found, however, one anniversary quite sufficient, without any returns.

Now, we do consider it somewhat hard "to drag at each remove" such a very perceptible chain; it might as well have been wreathed, or gilded, or even pinchbecked. A friend of mine, Mrs Francis Seymour, does the thing much better. We shall give a domestick dialogue in Curzon-street, by way of example to the rising generation

"I have been at Doubiggin's this morning, my love," said Mrs. Seymour, while helping the soup; "he has two such lovely Sèvre tables, portraits of Louis the Fourteenth's beauties; you must let me have them for the drawing-room, they are such loves."

"I really do wonder," exclaimed Mr. Seymour, in his most decided tone, "what can you want with anything more in the drawing-room. I am sure that it is as much as any one can do to get across the room as it is. I will have no more money spent on such trash."

"This fish is capital, the sauce is a "*chef-d'œuvre*," exclaimed the lady, hastening to change the discourse; "do let me recommend it."

Dinner proceeds, enlivened by a little series of delicate attentions on the part of the wife. One thing is advised; another, which she is well aware is her husband's aversion, playfully forbidden, with a "my dear Francis, you are so careless of yourself—consider *les horreurs de la digestion*."

Dinner declines into dessert, and Mr. Seymour eats his walnuts, peeled

"By no hand, as you may guess,
But that of Fairey Fair,"

alias Mrs. Seymour's very pretty fingers. Towards the middle of his second glass of port, he perceives that there are tears in his wife's soft blue eyes—which become actual sobs as he progresses in the third glass.

"I see how it is, Laura; well, you shall have the tables."

"The tables!" cried the lady, with an air, as the school-boy said of ancient Gaul, quartered into three halves, of disdain, wounded feelings, and tenderness; "I have really lost all wish for them. It was of you, Francis that I was thinking. Good heavens! can you weigh a few paltry pounds against the pleasure of gratifying your wife. I see I have lost my hold on your affections. What have I done? I, whose whole life has but one happiness, that of pleasing you!"

We will not pursue the subject to its last conjugal close of tears and kisses; suffice it to say, that the next day the tables were sent home; not given—but only accepted as a favour!

Now this is a beautiful way of doing business. We seriously recommend its consideration as a study to our lady readers. Scolding does much, for, as the old riddle says, "anything," is what

"Many a man, who has a wife,
Submits to for a quiet life."

But, fair half of the world, out of whose very remains the rose, as the eastern proverb has it, was formed at the creation—flattery, that honey of the heart, is the true art of sway. Instead of divide, our new state secret is, "flatter to reign."

FIVE FACTS.—A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life is the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty is the best policy; and temperance the best physick.

ON THE ORIGIN OF SURNAMES.

THE surname of the ancient house of Berkeley was assumed in the reign of William the Conqueror, from Berkeley Castle, in Gloucestershire. By marriage with a lady of the house of Mowbray the noble family of the Berkeleys descend from Thomas of Brotherton, earl of Norfolk, son of King Edward I. When this prince (as we learn from Walsingham) was deprived, by death, of his only son, he bore his affliction with the patience of a wise man; but not long after being informed of the decease of his royal parent, Henry III. he yielded to such excessive grief, that the king of Sicily, with whom he then sojourned, could not refrain from expressing his surprise, on which King Edward replied, "God may send more sons, but the death of a father is irrecoverable."

Surnames of local origin had usually *De* or *At* prefixed to them. The name of Head was taken from Hythe, originally called Hede, in Kent; that of Gresley, from Gresley, in Derbyshire; Montgomery, from Montgomery, in Normandy; Temple, from the manor of Temple, in Leicestershire; Evelyn, from Evelyn, in Shropshire; Moncrieff, from the estate of Moncrieff, in Perthshire, N. B.; Egerton, from Egerton, near Malpas, Cheshire; Walpole, from Walpole, in Norfolk; Brougham, formerly De Burgham, from Brougham, in Westmoreland; Grimston, from Grimston, in Yorkshire; Peyton, from the ancient seat of the family, Peyton Hall, in Boxford, Suffolk; Markham, from Markham, in Nottinghamshire; Mostyn, originally Moston, from Mostyn, in Flintshire; Whichcote, from Whichcote, in Shropshire; Cochrane, from the Barony of Cochrane, in Renfrewshire, N. B.; Lowther, from Lowther, in Westmoreland; Swinburne, from Swinburne Castle, in Northumberland. The family of the Drinkwaters derive their singularly corrupted surname from Derwentwater, in Cumberland; the name of Clifford was assumed from Clifford Castle, in Herefordshire, and it is a curious fact that, through the De Clares, the illustrious family of the Cliffords may be traced from William Longespee, earl of Salisbury, son of King Henry II. by Fair Rosamond. This celebrated lady, designated Rosamond, which signifies the rose of the world, but whose real name is affirmed to have been Jane, was the daughter of Walter, feudal Baron of Clifford. Transported by her beauty and wit, Henry Plantagenet, when a youth, resolved to possess those charms which had excited the admiration of all, and, doubtless won by his fascinating deportment and exalted station, the hapless Rosamond fell a victim to his powerful allurements. Modern researches testify that, after their mutual affection had continued several years, she retired to the nunnery of Godstow, near Oxford, where she passed the remainder of her days in penitence, and died a natural death, in or about 1177, and not by poison administered by Queen Eleanor. Her remains were interred in the choir of the said nunnery, and the nuns, regarding her benefactions, as well as those of her royal lover, to their house, "hung a silken pall over her tomb, and kept tapers constantly burning around it." But the austere Hugh, bishop of Lincoln, in a visitation at Godstow, indignant at the honours paid to her memory, ordered her bones to be removed to the common cemetery of the convent. The grateful nuns, however, again buried her remains in their church "under a fair, large grave-stone, near which they erected a cross, with an inscription imploring rest for the soul of Rosamond."

MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS.

A desire to say things which no one ever said, makes some people say things which no one ought to say. It is a beautiful saying that misery is sacred: *Res est sacra miser*. Men speak more virtuously than they think or act. It may be said as truly of a knave as of a honest man, that his word is as good as his bond. It is observable, Pharaoh, tyrant and persecutor as he was, never compelled the Hebrews to forsake the religion of their fathers, and to adopt that of the Egyptians. Such improvements in persecution were reserved for Christians. Great abilities and a fawning temper seldom meet together; and they who deserve favours are not made to beg favours. An absolute prince never loves any but absolute scoundrels. Flatterers are mean and sordid as they are mischievous and odious. To them might be applied the Levitical law: "Every creeping thing is unclean, and shall be an abomination." By examining the tongue of the patient, physicians find out the diseases of the body, and philosophers the diseases of the mind. A king can make a man "honourable" and "right honourable," but he cannot make him "a man of honour." If there were no God we should have no father, but only a cruel stepmother called Nature. There is a pleasure in receiving favours from great men, when they are bestowed in a polite and generous manner; there is also a pleasure in passing through this world without any obligations to them; and this pleasure a man may enjoy without being envied for it. The works of Aristophanes show him to have been a great poet and a great rascal. Somebody said to a learned simpleton, "The Lord double your learning, and then you will be twice the fool you are now."

A ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

One of the most pleasing cantatrices now belonging to the Parisian stage was a short time since on a provincial tour with her husband; when she found herself exposed to the disagreeable assiduities of a rich old Turcaret of one of the provincial towns of France. This person could devise no other means of making himself welcome to the lady than by writing her a very impertinent letter, and enclosing in it a note for five hundred francs. Feeling the insult very warmly, the lady put the note into her husband's hands, who, to avenge himself as a man of wit and good sense, wrote exactly a similar note to the wife of the old gentleman, a young woman like his own, enclosed in it the five hundred francs note, and sent it to her with all proper mystery and precaution. This lady, not less insulted in her affections than the cantatrice, gave the letter to her husband, who concealed his astonishment, and affected to treat the affair as one that had better be hushed up than made a noise about. His wife, however, who was not aware of the real circumstances of the case, was by no means disposed to take it so easily, and accordingly went off to the cantatrice to tell her of her husband's supposed infidelity. An explanation ensued, and the result has been a legal demand of separation, *corps et biens*, made by the lady against the old gentleman.

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

THE GUITAR.

Sing me that air he used to love so well:
But softly, sister—let its tones come stealing,
That echo wake not—gently weave the spell
To mournful memories of the past appealing.

Nay, that's too lovely—sing in sadder strain,
Like the lone bird that 'neath night's planet holy
(Methinks there's human passion in her pain)
Pours forth her soul in richest melancholy.

Ah! didst thou love—and he were far away—
Thy heart's one thought, one life, one hope, one sorrow:
The voice had sweeter been, but far less gay,
For musick pensive tones from love doth borrow.

Lord Brougham.—Among the most regular frequenters of the Zoological Gardens, on a Sunday, (*proh pudor.*) when the crowd is the greatest, was Lord Brougham. But lion nor tiger, elephant nor ostrich, appeared to have any charms for him. He was always to be seen at one place, gazing intently on the motions of some amphibious animal, placed within one of those water-cages prepared for creatures who delight in that element. A gentleman was at length induced to attempt the discovery of the object of his lordship's anxieties. On his return, he observed, "It is all quite *natural*—Lord Brougham is watching the Great Seal."

Theatrical miseries.—A fine overture playing and a noisy audience. At the play, just as you are beginning to recover yourself, after a song of unequalled length and insipidity, to which the singer has *added* the *deficiencies* of taste, time and tune—to hear "encore!" "encore!" from every mouth but your own. Shirking a pleasant party, to get early to the theatre to see a new comedy by a popular writer, and when the curtain draws up, learning from your next neighbour, that, *on account of the indisposition of the principal performer*, the managers have been under the necessity of substituting the *Stranger* or *Inkle and Yarico*. N. B.—No money returned. A modern prologue to a modern play.

A word and a blow.—The Prince Metternich steamer lately arrived from Trebizonde at Constantinople. Two cases of plague having declared themselves on board, strict orders were given that the crew and passengers should undergo a severe quarantine. Two Persians disregarded this order, jumped overboard and swam to the shore; they were arrested and conducted before the Cadi. "Were you," said that officer, "passengers on board the Metternich steamer?" "Yes." "Did you break the quarantine?" "Yes." The Cadi made a sign, and the two heads were rolling at his feet.

Keep your countenance.—A very good lady in Boston, had in her employment a young man from the country. On certain occasions he was instructed to inform any company who might ring at the door, that "Mrs. ——, was not at home." One day John made this reply to an intimate friend of the lady, who shortly went away leaving a card and a promise to call again. As the card was handed to Mrs. ——, she said, "John, what did you say to the lady?" "I told her you were not at home!" "Well, John, I hope you did not laugh." "Oh no, ma'am," said John, "I never laughs when I tell a lie."

A French lady in the street.—When a French lady walks out, she always takes on one side her *caniche* by a string, and at the other sometimes her beau without a string. In either way she monopolizes the whole street, and you are continually getting between her and the puppy, very much to your inconvenience; for, if you offend the dog, the mistress is, of course, implacable, and you will very likely have to meet her gallant in the Forest of Bondy the next morning.

Changing the tune.—"Run and get me an armful of wood," said a woman to her husband, one rainy day, "as you are wet and I am dry." The same plea was used for a dozen more errands. At last it was, "Get me a bucket of water, for you are wet and I am dry." The bucket of water was brought and thrown over her, the husband exclaiming, "Now do your share, for you are wet too."

A conjugal compliment.

My little wife her features raised
To heaven's night brow; and as she gazed,
"Oh! what more *bright*?" aloud she cries—
But she forgot her splendid eyes.

Scarce had she spoke, the bird of night
Sung out and thrilled the heavenly height;
"Oh, lovely musick! what more *choice*?"
She cried—but she forgot her voice.

Standing army.—The largest standing army in the world is kept up by the Chinese; it amounts to one million two hundred thousand men. Russia has six hundred and sixty thousand men constantly under arms, and France three hundred and ten thousand. The army of the United Kingdom is upwards of ninety thousand.

Taking time for it.—A man at breakfast lately, sat a long time after the others were done. "You are a great while at breakfast," said his impatient friend. "You don't expect me to eat all that beefsteak in a moment, do you?"—was the reply.

Look out for your front teeth!—A German journal speaks of a young authoress who has distinguished herself in the literary world. She is called the Baroness de Clokekrakerstocae Pickalkrenken.

Cheap.—A tradesman in the country tendered an account in which was the following item; and, considering the job, his charge was certainly moderate:—"To hanging wickets and myself, seven hours, five shillings and six-pence."

EPIGRAM.

"If nature never acts a part in vain,
Who," said an atheist, "can this fact explain?
Why in the glow-worm does her power produce
So lavish lustre, for so little use!"
A plain, blunt-fellow, who by chance stood by,
Heard what he said, and made him this reply:
"Nature," quoth he, "explains her own design;
She meant to mortify all pride like thine,
When o'er an insect's tail such *light* she spread,
And left such *darkness* in a coxcomb's head."

Lucifer matches.—A vender of this article in England, has the following quotation from the prophets, painted on a sign-board over his door—"O! Lucifer, how art thou fallen," a penny a box.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We learn from a correspondent that the statement in a late number of the Mirror, in regard to the proposed location of the Athenæum Library, was erroneous. The building about to be erected in Broadway, opposite to the Athenæum Hotel, will belong to the "New-York Society Library." It will bear the name of this venerable institution, and be appropriated to its use. We agree with our correspondent, that it would be an excellent arrangement, if the smaller library could be merged in the larger. At present, New-York is far behind both Boston and Philadelphia, in the advantages it can offer to literary men, in the establishment of an extensive and well-selected library.—We are indebted to our excellent neighbour, the editor of the Albion, for the loan of the likeness of the Queen of England, which appears on the last page of the present impression. We borrowed this for the especial gratification of the ladies of America, among whom quite as great curiosity exists about everything relating to Victoria as in her own realms. We have now on our table a number of poems, addressed to her majesty by ladies of this country, and we are constantly receiving communications from various sources respecting her, which we should be pleased to publish, did not the plan of this periodical forbid it. No objection, however, can be made by any one, considering the good understanding existing between the two countries—which may a kind Providence long continue—of giving our readers the portrait of one who fills the most responsible station, and occupies a greater share of public attention than any woman living.—We trust the length of the admirable sketch on our fourth and fifth pages, will not prevent any one from reading it. It is from the well-known pen of an old contributor, and will amply repay perusal.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1839.

America Vespucci.—This fair descendant of the great adventurer, who gave his name to the western hemisphere, is at present in the United States. She has been an object of considerable attention and interest in society both in this city and at the South. Her object in visiting Washington is said to be to petition Congress for a township of land somewhere west, in consideration of her lineage, which is said to be indisputably established. A correspondent, who dates from the Capitol, sends us the following epigrams. It will be seen that their inspiration is drawn from the dark eyes of the Signora America. The writer, poor fellow, appears to be in a bad way, though, if report be true, his case is not a singular one:

TO AMERICA VESPUCCI.

I.

Blest was thy ancestor with deathless fame,
When to this western world he gave his name;
But far more blest, methinks, that man would be,
Fair scion! who might give his name to thee.

II.

From thy forefather, lady, I am styled
American! Proud am I of the title:
But I am not ungrateful. Would his child
Might claim my name, by way of a requital!

III.

Thy great progenitor, fair maid, unfurled
His canvass to the breeze, and found a world;
But could I his discovery *unmake*,
I'd lose a world for his descendant's sake.

IV.

They tell me thou dost ask a state, or more,
From the vast heritage Vespuccius left us;
Ah! ere thou wouldst extend thy sway, restore
The hearts of which thy beauty has bereft us! P. P. C.

Miss Landon.—We have too little reason, from the statement being universal, to entertain a doubt of the decease of this truly gifted and accomplished authoress in Africa, from the effects of the climate, where she accompanied her husband. Miss Landon, or rather Mrs. Maclean, has long been a deserved favourite with the admirers of literature, and the loss of her inimitable productions will, we fear, be unrepaired. For beauty and elegance of composition, pathos and exquisite simplicity, her poetry is almost unprecedented among the lady-writers of the day. In private life, we believe Miss Landon to have been an affectionate, kind-hearted, and exemplary woman. We have been complained of for having inserted a paragraph, a short time since, reflecting upon the character of this lady, and we conceive it a fitting opportunity here to state, that we know nothing of the truth of the allusion therein contained, and also our regret at having unintentionally permitted its publication in "The Mirror." Our correspondent, in relating various particulars concerning publick and notorious characters, indirectly alluded to a circumstance which, if true, should not have been mentioned; if untrue, should never have been insinuated. No doubt we shall shortly be favoured with this lady's memoirs, from her earliest infancy to the close of her too early existence. We leave to her biographer that task, and content ourselves with briefly alluding to her, in the only character in which we have known her, that of an authoress. For many years the works of L. E. L., have continued to refresh the lovers of literature with their unclouding beauty. Each publication, with those initials, could only be perused with renewed delight, and we conscientiously believe nothing ever came from her magick pen, but possessed a proportionate share of excellence. To mention all her productions would be useless here; to criticise one, unnecessary. In concluding our remarks we will say, with equal truth and sorrow, that no one's career ever ended, with whom we had no private friendship, which produced sincerer regret. May L. E. L. live as green in the memories of all, as she will in ours. Peace be with her.

Phrenology.—Dr. Combe says, "If two persons with brains of the same size and shape, the one of sanguine, the other of nervous temperament, have business at a distance, the first will walk and do it personally, through love of corporeal as well as mental exertion, and the second will attend to it by sending a letter. The sanguine temperament will sooner walk a mile than write a letter of three lines. The nervous will sooner write a letter of three pages, than walk across the street.'

The tulip mania in Holland.—Everybody has heard of the *tulip mania*, which afflicted the inhabitants of Holland, about two centuries ago, and which raged with especial violence in the cities of Harlem, Amsterdam, Utrecht, Leyden, Rotterdam, etc. The complaint manifested itself in a general rage for rare and beautiful tulips. A recent writer says that many of the extravagancies, which are recorded in reference to this subject, were not prompted solely by the wish of possessing rare and curious tulips; the fact is, that the passion for flowers not unfrequently served as a mask for disguising the passion for gambling. For example, a speculator would engage, for seven millions of florins, to produce a tulip of a particular description at the expiration of a month, and the profit or loss which might ensue, either to seller or purchaser, depended on the fluctuations which might take place, during the given time, in the value of the particular species of tulip. This sort of floral stock-jobbing was carried to an inconceivable extent. It might naturally be imagined that people so passionately fond of flowers would have passed their time in gardens, watching and nursing their gay parterres—but no such thing; these Dutch tulip-fanciers carried on their speculations and concluded their bargains in the *cabarets*. It frequently happened that neither buyer nor seller ever saw the tulips which made or ruined their fortunes. The negotiations which preceded the development of the flowers embraced such a vast number of tulips, that not all the gardens in Holland could have produced them. The species most prized, and of which the greatest number of roots were sold, was that called *Semper Augustus*, a flower so rare, that it is alleged only two perfect specimens of it were ever known to exist; one of these was produced at Harlem and the other at Amsterdam.

Macready and the London penny-a-liners.—The present manager of Covent-Garden theatre will ever occupy a proud position in the history of the English drama. We rejoice to learn that his efforts to reform and elevate his art have been successful, and that his theatre is doing, what is professionally called, a "good business." Macready appears to be a conspicuous mark for the squibs and small witticisms of the London penny-a-liners. Any one, who knows the degree of license exercised by the craft, need not be told that nearly all the anecdotes fathered upon Macready, by those respectable and philosophical persons who gather small talk for the press, are utterly false, and in no respect characteristick of the man. Some of these *jeux d'esprit* are, however, well done, and no doubt call forth a smile from Macready himself. Take the following specimen:—"Don't you think my execution of Othello a capital performance? It is in my line, is it not?" asked Macready of Cooke. "Why, yes," replied the provoking punster; all *executions* may be considered *capital* performances; and your performance of Othello is certainly one of that class, for you *execute* him, in your *line*, as you call it, so effectively, that as soon as you lay hands upon him, he is *no More!*"

New-York Mercantile Library Association.—The annual report made to this excellent institution by its president, on the ninth instant, shows its affairs to be in a very flourishing condition. Its receipts, during the past year, amounted to eight thousand and seventy-two dollars and seventy-seven cents, all of which was disbursed, excepting one hundred and seventeen dollars and forty-five cents. The whole number of members, stockholders, etc., four thousand five hundred and twenty-seven. The library contains eighteen thousand three hundred and twenty-three volumes, two thousand four hundred and seventy-one of which were added during 1838.

To what base uses may we come.—It is proposed by a poet, one of the most distinguished members of the press of this city, that the ground on which stand the classick ruins of the Bowery theatre should be bought by the corporation, and converted into a standing-place for poultry-wagons, cabbage-carts, etc.

"Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
Oh that the earth which held the world in awe
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!"

Charitable Institution.—We understand that an association has been formed by the ladies of the ninth ward, called the Ninth Ward House of Industry, for the very laudable purpose of furnishing work to the industrious poor during the inclement seasons of the year, when provisions and fuel are generally dear, and work scarcely to be found. We commend this association to the good feeling of all who desire to see it successful in its benevolent purpose. We understand that the managers receive work.

Victoria and the fashion of hoops.—The Liverpool correspondent of the Star says:—There is a prevalent idea that, at the Victoria full dress parties, hoops and trains will be revived. This has long been talked of. If this revival should take place, (and it appears probable,) they will be very different from what they were

"In our hot youth, when George the Third was king."

Instead of being unwieldy, heavy, articles of whalebone and buckram, such as our great grand aunts wore, they will be flexible, light and moderate sized hoops, and so arranged, that by touching a spring on each side, a lady may depress or raise her hoop at will. In a word, they will be manageable. It requires some practice and skill to manage the trains, but they are graceful, if properly managed.

Snuff-taking.—The fashion of snuff-taking is said to have been first introduced by a lady, no less a one than the celebrated Catharine de Medicis. We shall ever think better of the habit hereafter, though, gallantry asserts, we think it is the last one that should have been invented by a lady.

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

NEW MUSICK.

SERIES OF NATIONAL MELODIES.—The musical reader will, we are sure, be gratified to learn that Mr. Horn has arranged, and, consequently, redeemed from neglect, another southern strain. He touches everything with the hand of a master, and each new melody from him is welcomed by the publick as a valuable contribution to the lyrical stores of the country. If the composer proceeds with his task in the same spirit in which it has been commenced, the songs of the south and west will shortly be converted into musical gems for the drawing-room! "The National Melodies," commenced with "On the lake where droop'd the willow," was followed by the "Northern Refrain," and the third number of the series is now before us. The sweet and touching pathos of the melody to the following words, are not surpassed by anything we ever listened to. We predict for this simple little ballad a wide popularity. It is published by Davis and Horn, No. 411 Broadway.

MEETA.

I.

Where the ivy-vine is creeping
Green and strong;
In a cot sat Meeta weeping
All night long!
False the vows her lover plighted
As the changing moon;
And that fair one droop'd, a blighted
Rose of June!

II

Heaven crush the wretch inhuman
Could betray
Faithful, fond, confiding woman,
Lured away
By the star of her affection,
By love's winning tone;
Leaving her without protection,
Lost and lone!

III.

Swift the lightnings flash above her!
Thunders roll!
In the tempest flies her lover,
Light of soul!
Cold his feelings—cold the weather—
Cold that faded form!—
Her heart and morning broke together
In the storm!

Several new and popular pieces of musick have also been published by Millet, No. 375 Broadway.

LITERARY NOTICES.

James Nack, the deaf and dumb poet, has issued proposals for publishing a volume to be entitled, "The Romance of the Ring," with other tales and sketches in prose and verse. The work will contain about two hundred and fifty pages, neatly printed on good paper, and delivered to subscribers at one dollar per copy. James Nack is singularly gifted, and his writings, strange to say, have a more extended reputation among foreigners than his own countrymen. He is one of the wonders of the age and should be cherished. A subscription paper is left at this office, to receive the names of those persons who may feel disposed to encourage a native poet of acknowledged and extraordinary talent. In our admiration of genius abroad, we should not be unmindful of that at home.

"TALES, ILLUSTRATING THE PASSIONS:—Remorse, Jealousy, Revenge, Love, Despair, and Hatred," by James, author of "Richelieu," and other well-known novels, has been published by Lea and Blanchard, of Philadelphia; who have also issued "Elliott's Travels in the three great empires of Austria, Russia, and Turkey." These are both capital works, and are well worth perusal.

"SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER."—The January number of this ably-conducted journal is the first of a new volume, and is unusually rich in entertaining and well written papers. This is a good period for subscribers to send in their names.

"THE FAMILY VISITER AND SILK CULTURIST"—Is the title of a weekly periodical published in this city by Dwight and Allan. It is embellished with innumerable wood-cuts, and is a pleasant work.

THE FINE ARTS.

COLEMAN'S WINDOW.—Coleman's window is among the curiosities of the city. Two prints, particularly interesting in design and perfect in execution, were exhibited a few days since. One was entitled "Wellington at Waterloo;" the other "Napoleon at Waterloo." The former painted by A. Cooper, and engraved by F. Bromley; the latter drawn by Steuben, and engraved by a lady of the name of Simmons. The duke is riding the well-remembered charger which carried him on that eventful day, the eighteenth of June, and is giving an order to an officer, who, with hat in hand, is attentively receiving it. There is that calmness portrayed on the features of his grace said to be so remarkable to him in all times of danger. Not a nerve seems shaken, but a firmness is depicted in his iron features which may be imagined, but scarcely described in the hero of Waterloo. Now look on this picture. The Emperour, "the great captain of the age," is mounted upon his snow-white Arabian, which appears from its frightened manner, to be sensible of the overthrow which its master is witnessing. Bonaparte, surrounded with the dead, dying and wounded, is gazing intently towards the conflict with lowered brow, and defeat written in every lineament of his countenance. Altogether, this beautiful engraving faithfully exhibits Napoleon beaten.

THE DRAMA.

Mrs. Bailey has been astonishing and delighting the audience of the Park in opera, assisted by Brough, and others temporarily engaged. In La Somnambula, Cinderella, and La Gazza Ladra, Mrs. Bailey sang the musick very sweetly, and made an impression so favourable as to produce a general desire to see her soon again.

Hamblin's recent engagements at the National, have been eminently successful. We should like to see Wallack also on these boards. We know that he is the manager of the theatre, for we have abundant evidence of that fact night after night; but where is *Wallack, the actor*? We miss him. Everybody misses him from the stage. We assure the *manager*, that if he would engage the *actor* for a few nights, it would be exceedingly gratifying to the publick. By the way, we perceive that Mrs. Hardwick has left the theatre for a time, having been engaged by Mr. Abbott, of the Charleston and Augusta theatres. This actress, through some untoward circumstances, has not filled that situation in the theatre which her talents entitle her to. We are assured by one of the first musical authorities in the country, that she possesses vocal capabilities of the very highest order. We trust that on her return she will be placed in her proper position.

We perceive by Hamblin's advertisements, that he is in earnest about rebuilding the Bowery theatre. Great good-will seems to be manifested towards Hamblin on the part of the community and the press.

Flynn has also made contracts for the building of the "Chatham-street theatre." He is persevering, and we do not doubt will succeed in his enterprise.

What is to become of the Franklin theatre, when its new rival takes its stand by its side? But we will not anticipate matters. The Franklin is at present doing a good business, and we are not sorry to hear it on the manager's account, who seems to spare no exertions or expense to please his visiters.

Niblo, the persevering, indefatigable Niblo, is building in his garden a splendid Opera-house, which, when finished, will resemble the Italian Opera-house before it was converted into the National theatre. It fronts on Broadway, next door to his own dwelling, and when completed, will contain two thousand persons. This edifice will, we understand, be devoted to opera exclusively, while the Saloon will be appropriated to the performances of the Ravels, who are engaged for the coming season. Two distinct entertainments, on the same night, in the same garden, will be doing business on a large scale; but this is characteristick of Niblo, who is a "wholesale dealer." All good wishes attend him.

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TALES OF EASTERN ROMANCE.

HADJEE MEER MEERZA;
THE LAMB WITH THE LION'S HEART.

Hadjee Meer Meerza—or, as he was called among his brother shepherds, from his remarkable gentleness and courage, "The Lamb with the Lion's Heart"—was a simple shepherd, herding his flocks on the beautiful plain which spreads itself along under that famous mountain, Ararat; and a very merry and happy fellow he was, and known and loved, that pastoral country round, for his good-humoured gibes, his imperturbable gentleness, and his stout heart. He was not a native of the district where he fed his flocks, for he was born in the little village of Humamloo, which lies in the valley of the same name, on the boundary of Persia, where it meets the frontier of the gigantick realms of Russia. But, having been hired by old Abdool Allee, (the wealthiest flock-holder of the country-region around Erivan,) in one of his journeys, as his chief shepherd, he quitted his own pleasant valley, and followed his master and his sheep into the plains on the other side of the heights of Aberan, which separated him from his own beloved valley—his own humble home—and his old widowed mother, who still lived happily in her adopted Humamloo, surrounded by her children and their children—one member of her fold only being a straggler, the merry Meer Meerza. But as she heard from him, and heard that he did well, she was happy to let him live estranged from her, knowing that, when he had enriched himself, he would return, and bless the evening of her life with his affection: for she knew that her favourite son, Meerza, loved nothing so much in the world as his good mother, his rude home, and his brethren.

Having passed three summers in the plains, the shepherd longed again to see his native valley; and, having obtained from the good Abdool permission to depart, the old man, who loved him as his son, loaded him with gifts, and sent him rich away; and away he went upon his journey, rejoicing. One care only lay heavily on his head, but did not weigh upon his heart; for he knew that he would be as welcome at his home in Humamloo, if he brought nothing back but his good spirits and his shepherd's crook, as if he returned with a caravan of wealth which he could call his own. In passing from the plains of Erivan, he had to journey over the wild, rocky heights of Aberan—a desolate region which had long been the terrour of rich travellers; for it was the hunting-place of the most ferocious of robbers, the terrible Caussim Al Kadjer, who had defied the soldiers of the great Shah Abbas to take him, and therefore mocked at the puny efforts of the peasantry to hunt him down: the country people, accordingly, gave him up, and let him prey upon whom he listed; for they had grown to think him invulnerable by human hands, and that he bore a charmed life. All that the dwellers did on either side of rocky Aberan, was to warn the travellers of whom they had to meet, and how to meet him—if they loved their lives, to let him levy toll, and then they might pass safely. His strength and prowess had spread such a dread of him the country round, that it was believed no single man, nor any number of men, could overmatch him. Hadjee Meer went not away unwarned—but he heeded it nothing. He was told that it was in vain to arm himself, unless he could wield the weapon (with as mighty an arm) of the great hero of Persian story, Roostum Beg himself. That weapon and that arm only could be the safeguard of him who had to contend with a robber of such tiger-like stealthiness, and, when that failed, and he had missed his spring upon his prey, of such terrible strength and unsubduable courage as Caussim Al Kadjer—"The Blood-lover," as he was called. Hadjee Meer laughed, however, when they sought to alarm him; for as he was young, strong, and had some conceit of his good courage, "If he was to be conquered," he said, "it should not be by fear, which slays so many, but by superiour prowess." Nothing but being beaten, and that soundly, should convince him that he could be beaten. "And leave me to know when I have had enough of blows to satisfy me that I am beaten," said the stout-hearted shepherd. "A hundred blows, on body and brow, are enough for me: when I have had them fairly counted down, I give up the bargain, unless a few more will decide it on both sides, and then it is as well to strike on till the affair is settled, and the bargain struck."

It was in a small caravanserai or house of entertainment for travellers, on the Persian side of the heights of Erivan, that Hadjee Meer had halted before he had made his ascent. The dealers in cattle, and traders in black lamb and sheep skins, and merchant-adventurers of Cashmere shawls, cloths and stuffs called variously *cussabs*, *aleeyahs*, *tafetas*, *kuddaks*, *cuhemears*, *peerahun shahees*, (or king's shirts,) carpets of Herat and Ispahan, velvets of Cashan and Tabreez, and other silken, woollen, and linen goods, rested here with him; for it was the day *Jumah*, the Mohammedan sabbath, on which it is not lawful to trade, and, if it can be avoided, to travel. Hadjee Meer was known to many of the merchants, who loved him for his pure simplicity of heart, his honest nature, and unvexable good humour; and as there are jokers in all countries, and matter for mirth—thank heaven!—all over the face of the earth, the Hadjee's daring journey alone over the hill of Aberan, served their turn, and kept the mouths of the Mohammedans in a roar. Though forty sets of chaps and as many beards wagged at him, and grave Mussulmans rolled over on their carpets in uncontrollable laughter at poor Meer Meerza's foolish bravery, which one of the itinerant story-tellers of the country had taken for his theme, and was setting in all the lights of ludicrousness; and though a brace of sedately sour moollahs, or priests, and three fakeers, or mendicant fanaticks, who sat at opposite corners of the divan, apart from all the travellers, could not smoke their kalleeoons without spitting and sputtering as the jesting went on, in spite of their habitual gravity, poor Meer bore up good-humouredly, laughed as loud as the best, and now and then contributed his joke to swell the uproar to the highest. There was but one voice there which deprecated the unfairness of so much merriment being enjoyed at the sole expense of one. This was a brother shepherd, who knew that Meer Meerza's bravery was no empty boast; and when a cowardly Kermaneze, presuming upon his safety where more than forty beards seemed pitted against one, carried his mockery beyond a jest, by emptying his pipe-ashes into a bowl of mâss, which Meer Meerza was lapping up, the brother shepherd cried out to the insolent Kerman trader, "Beware, thou mocker, at whose beard thou throwest dirt! The shepherd-boy who has trained a lion in his fold at a blow, and hugged the breath out of a bear, is no plaything for such a scraper-up of dirt as thou art, thou puny reed of a man—thou poor *choubeen!* Beware, I say!" The Kermaneze no sooner heard these things, than, pulling his legs from under him, and rapidly working his heels against the ground, he shuffled off on his haunches, and took sanctuary with the Moollahs: at which proof of his discretion there was a burst of merriment, and afterwards much murmuring of contempt. From this moment the jesting turned from Hadjeer Meer to the poor shrinking trader: the Hadjee sat respected, finished his mâss in peace, and, that despatched, filled up his kalleeoon, and settled comfortably down to a bowl of the lawful *maw-ul-hyat*, a spirit which the Faithful will drink till they are drunk, because it is not the forbidden—wine. The sun being now down, and the sabbath ended, enjoyment had its fill, till smoke, and opium, and lusty draughts, and, lastly, sleep came over all the travellers, and, one after another, they sunk into repose, even where they sat squatted on the floor.

At sunrise Meer Meerza waked punctually as a shepherd wakes, and shaking himself up, throwing his wallet on his back, and grasping a stordy staff to steady his steps in the stony high places, and, if need were, to defend the little store of wealth with which he was travelling to bless his good old mother, he set forward on his day-long, dreary journey. The few who were awake when he departed bade him good cheer, and gave him "the blessing of the Prophet" for his protection. The good-humoured shepherd, laughing at their fears for him, then went his way, as light of heart and of foot as cheerfulness, youth, strength, and a good conscience could render him. And so, during the first five hours of his journey, he trudged merrily along, now breaking the silence of the solitude around him with snatches of shepherds' songs; and now pausing for a minute to gaze reverently upon the sun—admire the wildness of the scenery—pick up a mountain-flower—listen to the twittering of the passing birds, and watch their rapid flight

Thus amused, some hours of the day passed uncounted away, and it was noon ere he felt hungry and weary; for ere he started he had swallowed a score or two of dates, a fruit so strength-sustaining, that many an eastern traveller will journey on from sunrise to sunset and want no other food. Not so our traveller. He had a shepherd's appetite, which the fresh-mountain-air made tiger-keen. He looked around him, therefore, for a sheltered spot where he might rest awhile, and this he found—a nook among the dark-blue rocks which wildly spread the heights of Aberan, near which a little mountain rivulet ran brawling and wrangling with the impeding stones. There, throwing himself on the ground, he opened his well-packed-wallet, and rummaged out some coarse but sweet bread, a flasket of goat's milk, and a second flasket, which he had stuffed with the hair of the same dog which had bitten him at the caravanserai. Having eaten heartily, and drunk up his goat's milk, and still feeling thirsty, he laid his lips to the mountain-stream, and drew up a long draught of its delicious waters. "Water is not so sweet as goats' milk, nor so strong as *maw-ul-hyat*," said the shepherd, wiping his mouth upon his rough, coarse *kabba*, or humble vest, "but it will do very well till they abound." And so saying, he turned to flask the second, and took a qualifying dram.

Cheerful and refreshed, he now resumed his way, and, in another hour, approached the spot which the robber was said most to haunt. It was then, and not till then, that he felt an undefinable dread—not fear, but some feeling next of kin to it—steal gradually over him. "The air of these heights is cold," said Hadjee Meer, "or else the water, which I drink too freely, has chilled me, for I feel as if winter searched my poor *kabba* through;" and he shivered, and muttered "*La-illah-he-il-ullah!*" Poor Hadjee! the dread of danger, which makes cowards of the strong at heart, who yet, when danger comes, can meet it firmly, had got fast hold upon his fancy, and made his strength to tremble and his warm blood to turn water-cold. Suspense is ever more terrible than certainty. He halted a few moments, and looked around him; and, far as the eye could reach, no living thing—not even a wild bird—appeared, distant or near. Loneliness itself is an inspirer of dread; and when the expectation of some danger is added, the heart may well shrink, if it do not faint. Again he set forward, singing a shepherd's song as he went; his song was, however, often interrupted by serious pauses of rumination: but these gave place, at last, to his old natural cheerfulness and stoutness of heart, and his singing was as loud and as light as ever. Thoughts of the robber, however, still haunted him, and recurred the more seriously the higher he mounted the steep path which wound over the hills. "This goat-path is precipitous," murmured he, breathing laboriously, "and might put the stoutest lungs at a goat's gallop!" and he halted again, to recover his breath. He still deceived himself: it was apprehension, and not the steepness of the path, which made him pant and respire so irregularly.

And now he had reached the rugged head of that hill which he had so often gazed upon with wonder at the home-door of his childhood; and being weary with the toilsome ascent, he flung himself on the ground, and once more unbuckling his wallet, drew forth a second dole of bread, swallowed it with ravenous hunger, and washed it down with a long draught at flask the second. Home being now in sight, and his body refreshed, his spirits mounted up as high again as they were low; and he laughed and was merry when he turned his eyes towards the beloved valley of Humamloo. His dread was gone: so, springing upon his feet, he set forward on his descent, and wantonly amused himself, as he went almost headlong down the heights, by striking with his staff at every stone and sturdy shrub which came in his way, till one half of it was shivered into splinters; and as often as he struck a more than common blow he cried, "By the beard of my father, thus would I beat Caussim Al Kadjer!"

He had now entered upon a dreary path, overhung with lofty pines, which darkened the ground with their thick masses of dusky foliage, and threw a solemn, shadowy dreariness around. Huge rounded pebbles made his steps uncertain, and giving way as he trod upon them, sometimes threw him down, to the bruising of many a bone. Gigantick blocks of porphyry jetted overhead, or lay disorderly around, looking like the vast remains of some old mountain-altar of the Fire-Worshippers. It was a wild and melancholy scene, and he felt its awfulness creep over him. Again he rallied, and again plied his staff on the right hand and on the left, till, just as he was about half spent with his sport, at one blow so great a portion of it was broken off, that he had but three strong feet of it left in his hand. Half vexed at his folly in thus disarming himself, he struck at a huge stone in humorous spite, and again cried aloud, "And thus would I beat the bones of Caussim Al Kadjer!"

A giant figure, which looked black as a sable bear, in the darkness made by the sycamores, started up instantly from behind the block of stone, and with a growl, which sounded more like that of a beast than the voice of man, cried, "Wouldst thou!"

"Even as I said," answered Meer Meerza, briskly, and not at all startled by the sudden interposition; but when he lifted his eyes, and beheld who it was that had spoken, his hand clutched convulsively the poor fragment of his staff, and he felt that now he had need of the original whole, and another weapon to boot, to stand up for him. For a moment he quailed, and in the next he felt assured; for the danger he had dreaded stood before him, and he had not to meet it—it was there; and he made up his mind, and strung up his strong sinews to meet it like the shepherd who, among shepherds, was known as "The Lion-hearted Lamb."

"I take not so much beating as thou hast valiantly bestowed upon my stock and stone representatives," said Al Kadjer, with a surly sort of humour.

"*Bismillah!* Art thou to say how much? I never give less when I bestow a codgelling," said the shepherd. "If thou wilt not have all, have none, in the name of the prophet!"

"How, then, shall we agree? I am unwilling to take so much, and thou art unwilling to give less—say we shall decide it thus: I will take as many blows as thou canst give me, and thou shalt take two of mine in return. Is it a bargain? If so, let us fall to, and do thou keep the reckoning. Come, I will begin! Score thou one!" And saying this, the robber set upon Hadjee Meer with a staff six feet in length, and of a thickness which made him wince to look at it. He parried the blow, however, which else would have laid him sprawling; and, a second was coming, when he leaped aside, and exclaimed, "Caussim Al Kadjer!—for thou art he, and none other—giant as thou art, and terrible as thou art to men, had I but a weapon such as thine, I would make thee to keep the reckoning on *thy* bones! But look at my staff—it is a straw!"

"Ho! sayest thou so? None shall report of Al Kadjer that he took a fair antagonist at a vantage! Here, take my staff," and he threw it to the shepherd; "for I have its brother; and, should these fail, deadlier weapons to wind up the quarrel!" and stooping behind a block of stone, he produced a staff in all respects like to the other.

Hadjee Meerza unstrapped his wallet, deposited it behind a pine, and, being now fairly armed, he shifted his ground, and chose an open spot, where the stems of the trees were so far apart, that his staff might fly freely round his head; and, planting his foot firmly, awaited the assault. The next hit was again the robber's, and had the shepherd failed to ward it off, he would have bitten the dust. He then put in a blow; but, as his foot slipped in delivering it, it fell so feebly, that Caussim smiled in scorn at such boy's play, and said, "We are not a match, shepherd, for thou strikest wearily!"

"Sooth to say," replied Meer Meerza, "I am weary, for I have journeyed so far, and flung so much of my strength away upon stock and stone Al Kadjers, that now I have to deal with Al Kadjer himself, I am but as a child!"

"By the sacred mouth of the Prophet, that is honest!" I will not take advantage of thy weariness," cried Al Kadjer.

"Take it, if thou canst," cried the Hadjee, put on his mettle.

"Thou dost not fear me, then?" demanded Caussim.

"I fear nothing that wears a beard," replied Meerza.

Hearing this confidence, the robber gazed at his young antagonist, and having surveyed him from head to foot, and duly considered his bodily capabilities, he said, "What art thou?"

"A shepherd in Erivan."

"Art honest?"

"I trust I am I never yet stole a lamb from a neighbouring shepherd's fold!"

"Ah, a glorious robber was spoiled when thou wert made a simple keeper of sheep!" cried Al Kadjer.

Meer Meerza laughed, and said, "Haply; but who shall murmur at his fate? Not I. I am content to be honest and right of heart."

"Thy name?"

"Meer Meerza, youngest son of old Allee Meerza, now with the dead, of the valley of Humamloo!"

"*Bismillah!* What, and art thou indeed a son of the double-jointed iron-master of the valley?"

"No other man's son. My mother said so, and my father believed her; for, as she ever respected the Prophet, she spake the words of truth."

"Allee Meerza, saidst thou? Do I live? He was a man! Bismillah! We have no men like him in these latter days! His hand was a smith's hammer! Sacred be the dust upon his grave!"

"Thou knewest my father, then?"

"By the Prophet, yea! Allee Meerza was indeed a man! He *could* handle sword, spear, or staff! Ere I took up his trade, he broke two of my bones in a caravanserai quarrel."

"I inherit his bones," said the Hadjee, with a significant laugh.

"Sacred be his memory?" cried the robber. "And thou art journeying to thy home! And what may that wallet of thine contain?"

"Some twenty tomauns, sooth to say, which I am carrying as a tribute of piety to my poor mother, with half-a-dozen black lamb-skins, and four kid-skins, for her winter comforting."

"A pious son!" cried the robber, and he sighed heavily. The shepherd started at hearing a sigh from such a bosom! Caussim, after a struggle with his conscience, added, "By the head of my father, I reverence thee! Thou art a brave, and good, and pious son of double-jointed Allee! And to show thee how I love thee——" — and he was silent for a time as if his better nature was contending with his rapacious habits, "——give me a tenth portion of thy store, as tribute, and go thy ways."

"Not I!" cried the Hadjee. "What thou seekest to have, thou must take it in despite of this strong arm, and this good staff!"

"Bravely said!" cried Caussim; "I love thee more and more! The poor wretches I have battled with hitherto were half beaten before a blow was struck on either side; but thou——come, thou shalt sup with me, and drink with me; and after that, if we must fight, we will fight fairly, like friends. The wager shall be for two tomauns. If I win, thou shalt count them down: if I lose, I will pay thee down the same. Follow me!"

"Have I looked upon the tomb of the Prophet, and polluted and blinded mine eyes since," demanded the Hadjee, "that thou thinkest to lure me into such a pitfall?"

"True, men of my calling," said the robber, "are to be doubted; but I mean thee fairly."

"Well, then, a match be it; but, look thou, no tricks when I have laid down my staff!" said Meer Meerza.

"Ah, if thou still doubtest me, take both weapons into thine hands," and he threw his second staff to the shepherd: "And now, behold, I am unarmed!"

"Well," said the Hadjee, "for a robber, that looks honest! I will trust in thee!"

"Follow me, then," commanded Caussim, and the shepherd did, undoubting.

"He led him but a little way, when, coming to a rocky recess, he entered it, while Meer Meerza loitered at the door, and immediately he handed out abundance of fruits, a plentiful portion of recently-roasted kid, and, lastly, a couple of flaskets of the unforbidden *maw-ul-hyat*. These he afterwards spread upon the ground, and invited the Hadjee to fall to. He did not require twice bidding, for he looked as ravenously on these dainties as if his eyes had an appetite independent of his stomach. The shepherd was about to fill his mouth, when the robber, to his astonishment, interrupted him by crying, "Give Allah and the Prophet thanks, my son, before thou eatest, for these their mercies!"

"Why, thou presumptuous hypocrite! cried the Hadjee: "Darest thou give thanks to Allah and his Prophet for these good things, which thou hast violently taken, haply from the poor, with blows and blood? Dost thank Allah that thou art a villain—the Prophet, that thou art powerful to shed blood? I dare not be so wickedly profane. I shall thank no giver of this food but he from whom it was forced away."

Al Kadjer knit his dark brows—as the shepherd sternly kept his eyes upon him, he seemed to blush—and sullenly he sat reproved. From that moment the robber was morally conquered. The shepherd now fell to; and, after a time, Al Kadjer shook off his uneasy thoughts, and began to eat, in silence.

"Excellent kid-flesh, by the holy mouth of the Prophet! Who caters for thee?" cried the Hadjee, smacking his lips at the first mouthful, and then cramming in lump after lump, large enough to have choked a man with moderate dimensions of throat.

"Who caters for me? Those who fear me, feed me."

"Then, by the bowels of the sacred camel, it is better to be feared than loved. And this flasket—by the lips of an honest man, you robbers of men—"

"What!" cried Caussim: "wouldst thou stone my dog at mine own door?"

"Well, then, you shepherds of men have better notions of the luxuries of life than we poor dwellers of the valley, when we dream of them, and know no more of their sweet sinfulness. I am a shepherd and kidherd, too; but mutions and kids are dainties too delicate for my mean mouth: my masters know what kids and muttons are, and it is my business to see that they get them in good condition and in due season; but as for me—*Bismillah!* who am I, that I should have a mouth?"

"Rob, then, as I do!" counselled Al Kadjer.

"Yea, become a lion, and ravage flocks and folds, to have every man's hand against me? Nay, by the Prophet, nay!" cried the simple shepherd.

"Every man's hand, as thou knowest, has been uplifted against me, and, thou seest, has done me little mischief hitherto. When they have lifted *their* right arm, *mine* was always raised at the same moment, and fell the heaviest," vauntingly cried Al Kadjer.

"That was yesterday: to-day, or to-morrow, a mightier arm may be lifted up against thee, and what then?" quoth the shepherd.

"Why, I have lived to-day, and many yesterdays!" exulted the robber. "What more wilt thou have lived when thy flocks are folded by another shepherd?"

"I shall have lived well," said the shepherd, humbly.

"Tush!" cried Al Kadjer, angrily. "Good *Moollah* [or priest] Meer Meerza," he added, with a sneer, "thou dost not drink!"

"But I will, and that thirstily!" said the Hadjee, smiling at his sarcasm: "Here's to thy beard! The grace of the Prophet fall on it like a fragrant oil!" And he bowed to his rude host, and drank.

And so for some time the antagonists sat beard to beard, chatting and chinking flaskets together. The Hadjee, as merry as a bird, talked till he laughed, and laughed till he crowed; but he failed not to observe that the higher his good humour mounted, the more grave and serious grew the robber. Al Kadjer, in his turn, regarded the happy face of Meer Meerza, while it brightened up with mirth, as if he had not seen such an expression of cheerfulness and inward peace for many moons. He had been accustomed to see faces agitated with fear, resentment, and abhorrence: the sight of a face looking happy and unfearing in his presence was new to him; and the Hadjee sometimes paused in his mirth to read the troubled thoughts in his, written as plainly as holy texts in the leaves of the sacred Koran. But these ineffectual glimpses of his better nature soon vanished, and all was darkness in his countenance; and again he read in his brow that, notwithstanding his unusual sociality, the robber was a robber still, and meant not to forego his prize, if he might win it. He again returned to his old demand of a tenth of all he had; but the stout shepherd would not hear of it for a moment. "Was my father a worm," cried he, "that thou thinkest to tread upon me so easily? No—a bargain is a bargain. One of us twain is to lose two tomauns—I care not which: so, as the day declines, the sooner we decide it the better."

"Well, even as thou wilt!" said Al Kadjer: "I am in a good humour this day, or thou wouldst not have thy will thus frowardly. I honour thy father, and I respect thy courage, Hadjee! Some wealthy coward shall reward my moderation to-morrow."

Thus saying, the old robber arose from the ground, and the shepherd leaped up also, as nimbly as an antelope. "Is it to be the old weapon?" asked the former. The Hadjee nodded assent. "Well," added the old man, "I'll humour thee. This has been a white day with me, for I have done no evil work in it; and I care not if I finish it in sport. Take thy ground! And now thy guard, good Hadjee!"

The shepherd lacked not his reminding: he was on his guard, as his antagonist soon discovered, to his cost; for, after some little show of feigning, he dealt him such a blow above the eyes as laid him on the ground. "Thanks to thy kid and the unforbidden, that hit is worth a tomaun!" cried Meer Meerza, exultingly. But when he observed, after many moments had elapsed, that Al Kadjer stir red not a limb, the conqueror became alarmed, and feared that he had killed him. At length the robber opened his eyes, and looking up at the shepherd who was bending over him with almost the tenderness of a son expressed in his good countenance, he said feebly, and kindly, too, "Hadjee, thou hast vanquished me! Never man till now hath made old Caussim Al Kadjer to bite the dust! Thou hast; but let it not be known on either hand of these hills, of which I have been the terrour; for when the common herd shall hear that I am vulnerable, there will be a thousand sparrows pecking at the old eagle."

"Ah, now do I pity thee!" cried Meer Meerza. "But fear not. I promise thee, by the true lips of my mother, that none shall hear of thy discomfiture! We met as foes—shall we part as friends? Such friends as an honest shepherd should be with a——but I will not fling a stone at thee now that thou art hurt! I could go without thy leave; but I will not quit thee till thou sayest, 'Go, my son!' Thou art stunned, not wounded: let me lead thee to thy safe hiding-hole, and then leave thee! For look, the sun is down; and the star that hovered over the hut of my father when I was born, shines on it now, and bids me welcome home! Give me thy hand in kindness. Should we meet again, shall we meet as friends?"

"Ay, for a thousand moons!" exclaimed the robber; and he trembled when the earnest youth snatched his hand, and pressed it warmly: for now did he feel how inferior his prowess had been; that it had been the daring of a brutalized man—not the unflinching bravery, born of a good conscience, and a heart strong in honesty. Awed and trembling, with glittering eyes he looked into the face of the young shepherd, and said, "Meer Meerza, my son, thou hast the gentle looks of a lamb, but the heart of a strong lion! I am the dust at thy feet! Go thy ways! Let thy shadow bless thy mother's door! Let the light of thy countenance gladden her eyes! Let thy comelness bring back thy father to her heart! Let thy goodness satisfy her! Would that I had had such a father! Would that I had such a mother! Would that I had such a son! I have no one who will keep my lamp lit when I am in the grave! Go, and leave me! The blessing of the prophet go with thee!" And he covered his face with his hands.

"The prophet be with thee!" piously ejaculated the simple youth; and he moved to depart.

"Stay, my son!" cried Al Kadjer. "Take thy two tomauns, which thou hast fairly won; and may they turn to thousands!"

"I will not touch them," said the shepherd. "I will not gather up fallen fruit which the serpent has licked over," *thought* he, for he would not speak it, but spared the humbled man. He would have stayed to cheer him, but thoughts of one who was more entitled to his tenderness came upon him, and once more he moved to depart; but ere he went away, he looked compassionately on the miserable man, still struggling in his soul with sin, repentance, pride, and shame. "The darkness thickens," said the shepherd. "Lend me thy staff, to feel out my path among these ruinous rocks and stumbling-blocks of stone."

"Take it, my son, and leave me!" And the old man rose, and, embracing him, turned heavily away. The Hadjee looked after him, and saw that he had reached his hiding-place: then snatching up his wallet, he bounded downwards, leaping the craggy places like a kid at play; and soon he disappeared in the thick-coming darkness, which rapidly rolled up the heights like a black fog, while night and silence brooded over his beloved native valley beyond.

"I have been a thriving ruffian, and the terrour of my fellow-men—would that I were that simple shepherd!" groaned Al Kadjer, as he slunk into the corner of his lonely lair on the desolate hills.

Seven days thereafter Hadjee Meer Meerza returned by the same way, and sought to meet his robber-friend; but he was nowhere to be seen. He sought him everywhere, and sought in vain. Guided by finding his broken staff on the ground where he had left it, he wound his way among the shivered rocks, and threaded through the tall ferns, rude hawthorns, and lofty sycamores, till he at length discovered the haunt of the old robber, and trembling lest he should find him dead, glanced hurriedly into the dark cavern, like a sepulchre with the entrance-stone removed. He was not there! He was turning away from the spot when a table-rock, with marks on it of recent inscription, met his eyes. He hastily read the lines, which ran thus:—"Ashamed of his outlaw's life, Caussim Al Kadjer forsakes it for ever; and in some distant region of this land will, with the blessing of the Holy Prophet, expiate, by days and nights of contrition, his long career of crime and cruelty. Pray for the peace of his spirit, all good Moslemin! Pray for him, Hadjee Meer Meerza, the Lamb with the Lion's Heart!"

"There is but one God! Blessed be the name of his prophet!" cried Hadjee Meer Meerza, as he descended the solitary heights of Aberan, and looked with tearful eyes upon the pleasant plains of Erivan.

GAIETIES AND GRAVITIES.

STANZAS BY LAVINIA.

'Tis in vain that I braid my hair,
Or twine its dark curls with flowers,
For none whisper me I'm fair,
And tell of my bright eyes' powers.
I sing, and though sweet is my lay,
Its sweetness is thrilling to none;
Life's spring is fast wearing away,
And I am unsought and unwon.

I know that my eyes are bright,
I see that my cheek is fair.
My tresses are dark as night,
And my brow is unshaded by care.
I have witnessed the first flowers bloom
At the coming of nineteen springs,
And never was thought of gloom
In my young heart's imaginings.

The summer is hastening on,
Its roses are fading fast,
While I am unwooed and unwon—
And youth, like the rose, will not last.
Young love, lend me one of thy darts,
Ere my beauty, like summer, has flown;
I will not wound too many hearts,
And but one will I keep as my own.

REPLY TO LAVINIA.

Not in vain have you braided your hair,
Or twined in its curls a sweet flower;
Though I said not, dear maid, you were fair,
Yet my spirit still own'd the soft power.
When I've heard your melodious voice,
Prudence bade me the sweet peril shun,
Nor dream that a maiden so choice,
If I wooed her, would ever be won.

May your spirits be ever as light,
And your brow remain ever as fair,
And your mind, so resplendently bright,
Be never o'erclouded with care.
May flow'rs in thy path ever spring,
Blooming fresh, till life's journey be done,
And the village bells very soon ring,
To say you are wooed—and are won!

The leaves which are now falling fast
Tell us summer is hastening on—
Youth's bloom, like the rose, cannot last:
Then say, if I woo, you'll be won!
Oh! words can but coldly impart
The feelings I wish to make known—
Dear Lavinia! you've long had my heart,
In pity, then, give me your own.

A FORTUNATE ATTORNEY.

There are always a considerable number of attorneys and barristers in the Queen's Bench Prison. I need scarcely say that in the great majority of cases the attorneys were without practice, and the barristers briefless, before their entrance. Some of the former, however, manage to raise a tolerable business within the walls of the prison. Strange as it may appear, it does sometimes happen that persons have to date their prosperity in life to their incarceration in the Queen's Bench. One remarkable instance consists with my personal knowledge. The party was a barrister, but had never in his life had a single brief in his bag. I am not sure, indeed, having no use for it, whether he had a bag at all. He was sent to vegetate for ten or twelve months in the Bench. While there, he contracted an intimacy with one of the prisoners of some station in society, and of considerable wealth, though, through some illegal proceedings, temporarily deprived of it. The case was laid before the briefless barrister, and having abundant time on his hand, he made himself completely master of it in all its bearings. On his liberation he undertook to bring it before the proper tribunal, making his remuneration entirely dependent on his success. He did succeed: the party was liberated, and he amply rewarded for his trouble. But the remuneration he received was but a very subordinate portion of the benefit he derived from the case. Possessed of very respectable talents, and knowing the case so thoroughly, he made so creditable a professional appearance in court, that briefs from that time, poured in on him in copious abundance. This was the tide of his affairs of which Shakspeare speaks: he wisely took it at the flood, and led it on to fame and fortune.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

In the state of the world at which we are now arrived, with the mighty printing-press in perpetual operation everywhere, like another power of nature, it is not to be apprehended that any important movement in human affairs can happen, at least in the civilized parts of the earth, without an account of it being immediately drawn up, and so multiplied and dispersed, that it cannot fail to go down to posterity. Without any regular machinery established and kept at work for that purpose, the transmission of a knowledge of everything worth noting that takes place to all future generations is now secured much more effectually than it ever was in those times when publick functionaries used to be employed, in many countries, to chronicle occurrences as they arose, expressly for the information of after-ages. Such were the pontifical annalists of ancient Rome, and the keepers of the monastick registers in the middle ages among ourselves, and in the other countries of christendom. How meagre and valueless are the best of the records that have come down to us compiled by authority, compared with our newspapers, which do not even contemplate as at all coming within their design, the preservation and handing down to other times of the intelligence collected in them, but limit themselves to the single object of its mere promulgation and immediate diffusion.

THE COUNTESS AND THE DIAMONDS.

The art of appropriating to one's self the goods of others, has made immense progress of late years. Robbery is now committed in so polite a manner, and with so delicate an attention to forms, that a tradesman, a stranger, or a traveller, has need of extreme prudence, and a profound knowledge of the Police Gazette, to enable him to discover, under their various aspects, the dangers which constantly threaten him. The following anecdote will show to what a pitch of perfection the science of robbery has arrived.

M. Esqui——, one of the most celebrated physicians in Paris in cases of mental disease, was visited one morning by a lady about forty years old, but still good-looking. The carriage of the countess of ——— drove rapidly into the doctor's court-yard. The countess was instantly admitted, and with tears, and apparently in despair, exclaimed, "You see, sir, a woman in the deepest affliction. I have an only son, who is very dear to me as well as to my husband." Here she wept so abundantly, that her tears seemed likely to rival those which the classical Artemisia shed over the tomb of Mausoleus. "Yes, sir," she continued: "and for some time we have been under dreadful apprehensions. He is just at the age when the passions begin to display themselves Though we indulge him in every way, allow him money and unlimited liberty, he has several times already shown signs of insanity. His monomania makes us the more uneasy, from his constantly talking (in the midst of other incoherent discourse) of jewels and diamonds which he has sold, or given away. We imagine that he has fallen desperately in love with some woman, and that he may have contracted some heavy debts to gratify her wishes. This, however, is only conjecture: his father and I have bewildered ourselves in endeavouring to discover the reason of this folly."

"Well, madam, bring your son to me."

"To-morrow, sir, at twelve o'clock."

The next day the countess got out of her carriage at the shop of one of the most celebrated jewellers; and after having bargained a long time for a set of jewels worth two thousand pounds, and made many difficulties, she at last decided upon purchasing it. She draws her purse out of her bag, and finds only bank-notes for four hundred pounds, which she displays; then putting them carelessly back into the purse, "Let some one go home with me," she said, "and my husband will pay him; for I have not the whole sum about me."

The jeweller gave orders to one of his young men, who darted from behind the counter, proud of the honour of accompanying a countess in her carriage.

They arrive at the house of M. Esqui——. The lady runs upstairs, and whispers to the doctor, "Here is my son: I will leave you." Then turning back, she says to the young man, "My husband is in his cabinet: go in; he will pay you." The young man enters; the countess runs down stairs; the carriage drives quietly into the street; and, when there, the horses set off at full speed.

"Well, young man," said the physician, "you know the state of the case. Come, how do you feel? Tell me what is passing in your mind."

"What is passing in my mind! Nothing, sir. But here is the bill for the diamonds."

"So—we are come to it already! Good," said the doctor, gently putting back the bill. "I know—I know."

"If you know the amount, sir, the only thing necessary is to pay me"

"There, there! be calm.—Your diamonds? Where did you buy them? what has become of them? Speak; don't be afraid Come."

"I only want you to pay me two thousand pounds."

"Ah, ah! and why, pray?"

"Why?" exclaimed the young man, who began to grow angry.

"Yes; why am I to pay you?"

"Because the countess has this moment bought them at our shop."

"Good; there you are again. Who is the countess?"

"Your lady." And he continued to present the abominable bill.

"But, my good young man, you must know that I have the happiness to be a physician and a widower."

At these words the jeweller put himself in a passion; and the doctor, calling in his people, ordered them to hold him by the arms and legs. The young man became furious, and roared out "Thieves! robbers! murderers!" But at the end of a quarter of an hour he became calm, explained everything rationally, and then a sudden light broke in upon the doctor.

Every endeavour to discover the authors of this very singular and clever robbery proved fruitless—equipage, countess, and servants, had all disappeared!

GENERAL LOVER.

There dwells in the city of Bath a very respectable lady, the widow of a dignitary of the church. She is a universal favourite with all the young people who have the pleasure of her intimacy, and no wonder that it is so—the goodness of her heart, the equanimity of her temper, her gay, cheerful disposition, and the grace, ease, and dignity of her manners, although belonging to the old school, render her society more acceptable and agreeable than that of many females having greater advantages in possessing youth and beauty, but destitute of the charm of good nature and good breeding, which distinguishes the conversation of Mrs. W. The old lady is, however, a little deaf, and upon a consequence of this infirmity hinges our story.

A gallant lieutenant-colonel in the service of her most gracious majesty, was equally celebrated for his devotion to the fair sex and for his bravery in the field. The fascination of his manners and the beauty of his person rendered him a dangerous enemy to the peace of many a fair bosom, but no one ever heard that Colonel A—— ever made a serious proposal. In the words of Miss Edgeworth, he was a male jilt or masculine coquette; but he always so managed matters that, whatever pangs he inflicted, he always escaped the expressed indignation of the ladies, and the significant remonstrances of fathers and brothers. Such was Colonel A—— when he paid a visit to the renowned city of Bath.

Of course such a distinguished personage was received with open arms into the best society of such a gay place as the city of King Bladud, but, by some accident, he had not had the honour of an introduction to the worthy widow we have mentioned. The gallant colonel commenced in Bath that system of general flirtation he had so successfully practised elsewhere. In vain the ladies sighed, the colonel was not to be had—and he continued his gay career, as reckless of the mortification and misery he caused as if he had been really an unprincipled man instead of being only unthinking and vain. Now our worthy widow gave a ball, to which, of course, all the *élite* of Bath were invited. To this ball did Colonel A—— accompany a friend, though not himself invited, it being understood that the widow would receive the friends of her friends without the regular formality of invitations. The colonel looked forward to the pleasure of flirting with half the pretty girls in Bath. Poor man! he little knew what was hanging over his devoted head. As soon as he entered the reception-room a general whisper attested the notoriety or fame of the new-comer, and unfortunately two words caught the ear of the widow—"general lover." The colonel and his friend made their way to the lady of the mansion, who was surrounded by a crowd of friends; the gallant officer was introduced, but, the widow being deaf, his name did not reach the tympanum of her ear. Judge, if you can, of the colonel's horrour when he was addressed as *General Lover!* The widow belonged to that old school of politeness which considered individual introduction necessary, and "General Lover, Mr. Harcourt—Mr. Harcourt, General Lover—General Lover, Miss Hardcastle—Miss Hardcastle, General Lover," sounded through the room in the widow's clearest and loudest voice. There was no possibility of mistaking the name; the lady's deafness had become infinitely worse since morning! no explanation could stop her rapid introduction of General Lover to her numerous friends. No merely human muscles could stand this—a general roar of laughter pervaded the rooms, and the poor colonel broke away from the widow, and rushed from the room in an agony of mortification. From that day Colonel A—— ceased his flirtations, but he was too fine a fellow to be allowed to remain a bachelor, and his wife blesses the day when she made a benedict of General Lover.

SKETCHES FROM THE GERMAN.

THE BLIND GIRL.

The blind Agnes was sitting by a clear brook—I can never forget that evening; the brook glittered along the winding valley, and the stars and the moon played in the pearly waters at the feet of the blind girl, and either bank was fringed with a thicket, the bowery home of the nightingale. As I came nearer—how was it, Hermione?

"You heard that a friend was reading to her by moonlight, out of Thomson's Seasons."

"And sweetly she read, but soft and low. At my voice—physiognomy to the blind—the dark one knew me, and presented her friend to me, who immediately lifted up her long veil. I had seen her once before; you must know where, reverend sir?"

"In a convent at ————, which the emperour afterwards suppressed. The recommendations of an abbot, to whom I had introduced a priest, who could read mass more rapidly than any other priest living, opened my path to the refectory, where, out of all the nuns, who were generally too fat, only one pleased me; and she was neither the one nor the other, for she was a novice—this very friend of the blind girl. I shall never forget that gentle, pale, serene face, with a wooden trencher on which were only lentils, set before it for mortification sake."

"So strange are we men; I should rather much more willingly see a lovely creature suffer, sigh, and weep bitter tears from fruitless love of me, for two whole days, than endure that she should have to eat a miserable piece of ashen bread, or wear a garment of humiliation, or a girdle of hair-cloth, or do penance by a walk of three miles on my account."

"Do you relate the rest, Hermione, you had it from me."

"You told me, farther, that the good Agnes was more cheerful than the nun, and willingly alluded to her misfortune which you could not have expected."

"Yes, for women speak, and we men are silent, about griefs; we always turn over the leaves of our lives, to get at the pleasantest engravings and the last chapter; but, go on."

"The good girl hung a black gauze over her dead eyes, out of consideration for others. She always looked at you when you spoke, but it was only the voice she sought You asked her what the British scene-painter of nature, (that was your expression,) or, indeed, what a fine evening could be to her. She said she enjoyed a cheerful day as much as any one—that the air was purer and fresher—the song and call of the birds clearer—and the gurgling and rustling of the brook and leaves more pleasant; and, when all this entered her watchful soul, she rejoiced to its inmost depths, without knowing wherefore."

"Who then can help being, as I am, ashamed and repentant at the murmurings in which we often pass a few cloudy days, when he thinks of the contented spirit which is blessed through all its wholly benighted ones! But blindness, though a polar winter without day, in this resembles the night, that softens and stills; the blind is a child, whom its mother, Nature, has fashioned darking for the deepest tranquillity. Like a man in a balloon, high above the clouds, the hermit blind knows only voices and sounds; but the bewildering, gaudy shows of life, the low, the hateful and hating forms, full of scars and wounds, are hidden under the thick cloud which enwraps him."—*Jean Paul.*

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Wherever, O man, God's first sun beamed upon thee—where the stars of heaven first shone above thee—where his lightnings first declared his omnipotence, and his storm-wind shook thy soul with pious awe—there are thy affections—there is thy country.

Where the first human eye bent lovingly over thy cradle—where thy mother first bore thee joyfully on her bosom—where thy father engraved the words of wisdom on thy heart—there are thy affections—there is thy country.

And though it be among bare rocks and desert islands, and though poverty and care dwell there with thee, thou mayest love that land for ever; for thou art man, and thou canst not forget it, but it must abide in thine inmost heart.

And freedom is no empty dream—no barren imagination—but in her dwells thy courage, and thy pride, and the certainty that thou art of high and heavenly race.

There is freedom where thou canst live in the customs, and fashions, and laws, of thy fathers; where that which rejoiced their hearts rejoiced thine; where no foreign oppressor can command thee, no foreign ruler drive thee according to his will, as cattle are driven at the will of their drivers.

This thy country—thy free country—is a treasure which contains within itself indestructible love and faith; the noblest good, (excepting religion; in which dwells a still higher freedom,) which a virtuous man can possess, or can covet.—*Arndt.*

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

BOOKS.—FROM JOHN MILTON.

"Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet on the other hand, unless warness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book. who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a-burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of publick men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself; slays an immortality rather than a life."

THE SAME.—FROM THOMAS CARLYLE.

"Visible and tangible products of the past, again, I reckon up to the extent of three: cities, with their cabinets and arsenals; then tilled fields, to either or to both of which divisions roads with their bridges may belong; and thirdly—books. In which third truly, the last invented, lies a worth far surpassing that of the two others. Wondrous indeed is the virtue of a true book. Not like a dead city of stones, yearly crumbling, yearly needing repair; more like a tilled field, but then a spiritual field: like a spiritual tree, let me rather say, it stands from year to year, and from age to age, (we have books that already number some hundred-and-fifty human ages;) and yearly comes its new produce of leaves, (commentaries, deductions, philosophical, political systems; or were it only sermons, pamphlets, journalistick essays,) every one of which is talismanick and thaumaturgick, for it can persuade men. O thou who art able to write a book, which once in the two centuries or oftener there is a man gifted to do, envy not him whom they name city-builder, and inexpressibly pity him whom they name conqueror or city-burner! Thou too art a conqueror and victor; but of the true sort, namely, over the devil: thou too hast built what will outlast all marble and metal, and be a wonder-bringing city of the mind, a temple, and seminary, and prophetick mount, whereto all kindreds of the earth will pilgrim. Fool! why journeyest thou wearisomely, in thy antiquarian fervour, to gaze on the stone pyramids of Geeza, or the clay ones of Sacchara? These stand there, as I can tell thee, idle and inert, looking over the desert, foolishly enough, for the last three thousand years: but canst thou not open thy Hebrew Bible, then, or even Luther's version thereof?"

THE SAME.—FROM GOETHE'S FAUSTUS, DR. ANSTER'S VERSION.

"To us, my friend, the times that are gone by
Are a mysterious book, sealed with seven seals;
That which you call the spirit of ages past
Is but, in truth, the spirit of some few authors
In which those ages are beheld reflected,
With what distortion strange heaven only knows.
Oh! often, what a toilsome thing it is
This study of thine, at the first glance we fly it.
A mass of things confusedly heaped together;
A lumber-room of dusty documents,
Furnished with all approved court-precedents,
And old traditional maxims! History!
Facts dramatized say rather—action—plot—
Sentiment, everything the writer's own,
As it best fits the web-work of his story,
With here and there a solitary fact
Of consequence, by those grave chroniclers,
Pointed with many a moral apothegm,
And wise old saws, learned at the puppet-shows."

BIBLICAL CRITICISM

Every reader of the Bible must have observed the frequent recurrence of the number *forty* in the text, in cases where no material reason appears for preferring that number to another. Thus, at the flood, the rain fell forty days, and when the waters abated, Noah opened the window of the ark after forty days. Moses was forty days in the Mount; forty days without eating or drinking Elijah travelled forty days from Beersheba to Mount Horeb. Jonah prophesied that Nineveh should be destroyed in forty days. Our Saviour was forty days in the wilderness, and appeared on earth forty days after the resurrection. The Israelites lived forty years in the wilderness. Ezekiel prophesied that Egypt should be desolated for forty years, etc. Now, it is a curious fact that the modern Arabs, Persians, and Turks employ the word forty to express an *indefinate number*, in a manner analogous to the use of the term *dozen* or a *score* with us in familiar conversation. Chardin describes Erivan as standing between two rivers, one of which has an *Armenian* name, signifying *forty springs*. A rivulet in the Iroad, which has been the subject of much controversy, bears the Turkish name of Kirke Jos, or forty springs, though it has only sixteen or eighteen. Instances of this kind are innumerable. The Hebrew, it is well known, is a sister dialect of the Arabick, and from frequency of intercourse the Jews and Arabs must have had many idioms and forms of speech in common. Is it not probable, that the term alluded to may sometimes have the same value in the Hebrew Scriptures as among the modern Turks, Arabs, and Persians? Much light has been thrown on the text of the Bible in a thousand instances from the examination of oriental customs and idioms, and great additions, in fact, have been made from this source to the evidence we possess of the genuineness of the holy volume.

MUSICK.

A German schoolmaster encouraged his scholars to learn musick, by saying—"Learn to sing, my dear boys, and then, if you go to heaven, the angels will admit you into their choir."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MUSICK.

There is a spell in musick's strain,
Of power to still the sense of pain;—
When passion's storms invade the breast,
To lull each troubled thought to rest;
And raise the soul from joyless strife
Above the busy cares of life:
No human heart is closed to thee,
Oh, "sphere-descended harmony!"

When blooming sweets young shepherds bring,
To deck the shrine of new-born spring—
When verdure laughs in every grove,
And smiling May allures to love—
The feather'd tribes, on flowery spray,
Then trill the liquid tuneful lay
That sings of love, from fetters free,
In nature's strain of harmony.

The zephyr mild that woos the rose,
The brook that murmurs as it flows;
The cataract, the tempest loud,
The thunder bursting from the cloud,
Are musick—from the hand divine
That made the stars to sing and shine;
And, from creation's concert we
Derive the laws of harmony!

L. L. T

ORIGINAL SKETCHES OF REAL LIFE.

MUSICK AND LOVE.

"There was a youth, who, as with toil and travel,
Had grown quite weak and gray before his time;
Nor any could the restless grief unravel,
Which burned within him, withering up his prime
And goading him like fiends from land to land.—*Shelley.*

Shade of Orpheus! Shade of Apollo! Oh, all ye musical shades, bend on your crotchets and listen! Shake your fiddle-bows, ye living Paganinis, and draw one strain, "affetuoso," for the mournful fate of a humble votary.

On the borders of the Connecticut river, winding like a chain of silver, through hill and valley, there stood many years since, closely embowered in a grove of maples, the long, low, wooden dwelling of Nehemiah Abimelech Smith. Nehemiah was the owner of a large well-cultivated farm, stocked with countless herds of sheep and oxen, cows, pigs and poultry—of a thrifty, prudent, cheese and butter wife—of two rosy-cheeked, industrious daughters, and of Nehemiah Abimelech Smith, Jr. Alas, this Junior was born with an ear! In his infancy, he quavered more than any child of his age—his voice might be heard, "prestissimo," to the very boundary of the three hundred acres, de-capo-ing, again and again, airs from Squalini. With lullabys and shakings, did his mother strive to hush his notes, and his sisters would toss him and bounce him, till he was blue as an indigo-bag, but to no purpose—the little hero could never be made to understand when to "rest." At school, he was distinguished for his peculiar nasal notes, and for the zeal with which he chanted, rather than said his catechism, and other rudimans, as Cophagus has it. Not a day passed, but he was summoned to face the terrible frown of schoolmaster Birchtwig, to render an account for diverse whistlings and tuning up of jews-harps, even during those hours when "ideas" were taught "to shoot;" and often was poor Abimelech made to compose his own notes, to the lines marked by a "cat-o'nine-tails," of all cats the most touchingly musical. As he grew older, matters became still worse; he went 'round the house a walking hand-organ, winding himself up continually—never suffering himself to run-down—if his mother placed him at the churn, the butter never came, for he always sang "Old-hundred," keeping time with the dasher—a process rather too slow for effect—and if his father sent him into the field to plant corn or sow rye, it was all done to musick. There were minim dots, crotchets and quavers; here a long rest, and there a whole line of demi-semi-quavers. When the toils of the day were ended, he would steal from the house, and hie to a quiet little nook on the banks of the river, where, seating himself beneath the whispering-branches of a large sycamore, he would discourse most eloquent musick upon the jews-harp, or throwing himself upon the soft grass, listen with delighted ear to the sweet warble of the robin, and the soothing ripple of the river, as it rolled gently on its way—here, wrapped in "Penseroso," would he remain, until the stars had, one by one, burst forth in brightness and beauty.

One day, one memorable day, Abimelech purchased a cracked-fife—how trilled his heart with joyful cadence, as he held in his hand the precious bargain: he turned it over and over again, applied it to his mouth, and blew one long-drawn note—he was delighted! "They always quarrelled with my jews-harp," he soliloquized, "and with my singing and my whistling, but, I am certain they must like this"—and on he went squealing with great gusto all the way, like a pig in the last agonies. But, alas, how are we doomed to disappointment in this world! One week, one little week of bliss, did Abimelech enjoy his "shrill and piercing fife." The next 'twas gone, no one knew where—every closet was ransacked, every drawer was emptied—his mother and sisters, assisting with well-feigned zeal in the long and arduous search, but all in vain. Poor Abimelech! notwithstanding their unwonted kindness, he could not help shrewdly suspecting, they knew more about it than they chose to tell.

A short time after, Abimelech exchanged a young and tender calf for a flute, and retiring into the recesses of the forest, would blow, and puff, and whiff, until his eyes almost started from their sockets. The rocks and trees, to be sure, kept their places in the firm earth; but the whip-poor-wills and the owls peeped forth to listen, and more than once did he hear his notes re-echoed by some young aspiring screech-owl. Soon, however, the flute was found a mere disjointed, broken mass. How it came so, none could tell—no one knew how it happened. Oh! the arts of woman-kind! A fiddle was the next musical essay of the persevering Abimelech: it is needless to tell of the exquisite see-sawing, tweedle dum-ing and dee-ing, performed by his muscular arm, of which every nerve was as a separate fiddle-bow. In this manner, for some months, was time scraped away—when, one day, Madam Rumour, who delights to scatter her news where she knows it will do the most mischief, came hurrying to the farm, whispering in Abimelech's ear, that the squire's daughter had just returned from a fashionable city boarding-school, and not only could warble more sweetly than his favourite robin, but could also draw the most wonderful, thrilling, heavenly sounds, from something hitherto unknown in the quiet little village of S——, namely, a piano. How did the heart of Abimelech bound and caper at this intelligence! So great was his desire and impatience to hear this all-wonderful something, which was to surpass all his finest strains upon fife, flute or fiddle, that scarcely could he wait for the shades of evening to darken the valley, ere seizing his hat, with long and rapid strides he drew near to the little village, which lay "nestled" at the foot of Sugar-loaf Mountain, about a mile from the scene of his daily labours. Entering the village, he glided stealthily up the long avenue which led to the dwelling of Mr. or Squire Montagu, and placing himself in the dark shadow of an elm, whose luxuriant branches drooped gracefully over one end of the house, he there awaited motionless, almost breathless for the "evidence of things." Hour after hour, did poor Abimelech stand gazing with wistful eyes, and expanded ears, upon the window from which he expected the sounds to issue. At length, the figure of a young girl approached the window—the rays of the moon fell full upon a bright, happy face—leaning from the casement, she began singing a lively little air, and, at the same time, plucking the leaves from the very elm which protected our hero. Oh! what a situation for Nehemiah Abimelech Smith, Jr.! Half an hour, (which to Abimelech seemed an eternity in purgatory,) was spent by the maiden in gazing upon the moon, warbling snatches of songs, and twisting her dark ringlets around her little fingers—at length she turned from the window, tripped across the room, and approached the piano—opening it, the long row of polished ivory gleamed upon his astonished vision—she sat down and ran her fingers lightly over the keys—Abimelech almost shouted with delight—and then commenced a beautiful overture. It would have been difficult even for a more practised ear to have listened unmoved—what, then, must have been the effect upon our uncultivated eaves-dropper! The unconscious girl next accompanied the instrument with the tones of her rich voice. This was too much for Abimelech—entirely forgetting the delicacy of his situation, he approached, step by step, nearer to the window: as some poor bird is drawn, little by little, into the very mouth of its fascinating destroyer—even so, was poor Abimelech drawn, head and shoulders, into the window. The moon-beams danced about him, as if enjoying the mischief they were about to disclose, and gleamed coldly but steadily down upon his round-topped, broad-brimmed, white-felt hat. The song ended—the maiden turned to the window; there was a start of surprise, and then a scream so loud and shrill as might awake the dead—it *did* awake Abimelech—fetching a scream, or rather shout of terrour, he fled down the avenue, across the fields, nor stopped till panting and exhausted he reached the farm—

"Swift on the left, swift on the right
Sweeps every scene asunder!
Heaths, meadows, fields, now swift their flight!
And how the bridges thunder!"

That night Abimelech was convicted of having seen a ghost!

From this eventful evening a "change came over the spirit of his dream." Cupid ensconced himself in the virgin heart of Abimelech, and there the little rascal sat, perched upon a pile of ancient ballads, delighted with the mischief he was doing—feeding on musick—and every now and then beating up such a rub-a-dub, as wellnigh drove poor Abimelech distracted. Musick is said to be the food-of love, and here were garnered up stores—not, to be sure, the dainty fare of a modern amateur, but the good substantial dishes our forefathers loved—nor were they got up in the style of a Catalina or a Malibran—but who does not sometimes prefer a plain, country dish to Delmonico's best? The business of the farm was now almost entirely neglected—the sheep died from starvation, the cattle from over-feeding. No wonder the old folks thought Abimelech bewitched! Even his fiddle was suffered to lay mute, except occasionally, when he would strive to catch a note of the strains which had so entranced him; but, as surely as he did so, the image of Floranthe appeared at his elbow, and Cupid would jump astride the fiddle-bow.

Now, Abimelech was one of the most bashful, shame-faced youths yet on record—he was never known to look at a pretty girl, much less speak to one—it is true he belonged to the village singing school, but was he ever known to ask a maiden for her company home? In those days there was no organ in that primitive little village—for the good people all perfectly agreed with the worthy Deacon Longface, who observed, after a visit to the city of Hartford, that it was sinful even to enter a meeting-house, where the sacred services of the Sabbath were so profaned as to have a golden organ!

Floranthe Montagu was one morning busy in her little garden, among her roses and violets, when she was told some one in the house wished to see her—throwing off her little gingham sun-bonnet, and tossing back her ringlets, she entered the parlour. In the centre of the room stood Abimelech! He was clad in a suit of snuff-coloured home-spun, fresh from the loom, which hung around him as though his flesh had been lately carried off by a doctor; while, by dint of scrubbing to remove the farm-yard tan, he had brought his face to resemble in appearance, one of those shining red globes, seen in an apothecary's window. His hands were gloveless, not colourless, and tightly embraced the identical broad-brimmed, white felt-hat. Floranthe, to her knowledge, had never seen him before—she bowed, with difficulty restraining a smile at the grotesque appearance of the stranger, and requested him to be seated. But he moved not—thrice he opened his mouth and strove to speak; but the words remained fixed in his throat, and the only sounds he uttered were like those of a frog with the hooping-cough. At length, however, after ten minutes of the greatest agony on the part of Abimelech from extreme fright, and of much self-command on the part of Floranthe, to keep her little mouth in order, he succeeded in making known the object of his visit, which was to hear "Miss Montagu play a tune on the piano." With the sweetest grace and most obliging manner, Floranthe immediately seated herself, and selecting one of her favourite pieces, played it with much taste and skill. Again and again she touched the keys—march, waltz, and song followed each other in rapid succession. Alas! little was she aware of the cruel snarl she was adding to the "tangled web" of Abimelech's life! As shaking her raven locks from her sunny brow, and turning her large black eyes upon him, she would ask at the conclusion of every piece, if he liked it? Liked it! To describe the feelings of our hero, (for hero he has now certainly proved himself,) is impossible—the attempt would be vain. Let the imagination mount her wildest Pegasus, and paint all that is terrible, all that is beautiful, all that is most distressing, all that is most pleasing, all that is tragick, all that is comick, and some faint idea may perhaps be conceived of what was passing in the breast of Abimelech.

All scenes, whether of grief or joy, must have an end, and so had this. Abimelech returned to the farm; but, if heretofore he had taken no pleasure therein, how was it now! From morn till night did he wander back and forth on the banks of the river, or hiding himself in some thick grove, tell to the rocks and woods his complaints. But a woful change, by degrees, took place in the appearance of Abimelech—his frame shrank to a mere Edsonian anatomy; his cheeks which once with piony did vie, were now pale as any turnip; and his eyes grew dim as farthing rush-lights, seen through the mists of a foggy evening. One day he strolled from his accustomed haunts, and took the path leading to the village—it was late in autumn, the withered leaves whirled around his path, the wind blew in mournful gusts through the naked branches of the trees; now and then the note of a solitary bird was heard, and the squirrel ran hurriedly across the path, busily closing his winter's hoard. In the most *suicidical* frame of mind Abimelech reached the village, and turned mechanically up the avenue, he stood before the dwelling which contained the idols of his thoughts. The street-door was open; unconsciously he entered. The parlour-door was also open, and fronting the entrance stood the piano, displaying those keys, those magical keys, with which Floranthe had doubly-locked the chains which bound him. Long and wistfully did Abimelech gaze—again, as if by fascination was he led, step by step, nearer and nearer to the instrument—he is close to it—incontinently one great hand is laid upon the keys; the touch thrills his very soul—anon the other follows, and finally dropping upon the crimson velvet seat, did Abimelech rattle and thrum the delicate ivory. The family were out, with the exception of the servants, who hearing the piano touched with more than usual violence, entered the room; but Abimelech saw them not, heeded them not, and to all their laughing and tittering he was perfectly unconscious. At length, a small white hand is laid upon his shoulder, a pair of laughing eyes peep up in his face, and the sweet voice of Floranthe exclaims, "Well done, Mr. Abimelech." Heavens what a start was there! With a look of agony, a groan of despair, did he spring from the seat, upsetting it in the violence of his emotion, rushed wildly to the door, prostrating one or two laughing hand-maidens, and fled the house. Alas, no more was seen of Nehemiah Abimelech Smith, Jr!

It was some years after this, and Floranthe Montagu became a bride. Travelling not long after through the western part of the state of New-York, Mr. and Mrs. Grey stopped at the little village of Avon. They soon perceived preparations were making for some rural festivity. Cart-loads of evergreens, and wagon-loads of lads and lasses, were ever and anon driving to the inn, while the heavy tramping overhead, and mingled shouts of laughter, all betokened a scene of coming pleasure. By and by the landlord entered the nicely sanded parlour, and, after some awkward apologies, stated a ball was to be held that evening, which he hoped his guests would honour by their attendance. Simply arranging a few wild-flowers in her hair, Floranthe entered the ball-room leaning on the arm of her husband. Her hand was soon requested by a village beau, while Mr. Grey prepared to lead off a rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed lassie. The hall was prettily decorated with evergreens and flowers, while at awful intervals were arranged tallow-candles, flickering and flaring in playful gambols upon the walls. At the top of the room was a small bower formed of evergreens, bearing in the centre a raised platform, on which with uplifted bow, waiting the summons to "strike up," stood the most useful ally of Terpsichore—namely, the fiddler. Suddenly his eye became fixed upon the figure of Floranthe, as she approached to head the long country dance. She turned her face toward him—their eyes met—the hapless musician gave one groan—dropped his fiddle, and fell in a swoon from the platform—buried beneath the pines and laurels, which a moment since had clustered so proudly above his head. *It was Abimelech!* C. B. H.

ORIGINAL CRITICISM.

THE POETRY OF CHARLES SPRAGUE.

CARLYLE in his Essay on German literature, gives a clear sketch of the principles of German criticism. "It is not," says he, "a question concerning the qualities of diction, the coherence of metaphors, the fitness of sentiments, the general logical truth, in a work of art, as it was some half century ago, among most criticks; neither is it a question mainly of a psychological sort, to be answered by discovering, and delineating the peculiar nature of the poet from his poetry, as is usual with the best of our own criticks at present; but it is, not indeed exclusively, but inclusively of these two other questions, properly and ultimately, a question on *the essence and peculiar life of the poetry itself*. The first of these questions, as we see it answered, for instance, in the criticisms of Johnson and Kames, relates, strictly speaking, to the garment of poetry; the second, indeed, to its *body* and material existence, a much higher point; but only the last to its *soul* and spiritual existence, by which alone, can the body in its movements and phases be informed with significance and rational life."

This is true criticism. It gives the author his just deserts. It considers, rather the ideas, than the words in which they are clothed; it examines, more the correctness of opinion, the originality and brilliancy of thought, the beauty of sentiment, than the coherence of metaphor, or even the sequence of logick. Such a critick must possess the "*mens divinier*," not merely a knowledge of the rules of Kames and Blair—he must have a kindred feeling with the poet—he must be a poet, and not a cold calculating measurer and inspector of words and sentences.

The poet, too, who can bear such criticism, is a good poet; his works will remain a "legacy" for posterity, and mankind will look upon him as doing honour to his kind, as possessing in a higher and purer degree the nobler attributes of their own nature.

Far from professing to be ourselves such a critick, we have made these remarks, because we believe them to be just, and because we shall endeavour to examine in this way, the poetry of one of our most gifted poets, who, whether he be criticised in either one, or all of the manners spoken of above, is far from being found wanting.

Charles Sprague has written but little, yet this little entitles him to a high standing among American poets. Occupied with the incessant cares of an active business, he has found but little time to devote to the muse, yet his productions, like those of the "sweet banker-poet" of England, have always been read with delight and profit. The "Curiosity," the first, and almost the only one of his poems of any great length, was delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge in 1829. It is his best poem, and upon it his fame chiefly rests. A brief analysis of the method is necessary to a correct appreciation of its merits. He begins with the power of "Curiosity" over the archangels,

> "When first this far world rounded to their view."

Next, its effects in Eden before our first parents—then upon the child when

> —"It assails him in his top's strange hum;
> Breathes in his whistle, echoes in his drum."

Then, with quiet humour, often mingled with true sarcasm, he shows it to us in the world which, "like Paul's Athenians," is "seeking something new"—in the stage—in the press—

> "Big with the wonders of each passing day,
> Births, deaths, and weddings, forgeries and wrecks,
> Harangues and hail storms, brawls and broken necks."

In the literature of the day—in man's desire to read "eternity's dark record"—in all his actions from "the cradle to the grave," by "restless curiosity inspired."

> "The inquiring spirit will not be controlled,
> We would make certain all, and all behold."

Such is a brief outline of his method; but the picture is filled up with graphick descriptions of "Curiosity's" effect upon all classes of society—with beautiful thoughts and ideas—with original and brilliant conceptions, rendering the poem one harmonious whole, we had almost said, without "spot or blemish." Indeed, in care and polish, and in the general colouring, he strongly reminds us of the "correct Goldsmith." Thus much for the "*body*" and "*garments*"—we come now to the "*soul*"—to the essence and life of the poem.

If, as has been said, "Poetry must dwell in Reality, and become manifest to men, in the forms among which they live and move," Sprague is in the highest sense of the word, *a poet*. He sees with keenness and clearness the actions of men in every-day life—discriminates the beautiful and the good from the deformed and the vile—describes with accuracy and force, the effects of man's nature and passions upon his outward life—shows to our gaze with all the beauty and fancy of the poet, joined with the accuracy of the "callous worldling," the aspects of life; and like nature herself the picture is at once beautiful and true. We have no pictures of life, as it does not exist—of affections and passions, as they do not influence man—no hopes and fears too great for mortals—no joys and sorrows which humanity never experiences. All is real, and yet beautiful; all is true, yet often strange The man who can, from *nature as she is*, from *man as he is*, "leave something so written to after times as they will not willingly let die," is the great poet—the only true poet. Witness the *creations* of Shakspeare, how different from the *artificial* "rule and compass" *manufacturers* of the "Grays and Glovers" of a little later time. The former is real, natural, true; the latter unreal, artificial, false. The one wrote as he thought, and his thoughts were poetry; the others wrote as they *composed*, and their compositions were but clipped and rhymed verse.

We give a few illustrations of what we have said of Sprague as a poet of "Reality and Nature."

> "'Tis Curiosity—who hath not felt
> Its spirit, and before its altar knelt?
> In the pleased infant, see its power expand,
> When first the coral fills its little hand.
> Throned in his mother's lap, it dries each tear,
> As her sweet legend falls upon his ear;
> * * * * * * *
> Nor yet alone to toys and tales confined,
> It sits dark brooding o'er his embryo mind;
> Take him between your knees, peruse his face
> While all you know, or think you know, you trace;
> Tell him who spoke creation into birth,
> Arched the broad heavens, and spread the rolling earth,
> Who formed a pathway for the obedient sun,
> And made the seasons in their circle run,
> Who filled the air, the forest, and the flood;
> And gave man all, for comfort, or for food;
> Tell him they sprang at God's creating nod—
> He stops you short with,—'Father, who made God?'"

Take the following:

> "Behold the sick man in his easy chair;
> Barred from the busy crowd and bracing air,
> How every pleasing trifle proves its power
> To while away the long, dull, lazy hour.
> As down the pane the rival rain-drops chase,
> *Curious*, he'd watch to see which wins the race;
> And let two dogs beneath his window fight,
> He'll shut his Bible to enjoy the sight
> So with each new-born nothing rolls the day,
> Till some kind neighbour, stumbling in his way,
> Draws up his chair, the sufferer to amuse,
> And makes him happy while he tells—The News."

It is the exactness of the pictures of real life, embellished with all the beauty and force of "song" which makes the poet; it is only the *gifted* poet who *can* find poetry in them—*difficile est proprie communia dicere*.

But it is not on light and humorsome themes alone, that Sprague excels; he is master of the tender and pathetick. The happiness of domestick life, a mother's love and a father's affection—the memory of the loved dead, the anticipations of youth, the joy of manhood, and the calm hope of age; and "*whate'er* the soul admires and loves!" are "clothed" with a poet's pen "in language" the most chastened and eloquent, and in "numbers" the most harmonious. How exquisitely he follows out a poetical thought and perceives its beauty, may be seen in the following lines:

> "A tender creed they hold, who dare believe
> The dead return, *with them to joy or grieve.*
> *How sweet, while lingering slow on shore or hill,*
> *When all the pleasant sounds of earth are still,*
> *When the round moon rolls through the unpillared skies,*
> *And stars look down, as they were angels' eyes,*
> *How sweet to deem our lost, adored ones nigh,*
> *And hear their voices in the night winds sigh.*"

Our limits forbid our noticing, critically, the ode delivered at Boston on the anniversary of the two hundreth year of the settlement of that city. Its merits as a poem are not equal to those of the "Curiosity;" yet it is poetry of a high order. Of the many pieces he has written for the newspaper press, we can only say, they deserve a more lasting form. We hope the author will soon publish an edition of his poetry, (after having enlarged the amount,) and we are sure it will add new renown to American poetry abroad, and will prove an acceptable gift to his countrymen. O.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

DOINGS IN PARIS.

Extraordinary trial Theatricals—Mademoiselle Rachel.

PARIS, DECEMBER, 1838.—A trial which took place here this week, excited more than ordinary interest. It was for murder, and under singular circumstances. A young engraver, named Perrin, became passionately fond of a young girl whose parents were well-off in the world; he demanded her hand in marriage, and as the girl loved him the parents consented, provided he had a certain sum of money saved; he boldly asserted that he had, and agreed to produce it on a given day. This day was fixed for the end of June, and the marriage was to be solemnized on the twenty-sixth of July. The unfortunate young man, all this time, did not possess a sous. At the beginning of June, he heard of a bank-bill of one thousand francs having been found in the lodging of an elderly woman, of the name of Raoulx. She got back the bill, and he conjectured that she kept it by her at her new lodging. As he was in the utmost need, he determined to make the money his own, and he accordingly entered her lodging one day that her mother had come to visit her; he attacked her with a long knife, ignorant that her mother was in the next room, and stabbed her in various places. The cries of the daughter brought in the mother, and he was obliged to assassinate her also He at once rushed out, scarcely knowing what he did, and getting on the rail of the staircase, was in the act of slipping down with the speed of light, when a lodger in the house, who had heard the outcry, perceived him, and gave the alarm; he was seized and conducted to prison. The number of females present at the trial was immense, and they evinced the greatest sympathy for the offender. He was condemned to death, and little doubt exists of the sentence being carried into effect.

There appeared some time back, in the *Court Gazette*, an account of an Italian critick, Doctor Borsini, who, after having scourged with the most unpitying severity the actors of the San Carlo, at last came out himself as a bass singer with extraordinary success. He published a notice of his intention some time previously, and invited all his enemies to come and judge him. Well, this bold singer is at present here in Paris; he is about to occupy his time in writing *libretti* for the Italian Opera. A young Englishwoman, Mdlle. Anna Thillon, who has resided many years in France, has appeared at the theatre of the Renaissance with great success, both as a singer and an actress. The piece in which she made her *debut* is named *Lady Melval*, and turns on the love of Bernard, a jeweller, for a lady of rank. He assumes an officer's dress, and introduces himself to the lady, and in course of time becomes the object of her affections. A Vicomte d'Esbignac is a rival. He is but an indifferent character, and not very scrupulous as to the means he employs to gain a desired object. A casket of jewels is stolen, and the poor jeweller is suspected by all but his mistress, to be the criminal. She cannot hold out, however, against universal acclaim, and most unwillingly she is forced to give up her lover. A lucky chance proves that the Vicomte is the depredator. She consents to unite her lot with the humble jeweller, who then announces himself to be a man of rank and fortune, who had assumed the rank of a tradesman to avoid the conscription. So much the better for the lady, to have a wealthy and well-born husband. She says so herself, in an exceedingly pretty song, and so the piece concludes. The musick of this trifle is by Pilati, and is lively and graceful. Full success attended the lady's first attempt and the new production. I scarcely ever saw an actress better received. She is exceedingly pretty, which may account for part of the favour she experienced; but she really has talent, and will prove an acquisition to the stage.

The Porte St. Martin has brought out a tragedy by M. Paul Foucher, the brother-in-law of Victor Hugo. The plot is founded on the old romantick tale of the death of Don Sebastian of Portugal, while fighting against the Moors, in 1758. He commanded an army of one hundred thousand men, but was most signally routed. His age was only twenty-five, and his character was so chivalrous and noble, that the Portuguese almost idolized him. They could not believe that he had been killed, and they expected that one day or other he would make his appearance. In the piece this story is worked up, and Don Sebastian is brought forward after the battle has been fought. His love for a girl of humble birth, and the intrigues of several claimants for the throne, form the chief part of the ground-work of the piece. Don Sebastian is at last killed, in a disturbance originating in one of the intrigues. This piece deserves praise for some of the scenes, which are powerfully written; but, on the whole, it will not keep its place on the stage.

"*Mademoiselle Clairon*" is the name of a vaudeville produced this week at the Gymnase. It turns on the well-known story of the ghost which appeared every night to this actress at midnight, and sent forth a long and lamentable cry of wo. The actress had driven to despair a young man who loved her, and after his death he visited her thus. That this clever woman believed firmly that she heard this cry every night, is beyond a doubt. To her dying hour she remained in the same belief. Of this story the vaudeville is made: the young man, however, is not dead. He appears alive in a blue domino at a ball, and the actress shows herself of a more pitying disposition than she was at first inclined to exhibit.

Madame Volnys (formerly Léontine Fay) and her husband have entered into an engagement at the Gymnase for five years. She is to receive two thousand five hundred francs a month, (for twenty-five representations,) which is equal to about one hundred pounds sterling. Her husband is to get sixty pounds a month for the same time. This is a great sum to receive for such a period from one theatre. They are to be allowed three months recess each year.

Mademoiselle Rachel is still in the ascendant: she went to the Italian opera the other night, and the crowd which gathered around her box was so great, that in going out she could scarcely make her way to the vehicle which was to carry her home. She looks better on the stage than off; in fact, when I saw her on the boards as *Andromache*, I thought her decidedly handsome; she looks much younger in private than when performing. It is said that much amusement was excited at the Tuileries, by her answer of "Thank you, monsieur and madam," to the king and queen, when they complimented her on her acting. Perhaps she conceived that such language was allowable in her, who had just treated so cavalierly on the stage the Emperour Augustus. When the question arose of making her a present, the queen inquired whether it would be more advisable to send money or a gift. On the information she received she sent her one thousand francs and a manuscript. Rachel gave the bank bill to her mother. "This is for you, and this for me," she said, locking up the letter in her desk.

HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES.

SECRET MEMOIR OF THE HOUSE OF AUSTRIA.

"TRUTH is stranger than fiction!" The realities of life are far more romantick than the most vivid efforts of the wildest imagination and of the most luxuriant fancy; and the pictures presented to us by the hand of history are as marvellous as the illusions of a dream! The following extraordinary recital, the principal details of which were furnished us by the kindness of a lady of distinction residing on the continent, is only one more proof, if proof be wanting, of the truth of the oft-repeated phrase.

It was in the year of our salvation 1594, that Martin Grumenius, a celebrated physician and professor of judicial astrology, attached to the court of the weak and unhappy Rudolph II. emperour of Germany, and head of the illustrious house of Hapsburgh, was sitting in his apartments in the imperial palace in the famous city of Prague. Martin was at his studies, that is, reading a manuscript of judicial astrology composed by the learned Tycho Brahe, who, notwithstanding his great acquirements in the real science of astronomy, condescended to act as chief astrologer to the emperour, who, though a weak and impolitick prince, was sincerely attached to the pursuits of literature and science, or what was considered such; and no doubt both Tycho Brahe and Grumenius obtained the favour of their

imperial master more by their pretended astrological knowledge than by their attainments in really useful knowledge. Grumenius was at his studies; but it must not be forgotten that, among these, was a serious study as to the comparative merits of Hungarian and Spanish wines; flagons of each sort stood before him, from which he frequently replenished a tall and elegantly-shaped glass. His meditations, such as they were, received a sudden interruption by the entrance of a servant, who informed him that a stranger requested an interview with the learned physician to the imperial court. Martin had no objection to replenish his purse by occasionally curing the ailments of persons of inferior consequence to the imperial household, and he commanded the servant to usher the stranger to his apartment.

During his absence he removed the evidence of his attachment to he pleasures of Bacchus, and seated himself in an attitude of strict abstraction from external things, and fixed attention to the manuscript of Tycho Brahe.

The visiter was introduced, and was left alone with Grumenius, who beckoned him to be seated with an air of gracious dignity, which the physician considered to be exceedingly becoming in a favoured servant of the court in his communication with an unknown, but perhaps wealthy patient. But the supposed patient seemed to think otherwise, for he received the dignified salutations of his host by unceremoniously bursting into a fit of boisterous laughter. Martin, nettled at this contemptuous reception of his civility, requested, in rather abrupt terms, his visiter's name and business, and likewise to know what might have caused such an extraordinary ebullition of mirth.

"What! is my disguise so complete that the penetrating eyes of him who can scan the courses of the planets, and the stars, and the comets; the wise and the learned physician, astronomer, and astrologer, Martin Grumenius, cannot discover his old pupil and friend, Matthias of Hapsburgh, brother to his patron, and if the stars predict aright! oh, Martin, the future emperour!

Martin was a man of sense; he laid aside his assumed air of dignity, and welcomed his illustrious visiter with respectful deference, but without cringing humility. He knew the prince's danger, he locked the door of the ante-chamber, saw there was no danger from eavesdroppers, placed food and wine before his guest, who appeared weary and travel-soiled, and waited with patience the communications of his illustrious visiter.

In the meantime we will revert a little back in the history of the period.

Maximilian, the second emperour of Germany, king of Bohemia and Hungary, and archduke of Austria, died in the year of grace 1575, leaving three sons—Rudolph, who immediately succeeded him, Ernest and Matthias. Rudolph, from the time of his accession to the imperial dignity and to his hereditary dominions, discovered his total unfitness to govern; he possessed no decision of character—alternately obstinately tyrannical and weakly submissive, he contrived to bring what was then the first European power into a state of almost ludicrous degradation. He was bigoted and intolerant, and yet his miserably-conducted persecutions generally ended in his being compelled to make the most extensive submissions to his protestant subjects. His conduct to his brothers was equally absurd and cruel—he forbade them to marry, and refused to allow them even the common means of subsistence. Such was Rudolph II.—Of Ernest, his second brother, historians are nearly silent, but some particulars respecting this prince have lately been discovered in the archives of the Vatican, and from this source our present information is drawn. Matthias, the third brother, alternately filled so prominent a place in the history of Europe, that his character and conduct have been largely and accurately described by the historians of the period; it is not, therefore, necessary that we should do more than allude to them here. He was restless and ambitious, and of no mean attainments; not very scrupulous, as the extraordinary events of his life prove; but, perhaps, his conduct may be extenuated by a consideration of the state of degradation to which his illustrious house and their dominions were reduced, and of the persona tyranny to which he was subjected. That he thought himself justified in the course he pursued, his celebrated proclamation at Czaslau, May tenth, 1608, (twelve years after the interview we now describe,) sufficiently proves.

It was not till after his illustrious guest had done ample justice to the viands which his provident hospitality had set before him that Grumenius ventured to open the conversation. The prince informed Martin that, hearing of the dangerous illness of his brother Ernest, he determined at all risks to visit Prague, in order to consult with his friends as to the course he should pursue in case the death of Ernest should place him in the position of their presumptive to the power of the house of Hapsburgh. Among these friends he assured the physician he considered himself as one of the most trustworthy, and that he hoped to profit by the wisdom of his counsels. "I am aware, my dear Martin," said he, "that you can have no sincere attachment to the tyrant Rudolph; you may serve him professionally, considering him as a wealthy and powerful client and patient, who requires your services, and who can requite them, if he had generosity enough, liberally; and this may serve your present purpose; but as a friend, a man of sense like you cannot consider him. I trust that I may now depend upon you for assistance, and, if I have ever power (and I know you think yourself that I shall ultimately succeed to the empire, as well as to the hereditary dominions of our house,) the services of Martin Grumenius shall not be forgotten nor unrewarded. And first tell me, what is the real state of health of poor Ernest?"

Martin answered, that Prince Ernest's health was in that state that recovery was impossible; that immediate dissolution was not likely, but that he could hardly linger another year. He assured the prince of his steady attachment to his interests, and that he might rely both on his fidelity and on his wish to give him the best advice; but he was rather guarded in his manner, and the prince saw that there was some secret feeling in the mind of Grumenius which he was reluctant to avow.

Matthias continued:—"By the death of Ernest I become heir presumptive to the crowns of Bohemia and Hungary, and I am determined, if possible, to wrest the latter from the grasp of Rudolph. The Magnates are as much opposed to his tyranny as I am, and I don't see any obstacle to the attainment of my object. I have no remorse on the account of relationship; his conduct to me has been so unbrotherly that I should be justified by all the world—and the country itself would certainly be benefited by my instant, instead of deferred, succession. There is a cloud on thy brow, Martin, which assures me that thou seest some difficulty. I conjure thee not to keep me in suspense. What is thy objection?"

The embarrassment of Grumenius became more apparent; his answers to Matthias were vague and unmeaning—very different from the usual force and precision he was wont to exhibit in his discourse. But the physician *was* sincerely attached to the prince who so manfully battled against the tyranny and cruelty of the emperour; he could not long resist his importunities; he confessed that there was an obstacle which he feared would be fatal to the prince's hopes—in short that Ernest, was lawfully, but secretly married to a noble lady, a Bohemian, and that she was *enciente*. The prince was overwhelmed with despair. Martin gave him such condolence as the case would admit, but it was long before he could recover comparative composure. At last he said, "Martin, if this expected birth should prove a male, not only my hopes would be extinguished, but the welfare of the whole of the dependencies of our house would be endangered. The confusion already prevailing throughout the empire would be enhanced. I see nothing but utter ruin to us all. Martin, what is to be done?"

It was long after midnight when Matthias of Hapsburg left the apartments of Grumenius. What took place during the remainder of their conference it is needless to relate. We shall give the result; but, in order to prevent the continual breaking the thread of this memoir, we shall give a slight historical sketch of the events which succeeded, and which are mere matters of history. Ernest of Hapsburg died in the year 1595. The ambitious Matthias succeeded in wresting from the weak hands of Rudolph II., successively, the kingdoms of Hungary and Bavaria; and in the year 1612, the miserable emperour was compelled to abdicate the imperial throne, and shortly after died—to the last hankering after the authority he had so ingloriously lost, and for which he was so totally unfit. Matthias then succeeded in obtaining the imperial crown, and died in 1619, when the dominions of the house of Hapsburg were inherited by Ferdinand II., his cousin. The dominions of the house of Hapsburg, then descended in a right line to Joseph I., who was succeeded by his brother, Charles VI. The famous Pragmatick Sanction confirmed the succession to his daughter, the celebrated Maria Theresa, beyond whom it is not necessary for our purpose to trace the genealogy of the Styrian branch of this illustrious house.

We must now carry our readers to Rome, in the present year. During the preparations for the celebration of the ceremony of the coronation of the emperour of Austria as king of the Lombards, an Italian gentleman publickly stated in various *salons* at Rome that, if legitimate succession were alone to be regarded, he had a better right to the possession of the dominions of the house of Hapsburg than its present branch. He claimed to be descended in a right line from Ernest II., son of Maximilian II., mentioned in the commencement of this memoir; and not only so, but that he was also connected with the Styrian branch of the house by an intermarriage of one of his ancestors with a daughter of Ferdinand, the elder brother of Leopold I., but who never reigned, as he died during the lifetime of his father, Ferdinand III., and, as was supposed, without issue.

In support of this extraordinary claim Signor F—— produced an immense mass of documentary evidence, and referred to other of the same nature in the archives of the Vatican, as in the college of the Society of Jesus. From this evidence it would appear that Martin Grumenius, whom we have so often mentioned, assisted at the birth of a son to Ernest, the brother of Matthias, shortly after the interview described: that Martin succeeded in persuading the parents that the child was still-born; that it was afterward committed by him to the care of a Jesuit, who caused the boy to be properly educated; and that, at proper age, he entered the army in the service of Ferdinand III. That the youth was instructed to keep his origin a secret—that he did so, the event has proved: it seems that he acquired fame and wealth during his career in arms, and ultimately settled in Italy. His descendants have taken great care in preserving evidence of their illustrious origin—hoping, perhaps, that by some revolution of fortune they might succeed to their hereditary honours; of this, however, we confess we do not see the probability. Independently of other considerations, the Pragmatick Sanction would be considered an effectual bar to the succession of any other than the descendants of Maria Theresa. Signor F—— is in the prime of life, good-looking, but not otherwise distinguished than by his illustrious descent.

THE MIGHT WITH THE RIGHT.

May every year but draw more near
The time when strife shall cease,
And truth and love all hearts shall move
To live in joy and peace.
Now sorrow reigns, and earth complains,
For folly still her power maintains;
But the day shall yet appear
When the might with the right and the truth shall be;
And come what there may, to stand in the way,
That day the world shall see.

Let good men ne'er of truth despair,
Though humble efforts fail;
We'll give not o'er, until once more
The righteous cause prevail.
In vain and long, enduring wrong,
The weak may strive against the strong,
But the day shall yet appear,
When the might with the right and the truth shall be;
And come what there may, to stand in the way,
That day the world shall see.

Though interest pleads that noble deeds
The world will not regard,
To noble minds, whom duty binds,
No sacrifice is hard.
The brave and true may seem but few,
But hope keeps better things in view;
And the day shall yet appear
When the might with the right and the truth shall be;
And come what there may, to stand in the way,
That day the world shall see.

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

Festivals at Venice.—On one of the days of the recent festivals at Venice, the Emperour of Austria proceeded to lay the first stone of the breakwater at the port of Malamocco. On this occasion the fishermen of Chioggia had prepared a fete, which afforded much gratification to the court. All the females of Chioggia in uniform, that is, in white dresses and red aprons, and handkerchiefs of the same colour on their heads, got into their barks, and advanced with their flotilla to the number of two thousand to meet the emperour's squadron, consisting of five steamers. After a sham fight, executed at the point of the island, by eight corvettes, the court returned to Venice, but under less favourable circumstances than on its arrival, the sea being rather rough, a wind having sprung up. Every individual on board, not excepting the emperour, was sea-sick. The illuminations of the Piazza of St. Mark, the Piazetta, the Doge's Palace, and the church of St. Mark, on which forty thousand francs and the labour of three months had been expended, afforded ample compensation for the failure of some fireworks of the night before. Those monuments were all covered with illuminated glasses. On the fourteenth instant, there was a grand breakfast in the council chamber of the Ducal Palace on the occasion of the reception of the newly-appointed knights of the iron crown. All the members of the order arrived in flowing mantles and long toques. The members of the court took their seats in a gallery on the right of the table reserved for the emperour and the viceroy. As soon as their majesties took their places, the patriarch of Venice, in grand costume, repeated the *Benedicite*. The breakfast might have been called architectural as well, as all the monuments of Venice figured in it. Thus steaks of the lion of St Marc were offered to the guests; the wall of the campanile; the eyes of the crocodile of St. Theodore; the balustrades of the Bridge of Sighs; and other specimens of Venetian cookery, "which, in my opinion," says a correspondent of the *presse*, who gave us these details, "were not worth a good beefsteak at the Café de Paris. The emperour and the viceroy ate nothing. At half-past twelve o'clock all the guests rose, the patriarch repeated grace, and the *cortège* filed off."

The Soniferon.—This is a powerful hearing apparatus for the deaf, of a very curious construction. It is intended to stand upon the table at which the deaf person is sitting, and receives the voices of persons in the room, carrying the sound to the ear in such a highly magnified state that the effects upon an experimenter who is not deaf, are not very agreeable. A sound too feeble or too distant to be heard by the finest ear, becomes immediately perceptible by passing through the instrument; indeed, if the experiment be essayed at the time when universal stillness seems to prevail, the ear is soon made sensible of the fallacy of that impression by being invaded with a host of sounds as surprising as unexpected. But, notwithstanding these effects may be overpowering to a healthy ear, they are desirable to the deaf, whose faculty of hearing is become too torpid to be aroused by the ordinary stimulus. Dr. Scott, who a year or two since introduced the acoustick apparatus called ear cornets, is the inventer of the Soniferon

Florence.—This delightful city appears almost by a general assent to have become the head rendezvous of the English nobility and gentry travelling this autumn in Italy. There was never known so many British families of rank and fortune at one time resident here, as at the present moment, of which the enclosed list will afford you some idea. Schneider's Hotel, the Hotel d'York, Featherstone's, Il Pellicano, Madame Hombert's on the Lung'arno, etc., are all full, yet private lodgings are not much dearer than ordinary. A single gentleman may obtain two very genteel rooms in a good part of the town for ten scudi, (or about two pounds and five shillings,) a month. The weather has been fine and genial, and extremely favourable for invalids.

Decrease of the Baltick.—It has been observed that the waters of the Baltick are undergoing a gradual decrease, which seems to arise from some elevation of the surface of the bottom and coasts of the sea. Ancient marks are traced upon the rocks, which indicate the former level of the waters, and these are now considerably above the surface of the sea. The Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburgh has called to this subject the attention of Prince Menzekoff, Minister of Marine, and instructions have accordingly been given to Captain Lieutenant Reinecke, who is charged with a survey of the coast of Finland, to observe with accuracy the present elevation of the existing mark above the level of the sea, and to make new marks in rocks at known heights to serve for future observation.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

Softly tread! Cythera keeps
Vigil o'er her while she sleeps;
Voices from Elysium lull
The slumber of the beautiful!
See! The dimpled pillow glows
With her odorous breath of rose;
Like the orient May, doth break
The love-light from her cheek!
Wake her not! enchanted dreams,
A charm upon the sleeper shed!
Stir not the garland of sweet dreams,
Which sleep hath bound upon her head!

Female education in Egypt.—Mohammed Ali, the enterprising Pacha of Egypt, seems determined to prosecute his plans for the amelioration of society in his dominions. It appears by the late London papers, that in March last, he applied to Miss Halliday, an English lady, residing at Cairo, as a missionary teacher, to take under her charge a hundred females, connected with the royal family, consisting chiefly of the daughters, nieces, and other near relatives of the Pasha. She writes, that her school contains one hundred and fourteen pupils, and that it was steadily increasing

A present for the queen.—The pagoda intended as a present for her Majesty Queen Victora, from the Emperour of the Celestial Empire, is now on its way from China. The present has been entrusted to two mandarins of high rank, who on their arrival in England will be presented to her majesty, by Captain Pidding, of Howqua mixture notoriety.

The "puff obituary."—A writer in a Boston paper, uses an *obituary notice* as a peg to hang a *puff* on, not of the deceased, but of the tavern where he died

Ill-manners.—Pride, ill-nature and want of sense, are the three great sources of ill-manners; without some one of these defects, no man will behave himself ill for want of experience.

LITERARY NOTICES.

BOOK TABLE.

"*Hannah, a Sacred Drama.*"—This work, from the press of James Monroe and Co, of Boston, is issued in a style of characteristick elegance; and we are glad to find that the contents are not unworthy of their handsome exterior. The author has here thrown into a dramatick form the scriptural story of "Hannah, the mother of Samuel the prophet and judge of Israel;" and has successfully exemplified the truth of the remark, that the early books of the Old Testament not only contain much matter of historical value, but they act upon the reader with a peculiar dramatick effect. The poem before us is derived from the first and second chapters of the first book of Samuel; and the five acts of the drame succeed one another in the order of the scriptural narrative. The author has exhibited much ingenuity in the management of his subject. His style is pure and lofty, and his versification, with one or two lapses, is chastened and correct. One of the exceptions we allude to may be found in the last line of the eleventh page. But the beauties of this fine poem so outnumber the defects, that we have no eye for the latter. Here is a beautiful idea.

> "Behold, my heart has strangely hush'd its throbs,
> My senses all are calm, as the deep lake.
> When the low summer wind has ceased to stir,
> And the dry leaf floats on its top unwet."

The following extract cannot fail to justify our commendation with the reader:

> *Elkanah.*—Why thus despond?
> Is there no joy of friendship unfulfilled?
> No humble duty left? no tranquil hope?
> Am not I better to thee than ten sons?
> Shall one distress rob time of all its bloom,
> And leave thee desolate?
> *Hannah.*—Not desolate.
> Yet strip from Libanus its ancient trees,
> And its tall peaks, shorn of their majesty,
> Would shine across the plain, naked and sere,
> E'en if the lowly vine should clasp its sides,
> And the small wild-flower blossom round its crags.
> So every human life has its chief grace,
> Without which it is solitary life,
> Whatever else remain. 'Tis thus with me.
> I am alone in nature. The light bird
> Nurses her progeny, safe, and hears their cry,
> Full of maternal thankfulness, when first,
> Within the foliage of the branching woods,
> They try their notes;—and the red honess,
> That takes delight in blood, suckles her whelps,
> And fondles them, as with a mother's pride;—
> Philistia's infants play about her knees;—
> And Moloch counts his victims from the breast;—
> While I am still denied the common boon,
> None trusts, in innocence, my yearning love,
> None calls me "Mother," smiling in my arms.
> My husband, on Mount Ephraim, thou hast seen,
> When the great eagle, who has built her nest
> Beneath the highest cliff, has been away
> Eastward to Jordan, and returns fatigued,
> And falters in her flight so long sustained,
> How she has dropped her food, at the loud shout
> Of idle shepherds, for the fresh hawk's prey,
> And then has perched upon the blasted fir,
> Over against her eyry, where she sits,
> And hears her hungry young, disconsolate,
> But cannot help them. So I feel bereft,
> And well-nigh hopeless.
> *Elkanah.*—Yet the same eagle
> Tarries not long upon her resting place,
> But quick revived, leaps off, and spreads her wings,
> And pierces upward, through the buoyant air,
> With narrowing circles, still she poises high,
> As if to meditate some new resolve;
> And then, strong-nerved, she seeks again the place
> Where Jordan mingles with Asphaltites,
> And traverses the stretching space again,
> And wanders there above the winding stream,
> Until she hears another booty home:
> And, after all, perchance, at the ninth hour,
> Her young may scream unfed. But she toils on;
> For now she speeds her westward course afar,
> By fertile Ajalon, and its dark brook,
> That empties in the briny main of waves;
> Beyond the outer coast she onward flies,
> So that the setting sun may light her search
> Upon the face of the Great Central Sea.
> And when the twilight's past, and the white moon
> Sheds her pale rays upon the loftiest hill,
> We've heard the wakeful eaglets of the rock
> Rejoicing roughly for their late repast.
> Lean thou on God, who feeds the savage brood;
> He may reward thee, Hannah, for thy faith;—
> Thou art of Abraham.

"*Anniversary Poem, delivered before the Boston Benevolent Library Association, by James T. Fields.*—The author has succeeded admirably in his difficult task, and has here given evidence of powers, which, if assiduously cultivated, would no doubt attain for him an enviable rank among contemporary bards. Mr. Fields is already known to the readers of the Mirror, as the author of some beautiful lyricks.

"*Governour Everett's Address before the Boston Mercantile Association.*"—Like all the productions of the distinguished author, this address is remarkable for its appropriateness to the occasion, as well as for its graces of style, and soundness and originality of thought. It is also illumined by occasional bursts of eloquence, which it will be difficult to parallel in point of beauty and power.

Mr. Leggett, one of the most able writers of this country, has announced his intention of resuming the publication of the Plaindealer.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A correspondent informs us that the article in a late number, entitled "The Philosopher's Scales," has been published in another work. We are sorry for it. It is good enough to have appeared originally in the Mirror.—"P. P. C." need be under no concern. His secret shall be safe with us. We are sorry if our inconsiderate remarks subjected him to any annoyance.—We have received from a lady correspondent, an article reflecting with some severity upon the indiscriminate introduction of foreigners into our fashionable society. Our correspondent says:—"An imperial and a moustache—a faculty of humming the airs of the last Italian Opera—the manners of a valet-de-chambre, and the accomplishments of a dancing-master, seem to be all sufficient to entitle a foreign adventurer to figure in our "best society." The presumption of these whiskered Lothario passes for genteel nonchalance—their ignorance of our history and national character passes for high breeding and European elegance. We wish"—but our correspondent here begins to grow scandalous. "Can such things be?"—We must decline the favours of "C. C.," "Waverley," "R. O. H.," "Veritas," and "D. D. D.," together with the "Pasha's Wedding," "A Husking Party," "Sleighing," "Long," "Marion," "The Avenger," "Fools of Fashion," and "My first and last party." The communications from our esteemed friends, John Neal and Professor Longfellow were received too late for this number, but will appear soon.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1839.

Prospects of New-York.—The prospects of a thriving season in every department of business and enterprise, were, we rejoice to learn, never more auspicious than at the present. Our warehouses are fuller than they have been for years, and the demand for goods keeps pace with the supply. Money is once more abundant, and every scheme of well-directed industry and adventure may easily command the "sinews of war" and the means of accomplishment. Cheerful faces are "plenty as blackberries" in Wall-street, and our merchants look confidently forward to a busy and bustling season. Our debt to Europe is paid off, and this fact alone affords a most remarkable proof of the elasticity of our commercial character and the wonderful resources of the country. Every branch of human occupation naturally feels the reviving influence, which beginning with our commerce, extends itself through all the various channels of enterprise. Literature and the fine arts must undoubtedly share in the genial return of prosperity, and the many new literary projects on foot, are an evidence of the encouraging anticipations of the future. One word for ourselves. The Mirror has not only "held its own" during the late times of peril and depression, but for the last few weeks its subscription list has increased to an extent unprecedented in its past history. We have only to say to our competitors in the race, "Go ahead—there is room enough for all."

Bachelors' ball.—St. Valentine's day will as usual be celebrated by a grand ball at Niblo's saloon, to be given by the old bachelors' club—the recreants! They are making preparations for a more elegant and sumptuous entertainment than ever. All married and marrying men indulge a natural spite toward the incorrigible musty old single gentlemen, who founded this most reprehensible association, whose members snap their fingers at matrimonial blessings, and make their fault their pastime. The recent official bulletins of this veteran corps show, we regret to learn, a lamentable increase of their numbers, and some plan should be speedily devised to reduce their ranks, otherwise they may be augmented to such an appalling extent, as to threaten the well-being and safty of the republick. This, we leave to the ladies, whom we advise to be present on the occasion, arrayed in all their panoply of charms; and if the younger members of the fraternity can brave unscathed the battery of the roseate smiles and sparkling eyes of our fair townswomen, their hearts must be "proof and bulwark against sense." But such a result cannot be anticipated. The ladies cannot fail to come off the conquerors, and bear away the laurels, which of right belong to them. That this has always been the case heretofore, witness the deplorable thinning of the ranks of the bachelors—the villains! after the skirmishings and engagements of every St. Valentine's day. Niblo is exerting himself to give all the eclat practicable to the fête, and is relied upon by the gentlemen as an efficient auxillary, though we half suspect he is no better than a spy in the enemy's camp, and that all his arrangements—his splendid chandeliers, his costly viands, his magnificent decorations, and his melting musick, are only so many "appliances and means to boot," in behalf of the ladies and of the good cause. He can have little sympathy in common with the Beau Shatterleys of the Bachelors' Club, for Niblo is a married man, and experience has taught him the priceless value of a good wife. But we are growing personal, and lay aside the pen, with the hope that those who "jest at scars" may live to "feel a wound"—and what occasion more appropriate for the infliction than the eve of St. Valentine?

Romance in the nineteenth century.—A recent letter from Thessalonica gives the details of quite a romantick adventure, which affords rich material either to the playwright or the novelist. Mustapha Pacha, one of the ablest publick officers of Turkey, has recently delivered Macedonia from a formidable band of brigands, who have infested the country for upwards of four years. The means he adopted are creditable to his talents for stratagem, and his knowledge of human nature. They are too singular not to be mentioned. Having learned that a young Albanian girl, bearing the name of Theodosia Maria Samik, residing at Mielnik, a town on the frontiers of Greece, had secret communications with the robbers, Mustapha had her watched and questioned, but he failed in obtaining any disclosures. He then engaged one of his lieutenants, named Ismael, a young man of remarkable personal beauty, to go and endeavour to gain her affections. This officer succeeded to such a degree that she became warmly attached to him, and informed him that her real name was Eudoxia Theresa Gherundaxi, and that she was the niece of the chief of the brigands, Michael Gregorio Gherundaxi, whose troop amounted to between fourteen and fifteen hundred men. She painted in glowing terms the charms of their errant and adventurous life, and urged Ismael to join them. He pretended to yield to her supplications, and then learned further from her, that her uncle would hold a general muster of his band on October twenty-eighth, in the forest of Pheloides. All this Ismael communicated to Mustapha, but, in order to avert suspicion, went with his fair one to the rendezvous. The wily Mustapha collected his troops, surrounded the assembled freebooters, and, as they refused to surrender, attacked them with all his forces. The greatest number of the brigands fell on the spot, preferring death on the field to a capture and an ignominious execution. A few escaped for the moment, but they were afterwards taken, and are awaiting their sentence in the citadel of Thessalonica. Among the dead were found the chief, Gherondaxi, whose head was cloven by a stroke from a sabre, and the young lieutenant, Ismael, whose breast had been penetrated by a musket ball. Mustapha cut off the heads of all the killed, and then paraded them in triumph through the town. The wretched Eudoxia, on discovering the treachery and subsequent death of her lover, fell into a state of complete abandonment, and lost her reason. Mustapha ordered her to be taken to his own palace, and afforded her every attention which could ameliorate the condition of her lot.

The late Charles Gilfert.—The quondam manager of the Bowery theatre was a peculiar fellow, and one of the most fascinating men of his day. At Albany he met with a Mr. Lemair, a Frenchman, of whom he borrowed money until he nearly ruined him. Lemair was one day in a towering rage at the cause of his misfortunes, and used to tell the following character-stick story of his friend:—"Monsieur Charles Gilfert, he come to Albany. He have ruin me in my business—*mes affaires*. He borrow *de l'argent* from me to large amount. He go to New-York, and promise to send him, right away, ver quick. But, *voyez-vous*, when I write to him, he return me von *réponse inconvenante*, von impudent answer, and say, I may go to the devil for look for him. I leave Albany instantly, determined to have the grand personal satisfaction for the affront he put upon me. I walk straight away from de *bateau à wapeur*, de steamboat. I go to my boarding-house. I procure von large stick, and rush out of de *pension* to meet him. By-and-by, *bientôt*, I see him von large vay off, very remotely. I immediately button up my coat vith strong determination, and hold my stick fierce in my hand, to break his neck several times. Ven he come near, my indignation rise. He put out his hand I reject him. He smile, and look over his spectacles at me. I say, you von scoundrel, *coquin infâme*. He smile de more, and make *un grand effort*, a great trial, to pacify my grande indignation, and before he leave me, he borrow twenty dollars from me once more, by gar! A ver pleasant man vas Monsieur Charles Gilfert; ver nice man to borrow *l'argent, ma foi*."

Female jockeyship.—Victoria is said to be one of the most accomplished "lady equestrians" of the day. A letter from Odessa says that her example has excited a passion for horsemanship in the ladies of Lesser Russia to an extraordinary degree. The writer affirms that there is not a lady in the whole province, with any pretensions to fashion, who, in imitation of her majesty, has not at least one saddle horse, and that some keep as many as six. He adds, "At the Cherson races of the seventh, all the horses that ran not only belonged to ladies, but were ridden by their owners, dressed in fancy habits, and wearing caps *à la Reine Victoria*. The number of horses entered was no less than eighty, most of them native breeds, which were brought to the course attended by numerous grooms in liveries, gaily decked with gold and silver lace. The first grand prize, a silver cup, valued at one thousand five hundred roubles, (about six thousand francs,) was won by Fœdora, a bright bay mare, belonging to the beautiful Countess Naritschin, and ridden by herself; and the second prize, a pair of silver candlesticks, worth five hundred roubles, (about two thousand francs,) by Boujan, an entire black horse, ridden by Madame Natchajeu, a native of Castellaccio, in Naples. What would the gentlemen of the Union course say to this female jockeyship! Shade of Hannah More! What are we coming to!

The season.—Thus far the winter in New-York has been an unusually gay one. Advantage is taken of every little fall of snow to "get up" sleigh-rides over the island; and in the evening, balls, musical parties, theatres, soirees and conversaziones have afforded attractions innumerable to those in search of relaxation or entertainment. On fine days, which have been neither few nor far between during the season, the side-walks of Broadway have presented a rare display of the beauty, fashion, and elegance of the city. Never did New-York appear to more advantage in the eyes of strangers, and never were the gigantick outlines of our metropolis "filling up" at a rate so prodigious, or advancing in the career of wealth and civilization with strides so rapid.

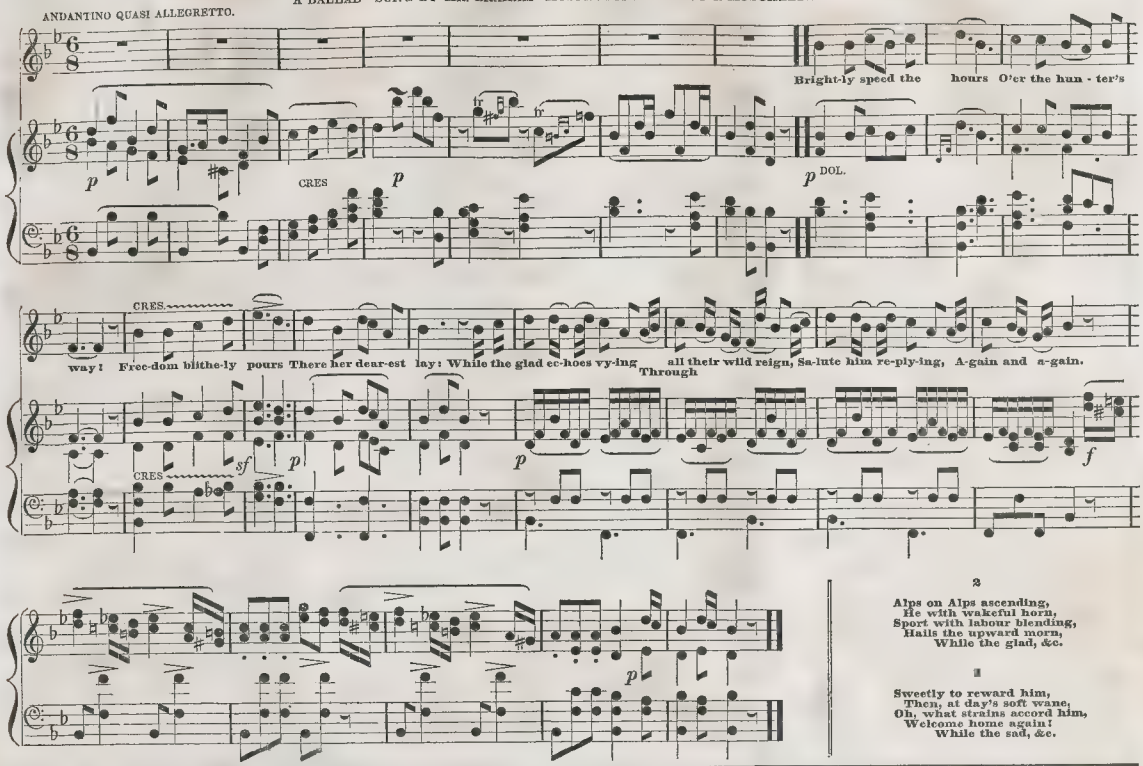
Strangers.—The hotels already begin to be filled with strangers from all quarters of the country, and in a few weeks their numbers will doubtless be much increased. There is a prospect, too, early in the summer, of an unusual influx of visiters from the other side of the Atlantick, who will take advantage of the facility of intercourse presented in the establishment of a steam communication with Liverpool and Bristol.

Not bad.—The Cincinnati Sun thinks that the year 1839 will cut a greater *figure* in the world than any of its predecessors.

Straw.—Recent experiments have proved, that straw, saturated with a solution of chalk or potash, becomes incombustible

THE SWISS HUNTER.

A BALLAD—SUNG BY MR. BRAHAM—MUSICK ARRANGED BY I. MOSCHELES.



NEW MUSICK.

THE NORTHERN REFRAIN—NO. II. OF THE NATIONAL MELODIES.

On Mrs. Horn's arrival in this country, she, like most foreigners, was delighted with the originality and touching simplicity of the morning carol of the New-York sweeps. This she committed to memory, when it occurred to her that a new melody might be so arranged as to terminate each verse with that curious musical gem To her husband she committed the task, and the result is a production of exquisite delicacy and sweetness. A friend furnished the words, which were written in strict accordance with the lady's wishes; and the composer and writer have done their utmost to imbody her *thought*. This little *bijou* is sung by Mrs Horn in a manner peculiarly her own. On one occasion it elicited a *triple* encore, and produced a sensation seldom witnessed in a concert-room. The song has since become fashionable, and the carol that we had been accustomed to disregard when sung from the chimney-tops by the poor sweeps, is now warbled to admiring listeners, by fair and gentle ladies in the drawing-room! None but a man of genius like Horn could have wrought this change, or have so managed his subject as not to have rendered it nonsensical, considering that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Horn is generally successful in whatever he undertakes; and in the present instance he has produced a musical novelty that cannot fail to be universally popular, at least among the good inhabitants of Gotham, whose fancy he has certainly hit. The "Northern Refrain" forms the second number of a series of "National Melodies," now in the course of publication, and is appropriately dedicated to the St. Nicholas Society, who should vote the composer a gold medal for the compliment he has paid the members of that worthy association of Knickerbockers. We would insert the words in the Mirror, but think they should never be separated from the musick for which they were expressly written, and without which their effect would be in a great measure lost upon the reader. The song is published by Davis and Horn, No. 411 Broadway; and may also be had at any of the other musick-stores.

THE FINE ARTS

SULLY'S "VICTORIA."

A friend writes us that he is happy to state that Sully's difficulty with the St. George's Society, of Philadelphia, in relation to his portrait of the queen, has been "amicably" settled. He has painted a duplicate picture of her majesty, which he is to send to New-York for exhibition, the proceeds to go to the artist. The original is to remain in Philadelphia, and to be exhibited there *for the benefit of the St. George's Society!* This is shabby business on the part of the society, whose *loyalty* in the affair does not appear to be of the most disinterested character, if we may judge from the spirit of speculation manifested in their dealings with Sully. Their admiration of her majesty and of the fine arts, appears to be made subordinate altogether to the mercenary object of "turning a penny" to their advantage. We are surprised that Sully could have consented to an arrangement, by which he was deprived of the profits of his exhibition, and still more are we surprised that a respectable society of Englishmen should have haggled upon the question whether an artist and a man of genius, should be entitled to the trivial benefit to be derived from the production of his pencil. The compliment of giving him, one of the greatest of living artists, a commission to paint the queen, has been robbed of all its grace by the sordid conduct of the society, while it must be anything but flattering to Victoria, to learn that it was not an impulse of loyalty, which induced her liege subjects, in Philadelphia, to beg her gracious permission to sit to Sully, but a motive of speculation, a huckstering desire of gain.

THE DRAMA.

The present season at the Park theatre, we regret to learn, will be a losing one. This is principally owing to causes over which Mr. Simpson had no control, among which the failure of Vestris is the most conspicuous. Everything, however, promises well for the coming season. Rumour speaks of the engagement of much talent and novelty from the other side of the water, among whom we have heard Miss Romer and Charles Kean named. Before their arrival our old favourites, Miss Tree, Miss Clifton, Caradori Allen, and Augusta, will return to us; and they will doubtless meet with a cordial welcome from the publick.

We have several communications concurring in the advice we gave last week to Wallack. His audience really wish to see him once more in front of his own foot-lights. It has been said that Wallack the actor, has not recently been so successful as Wallack the manager. This may be in part true. The last time he played at the National, his audiences were thin. But the cause was obvious. He appeared in nothing new. Everybody had seen him, time and again, in Macbeth, Rolla, Dick Dashall, and the rest of his parts. If he had taken the same pains for himself that he has for others in producing novelties, he would have found his attractions as a star as great as formerly. The truth is, Wallack is a better actor now than he ever was, but he must give us something that we have not seen over and over again. We understand that the part of Claude Melnott, in the Lady of Lyons, was written by Bulwer expressly for him. Why has he not played it? It would of itself, cast as he can cast it, and got up as he can get it up, fill his theatre. We have an original historical play before us, and a capital affair it is, full of fine writing and stirring incident. And we undertake to say, that if Wallack would study the principal part, and produce the piece, it would be a hit, and he would find himself repaid for his trouble. There is no deficiency of new pieces, but they must be studied. We know that Wallack *studies to please*, but if he will only *please to study*, we promise him a brilliant career, for his talents, as an actor, are of a peculiar description, and of the very highest order. We do not intend this as a puff, but rather as rap over the knuckles, as we feel vexed that one, who is doing so much for the publick, does so little for himself. If he does not produce the Lady of Lyons soon, we shall think him blind to his own interests.

There is every prospect now, that the Bowery theatre will be rebuilt. Hamblin's subscription papers are nearly filled, and an effort will be made to open the establishment in May. Flynn is also proceeding with spirit in the construction of the new Chatham theatre. He left a plan of it a few days since with us, and if it is finished in the manner contemplated, it will be a neat and handsome edifice. Niblo's Opera-house is "progressing," as all who pass up Broadway can testify, from the "clink of hammers closing rivets up," which gives busy note of preparation. This will undoubtedly be one of the great attractions of the summer season.

ON DITS.

A clever wag of this city has a farce in preparation, called "The Defaulters." It is said that the ponderous Pierson will sustain the character of the Collector, and Povey that of the District Attorney.

What has become of Major Noah's new play? When is it to be produced? We have read it, and feel sure of its success. Who is to have it, Celeste or Augusta?

By late London papers before us, we perceive that Rice has found out a new way to please John Bull. The popularity of "Jim Crow" seems to be eclipsed by the "new fancy song" of "Sich a gittin up stairs."

The works of Mrs. Osgood, an American poetess, residing in London, have been published, and met with a large sale in that metropolis. The criticks speak highly of the productions of this lady.

Captain Marryat's new work, embracing his travels in this country, may shortly be expected from the press of Messrs. Lea and Blanchard.

Published every Saturday, at No. 1 Barclay-street, next to the corner of Broadway. Terms, FIVE DOLLARS per annum, payable, in all cases, in advance. All letters must be post-paid, and directed to the editor.

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ORIGINAL TALES.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

BY JOHN NEAL.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

The White Hills—and the Notch.

We were on our way through the white hills of New-Hampshire. It was toward sunset, in the month of July, after one of the hottest days of the hottest summer I ever knew. We were six inside, without reckoning bonnets, children, or bandboxes; covered with dust, out of humour with ourselves, the driver, the stage, the horses, the weather, and every thing else; and after a dead pull of eight mortal hours upon the stretch, part of the time through a loose gray sand, like powdered oatmeal, six inches deep, and the rest up hill, were just entering the Notch—a vast, cool, shadowy gorge of the mountains, where it was evident enough a smart shower must have fallen within two or three hours at furthest, so thoroughly washed was the broad smooth high way, so noisy the birds, and so perfectly transparent the overarching trees—peradventure, while we were watching the sky, and listening to the reverberations of distant thunder, or sweltering and sulking in the vast hollow, where the Wyleys had perished so miserably but a short time before, wondering at the miraculous escape of the cottage they fled from, as they saw through the darkness of midnight the foundations of the great deep broken up! the mountains tumbling from their thrones and rushing together! yea, the bright thunder itself, and the very skies, falling in ponderous fragments about their path!

Mount Washington was right before us now, "in golden panoply complete;" the scattered patches of snow that were left, burning like molten rubies in every hollow the sun could reach, the rocky helmet above, and the pomp of clouds below, luminous with fiery purple—a sort of inward glory—a great upheaving, self-illuminatin and self-sustaining power. The stage stopped of itself. The shaft-horses leaned back with all their strength, and the high-spirited leaders, coming round with a lurch at the foot of the hill we were just beginning to go up, and planting their hoofs on a little patch of damp turf they found there, stood looking at us with an expression that was not to be trifled with. I wish you could have seen their eyes!—their heaving manes—their dilated nostrils—and their outstretched necks! The appeal was irresistible—there was nothing more to be said. The door flew open at once; and out we bundled!—six of the happiest human creatures you ever met with, of our age, and three of the noisiest, I promise you, after we had once felt the fresh grass with our feet, and breathed for a few moments the richly-scented wind, that came up, sounding and sweeping through the gorge, as from the innermost depth of the wilderness; flavoured not only with the wild blossoming trees that flourish there, the pond-lilies and the sweet ferns, but like the perfumed sherbet of the east, hallowed as it were with the delicious coolness and purity of mountain-snow. The smaller children shouted for joy; and the "children of a larger growth" would have shouted with them, had they been better acquainted, or not altogether so well brought up.

A long, though not steep hill, was before us, and a most beautiful sky. So, beseeching the driver to take his own time, and give the horses a good breathing before he followed, we set off in good earnest for a tramp through the Notch; some taking one side of the road and some the other, two or three loitering, as if they had the whole afternoon before them, and others labouring straight-forward, without looking to the right or left, as if with a settled determination to be there first, and have the job off their hands; the two younger children racing about, hither and thither, and peeping with solemn bright eyes into the undergrowth, and whispering together, as if it were haunted; and the eldest, a brave little romp—and not so very little neither, *she'd* have you to know—with large laughing eyes, plentiful hair, a generous mouth, and the whitest teeth, if not the reddest lips, I had seen for a twelvemonth—just beginning to hide *both* shoulders with great care, to tremble and blush, without knowing why, to look and listen, with murmuring lips and drooping eyelids, and to feel at the approach of twilight, as if she were undergoing a spiritual transformation—just flowering upon the outer verge of hopeful and mysterious womanhood—overflowing with childish joy, and starting off by herself, as though in search of wild flowers or butterflies, and refusing the arm of a fashionably-dressed young fellow, with a very handsome face and most unexceptionable tie; just out of college, and ready to go a bird-nesting any where but in the woods, or after shells, any where but along the sea-shore, to oblige a pretty girl; one of those young gentlemen, so abundant every where just now, who are not ashamed to go fingering their way in straw-coloured gloves, through the great northern wilderness, or a tip-toe among the everlasting thunders of Niagara.

There was a wonderful freshness and heartiness in the air; a sort of healthy musick all about us, and within us: above and below, and whithersoever we turned, there was a look of new and rejoicing life—a broad and generous wholeness—a vast and beautiful repose, worthy of man's exalted nature. The sky was of the clearest blue—earth of the deepest green. We could hear the rattling and ringing of many waters among the old upturned roots, and huge dislocated masses of rock, on both sides of our way, like subterranean laughter; and though we could see nothing of the cheerful waters themselves, they were so far below us—and our pathway just here was like a narrow bridge flung over the abyss, at a single cast; there were occasional flashes of upward sunshine to be found, loitering and playing for a moment underneath the topmost branches of the more lofty and aged trees, lighting up the bark, or interweaving their threads of filmy gold with the rich pendant moss, that hung like tattered banners over the trembling undergrowth, till warp and woof were all a-fire with the confused and gorgeous blazonry, and we were reminded at every step of Leigh Hunt's "*patches* of sunshine." We stopped; and, before we knew it, our voices had all died away in a whisper—not one of us had the heart, for a long while, to speak above his breath. Even the little children were mute with awe. There was the huge mountain right before us, burning with unquenchable fire, and bearing up the very sky, as it seemed; for the white clouds were tumbling and rolling a thousand feet below the top; and here, on every side of us, were the last of the aboriginal pines—trees that were found flourishing here ages and ages ago—the pyramids of the North American forest; not a few of them "barkless and branchless," and like those of the Alps, "*wrecks of a single winter!*"—their overloaded strength having bowed and broken at last, under the accumulated snows of a "single winter," with the noise of a midnight avalanche; though the main shaft, which had once upheld a canopy like a cloud, continued where it grew, unchanged and untroubled, steadfast and motionless, and perishing only as the mountains perish, by imperceptible and slow decay. There were a multitude of other trees too, and all sorts of New-England shrubbery—the silver birch, the flowering dog-wood, the mountain-laurel, and the mountain-ash, the wild-blossoming cherry, the savage hemlock, and the smooth bright beech, with here and there a thrifty bass—but a week or two before in full feather, and swarming with wild honey-bees; and all turning away from the dusty thoroughfare, with a beautiful instinct, and stretching out their arms, with whatever there might be of greenness left, or life or health, toward the deep of the wilderness, and all stooping reverentially over the dim gulf below, with an evident yearning for the companionship of the cheerful waters there.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES FROM THE GERMAN.

The following sketch from the German of Hoffmann, is a fair specimen of his humorous vein. It is a picture of his own sufferings at the *Aesthetic Teas* of Berlin, where all literary lions, and others, were fed with convenient food, "from tea and bread and butter up to oysters and Rhine wine," (*von The und Butterbrod, bis hinauf zu Austern und Rheinwein.*) The sketch is supposed to have been written with a pencil upon the blank leaves of a musick-book, after the company, tired with the never-ending variations for the pianoforte by Sebastian Bach, had left the musician alone.

MUSICAL SUFFERINGS OF JOHN KREISLER.*

BY PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.

They have all gone! I might have known it by the whispering, shuffling, coughing, buzzing through all the notes of the gamut. It was a true swarm of bees, leaving the old hive. Gottlieb has lighted fresh candles for me, and placed a bottle of Burgundy on the pianoforte. I can play no more, I am perfectly exhausted. My glorious old friend here on the musick-stand is to blame for that. Again he has borne me away through the air, as Mephistopheles did Faust, and so high, that I took not the slightest notice of the little men under me, though I dare say they made noise enough. A rascally, worthless, wasted evening! But now I am well and merry! However, while I was playing, I took out my pencil, and on page sixty-three, under the last system, noted down a couple of good flourishes in cipher with my right hand, while the left was struggling away in the torrent of sweet sounds. Upon the blank page at the end I go on writing. I leave all ciphers and sweet tones, and with true delight, like a sick man restored to health, who can never stop relating what he has suffered, I note down here circumstantially the dire agonies of this evening's tea-party. And not for myself alone, but likewise for all those who from time to time may amuse and edify themselves with my copy of John Sebastian Bach's Variations for the Pianoforte, published by Nägeli in Zürich, and who find my marks at the end of the thirtieth variation, and lead on by the great latin *Verte*, (I will write it down the moment I get through this doleful statement of grievances,) turn over the leaf and read.

They will at once see the connexion. They know that the Geheimerath Rödelein's house is a charming house to visit in, and that he has two daughters, of whom the whole fashionable world proclaims with enthusiasm that they dance like goddesses, speak French like angels, and play and sing and draw like the Muses. The Geheimerath Rödelein is a rich man. At his quarterly dinners he brings on the most beautiful wines and richest dishes. All is established on a footing of the greatest elegance; and whoever at his tea-parties does not amuse himself heavenly, has no ton, no *esprit*, and particularly no taste for the fine arts. It is with an eye to these, that with the tea, punch, wine, ice-creams, etc., a little musick is always served up, which, like the other refreshments, is very quietly swallowed by the fashionable world.

The arrangements are as follows:—After every guest has had time enough to drink as many cups of tea as he may wish, and punch and ices have been handed round twice, the servants wheel out the card-tables for the elder and more solid part of the company, who had rather play cards than any musical instrument; and to tell the truth, this kind of playing does not make such a useless noise as others, and you hear only the clink of money.

This is a hint for the younger part of the company to pounce upon the Misses Rödelein. A great tumult ensues; in the midst of which you can distinguish these words—

"*Schönes Fräulein!* do not refuse us the gratification of your heavenly talent! Oh, sing something! that's a good dear!—impossible—bad cold—the last ball! have not practised anything—oh, do, do, we beg of you," etc.

Meanwhile Gottlieb has opened the pianoforte, and placed the well-known musick-book on the stand; and from the card-table cries the respectable mamma—

"*Chaniez donc, mes enfans!*"

That is the cue of *my* part. I place myself at the pianoforte, and the Rödeleins are led up to the instrument in triumph.

And now another difficulty arises. Neither wishes to sing first.

"You know, dear Nanette, how dreadful hoarse I am."

"Why, my dear Marie, I am as hoarse as you are."

"I sing so badly!—"

"O, my dear child; *do* begin!"

My suggestion, (I always make the same!) that they should both begin together with a duet, is loudly applauded—the musick-book is thumbed over, and the leaf, carefully folded down, is at length found, and away we go with *Dolce dell' anima*, etc.

To tell the truth, the talent of the Misses Rödelein is not the smallest. I have been an instructer here only five years, and little short of two years in the Rödelein family. In this short time, Fräulein Nanette has made such progress, that a tune, which she has heard at the theatre only ten times, and has played on the pianoforte, at farthest, ten times more, she will sing right off, so that you know in a moment, what it is. Traulein Marie catches it at the eighth time; and if she is sometimes a quarter of a note lower than the pianoforte, after all it is very tolerable, considering her pretty little doll-face, and very passable rosy-lips.

After the duet, a universal chorus of applause! And now arrietas and duettinos succeed each other, and right merrily I hammer away at the thousand-times-repeated accompaniment. During the singing, the Fmanzräthin Eberstein, by coughing and humming, has given to understand that she also sings Fraulein Nanette says:

"But, my dear Finanzräthin, now you must let us hear *your* exquisite voice."

A new tumult arises. She has a bad cold in her head—she does not know anything by heart! Gottlieb brings straightway two armfuls of musick-books; and the leaves are turned over again and again. First she thinks she will sing *Der Hölle Rache*, etc., then *Hebe, sich*, etc., then *Ach, Ich liebte*, etc. In this embarrassment, I propose, *Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese*, etc. But she is for the heroick style: she wants to make a display, and finally selects the aria in Constantia.

O scream, squeak, miau, gurgle, groan, agonize, quiver, quaver, just as much as you please, madam—I have my foot on the fortissimo pedal, and thunder myself deaf! O Satan, Satan! which of thy goblins damned has got into this throat, pinching, and kicking and cuffing the tones about so! Four strings have snapped already and one hammer is lamed for life. My ears ring again—my head hums—my nerves tremble! Have all the harsh notes from the cracked trumpet of a strolling-player been imprisoned in this little throat! (But this excites me—I must drink a glass of Burgundy.)

The applause was unbounded; and some one observed that the Finanzräthin and Mozart had put me quite in a blaze. I smiled

* The *Capellmeister*.—Leader of an orchestra.

with down-cast eyes, very stupidly. I could but acknowledge. And now all talents, which hitherto had bloomed unseen, were in motion, wildly flitting to and fro. They were bent upon a surfeit of musick; tuttis, finales, choruses must be performed. The Canonicus Kratzer sings, you know, a heavenly bass, as was observed by the gentleman yonder, with the head of Titus Andronicus, who modestly remarked also, that he himself was properly only a second-rate tenor: but, though he said it, who should not say it, was nevertheless member of several academies of musick. Forthwith preparations are made for the first chorus in the opera of Titus. It went off gloriously. The Canonicus, standing alone behind me, thundered out the bass over my head, as if he were singing with bass-drums and trumpet *obligato* in a cathedral. He struck the notes gloriously; but in his hurry he got the *tempo* just about twice too slow. However, he was true to himself at least in this, that through the whole piece he dragged along just half a beat behind the rest. The others showed a most decided penchant for the ancient Greek musick, which, as is well known, having nothing to do with harmony, ran on in *unison* or monotone. They all sang treble, with slight variations, caused by accidental rising and falling of the voice, say some quarter of a note.

This somewhat noisy affair produced an universal tragick state of feeling, namely a kind of terrour, even at the card-tables, which for the moment could no longer, as before, chime in, melodramatick, by weaving into the musick sundry exclamations; as, for instance:

"Oh! I loved—eight and forty—was so happy—I pass—then I knew not—whist—pangs of love—follow suit, etc."—It has a very pretty effect. (I fill my glass.)

That was the highest point of the musical exhibition this evening. Now it is all over, thought I to myself. I shut the book, and got up from the pianoforte. But the baron, my ancient tenor, came up to me, and said:

"My dear Herr Capellmeister, they say you play the most exquisite voluntaries! Now do play us one: only a short one, I entreat you!"

I answered very drily, that to-day my fantasies had all gone a wool-gathering; and while we are talking about it, a devil, in the shape of a dandy, with two waistcoats, had smelt out Bach's variations, which were lying under my hat in the next room. He thinks they are merely little variations, such as *Nel cor mio non piu sento*, or, *Ah, vous dirai-je, maman*, etc., and insists upon it, that I *shall* play them. I try to excuse myself, but they all attack me. So then, listen, and burst with ennui, think I to myself—and begin to work away.

When I had got to variation number three, several ladies departed, followed by the gentleman with the Titus-Andronicus head. The Rodeleins, as their teacher was playing, stood it out, though not without difficulty, to number twelve. Number fifteen made the man with two waistcoats take to his heels. Out of most excessive politeness, the baron staid till number thirty, and drank up all the punch, which Gottlieb placed on the pianoforte for me.

I should have brought all to a happy conclusion, but, alas! this number thirty—the *theme*—tore me irresistibly away. Suddenly the quarto leaves spread out to a gigantick folio, on which a thousand imitations and developments of the theme stood written, and I could not choose, but play them. The notes became alive, and glimmered and hopped all round about me—an electrick fire streamed through the tips of my fingers into the keys—the spirit, from which it gushed forth, spread his broad wings over my soul, the whole room was filled with a thick mist, in which the candles burned dim—and through which peered forth now a nose, and anon a pair of eyes, and then suddenly vanished away again. And thus it came to pass, that I was left alone with my Sebastian Bach, by Gottlieb attended, as by a familiar spirit. (Your good health, sir.)

Is an honest musician to be tormented with musick, as I have been to-day, and am so often tormented? Verily, no art is so damnably abused, as this same glorious, holy *Musica*, who, in her delicate being, is so easily desecrated. Have you real talent—real feeling for art? Then study musick—do something worthy of the art—and dedicate your whole soul to the beloved saint. If without this you have a fancy for quavers and demi-semi-quavers, practise for yourself and by yourself, and torment not therewith the Capellmeister Kneisler and others.

Well, now I might go home, and put the finishing touch to my sonata for the pianoforte: but it is not yet eleven o'clock, and withal, a beautiful summer night. I will lay any wager, that at my next-door neighbour's, (the Oberjägermeister,) the young ladies are sitting at the window, screaming down into the street for the twentieth time, with harsh, sharp, piercing voices. *Wenn mir dein Auge strahlet*—but only the first stanza, over and over again. Obliquely across the way, some one is murdering the flute, and has, withal, lungs like Rancau's nephew, and in notes of "linked sweetness long drawn out," his neighbour is making acoustick experiments on the French horn. The numerous dogs of the neighbourhood are growing unquiet, and my landlord's cat, inspired by that sweet duet, is making close by my window (for, of course, my musico-poetick laboratory, is an attick,) certain tender confessions—upward through the whole chromatick scale, soft complaining, to the neighbour's puss, with whom he has been in love since March last! Till this is all fairly over, I think I will sit quietly here. Besides, there is still blank paper and Burgundy left, of which I forthwith take a sip.

There is, as I have heard, an ancient law, forbidding those who followed any noisy handicraft from living near literary men. Should not then musical composers, poor, and hard beset, and who, moreover, are forced to coin their inspiration into gold, to spin out the thread of life withal, be allowed to apply this law to themselves, and banish out of the neighbourhood all ballad-singers and bagpipers? What would a painter say, while transferring to his canvass, a form of ideal beauty, if you should hold up before him all manner of wild faces and ugly masks! He might shut his eyes, and in this way, at least, quietly follow out the images of fancy. Cotton, in one's ears, is of no use: one still hears the dreadful massacre. And then the idea—the bare idea, "Now they are going to sing—now the horn strikes up"—is enough to send one's sublimest conceptions to the very devil."*

* Fantasiestucke. T. I. p. 37. et seq.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

A CHAPTER ON DANCING.

Some few years back we met, in Piccadilly, a young student of the Royal Academy of Painting, who, on our inquiring his progress in "*the*" art (as artists somewhat presumptuously denominate their profession), informed us that "he got on pretty well in everything but *grace*," and that he was then on his way to the National Gallery to copy the Piping Faun, *in order to learn a little of it*. We never think of this interview but with a smile. Surely grace, which may be called the natural symmetry of the mind, is no more a thing to be arrived at *vi et armis* than it is to be obtained by high connexions or government patronage. As well might a deformed man, by contemplating the Apollo Belvidere, imagine that his hump would gradually subside, his knocked knees after a time be straight, and his various bodily anomalies attain, in the end, that mutual harmony of aspect of the proportions of the celebrated statue. Now, we believe, it is because of the prevalence of this singular idea that *grace* is a sort of thing which is to be acquired just as army honours sometimes are, "by purchase," that the English, as a nation, are the very worst dancers in Europe.

The power to play on a musical instrument with expression is not so much the consequence of practice as the cause of the desire to overcome the mechanical portion of the study. The power of imitation in the pupil may doubtless enable him to play, after a fashion, something in the same way as *he* plays who *has* the power of expression; but imitation of genius is a poor substitute for it, or else John Reeve might have charmed us quite as much in Othello as Kean did himself. It is in vain, therefore, for any one to attempt to learn to dance (unless to dance means only to go through certain mechanical evolutions) unless he possesses that symmetry of mind, that exquisite perception of the morally as well as physically beautiful, which the dancing-master, however great in inculcating anti-angular elbows and circular portions of limb, cannot give him, and which he can only possess *naturally*. The dancer *nascitur, non fit* just as the poet and the painter are, and just as hosiers and lamp-lighters are not.

This paper was suggested by the perusal of a pamphlet, called "*An Essay on the Art of Dancing, viewed in connection with Physical Education.*" In this pamphlet the author talks about "acquiring grace" much in the same way as our young friend the student of painting did. Dancing, with him, (the author,) is made out to be nothing else but a piece of sublime mechanicks, with which the heart has nothing whatever to do, and with which it is necessary that the head should very little trouble itself. Now, we contend that the art of dancing, regarded merely in this manner, is a ludicrous, absurd, and superfluous affair altogether. It is true that, even practised however mechanically, it contributes to the healthfulness of the body; but surely a run over the fields, in spring or autumn, where the restrictions of the master are not influencing the youthful mind, is much more likely to do the child good, and more likely to benefit even the grown-up person, than a mechanical, unenjoying moving of the limbs in a heated ball-room, or, at all events, *in-doors*. Battledore and shuttlecock might as well be sublimated into a science, simply because every one knows that it is a healthful pastime; and it would not be at all absurd, if mechanical dancing were permitted to be styled a science, that to each of our colleges, and to academies of minor pretensions, should be attached a regius professor of running about as fast as possible, and a teacher of the *science* of getting up early in the morning. Dancing is always a good thing, seeing that it consists of bodily motion; but it does not begin to be a science or an art until it first partakes of the influence of poetry—till it is affected by the heart and the intellect. How widely different the dancing of a third-rate Italian professor and the dancing of Mr. Gilbert, of Drury-lane, who is one of the best English male dancers living. With the latter, everything is body: His face, when he is dancing vigorously, has no more an expression of intellectual excitement in it than when he is dancing the least fervent *pas seul* on record. His attitudes are mechanically elegant, but they *indicate* nothing, except, perhaps, pliability of ham-string and undoubted strength of body. His jumps are truly tremendous; he vaults from wing to wing like a terpischorean eagle; and he can stand on one toe and *pirouette* with the facility of a pair of compasses; but there is no mind necessary to the accomplishment of all these things—no more than is necessary to the devouring an inordinate quantity of rump-steak. Some one said of some one's imitation of a drunken man on horseback, that the imitator was "beautiful drunk *except in the legs*;" so, also, may it be mentioned of Mr. Gilbert's dancing, that he dances with everything but his mind, which he has no doubt left in the company of his common-life habilments in his dressing-room. Not so, however, with the Italian dancer. He *is* the poetry of motion, quite as much so as the other's is the most inflated prose. Dancing before an audience, with him, does not appear to be so much a matter of bodily endeavour as a fervent work of love—an indulgence in a favourite luxury. If engaged in a *pas de deux* with the beloved of his soul, mark how he treats with contempt the received positions of his art. Does he think of vowing eternal constancy while standing on one leg and pointing the toe of the other scientifically towards the heavens? Does he think of mistaking a French dancing-master's embrace for the fervent pressure to his bosom of that bosom's brightest star? Does he think of evincing his dejection or anger by jerking himself from her with a sort of an *appogiatura* of his kneepans, and whimsically fall into a settled despair by terminating his bodily excursions with the fifth position? Does he think of heaving his bosom and raising his eyes *in time with the playing of the orchestra*, never looking his entreaties till the end of a bar, nor requesting forgiveness until the violin has come home to its key-note? Not he! Graceful dancing with him has become not an object, but a means of obtaining his object—the possession of the lady he is making love to. His dancing is the visible discovery of his heart's feelings—its fervour, its hopefulness, its intense and sincere affection, and its humility. These are the things which in the Italian's dancing strike us, which we understand, and which excite our sympathy; but in the Englishman's the only things which strike us are his body's power and our utter inability to know what he means by any one of his wondrous endeavours, except that he is determined to astonish us by their immensity.

No dancing, when it is something beyond what is merely mechanical, is a true and a worthy sister of painting, poetry, and musick; but, when it descends to the level of mere meaningless motion, it is no more entitled to be called an art than the trundling of a hoop.

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

Another tamer of brutes.—The Marseilles print, Le Semaphore, publishes the following miraculous piece of news from Tuscany, which attracts the attention of most of our Parisian contemporaries:—"We are here all in astonishment, since the arrival from Columbia of the American vessel at Bustard. It has brought Senor Martin Ootaya, his son Pamelo, and a racer of a new description, which Senor Martin has succeeded in taming with wonderous dexterity. This racer is a condor of the Cordilleras, of enormous size, the two extremities of his extended wings is thirty-two feet. He has been rendered so gentle and tractable, that Martin Ootaya's son uses him as a horse, gets upon his back, and to the astonishment of all, flies with him to an immense height. Young Pamelo manages him as easily as a horse by means of a little stick with a steel point. His first ascension took place yesterday at noon. He rose from the Palace d'Armes, and at a certain elevation young Pamelo stood up and saluted the Leghorn people by waving his handkerchief. He next got astride his steed, and they disappeared in a trice. The bird and boy reached Florence in twelve minutes, and were back in the evening. The child was the bearer of certificates from the Florence authorities. Every body hastens to see the condor, the price of admission being two francs.

Long continued cold.—We are no advocate for having people go too warmly clad. And yet much mischief often results to the human constitution from being subjected to long-continued cold. Of this, the following statements, most unquestionably true, may serve as an illustration.—A physician of this city, getting lost one night, remained so long in the intensely cold air, that he was nearly frozen when he found his way to a fire, and from that day to this, though many years have elapsed, he has required nearly double the amount of clothing necessary to keep him warm before.—A worthy gentleman in Providence assures us, that being necessitated to ride several days and nights in succession, in the United States mail stage, he became so excessively chilled, that he has ever since not only required more clothing than formerly, but is peculiarly susceptible to the influence of cold in every degree.—Our own experience has been somewhat similar to that which has been described. Compelled some two years since, to ride for a whole night—and an exceedingly cold one—in the mail stage, and to suffer extreme cold the day following, we suffered the punishment appropriate, the next summer, in severe and protracted general debility, and in an increased susceptibility to take cold, from which we have as yet hardly recovered.

Affected titlepages. A most barbarous taste for titles has, from time to time, exhibited itself among authors. Some works have been called, "Matches lighted by the Divine Fire," and one "The Gun of Penitence;" a collection of passages from the fathers is called "The shop of the Spiritual Apothecary." We have "The Bank of Faith," and "Six-penny-worth of Divine Spirit." One of these works bears the following elaborate title: "Some fine Baskets baked in the oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet Swallows of Salvation!" Sometimes their quaintness have some humour. One Sir Humphery Lind, a zealous puritan, published a work which a Jesuit answered by another, entitled "A pair of Spectacles for Sir Humphery Lind;" the doughty knight retorted by "A Case for Sir Humphery Lind's Spectacles!" Some of these obscure titles have an entertaining absurdity: as "The three Daughters of Job," which is a treatise on the three virtues of patience, fortitude, and pain. "The Innocent Love, or the Holy Knight," is a description of the ardours of a saint for the Virgin. "The sound of the Trumpet," is a work on the day of judgment, and "A Fan to drive away Flies," is a theological treatise on Purgatory.

Lake avernus. This lake was separated from the sea by an earthquake. It is situated in a valley, and appears to be the crater of an extinguished volcano. The epithet Avernus is a Greek word, signifying *without birds*; these lakes, indeed, were formerly so surrounded by forests, that the sulphureous exhalations destroyed all birds that approached them. In these dreary forests lived the Cimmerians, a barbarous people, who exercised the profession of fortune telling. These mysterious worshippers lived in deep grottoes, which were impenetrable to the rays of the sun. Whether these people really existed or not, the belief of such a circumstance contributed, in no small degree, to the horrour of these places. It is said these extraordinary men were destroyed by a king of Pozzuoli, to whom they had predicted an event which unfortunately never took place. Octavius Augustus afterwards cut down all the forests, and this lake of Pluto's kingdom now retains nothing of its former condition but the mere name.

Anecdote of the giraffe.—The New-Orleans Sun relates a humorous story of a very well-dressed and genteel-looking person, who was curious to see the Giraffe, and who stepped up to the "man wot" receives the money, with—"Is the Giraffe to be seen here?" "Yes, sir." "I want to see him." "Very well, sir." "It is fifty cents, isn't it?" "One dollar, sir. Fifty cents for *servants*." "Well, I'm a servant." "You a servant!" "Yes, sir." "The d—l! Whose?" "*Yours*, sir—your humble servant." "Walk-in, and take a seat. The joke is worth the price of admission."

Honesty in rags.—A beggar asking Doctor Smollett for alms, he gave him, through mistake, a guinea. The poor fellow, on perceiving it, hobbled after him to return it; on which Smollett returned it to him, with another guinea, as a reward for his honesty, exclaiming, at the same time, "What a lodging honesty has taken up with!"

A LESSON FOR COQUETTES.

"We have a visitor to-day," said Lord Pallister to his niece, the lovely Elizabeth Pallister, who was on a visit for a week to her right hon. uncle.

"Who is it," said the lady, "a lady or gentleman?"

"A gentleman—Mr. Jones."

"And who is Mr. Jones—is it Bumper Squire Jones, or the renowned Tom?"

But we will save his lordship the trouble of describing who Mr. Jones was. He was simply Mr. Jones, of Piercefield, in the county of Suffolk. Now this description is very short, but it is quite sufficient to describe Mr. Jones. It is evident he was not of very ancient gentility—had he been so, he would have been Mr. Jones of Piercefield Hall, or Piercefield Manor; he was not a retired merchant, or he would have been Mr. Jones of Piercefield House; neither could he be a retired shopkeeper, or his house would have been dignified with the euphonious name of Rose Villa, or Bellevue Cottage, or Piercefield Lodge. But Mr. Jones's house was a very good house, it stood on a lawn only one hundred yards from the road-side, and the entrance-gate was suspended between massive stone piers, surmounted with round balls. It is, therefore, evident that its owner was a man of a small independent fortune, and that he was a gentleman by two or three descents. Now, Mr. Jones was a bachelor, his age twenty-five, his education such as he could obtain at a celebrated, endowed school in the neighbourhood; he was eminently handsome, but could not pretend to great abilities; but he was good-natured and well-dispositioned, and a special favourite of Lord Pallister.

Now, Miss Pallister, besides being a wit, was a little bit of a coquette—just sufficient of evil in her disposition to prevent her being an angel, but she was a very charming lady. She therefore debated with herself as to the course she should pursue towards Mr. Jones, whether she should abash the poor squire by her satire, astonish him by her wit, or fascinate him by her condescension, and finally determined to be ruled by circumstances. Accordingly, after having been introduced to our squire, Miss Pallister occupied the five minutes which usually intervene between the completion of the toilet and the serving of dinner in surveying the fortress she meant to attack. "Not at all distinguished in his appearance," was her first thought, "but the man is decidedly handsome," her second.

People may talk of their appreciation of intellectual gifts, but there are few who are indifferent to personal beauty; and when Mr Jones led the lady to the dining-room, he was favoured with the sweetest of smiles, and during dinner, and until she retired to the drawing-room, she had directed the full battery of her charms and graces against the heart of Mr. Jones. She was witty without ill-nature, and vivacious without being rude; but when she was alone she confessed to herself that in all appearance her labour had been thrown away. Jones had listened to her conversation, but he had not expressed, and did not seem to feel, any great admiration of either her wit or her beauty; but his polite replies and accommodating affirmatives were given with a degree of good-humoured *nonchalance* that convinced Miss Pallister, to her great mortification, that she had failed in her attack on the heart. "A mere country squire to be thus invulnerable to charms which have driven half the fashionable world mad," thought she, "it is wonderful!" and Miss Pallister was not vain in so thinking—it was a fact. "The man is not a fool either, and the fellow is handsome." She coloured, though alone, as this idea a second time occurred. She, the star, or rather the sun of fashion, was not safely losing her own heart without obtaining another in exchange. Pshaw! it was ridiculous, but this did not prevent her, when the party re-assembled, from renewing her attack, and she again failed; for Jones, from the effects of good wine and Miss Pallister's encouragement, had become rather talkative, and to her surprise he talked remarkably well; for, though not brilliant, he had good sense, had read a great deal and had a good memory. The evening soon passed away, and the lady, on reviewing the events of the day, was mortified to confess that, not only had she made no impression on Mr. Jones, but she began to suspect that her own heart was not invulnerable; she recollected that she had listened with pleasure to Jones's disquisition on the Ptolemaick kings, she who had never listened for two minutes together to anybody—it was ominous.

The intercourse between the parties became daily of a more particular description, and Miss Pallister was delighted to find that she had subdued the stubborn heart of Jones. How she would tease him when he had once been brought to confession. But to bring about this confession was more difficult than the lady expected. If she gave him encouragement in the presence of her uncle, Jones would follow her lead briskly enough; but alone he was grave, frigid, and polite—but, alas! not loving. Now this was exactly the contrary of what Miss Pallister wished: she had no objection to coquette, but she had a great aversion to being found out. She knew that her uncle would not allow her to make a fool of any man, and if Jones were to make a declaration in consequence of any publick coquetry, she must either at once accept him or incur that nobleman's serious displeasure; and she was always uneasy if any difference took place with that relative, to whom she was sincerely attached.

But all things come to a close; so did Miss Pallister's visit to her uncle—and Mr. Jones had neither made a declaration nor seem inclined to do so; and, left alone in her carriage as it bore her to London, her reflections were none of the most pleasant. She felt that, in playing the game of coquetry, she had not only failed in her object, but had lost her heart—and doubts and fears possessed her breast, that perhaps Jones, disgusted with her conduct, might direct his attention elsewhere—and she burst into tears at the thought.

Now, Lord Pallister had seen the game his niece was playing, and was pretty well aware of the state of her heart, and it rejoiced him that her affections had fallen where they had; but he laughed heartily at the thought, that a mere country squire like Jones should so completely outmanœuvre a practised coquette like his niece. "Jones likes the girl," said his lordship to himself, "and he shall have her, but let her suffer a little;" and suffer she did. Letters from his sister-in-law described his niece as not well, pale, out of spirits "So," said his lordship, "she is in love at last, is she. I must give her another chance, I suppose."

Lord Pallister's next letters mentioned incipient symptoms of gout, and his affectionate niece soon arrived to nurse him, but he was shocked to perceive that she looked horribly ill. "Poor thing," thought he, "I must be merciful," but in the course of the day he gave her a hint respecting her country beau, Mr. Jones—and Miss Pallister, in a passion of tears, threw herself at her uncle's feet, and confessed at once her love, and besought him not to allude again to her wicked and foolish conduct.

"It was wicked," said she, "because I intended to injure the happiness of a worthy man, and I suffer now justly."

Lord Pallister thought to himself, "Thou art a good and honest girl after all, and thou shalt be Mrs. Jones yet."

Lords have great power no doubt, but how his lordship contrived, a few weeks after, to detect Mr. Jones in the act of imprinting a kiss upon the lips of the fair Elizabeth, we cannot tell; neither have we heard that either his lordship or his niece expressed any violent indignation at the audacity of Mr. Jones. Nay, it has been insinuated that the said kiss was given with the full approbation, not only of Lord Pallister, but also with that of his niece—but this seems incredible.

FEMALE HEROISM.

Instances of heroism in women have occasionally occurred in modern times somewhat resembling that of the ancient Amazons. But there were eras and countries in which their warlike spirit appeared with particular lustre: such were the displays it made in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in Hungary, and in the islands of the Archipelago and Mediterranean, when they were invaded by the Turks. Among the striking instances of Amazonian conduct in modern ladies, may be mentioned that of Jane of Belleville, widow of M. de Clisson, who was beheaded in the year 1348, on a suspicion of carrying on a correspondence with England and the Count de Montford. The lady, filled with grief for the death of her husband, and exasperated at the ill treatment which she considered him to have received, sent off her son, secretly, to London, and, when her apprehensions were removed with respect to him, she sold her jewels, fitted out three ships, and put to sea, to revenge the death of her husband upon all the French whom she should meet. This new corsair made several descents upon Normandy, where she stormed many of the castles; and the inhabitants were spectators, more than once, while their villages were in a blaze, of one of the finest women in Europe, with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other, urging the carnage, and eyeing with pleasure all the horrours of war. Dr. Petit has given it as his opinion, that there is a great difficulty in governing the women, even at present, though they are unarmed and unpractised in war; it cannot, therefore, be considered a subject of regret, that the race of the Amazons has ceased to exist.

EXCERPTS—BY JEAN PAUL.

Wealth bears heavier on talent than poverty; under gold mountains and thrones, who knows how many a spiritual giant may be crushed down and buried! When among the flames of youth, and above all of better powers as well, the oil of riches is also poured in—little will remain of the Phœnix but his ashes; and only a Goethe has force to keep, even at the sun of good fortune, his phœnix-wings unsinged. The poor historical professor, in that place, would not, for much money, have had much money in his youth. Fate manages poets, as men do singing birds; you overhang the cage of the singer and make it dark, till at length he has caught the tunes you play to him, and can sing them rightly.

Philosophy is properly home-sickness; the wish to be everywhere at home.

Man is the higher sense of our planet; the star which connects it with the upper world; the eye which it turns toward heaven.

Nature is an Eolian harp, a musical instrument; whose tones again are keys to higher strings in us.

Every beloved object is the centre of a paradise.

It depends only on the weakness of our organs and of our self-excitement, that we do not see ourselves in a fairy world. All fabulous tales, are merely dreams of that home-world, which is everywhere and no where. The higher powers in us, which one day as genies, shall fulfil our will, are, for the present, muses, which refresh us on our toilsome course with sweet remembrances.

The spirit of poesy is the morning light, which makes the statue of Memnon sound.

Only in villages, not in towns, where properly there is more night than day-labour, have the evening chimes a meaning and beauty, and are the swan-song of the day: the evening bell is, as it were, the muffle of the over-loved heart, and, like a *rans des vaches* of the plains, calls men from their running and toiling, into the land of silence and dreams.

Most men judge so badly; why wouldst thou be praised by a child? No one would respect thee in a beggar's coat: what is a respect that is paid to woollen cloth, not to thee.

Surmise is the gossamer that malice blows on fair reputations; the corroding dew that destroys the choice blossom. Surmise is the squint of suspicion, and suspicion is established before it is confirmed.

FAITH AND WORKS.

A person who had peculiar opinions touching the "full assurance of faith," having occasion to cross a ferry, availed himself of the opportunity to interrogate the boatman as to the grounds of his belief, assuring him that if he had faith he was certain of a blessed immortality. The man of oar said he had always entertained a different notion of the subject, and begged to give an illustration of his opinion. "Let us suppose," said the ferryman, "that one of these oars is called faith and the other works; and try their several merits." Accordingly, throwing down one oar in the boat, he proceeded to pull the other with all his strength, upon which the boat turned round and made no way. "Now," said he, "you perceive faith won't do, let us try if works can"—Seizing the other oar, and giving it the same trial, the same consequences ensued. "Works," said he, "you see don't do either; let us try them together." The result was successful; the boat shot through the waves, and soon reached the wished-for haven. "This," said the honest ferryman, "is the way by which I hope to be wafted over the troubled waters of this world, to the peaceful shore of immortality."

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.

A pretty hand and a pretty foot always go together—when we speak of the one we always think of the other. For this reason, stepping on a woman's foot is equivalent to squeezing her hand, and equally proper, but sometimes more convenient, as it can be done under the table. Be careful, however, never to attempt it at a crowded table for fear of making a mistake. We once saw a lady very much confused, who was trying to give a signal to a gentleman opposite, and instead of his, she trod and pressed on the corn-covered toes of an old bachelor. He bore it as long as he could, and then very quietly remarked, "Madam, when you wish to step on a gentleman's toes, be particular and get the foot that belongs to him—for the last five minutes you have been jamming my corns most unmercifully."

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

BOYHOOD.

How oft amid the sordid strife
Of worldly wisdom have I turned
To memory's scenes of early life,
And o'er my joyous boyhood mourned:
How oft have wish'd, mid care and pain,
To be that buoyant boy again.

To sleep beneath the slanting roof
And hear the pattering rain-drops fall,
Or listen to the lively proof
Of vagrants round my airy hall;
Yet rise at morn with wonted glee,
To wade the brook or climb the tree:

To join the sturdy reapers' train,
What time the lark her matin sings—
When mounting with impassion'd strain,
She bathes in light her glittering wings,
And poised in air is scarcely seen,
So high amid the dazzling sheen.

'Twas mine to trap beside the stream,
Or angle 'neath the alder's shade,
To tend the plough, or drive the team,
Or seek the herd in distant glade,
Where oft from clustering thickets shrill
Rang out the notes of whippoorwill.

Those trembling notes, so long, so wild,
Were musick to my boyish ear;
Thought backward flies and as a child
E'en now methinks the sounds I hear,
While fancy spreads before my eye
The dewy glade and moonlit sky.

The "lowing herd," now wending slow
Along the wood their homeward way;
The winding streams dark glassy flow,
The lilied vale, the woodlands gay,
Still float in visions, bland and bright,
As on that balmy summer's night.

When standing on the distant hill,
With boy-born fancies wand'ring free,
I saw no specter'd form of ill
Rise in the bright futurity;
But all, instead, was joyous, clear,
Buoyant with hope, untouch'd with fear.

Oh, these were boyhood's cloudless hours,
And swift on wings unsullied flew;
But pride soon dream'd of loftier bowers,
And wealth her golden lustre threw
O'er tempting scenes, as false as fair,
And bade my spirit seek her there.

And I have sought her—nor in vain.
I might have piled her treasures high,
But that I scorned her sordid reign,
And turned me from her soulless eye.
I could not delve her dirty mine,
And would not worship at her shrine.

I would not stoop to flatter power
For any vile or selfish end;
I would not change with every hour
My faith, my feelings, or my friend;
And least of all, would I entrust
My hopes to the accursed dust.

The God that rear'd the woodland heights,
And spread the flowery valleys wide,
Had waked within my mind delights
That spurn the lures of human pride;
And stern forbade, in accents known,
To worship aught beneath his throne.

TRUTH.

Adhere rigidly and undeviatingly to truth; but while you express what is true, express it in a pleasing manner. Truth is the picture, the manner is the frame that displays it to advantage. If a man blends his angry passions with his search after truth, become his superiour by suppressing yours, and attend only to the justness and force of his reasoning. Truth, conveyed in austere and acrimonious language, seldom has a salutary effect, since we reject the truth, because we are prejudiced against the mode of communication. The heart must be won before the intellect can be informed. A man may betray the cause of truth by his unseasonable zeal, as he destroys its salutary effect by the acrimony of his manner. Whoever would be a successful instructor must first become a mild and affectionate friend. He who gives way to angry invective, furnishes a strong presumption that his cause is bad, since truth is best supported by dispassionate argument. The love of truth, refusing to associate itself with the selfish and dissocial passions, is gentle, dignified, and persuasive. The understanding may not be long able to withstand demonstrative evidence; but the heart which is guarded by prejudice and passion, is generally proof against the argumentative reasoning; for no person will perceive truth when he is unwilling to find it. Many of our speculative opinions, even those which are the result of laborious research, and the least liable to disputation, resemble rarities in the cabinet of the curious, which may be interesting to the possessor, and to a few congenial minds, but which are of no use to the world. Many of our speculative opinions cease to engage attention, not because we are agreed about their truth or fallacy, but because we are tired of the controversy. They sink into neglect, and, in a future age, their futility or absurdity is acknowledged, when they retain a hold no longer on the prejudices and passions of mankind.

The master of superstition is the people; and, in all superstitions wise men follow fools.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS.

Young Edmund, fired by glory's charms,
Rush'd fearless to the battle-field;
And fame and conquest crown'd his arms,
And long he proved his country's shield.
But glory's light—that from afar
Could all his youthful hopes employ—
He found, when near a fleeting star,
Dissolving like the dream of joy!

To council-seat and courtly sway,
His herald was his martial fame;
His monarch's smile illumed his way,
And rank and honours graced his name.
But soon he scorn'd ambition's wiles,
Found title but an empty toy -
Caprice can change a monarch's smile,
And courts are not the home of joy.

From cares of state, and causeless strife,
Resolved for ever to remove—
The gem that crowns our social life
He found at length in woman's love:
His hours, amid the rural shade,
The muses and the arts employ—
And past pursuits from memory fade,
In scenes of calm domestick joy.

L. L. T.

ORIGINAL RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWS.

FAIREFAX'S TASSO.

How have I sat, when piped the pensive wind,
To hear his harp by British Fairfax strung;
Prevailing poet, whose undoubting mind
Believed the magick wonders that he sung!—*Collins.*

We fear that there are but few, in this country at least, who have sat, like Collins, to listen to the sweet harpings of "British Fairfax." This is owing, in part, no doubt, to the scarceness of the book, and partly to the slighting way in which some would-be critics have thought proper to speak of it. Some single pages have been so often quoted that they have become familiar; such as those beautiful lines—

"About her shoulders hung her golden locks,
Like sunny beams on alabaster rocks."

An image as exquisite as it is exquisitely expressed. We think Fairefax deserves to be better known than this. His translation of the great epick of Italy, as it is the first, is by far the best in our language. We may go farther, and safely call it one of the finest versions ever made into any language: If it had been more generally read, we may be certain that Tasso would have been better understood, and better liked in our country than he is now. One must be well acquainted with the language to read him to advantage in the original; better than falls to the lot of most Italian-reading young ladies and gentlemen. There are a thousand characteristick idiomatick beauties of thought and expression, too minute, many of them, we might almost say for criticism, which go far to make up the merit of an author in his native tongue. To seize all these delicate touches, to distinguish in a tongue not our own, what is easy, and what is constrained, which is the happy, and which is the awkward innovation, is no easy matter. Before we can do so, we must think ourselves into the nationality of the poet, to use an expressive Germanism more deeply than is practicable for most men. Important is it therefore, to the great bulk of readers, that their mother-tongue should own good translations of the great poets of other lands, in which may be shadowed forth even if but as in a glass darkly, their peculiar features of beauty.

Hoole's translation of Tasso, which is the one generally read, is utterly contemptible. He had about as much sense of the beauty of the task he was engaged upon, as a law scrivener has of the soundness of the argument he copies. He was troubled with no consuming fire of genius—no stinging poetick estrum. He goes through the whole of the Jerusalem Delivered, in the same strain of hopeless mediocrity, and translates canto after canto, into a wretched jingle, which is at once affected and dull, fine and poor. One huge Dead Sea of dullness is spread over the whole twenty books. There is a self-conceit about him withal, which is amusing from its very intensity. He takes it on himself to pronounce Fairefax's sweet verses, "not only unpleasant but irksome, in such a degree as to surmount curiosity." He prides himself especially on his versification, and modestly thinks his own barrel-organ metre must be preferred to the musical stanzas of his predecessor, "by all but the very few who have acquired a taste for the phrases and cadences of those times, when our verse, if not our language, was in its rudiments." Excellent critick! Those times, when "our verse and language were in their infancy," were the days of Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Spenser and Sir Philip Sidney. A herculean childhood! This alone is enough to show the man's sheer ignorance and vanity; but in order that he may not only be proved an arrant knave, but go hard to be thought so, we shall put some specimens of his translation, side by side, with Fairefax, and let our readers then judge, who has the advantage in versification. As to the other merits of a translator, there is no comparison possible between them Hoole is a poet of adjectives. If he mentions the sea, it is either the "vast" or the "boundless main," and the sky is always the "serene" or else the "troubled heaven." The second rhyme can always be foretold when you know the first, with the precision of a calculating engine. Yet this heavy mass of lumber and nothingness, half lead and half froth, is our standard English Tasso. It is printed in pretty little volumes, and bound in gilt morocco, for presents to young ladies of a poetical turn. Hoole's Tasso! It is worse than Pope's Homer or Sternhold's Psalms.

There is another translation by Wiffen, which first appeared some twenty years ago, that is smoothly versified, and betrays considerable poetick feeling. Its great fault is want of force and fire. It is as much above Hoole as it is below Fairefax. Like Caxon's wigs in the Antiquary, Hoole is the positive, Wiffen the comparative, and Fairefax the superlative. Hoole grinds monotonous murder on a hand-organ, Wiffen discourses melodiously on the flute, a gentleman-like instrument, but feeble withal; while Fairefax seizes Tasso's own harp before its musick has quite died away, and gives in the very echo of his own majestick melody.

Of Fairefax's life but little is known. He was born in the sixteenth century, of a family which had distinguished itself in the bloody wars of the low countries, then, as now, the fighting ground of Europe. He appears to have possessed an estate large enough to free him from the necessity of courting a patron, or writing for bread. All we know of his quiet life, is, that it was devoted to study and poetry; that he was learned and devout. He wrote a "Treatise on Demonology," which is believed to exist only in manuscript, in which, it is said, he treats of the superstitions of his time, with the faith of a firm believer. This will give a point to the lines of Collins, with which we have headed our article—

——"Whose undoubting mind
Believed the magick wonders that he sung."

He also wrote some eclogues, which deserve the praise of learned and classick, better than they do that of "witty," which is bestowed on them by a contemporary. These have nothing in them worthy of being drawn from the oblivion into which they have fallen. His translation of Tasso, is his great work. This was first published in 1600, thirty-two years before its author's death. Its merits, generally speaking, are faithfulness, freshness, and beauty of language; its chief, almost its only defect, frequent violations of orthography, for the sake of metre. This, however, was so common in those early days, as hardly to be thought a fault, and is indeed justified by Donne. His work, is also injured at times, by his indulgence in antithesis and point, the besetting sin of the age. Its antique turn of phrase is, in our own eyes, at least, a beauty and no blemish. It is so faithful to the original, that it has even been said, there is not a line in Tasso without a corresponding line in Fairefax. This is no small praise, when we consider how closely the several parts of the Jerusalem Delivered are united together. Rousseau used to assert, that there was not a stanza nor even a line in Tasso which could be taken out, without injuring the unity and connexion of the poem.

To show the masterly way in which Fairefax handles his subject, let us take the opening of the poem, a grand and a worthy one surely—"a happy prologue to the swelling act" of one of the finest of modern epicks. The grandeur and stately march of this opening has been highly praised by continental criticks, and justly. Let us go on Crescendo, and begin with Wiffen, for Hoole is not worth quoting.

I sing the pious arms and chief, who freed
The sepulchre of Christ from thrall profane;
Much did he toil in thought, and much in deed;
Much in the glorious enterprise sustain;
And hell in vain opposed him; and in vain
Afric and Asia to the rescue poured
Their mingled tribes: heaven recompensed his pain,
And from the fruitless sallies of the sword,
True to the red-cross flag his wandering friends restored.

O thou, the muse, that not with fading palms
Circlest thy brows on Findus, but among
The angels warbling their celestial psalms
Hast for thy coronal a golden throng
Of everlasting stars! make thou my song
Lucid and pure; breathe thou the flame divine
Into my bosom; and forgive the wrong,
If with grave truth light fiction I combine,
And sometimes grace my page with other flowers than thine?

This is pretty, and closely enough rendered, but it has not the life and spirit of Fairefax.

I sing the warre made in the holy land,
And the great chiefe that Christ's great tomb did free.
Much wrought he with his wit, much with his hand,
Much in that brave atchievement suffer'd hee:
In vain doth hell that man of God withstand,
In vain the world's great prince armed he,
For heaven him favour'd, and he brought againe
Under one standard all his scatter'd traine.

O heavenly muse, that not with fading baies
Deckest thy brow by the Heliconian spring,
But sittest crowned with starres immortall raies,
In heaven, where legions of bright angels sing,
Inspire life in my wit, my thoughts upraise,
My verse ennoble, and forgive the thing,
If fiction's light I mix with truth divine,
And fill these lines with other praise than thine.

Our reader will at once be reminded of the opening of Paradise Lost. It is needless to say that the English writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were diligent students of the great models furnished them by the masters of Italian poetry. France had not yet risen to the rank of the arbitress in arts and arms, in dress, manners, and language. The place in fashionable literature, which is now supplied by the "smooth-tongued French," belonged then to the "Italian musicale;" and we cannot help thinking that the great authors of that stirring time, when the sons of the Romans were men, afforded better food for study, and better examples for imitation, than the artificial strictness and feeble regularity of French taste. We might easily show, did time admit, that Milton was a diligent reader, not only of Tasso but of Fairefax's Tasso. He is known to have noticed with commendation those fine lines in Fairefax, describing Gabriel's descent on earth,

"On Lebanon at first his foot he set,
And shook his wings, with roarie May-dewes wet."

We may easily trace in this the source of Milton's,

"- Like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his wings, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide."

To go back to Fairefax's book. A second edition of his translation was published in 1624, and a third in 1687. This last was edited by Sir Roger L'Estrange, who, in his preface, awards our author high praise "for the turn of the verse, the apt and harmonious distribution of the words, and the strength of thought." He adds, that he was induced to publish the book "at the request of some ingenious persons." These are said to have been no other than Waller and Dryden, both of whom declared that they owed their first ideas of verse and melody to Fairefax. It does no small credit to the taste of that forerunner of anti-tobacco societies, King James I., that he admired Fairefax, and desired to have the book reprinted. Charles I., too, is said to have beguiled the time with it while in prison awaiting his trial. In Queen Anne's time, when French taste gave the law in all things, Fairefax was neglected and all but forgotten, and his book was not reprinted til 1817. It was then got up in beautiful style; unfortunately the greater part of the edition was destroyed by fire, and it is now a guinea book in London. The old editions are also very scarce.

One of the most highly-praised passages in Tasso, is the flight of Erminia, her meeting with the shepherd, and his praise of a lowly life, in the beginning of canto seven. It is delightful from the air of stillness and repose thrown around it, which contrasts charmingly with the sound of broil and battle in the preceding cantos. Hoole's version is wretchedly tame and flat.

She sleeps, till joyful at the day's return,
The feather'd choirs salute the break of morn,
Till rising zephyrs whisper through the bowers,
Sport with the ruffled stream and painted flowers;
Then opes her languid eyes, and views around
The shepherd's cot, amid the sylvan ground:
When 'twixt the river and the wood, she hears
A sound, that calls again her sighs and tears.
But soon her plaints are stopped by vocal strains,
Mixed with the rural pipes of village swains:
She rose, and saw, beneath the shady grove,
An aged sire that osier baskets wove;
His flocks around him graz'd the meads along,—
Three boys beside him tun'd their rustick song.

* * * * * *

No vain ambitious thoughts my soul molest,
No avarice harbours in my quiet breast.
From limpid streams my draught is well supply'd;
I fear no poison in the wholesome tide.
My little garden and my flock afford
Salubrious viands for my homely board.
How little, justly weigh'd, our life requires!
For simple nature owns but few desires.
Lo! there my sons (no menial slaves I keep,)
The faithful guardians of their father's sheep.
Thus in the groves I pass my hours away,
And see the goats and stags around me play:
The fishes through the crystal waters glide,
And birds with wings the yielding air divide.
There was a time (when early youth inspires
The mind of erring man with vain desires)
I roved in lowly vales my flock to feed,
And from my native soil and country fled.
At Memphis once I lived, and highly graced
Among the monarch's household train was placed:
And though the gardens claim'd my cares alone,
To me the wicked arts of courts were known.

"Vocal strains" and "rural pipes of village swains" "tun'd their rustick song." Hoole, like M. Jourdain, is talking prose without knowing it. Wiffen's version is better, and not without a certain air of poetry and prettiness.

She slept, till in her dreaming ear the bowers
Whispered, the gay birds warbled of the dawn;
The river roared; the winds to the young flowers
Made love; the blithe bee wound its dulcet horn;
Roused by the mirth and melodies of morn,
Her languid eyes she opens, and perceives
The huts of shepherds on the lonely lawn,
Whilst seeming voices, 'twixt the waves and leaves,
Call back her scattered thoughts—again she sighs and grieves.

Her plaints were silenced by soft musick, sent
As from a rural pipe, such sounds as cheer
The Syrian shepherd in his summer tent,
And mixed with pastoral accents, rude but clear.
She rose, and gently, guided by her ear,
Came where an old man, on a rising ground,
In the fresh shade, his white flocks feeding near
Twig baskets wove, and listened to the sound
Trill'd by three blooming boys, who sate disporting round.

* * * * * *

Despised by others, but so dear to me,
That gems and crowns I hold in less esteem;
From pride, from avarice, is my spirit free,
And mad ambition's visionary dream.
My thirst I quench in the pellucid stream,
Nor fear lest poison the fair wave pollutes;
With flocks my fields, my fields with herbage teem;
My garden-plot supplies nutritious roots,
And my brown orchard bends with autumn's wealthiest fruits

Few are our wishes—few our wants: man needs
But little to preserve the vital spark;
These are my sons; they keep the flock that feeds,
And rise in the gray morning with the lark.
Thus in my hermitage I live; now mark
The goats disport amid the budding brooms;
Now the slim stags bound through the forest dark,
The fish glide by, the bees hum round the blooms;
And birds spread to heaven the splendour of their plumes.

Now let us have Fairefax, and with him there is no fear but that we shall have Tasso.

FAIREFAX.

Her teares, her drinke, her food, her sorrowings,
This was her diet that unhappie night:
But sleepe, (that sweet repose and quiet brings)
To ease the greefes of discontented wight,
Spred forth his tender, soft, and nimble wings,
In his dull arms, folding the virgin bright;
And love, his mother, and the graces kept
Strong watch and ward, while this fair ladie slept.

The birds awakte her with their morning song,
Their warbling musicke pearst her tender eare,
The murmuring brookes and whistling windes among
The rating boughs and leaves, their parts did beare;
Her eies unclosed, beheld the groves along
Of swaines and shepherd groomes, that dwellings were;
And that sweet noise, birds, winds, and waters sent,
Provokte againe the virgin to lament.

Her plaints were interrupted with a sound,
That seem'd from thickest bushes to proceed,
Some iolly shepheard sung a lustie round,
And to his voice had tun'd his oaten reed;
Thither she went, an old man there she found,
(At whose right hand his little flocke did feed)
Sat making baskets, his three sonnes among,
That learned their father's art, and learn'd his song.

O povertie, chief of the heav'nly brood,
Dearer to me than wealth or kingly crown!
No wish for honour, thirst of other's good,
Can move my hart, contented with mine owne:
We quench our thirst with water of this flood,
Nor fear we poison should therein be throwne;
These little flocks of sheepe and tender goates,
Give milke for food, and wool to make us coates.

We little wish, we need but little wealth,
From cold and hunger us to cloath and feed;
These are my sonnes, their care preserves from stealth
Their fathers' flocks, nor servants none I need:
Amid these groves I walke oft for my health,
And to the fishes, birds, and beastes give heed,
How they are fed in forest, spring, and lake,
And their contentment for ensample take.

Time was (for each one hath his doting time)
(These silver locks were golden trésses than)
That countrie life I hated as a crime,
And from the forest's sweet contentment ran;
To Memphis stately pallace would I clime,
And there became the mighty Caliphes man;
And though I but a simple gardner were,
Yet could I marke abuses, see and heare.

Readers of Spenser need not be told where to look for a parallel to this eloquent praise of contented poverty. But for the benefit of the very many who are comparatively ignorant of the finest imaginative poem in the English language, we shall take the liberty of quoting a few stanzas from the Legend or Sir Calidore or Courtisie, where the very language of Erminia's shepherd is put into the mouth of old Melibee. These stanzas will be given in the next chapter.

(To be continued.)

DRAMATICK SKETCHES.

CUNIGUNDA'S VOW.

BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

SCENE—*Silesia.—Enter* ERNEST, *to* GERTRUDE *and* EDITHA.

Ernest. Where is thy lady, Gertrude?
Gertrude. On the turret
Watching the first glimpse of the stranger knight
Who comes to-day to attempt the perilous feat
Ordained by her rash vow.
Editha. Poor Cunigunda!
Now pays she dearly the o'erweening pride
Of haughty beauty. Love hath well avenged
His martyred votaries.
Ernest. Speak not with that tone
Of pity, maiden! I'm an old retainer
Of Cunigunda's house; have carried her
A smiling child within mine arms; have loved her
Even as a father, as a father gloried
In her unparagoned charms. But her cold cruelty
Doth fret my very heart-strings. Not enough
For this proud beauty to reject all hearts
Of knight, or count; or prince—for princes sued
At Cunigunda's feet—but she must tempt
Each wooer to his death, grim ghastly death,
Untimely bloody death, by that stern vow
That he should win her, who should safely ride
Around these Kienast walls—the narrow walls,
Of these steep mountain towers! She might as well
Command them ride upon a falchion's edge,
Or stand erect upon the topmost spray
Of yon tall poplar. Many a gallant steed
Lies whitening in the abyss, many a brave knight
Hath perished in the rocky gulf;—and now
Another victim comes!
Editha. One—If he fall,
The shades of all that for her sake have died,
Were they as countless as the leaves that dance
In Hirchsberg vale, would be avenged! She loves him,
Believe it, Ernest, with the fervid love
Of stern and haughty hearts.
Ernest. Believe who will!
She, thy proud mistress, love the falcon knight!
Albert the falcon knight! A wandering stranger,
Whose house, whose name she knows not. Tush!
Editha. Yet Albert
Is the sole name she speaks; the falcon crest
Her only heraldry.
Ernest. Princes have sighed
For Cunigunda, and that she should sigh
For this poor knight—
Gertrude. She doth!
Ernest. One all unapt
To win a lady's eye! She that beheld
Unmoved the gay Count Cassel, whose light step
Came bounding like the roe, whose glance shot fire—
She that beheld unshaken his bright form
Lie stiff and mute before her—she that saw,
Without a tear, the bleeding mangled corse
Of Rudolf of Thuringia, blooming boy,
Fair, slender, blue-eyed boy, whose nut-brown curls
Clustered o'er his white brow, whose damask cheek,
And coral lip, and brilliant smile, and round
And joyous voice were redolent of youth,
And hope, and life;—think'st thou that she, whom bloom
And charms like these ne'er touched, can love yon sad
And pallid stranger?
Editha. With idolatry,
Passing what hath been told or feigned of love
In story or in song. Unapt to win
A lady's eye! Ernest, thou hast been trained
In courts, and camps, and battles; thou know'st well
All that pertains to man, but woman's heart
To thee is a sealed book. I tell thee, Ernest,
Yon pallid stranger, with the serious grace
Of his fine features, delicate yet full
Of mild command; the dark locks closely shorn
Around the noble head; the manly form
Where grandeur blends with elegance; the voice
Clear, deep, and ringing, fitting instrument
Of lofty thought; the reverential port
Majestically bending with a proud
And prompt obedience, to the very name
Of woman rendering homage;—such an one
Might win—
Gertrude She comes!

Enter CUNIGUNDA *and* OTTO.

Cunigunda. Unbar the gates! Be quick,
Unbar the gates! Why bide ye loitering here
When ye should fly to bid the Castellan
Give present entrance to the falcon knight—
The valiant falcon knight?—[*Exit* ERNEST.]—Ye daily here,
Whilst he stands waiting—he! Why of themselves
The Kienast-gates should ope to him.
Otto. He's here,
Fair madam.

Enter SIR ALBERT *and a* PAGE.

Cunigunda. Now, Sir Albert!
Albert. Beauteous lady,
I come to win thée.—Bid them lead my courser
Round to the court of guard. Is't not the way
That we must gain the ramparts? [*Exit* PAGE.] Sweet, I come
To win thee or to perish
Cunigunda. Oh, no! No!
Albert. Why, thou shouldst arm me for this viewless peril
As for some tourney fray. Why dost thou sigh?
Why turn so deadly pale?
Cunigunda. 'Tis a vast peril!
Albert. 'Twas thine own vow imposed it; thine own choice,
And now 'tis mine. I knew afore I saw thee
What danger must be dared for Cunigunda,
And knowing came. Thou wouldst not sure fright *me*
With that same bugbear Peril? I'm a warriour
Trained to defy, to seek each several form
Of death in glorious battle. Wouldst thou teach me
A cowardice now?—Farewell!—The sun shines bright
On hill and valley; the soft breezes play
O'er leaf and flower; over our heads the lark
Chaunts his gay matins; Nature smiles on me
And my high purpose;—for this deed is holy,
Thrice holy, lady!—When I come again—
Farewell!
Cunigunda. Oh go not! go not!
Albert. Cunigunda,
Hast thou not sworn to yield thy hand to none,
Save him who rides unscathed around these steep
And narrow walls? Is not that oath proclaimed
On earth, and registered in heaven?
Cunigunda. Alas!
Albert. And I too have a vow recorded there
To do this deed or perish.
Cunigunda. Oh, go not!
Not yet! not yet!
Albert. Why should I dally?
Cunigunda. Stay
A month, a little month! Thou wilt not? Then
A week, a day, an hour! Grant but such respite
As the poor sentenced criminal may claim
When he craves time for prayer.—Oh, go not yet!
Not yet! not yet!
Albert. Is this the soft relenting
Of woman's tender heart to all whom pain
Or danger threaten? Didst thou thus implore
Henry of Cassel? or the gentle boy
Young Rudolf of Thuringia?
Cunigunda. No. Oh, frown not,
Nor turn away thy head, nor snatch thy hand
From mine! They knew the peril that they braved,
And they would brave that peril. Canst thou blame me
That I ne'er loved afore? that I love now?
Oh, go not, Albert!
Albert. Lady, I am bound
By a strong fettering vow.—If I return,
This hand is mine?
Cunigunda. Ay, hand and heart. Yet go not!
Beseech thee, stay with me!
Albert. When I come back
Thou art wholly mine!
Cunigunda. Ay, ay. But go not yet!
Albert. Mine to dispose even as I will?
Cunidunga. Ay, dearest,
Even as thou wilt. But stay with me awhile!
Stay! stay! [*Exit* ALBERT.
Edstha. He's gone!
Cunigunda. Oh, stop him! Say I beg!
Say I command! Fly! fly!—[*Exit* OTTO.]—And yet my oath,
My fatal, fatal oath! Without such trial
We may not wed—But, oh, to see him dashed,
As they have been, from off the wall, and lain
A pale, disfigured corse—Oh, horrour! horrour!

Re-enter OTTO.

Stop him, I say; and if need be by force.
Command him hither.
Otto. Lady——
Cunidunga. Dost thou hear?
Where is the falcon knight? Am I not mistress
Within these towers? Command him hither.
Otto. Lady,
Even as he left thee, at a bound he sprang
On his proud steed, and scaled the rampart stairs;
Ere now he's on the walls.
Cunidunga. Oh save him! save him,
Ye saints that watch o'er love! Go some of ye
To the high turret that o'erhangs the castle,
And look yé send me blessed tidings—no!
The truth! the very truth! Are ye not gone?
[*Exeunt* OTTO *and* GERTRUDE.
Editha. Wilt thou not go thyself? 'Twere a less grief
Than crouching there in that strong agony
Of fear—thy head between thy hands, thy limbs
Cunigunda. He'll die!
Shivering, thy bosom panting. Go!
He'll die! And how could I endure—He'll die
For me! for me!
Edstha. Take comfort, lady.
Cunidunga. Comfort!
Who ever passed that dread abyss, where yawns
The Hirsenberg valley under the high rock
Crowned with our frowning battlements, or dared
The desperate leap from tower to tower, nor fell
Crushed, breathless, motionless! Who e'er returned
Alive?—Oh horrour! horrour! Edith, fly!
Speed me some tidings. [*Exit* EDITHA] He must die; and I,
I that so loved him, I that would have given
My life a thousand fold to save him—I
Shall be his murderess.

Enter ERNEST.

Ernest. Nay, lady, nay,
There's yet a hope.
Cunigunda. Old man, art thou turned flatterer?
He'll perish.
Ernest. I beheld the manèged steed
Ascend the steep and narrow stair; a steed
Of Araby, light-limbed and fine, with eyes
Of living fire half starting from his slim
And veiny head; a hot and mettled steed;
Yet trained to such obedience, that each motion
Of the swift foot seemed guided by the will
Of the bold rider, even as they had been
One and incorporate. If man may achieve
This perilous deed, the falcon knight alone—
Cunigunda. Ernest, thou shalt have lands enow to make
Thyself a belted knight! Now blessings on thee
That bring'st me hope!—But Edith, Gertrude, Otto,
Why come they not? I could have won to Prague
And back in half the time. Why come they not?
Good tidings find swift messengers. Alas!
I fear; I fear.
Ernest. Shall I go seek them?
Cunigunda. No
The abyss, the dread abyss, where the old wall
Shelving, and steep, and crumbling, overhangs
The vale of Hirschberg from such dizzying height
As never plummet fathomed;——that abyss—
Henry of Cassel there, and the good knight
Of Olmutz—Oh I have been cruel, Ernest,
And for my sins he'll die! to punish me
He'll die! he'll die!

Enter GERTRUDE.

Gertrude. Lady——
Cunigunda. Why dost thou pause?
Ernest. See how she pants! she's breathless.
Cunigunda. Is there any
Panting and breathless save myself? He's dead!
I see it in her face.
Gertrude. He hath safely passed
The abyss.
Cunigunda. Now thanks to heaven! The dread abyss.
He's safe! he's safe? Thou shalt be portioned, Gertrude.
He's safe!
Ernest. Yet that wide leap from tower to tower,
Where Rudolf of Thuringia——
Cunigunda. Out on thee,
Raven!
Ernest. That fearful leap, with scarce a ledge
Where steed—— [*Shouts without*
Cunigunda. What means that cry?

Re-enter OTTO *and* EDITHA.

Editha, Otto,
What means that cry?

Editha. He's safe! The leap is past:
The falcon knight is safe!
Ernest. Look to her!
Cunigunda. Nay,
I'm well. Say o'er again?
Editha. The leap is past.
The falcon knight is safe.
Cunigunda. My Editha,
Ask what thou wilt of me. Was ever woman
So blest before! The falcon knight is mine,
Mine own, and I am his. Oh, thanks to heaven!
Now, ye that called my vow cruel and rash,
What say ye now?
Ernest. Alas, dear lady, still
I grieve for them that——
Cunigunda. Talk not of them. Think
What were a thousand such as they, compared
With the bold falcon knight!—Editha, Gertrude,
Albert will come to claim his bride; wipe off
These blistering tears, braid this dishevelled hair,
Adjust my wimple and my veil;—my knight
Will come to claim his bride.

Enter Sir Albert *and a* Page.

He comes! away!
I was a fool to think of vanity;
He will not love his Cunigunda less
That she hath lain on the stone floor in prayer
And tearful agony, whilst he hath dared
This perilous deed.—Albert!
Albert (to a page.) Lead Saladin
Gently around the court. He trembles still
At the o'ermastered danger.
Cunidunga. Albert!
Albert (still to the page.) Loosen
The foaming bit. It is a matchless steed.
Cunidunga. Oh matchless! matchless! I myself would be
His groom. But Albert!—
Albert. When he's cooler, bid
Thy comrade, Jerome, ride him back to Prague.
Bring thou another courser straight. The day
Wears on. [*Exit* Page.
Cunidunga Sir Albert!
Albert. Madam!
Cunigunda. Hast thou not
A word for Cunigunda? Dost thou stand
There, like some breathing marble in thy cold
Stern haughty beauty, mute and motionless,
With arms close-folded and down-gazing eyes,
No thought for Cunigunda, not a word
For her whom thou hast won, not even a look?
Dost thou not claim me, Albert?
Albert. Lady, no;
I have a wife——ay, start and tremble! turn
As pale as winter snows! feel every pang
That thou hast caused and scorned!——I have a wife,
A sweet and gracious woman; beautiful
Beyond all beauty, for the blush of love,
The smile of kindness, and the dancing light
Of those joy-kindling eyes, in whose bright play
The innocent spirit revels, blend their spell
With features delicate as lily-bells,
A shape more graceful than the clustering vine.
Talk of thy stately charms! At Ida's side
Thou wouldst show coarse and unshapen, as the brown
And rugged elm beside the shining beech.
Ay, shrink and tremble! hide thy burning cheeks
Within thy quivering hands!—Wilt thou hear more?
This lovely, loving wife, my three years bride,
And twice a mother—Oh, none ever bent
With such a grace as she o'er sleeping babes,
Nor ever youthful mother bent o'er babes
So like the cherubim!—This wife, so fair,
So sweet, so womanly, whose pitying heart
Would ache to see a sparrow die, this wife
I love.
Cunigunda. Why then—Oh cruel!
Albert. Dar'st *thou* talk
Of cruelty, proud murderess, whose meed
For true-love hath been death? Whose sinful vow
Slew the most gracious boy of all the earth,
The hope and pride and joy of his high line,
Young Rudolf of Thuringia, my dear brother,
My dear and only brother!
Ernest. 'Tis Duke Albert!
Yet pity her! See how she smites her brow
And tears her raven hair!
Albert. Where was her pity
When that fair boy—Murderess, 'tis Rudolf's brother
That speaks to thee. When first I heard that tale,
Several revenges, deadly, bloody, fierce,
All that the body can endure of keen
And lengthened agony, the rack, the wheel,
The stake rushed through my brain, but they had been
A poor and trivial vengeance, all unmeet
For such o'erwhelming wrong: my cunning hate
Hath found a more enduring curse. Thou lov'st me,
Thou lov'st me, Cunigunda, with the hot
Wild passion of thy nature, and I scorn thee!
Thou art contemned and loathed by whom thou lov'st;
Won and abandoned; spurned and thrown aside
Like an infected garment. The plague spot
Of sin is on thee, woman; blackest shame
Shall follow like thy shadow. 'Twas for this
I donned the mask of courtship; for this trained
My faithful steed Thy worthless hand is mine—
Nay, touch me not, hang not about my knees—
Mine to bestow. Some horse-boy of my train
Shall prove thy fitting partner.
Editha. Oh for pity!
For manly pity, good, my lord, break not
The bruised flower!
Cunigunda. Be silent, Editha!
I have deserved all evil. Deal with me
Even as thou wilt, Duke Albert. I've deserved
Thy hate—but soon my heart—my bursting heart—
Deal with me as thou wilt. 'Twill not be long!
Albert. Nay then—rise, Cunigunda! Lift thy face
From off the ground and listen. I'll not break
The bruised flower. Live and repent. In prayer
And pious penance live. The cloister cell
Were thy meet refuge. By to-morrow's dawn
Go join the Carmelites at Prague. For them
Who died untimely, for thyself, for me
And for my children, pray!—Now home, Sir Page!
My steed! my steed! [*Exeunt.*

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

CLAUDE DUVAL.

Leaving out of sight Robin Hood, whose thievery has been so varnished over by time and romance, as to look now like a lawful mulcting of the rich and oppressive, there is no robber or highwayman in the annals of the English "road," who pursued his profession in so accomplished a manner, and threw so many graces over thievery, as Claude Duval. This personage was a real Macheath, one who eschewed all the coarser traits of the rogue's character, and there are some incidents in his history, which, we are sure, will amuse those of our readers to whom they are new.

Claude Duval was a Frenchman by birth, having first seen the light, in the year 1643, at Domfront in Normandy, where his father, Pierre Duval, a miller, resided. Claude was well brought up, and received a decent share of education. When a sprightly lad of thirteen or so, he either ran away from his parents, or was permitted by them to go and push his fortune in the world. Having reached Rouen, the Norman capital, Claude chanced to fall in with some post-horses returning to Paris, and was allowed to mount one of them, on condition of helping the conductor to dress them at night. The lad might still have been badly off for food by the way, had not some English gentlemen, who were also travelling to Paris, taken pity on him, and paid his expenses. On arriving in the French metropolis, Claude attached himself to these strangers, and by their intercession was admitted afterwards as errand-boy at a noted place of entertainment. In this condition he remained till the restoration of Charles II. in 1660, at which time multitudes of people from all nations came flocking to England. Duval also crossed the Channel, along with a person of quality, whose service he had entered in the capacity of footman.

The period of the restoration was well fitted for the development of such a character as that of Claude Duval. He speedily became a proficient in gaming, drunkenness, and all those other practices, which, under royal favour, were regarded as the highest accomplishments of a gallant of the time. It may be supposed that such pursuits were not long compatible with the duties of a peaceable occupation. In reality, Monsieur Duval took to the highway to find the means of supporting his irregularities, and rapidly acquired such celebrity by his doings on the roads and heaths around London, as to have the honour of being named first in a proclamation for the capture of several notorious malefactors. But it was less for the extent of his depredations—though their range was by no means limited—than for the manner in which he executed them, that Duval's name became famous in the land. He was the most insinuating of filchers, contriving to steal with such a grace, that, so far from terrifying even the ladies, they were content to lose all they had for the pleasure of contemplating his courtesy, and to wish him good luck with what he had appropriated. One story which is told of him will exemplify his manner of going to work. We quote the words of a quaint and ironical notice of Claude Duval in the Harleian Miscellany. Having on one occasion received intelligence that a coach was about to pass along a certain road, with a booty of four hundred pounds in it, Duval and four associates took the field, and at the expected time beheld the object of their search. "In the coach was a knight, his lady, and only one serving-maid, who, perceiving five horsemen making up to them, presently imagined that they were beset; and they were confirmed in this apprehension, by seeing them whisper to one another, and ride backwards and forwards. The lady, to show she was not afraid, takes a flageolet out of her pocket, and plays: Duval takes the hint, plays also, and excellently well, upon a flageolet of his own, and in this posture he rides up to the coach-side. "Sir," says he, to the person in the coach, "your lady plays excellently, and I doubt not but that she dances as well; will you please to walk out of the coach, and let me have the honour to dance one currant with her upon the heath?" "Sir," said the person in the coach, "I dare not deny anything to one of your quality and good mind; you seem a gentleman, and your request is very reasonable;" which said, the lacquey opens the door, out comes the knight, Duval leaps lightly off his horse, and hands the lady out of the coach. They danced, and here it was that Duval performed marvels; the best master in London, except those that are French, not being able to show such footing as he did in his great French riding-boots. The dancing being over, he waits on the lady to her coach. As the knight was going in, says Duval to him, "Sir, you have forgot to pay the musick." "No, I have not," replies the knight; and putting his hand under the seat of the coach, pulls out a hundred pounds in a bag, and delivers it to him; which Duval took with a very good grace, and courteously answered, "Sir, you are liberal, and shall have no cause to repent your being so; this liberality of yours shall excuse you the other three hundred pounds;" and, giving him the word, that, if he met with any more of the crew, he might pass undisturbed, Duval civilly takes his leave of him."

The fame acquired by such an exploit as this, which (to use the words of Leigh Hunt) is an "eternal feather in the cap of highway gentility," was calculated to render Duval as much an object of admiration as of terrour, and if we take into consideration the loose morality of the times, we shall see some reason for crediting the stories which represent the genteel handsome highwayman as being a great favourite with the ladies. He always treated the fair sex, when he met them on the road, with the most winning politeness, and would restore a favourite trinket with the grace of a cavalier who had picked up a dropped glove. Once, when in company with several of his crew, Duval met a coach filled with ladies, and sent one of his friends forward to lay them under contribution. The fellow did his office rudely, taking away money, watches, rings, and even the gum-bottle of a baby that was present. The child naturally cried, and one of the ladies, the infant's mother, entreated the man only to return the sucking-bottle. But the surly thief refused, until Duval, observing him to stay longer than necessary, came up and discovered what had been done. Drawing forth a pistol, Duval levelled it at his associate's head, exclaiming at the same time, "Give back the bottle to the child, sirrah! Can't you behave like a gentleman, and raise a contribution without stripping people? But, perhaps, you had some occasion for the sucking-bottle yourself, and, indeed, by your actions one would imagine you were hardly weaned." The abashed thief did as he was bid, and Duval departed, leaving the ladies in admiration of his courtesy.

Claude Duval is said to have exhibited much ingenuity occasionally in compassing such purposes as sheer courage alone could not carry him through. He once entered the Crown Inn, in Beaconsfield, where he heard singing, dancing, and fiddling in merry progress. On inquiry, he found that a sort of wake or fair was kept there that day, and that a large company were assembled. Partly from his natural liking for sport, and partly from the hope of doing business, Duval resolved to alight, and spend the evening there. He did so, entered the kitchen, and called for a pint of wine. By chance an old farmer was sitting by the fire with a companion, whom he told, in Duval's hearing, that he had a hundred pounds in his pockets, which he was anxious for the safety of. Our appropriative hero immediately set down this money as his own, more particularly when he heard the old countryman ask leave to enter the dancing-room, and see the diversion. Duval made the same request, and did it so courteously, that he was told he might stay as long as he pleased, and welcome. Thinking more of the hundred pounds than the fiddle or the dancing, the highway practitioner looked around him for some means of making the money change possessors. Clever as he was, he was no conjurer, and could not have what he wished by crying "Presto! pass." But he hit on another method of accomplishing his object. He saw that the only rational way of lightening the farmer of his burden, was to create confusion among the company, during which he might use his fingers unseen. A chimney in the room, with a large funnel, struck him as a proper means of executing his project. He went out, and, having told the ostler of his wish to have a bit of frolick with the good company, prevailed upon that personage, by a bribe of two guineas, to dress up the large mastiff-dog of the stable-yard in a raw cowhide with horns, which lay conveniently at hand, and then, by the help of a ladder and rope, to let the disguised animal down the fore-mentioned chimney. Having thus arranged matters with his confederate, Duval returned quietly to the dancers, who continued to foot it in the merriest manner. By and by, an alarming noise was heard in the chimney, and a most unearthly howling succeeded from the same quarter, followed by the thundering descent into the room of what appeared to be a black, yelling, horned demon. The whole company was thrown into confusion, and the question was, which should be first out of the room. The most active pushed down others, and the lights were overthrown, and trampled under foot. In this state of general consternation, Duval found it no difficult matter to empty the pocket of the farmer, whom he had kept a sharp hold of in the bustle. The dog, meanwhile, having broken the rope by its weight, bounded over the prostrate crowd, and made its way to the stable, where the ostler instantly uncased it, and rendered it impossible for the trick to be discovered. Whether it had been found out or not, Duval had taken care of himself. As soon as he had effected his purpose, he took horse, and spared neither whip nor spur till he found himself in London. The loss of the money was discovered after his departure, and search made for it everywhere; but, of course, it could not be found. It was thereupon settled by common consent that the devil had been permitted to take it away, in order to punish the old farmer, who was noted for his miserly covetousness.

When the proclamation, already alluded to, was promulgated, Duval, being then well provided with money, thought proper to decamp for France. He was not here long ere he had squandered all he possessed, and was compelled to resort to his old practices. It is recorded of him that he assumed the character of alchymist, ostensibly for the purpose of extracting gold from lead, but in reality to squeeze it out of an avaricious Jesuit, confessor to the king of France. By putting some pieces of gold into the end of a stick, and then stirring with this stick a crucible filled with melting lead, Duval contrived to exhibit the seeming transmutation of a portion of the lead into gold, by the melting of the particles in the stick. By this means he insinuated himself into the Jesuit's confidence; and the result was, that one day his reverence, being alone with his philosophick friend, found himself suddenly bound and gagged, and had the satisfaction of seeing his strong-box rifled before his face, himself being all the while unable to utter a word of remonstrance.

This enabled Claude Duval to return to England, which, somehow or other, foreigners of his class have always chosen as the favourite field of their exertions, possibly from the patriotick wish to spare their own countrymen. How long Duval flourished after his return to England, it is difficult to say, as the dates of the principal events of his life have not been preserved. He did not confine himself entirely to highway practice, but preyed upon the world in various other ways. Dressed elegantly, after the fashion of a finished gallant of the time, he frequented gaming-tables, and laid under contribution knights, and squires, and lords of high degree, who little dreamed of the true character of their companion. Duval was a most dexterous cheat at cards—or, to speak in more measured language of such a man's qualifications, he could slip a card beautifully. He was mightily given to betting, and laid his wagers with such skill and prudence, that he often won large sums by the practice, and seldom lost even small ones.

The law, which has no respect of persons, at length laid its hands on this polished highwayman, whom it had described in a thousand bills and proclamations. He was not taken while attacking the king's liege, but after having assaulted several bottles of wine. In plain language, he was arrested, while drunk, at the Hole in the Wall tavern, in Chandos-street. His capture excited a sensation proportioned to the repute he had gained in life. After being arraigned, convicted, and condemned, while he lay awaiting his doom in Newgate, he was visited by many ladies, among whom were several of rank, all anxious to see the man who, in his most lawless courses, ever preserved a degree of romantick and most unwonted courtesy to those of their sex. There rested on him, besides, we believe, no stain of blood, though, from the life he had led, this would be difficult to determine. The life of Duval was interceded for, but in vain. On the twenty-first of January, 1669–70, when he had barely reached the age of twenty-seven, he was executed at Tyburn. His youth, comeliness, and extraordinary character, in which a vein of good ran through the bad, caused tears, it is said, to dim many gentle eyes, when he suffered at the fatal tree. Thanks to the improved morals of society, and thanks to an improved system of police, the race of Duvals are now extinct in the land, never, it is hoped, to be revived.

LITERARY NOTICES.

BOOK TABLE.

"*The Huguenot, a tale. New-York: Harper and Brothers.*"—Mr. James has here illustrated a remarkable portion of history, and one with which he evidently has an intimate acquaintance. His management of his subject is extremely artist-like, and his style is unexceptionably pure and expressive. Another great charm and merit of his writings is the healthy moral tone which pervades them. They have none of that morbid misanthropy, that frantick feebleness, which is too often affected by the authorlings of the day. The works of James may with safety and profit be confided to the young and unsophisticated, for they will derive from them no false views of the world and human nature. But the author himself, in his preface, eloquently describes the scope and tendency of his writings: "He who in the course of a well-conceived and interesting tale, excites our good passions to high and noble aspirations; depicts our bad passions so as to teach us to abhor and govern them; arrays our sympathies on the side of virtue, benevolence and right; expands our hearts, and makes the circle of our feelings and affections more comprehensive; stores our imaginations with images bright and sweet and beautiful; makes us more intimately and philosophically acquainted with the characters of our fellow-men; and, in short, causes the reader to rise wiser and with a higher appreciation of all that is good and great, attains the grand object at which every man should aim, and deserves the thanks and admiration of mankind. Even he who makes the attempt, though without such success, does something, and never can write altogether in vain."

"*Demonstrations of the truth of the Christian Religion. By Alexander Keith. New-York. Harper and Brothers.*"—This is a republication from the second Edinburgh edition. It is a luminous and succinct array of the evidences, amounting to demonstration, of the truth of the Christian religion. There is nothing didactick or supererogatory in the argument. Every line has an immediate bearing upon the great purpose of the work; and, apart from its value in the eyes of the religious, it will be found full of interest by the general reader. We know of no manual more suitable to be placed in the hands of the young. The engraved illustrations are very appropriate, and add much to the sterling attractions of the book. We hope that it will be generally read and circulated, for its influence cannot fail to be beneficial on the publick mind.

"*The Harmony of Christian Faith and Christian Character; and the culture and discipline of the mind. By John Abercrombie. New-York. Harper and Brothers.*"—A new work from the pen of the distinguished author of "The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings," and "Inquiries concerning the Intellectual powers and the Investigation of Truth," will be welcomed by a large portion of the "reading community" in this country. Mr. Abercrombie is a close and cogent reasoner, and his style combines strength with beauty. The little volume before us is well calculated for the wants of the industrious classes, and there are none who may not derive benefit and pleasure from the perusal.

"*Everett's Address before the Mercantile Library Association.*" We directed the attention of our readers last week to the eloquent address, recently delivered before the Mercantile Library Association, of Boston, by the Hon. Edward Everett. It is worthy of a much more extended review than we were able to bestow upon it, and has been, we doubt not, already perused with gratification by many, whose glance will be attracted by this notice. The following exquisite passage is as full of poetry of thought and expression, as it is of sound sense and an enlightened philosophy:

USES OF CAPITAL.

When we hear persons condemning accumulations of capital employed in manufactures, we cannot help saying to ourselves, is it possible that any rational man can desire to stop those busy wheels—to paralyze those iron arms—to arrest that falling stream, which works while it babbles? What is your object? Do you wish wholly to deprive society of the fruit of the industry of those inanimate but untiring labourers? Or do you wish to lay on aching human shoulders the burdens which are so lightly borne by these patient metallick giants? Look at Lowell. Behold the palaces of her industry, side by side with her churches and her school-houses, the long lines of her shops and warehouses, her streets filled with the comfortable abodes of an enterprising, industrious, and intelligent population. See her fiery Sampsons roaring along her railroad with thirty laden cars in their train. Look at her watery Goliahs, not wielding a weaver's beam like him of old, but giving motion to hundreds and thousands of spindles and looms. Twenty years ago, and two or three poor farms occupied the entire space within the boundaries of Lowell. Not more visibly, I had almost said not more rapidly, was the palace of Aladdin, in the Arabian tales, constructed by the genius of the lamp, than this noble city of the arts has been built by the genius of capital. This capital, it is true, seeks a moderate interest on the investment; but it is by furnishing to all who desire it the cheapest garment ever worn by civilized man. To denounce the capital which has been the agent of this wonderful and beneficent creation—to wage war with a system which has spread and is spreading plenty throughout the country, what is it but to play in real life the part of the malignant sorcerer in the same eastern tale, who, potent only for mischief, utters the baleful spell which breaks the charm, heaves the mighty pillars of the palace from their foundation, converts the fruitful gardens back to their native sterility, and heaps the abodes of life and happiness with silent and desolate ruins? Form, from the first, a large conception of the character of the liberal and upright merchant. Regard him as one to whom the country looks to sustain her honour in the hour of trial; to uphold her publick establishments, to endow her charities, to be the father of her orphans: as one whom no success will make ashamed of his vocation; who will adorn his days of prosperity with moderation and temper; and hold fast his integrity, though fortunes turn to ashes in his grasp.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Thanks to "T. P. M." for his translation. It shall appear.—The "Modern Epicurean" is informed that if the style of his promised communications is equal to that of his letter, we shall esteem him a worthy addition to our corps of contributors.—The "Lines to a Star," are very pretty, but is not the writer aware that he has been anticipated in all his thoughts, and most of his expressions, by one Mr Leigh Hunt? If not, this coincidence is certainly remarkable.—The "Notes in an Omnibus," by Quiz, are well conceived, but inadequately executed. His idea, in proper hands, might be carried out to advantage.—The remarks on Miss Martineau's article, in the Westminster Review, by "B." are altogether too savage, considering there is a lady (qu?) in the case.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1839.

The late gale.—As we proceeded up Broadway during the late gale, while bricks and slates were flying "thick as hail" about our path, we were irresistibly reminded of the congratulatory exclamation of the sailor, who, when his ship was scudding under close reefed topsails before a tremendous "sou' wester," thought only of the danger of the poor people on shore, and ejaculated,

"Lord pity those unhappy folks,
Who live at home in houses."

A good caricaturist might have found some capital *studies* for his pencil in the mishaps, which were to be seen at every corner during the late gale. Here a poet might be observed chasing his hat. Alas! the precious manuscript enclosed in it, has been snatched out by the mischievous wind, and is borne fluttering through the mud, like a scared gosling. The unhappy votary of the muses is diverted from the pursuit of his hat—(to be candid, it is a shocking bad hat)—and sets off in a different direction after his fugitive verses. He is hard upon them—the gale has given them a moment's respite—their owner's hand is held out to catch them—alas! they are illusive as the phantom dagger of Macbeth, and are once more whisked aloft by that impertinent critick, the wind, far out of the reach of the despairing author. Little did he anticipate that his productions would meet with such a blowing—up! He turns from the unavailing pursuit, moves doggedly towards his hat, which is nestled like a hen in a thunder shower in the nearest gutter, and puts it, "with all its imperfections," on his head. So much for picture number one. The kaleidoscope next shows an editor, on whom a shower of mortar has been scattered by a falling chimney. No matter. He is used to plastering. Behold that lawyer endeavouring to weather the corner of Barclay-street. He looks as if he could bring an action for assault and battery against the aggressing element. As he reaches the opposite corner, a new obstacle arrests him, and a sound like a sudden explosion falls on his ear. The sign of the "NEW-YORK MIRROR OFFICE" has been wrenched from its fastenings, and is borne with a crash to the ground, within a foot of the advancing pedestrian. Had it fallen a little nearer, his neck would have been broken. Push ahead, my friend, and do not look so indignant! You cannot pick an action out of the accident, "no way you can fix it." Ah! gentle maiden, who trippest so lightly along, beware of the gust that is sweeping up the street, or it will leave you on the cupola of the City-Hall. Venture not athwart the crossing. She heeds not our advice. She advances. She is caught in the strong, though invisible arms of the wind, and—we will not pursue the picture.

The waltz in New-York.—We have received a communication, evidently from the pen of a lady, on the subject of waltzing. Is it possible that the grievance of which she complains exists to the extent she describes? A single paragraph from her letter will explain the purport of the whole:—"It must be evident to the frequenters of our fashionable parties that the waltz is fast absorbing the favourite old dances, which were in vogue a few years since. The sociable and graceful quadrille, the lively contra-dance, and the inspiring Virginia reel, in which young and old were wont to join, must all give way to the monopoly of the aristocratick waltz. And for what? For the pleasure of a few mustachioed foreigners, who presume to dictate the fashions of our society, when in their own country they would not and could not, in all probability, aspire above the dignity of a barber or a *valet-de-chambre*. It must be well known, that more than one half the young ladies in society abstain from the waltz either from an actual sense of its impropriety, or from the objections of parents and friends. The number that can join in the waltz, both among the ladies and the gentlemen, is trivial compared with the number of those who would be glad to join the cotillion. And yet for the pleasure of some four or five couples, the patience of some thirty must be exhausted by the perpetual see-saw of the waltz. Not content with the alternate waltzing, two-thirds of the time of a party is now generally given to that amusement. I was at a ball the other evening where twenty minutes were appropriated to a waltz, when a quadrille would be cut short before five minutes had passed; compelling some forty or fifty to surrender the floor to a dozen! This may be very fashionable, but really it is very vexatious and intolerable to the majority. For my own part, I will candidly confess that I doat on the waltz, and when in Paris took lessons of the most distinguished professors, but my worthy sire has taken a notion into his head that it is improper, and imperiously commands me to abstain. I know hundreds in the same predicament. Ladies and gentlemen, who give balls, in pity let us have fair play. Let the time be equally shared between the waltz and the quadrille; and do not, because Count Whiskerandos thinks it "quite genteel," deprive the greater part of your company of the pastime of the dance. For the life of me, I cannot see either the justice or the gentility of such an anti-democratick custom."

Legislation and the ladies.—A friend in Washington writes—"I have been a week in the metropolis, and every day attended the debates in the House of Representatives, with the view of forming an idea of the style of oratory of the different members. But, thus far, my efforts have been wholly ineffectual. You are aware that none but privileged persons are admitted on the floor of the hall. The gallery is the only place for 'lookers on in Vienna,' like myself. But in the gallery, I find it impossible to hear a word of what is going on in the area below. The ladies daily hold a regular levee in this part of the House, and they keep up such a perpetual *buz-buz*, interspersed with occasional shrill *ha-has*, that the words of the speaker below are as inaudible as the new bell of the City-Hall is when it is necessary to sound the alarm of fire. The nuisance is really 'tolerable and not to be endured.' There is one young lady, in particular, who has made herself an object of marked antipathy to me, by her loud talking and still louder laughing. She has a dozen brainless danglers in her train all the time, and chatters like a magpie. By the quiver of Diana! I have a mind to marry her, and play Petruchio to her Kate. I would soon curb the unruly license of her tongue." We need only remark, by way of comment on the above, that our friend and correspondent is a Goth not to prefer the gossip of the ladies' gallery, to the long-winded debates on the floor of the House.

Wall-street.—Rents in Wall-street have advanced for the next year about one hundred per cent, in consequence of intended improvements. The Merchants, Union, and Manhattan Banks, are all to be torn down in the spring, and splendid granite buildings to be erected in their places. The Bank of the United States paid for their lot about one hundred and eighty thousand dollars, which is the greatest price a lot has been sold for in this city. The building on it is nearly finished—and, already, two of the rooms for a small size are rented to an Insurance Company, for four thousand dollars per year. The old house, formerly occupied by Daniel Bahr, the tailor, was leased by him some four years since, at an annual rent of two thousand eight hundred dollars, for twenty-one years—the lease was sold within a few days, having seventeen years to run, for a profit of twelve thousand dollars.

Plain speaking.—A writer in Tait's Edinburgh Magazine has addressed a letter to Queen Victoria, which is nearly as bitter as that which Junius addressed to her grandfather. He tells her that she is but a child, and that were she anything but a sovereign, her opinions would never be consulted, even in her own family, beyond the choosing for herself of a cap or a gown, and that she would not be considered infallible even upon that. He severely condemns the excess of favour which her majesty still manifests towards the present ministry, and is particularly impudent when speaking of Lord Melbourne, whom he considers as little better than a popinjay. We doubt if such plain speaking as this can penetrate through the cloud of adulation and flattery to the ears of the youthful queen.

International copyright.—A petition is in circulation for the passage of an international copyright law. Signatures may be left at the bookstore of Mr. George Adlard, in Broadway. We sincerely trust that a measure, so essentially necessary to the prosperity of American literature, and so righteously claimed by British authors, may be adopted by congress. An enlightened examination of the question will show that no interest in the country will be injuriously affected by the passage of such a law. The international copyright bill of Mr. Clay is nothing less than a new declaration of independence—a declaration of independence from the unnatural thraldom of British opinions, British prejudices, and British dictation in matters of taste and literature. What true American, with a spark of national pride or national ambition, will refuse to sign such a declaration!

Literature and office.—We are glad to see by the papers that Nathaniel Hawthorne, of Salem, has received the appointment of Inspector of the Boston Custom-house. Why should not the man who has contributed to the literary distinction of his country possess, claims as strong, in the distribution of the favours of government, as the professional political drudge, or the avowed office-seeker! Mr. Hawthorne is the author of a volume of excellent prose sketches, bearing the title of "Twice-told Tales." His style is singularly beautiful and original; but the principal charm of his pieces is their peculiarly American character. Hawthorne will, before many years, be acknowledged one of the most remarkable and gifted writers of his day.

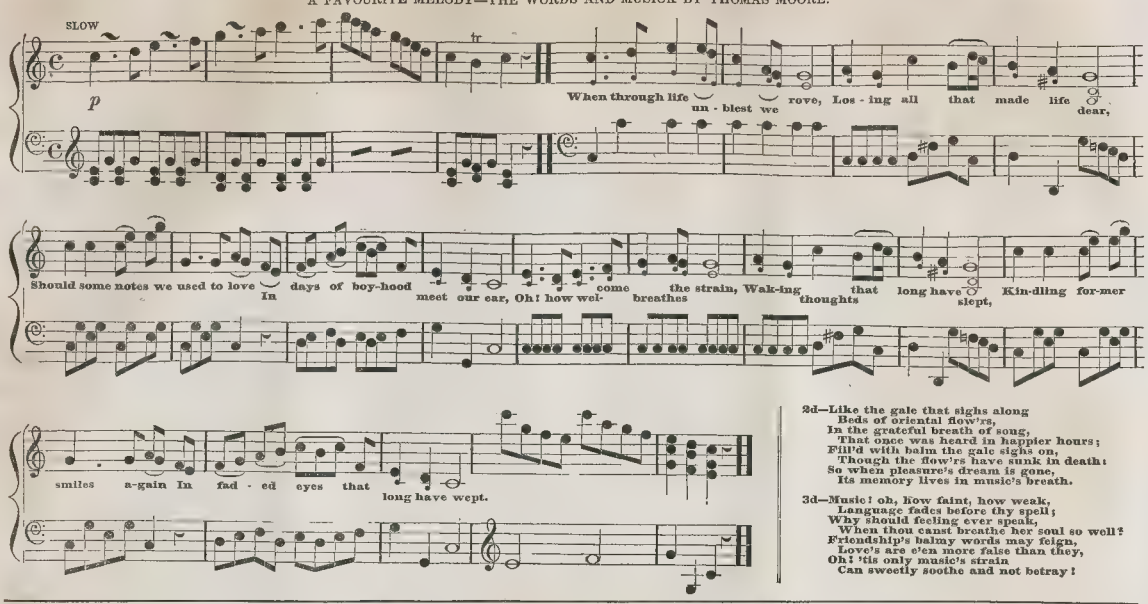
New-York and Albany railroad.—We have read the able report of the New-York and Albany railroad company, and are happy to find that the work is soon to be commenced. It should, of course, be united with the Harlaem railroad, and it appears evident that this is the intention of its projectors. The advantages of a winter thoroughfare between this city and the capital of the state, can scarcely be estimated. The wonder is that the road has not been made before. We shall again refer to this subject.

The Lady of Lyons.—This elegant and effective drama, by Bulwer, appears to have met with extraordinary success at the south. It has been played, some forty nights, in New-Orleans. A journal of that city, generously asks, "will the manager never tire of giving us the Lady of Lyons, or rather will people never tire of going to see it?"

The Paul Pry.—Such is the title of a weekly dramatick journal, published by Elton, in Nassau-street. It is conducted with much ability and fairness, and is the best theatrical register of the day.

WHEN THROUGH LIFE UNBLEST WE ROVE.

A FAVOURITE MELODY—THE WORDS AND MUSICK BY THOMAS MOORE.



2d—Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flow'rs,
In the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours;
Fill'd with balm the gale sighs on,
Though the flow'rs have sunk in death:
So when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in music's breath.

3d—Music! oh, how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell;
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are e'en more false than they,
Oh! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe and not betray!

THE STAGE.

THE LATE CHARLES GILFERT.

CHARLES GILFERT, like Sheridan, was in the habit of borrowing money from everybody, very little of which was ever paid back; but he always intended to return it at the time he promised. He was a visionary man, and did not make the best calculations in the world. We heard of his meeting a friend in the Bowery, one day, when the following circumstance took place:

"Ah," said Gilfert, "you are the very man I wanted to see. Lend me two hundred dollars."

"I would, in a moment," replied his friend, "but it is impossible. I have a note to pay, and I don't know where to get the money."

"A note," said Gilfert, "so have I. Let me see your notice."

The gentleman produced it from his pocket-book.

"Well," said Gilfert, "how much are you short?"

"About two hundred dollars," said his friend. To his utter surprise, Gilfert handed him the money.

"There," said he, "go and pay your note. I'll let mine be protested, as they can't both be taken up. If your note laid over, it might hurt your credit, but with me it don't matter, as I am used to that sort of business."

This anecdote shows what a careless fellow Gilfert was.

At one time Gilfert owed Conrad, the printer, a bill. Conrad grew tired of dunning him for it, and one day wrote Gilfert a letter, which put the manager in a towering fury. Down he sat, and challenged Conrad to fight, declaring that if he refused, he would horsewhip him in the publick streets the next day. Conrad returned for answer that he would not fight, until his bill was paid, as no man in his senses would voluntarily go out to shoot at his own money. Some few weeks after this occurrence, Gilfert had an unexpected windfall. Conrad received a letter from him, couched in something like the following terms:

"MY DEAR CONRAD—I was wrong, but you had no right to insult me. Yet, I ought to have paid you the money before. I enclose it to you now, principal and interest. Come and dine with me. *Tout encore.* GILFERT."

What a pity it is that some good writer would not give us the memoirs of this extraordinary man.

LA PETITE AUGUSTA.

We perceive with unfeigned satisfaction the advances which our talented young townswoman is making in her fascinating but difficult profession—that of the dance. It was but the other day that she left her native shore, accompanied by her mother, to study the graceful principles of "the poetry of motion," in that school where alone they are carried out to the extent which astonishes connoisseurs all over the world; andbefore we have turned from bidding her farewell, we are greeted with the news that the young American prodigy is dancing with success upon the *Opera stage*—a matter of wonderment to the Parisians themselves, and still more so to the thousand aspirants for a similar honour, who find that it must cost them years of laborious study, and no small share of theatrical influence. We do not confess to a participation in this great surprise, for our own notions of the child's promising talents were such as almost led to the result which has taken place. But our admiration is thereby confirmed and increased, and whenever this charming *artiste* shall return to her native land, we shall be among the first to hail her arrival, and shall expect to find her at the very head of her graceful, imaginative, and poetical profession.

ENGLISH DRAMAS IN AMERICA.

We find in the London "Sunday Times" the following remarks, in relation to the dependency of the American stage upon the dramatick authors of England. We agree with the writer; but we fear the day is far distant when his suggestions will be adopted, although we can never hope for a national drama, until some such arrangement with the authors of England shall be made.—"The American stage is almost entirely dependent upon that of London for pieces, and since Bulwer's act has given playwrights a chance of getting some remuneration for the performance of their pieces here, there may be some hopes of obtaining hereafter a similar recompense from the other side of the Atlantick. When Mr. Forrest brought out the tragedy of *The Gladiator* here, its author (Dr. Bird) was unanimously elected a member of the Dramatick Author's Association, and wheresoever this tragedy may be played in Great Britain, the doctor will derive a certain emolument. Cannot America reciprocate? Wallack (an Englishman) is now lessee of the National. Let him set the example, and when he plays pieces which in England must be paid for, transmit from New-York a similar sum. He has it in his power to make the first step towards the establishment of international copyright. We believe him to be an honourable man, and will take care that our hint reaches him."

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE ALBION.

Our respected contemporary, Dr. Bartlett, has commenced a new series of his valuable journal, and we take sincere pleasure in calling publick attention to its merits. The paper has been in publication upwards of seventeen years, in the course of which time it has completed two distinct series, and has been constantly increasing in steady and deserved success from its first establishment to the present. We presume it may be quite unnecessary here to describe minutely the plan and conduct of this excellent paper, it being so largely and so widely circulated; we shall, therefore, briefly observe that its columns consist of judicious selections from the most approved British periodicals, general summaries of British, colonial, and foreign intelligence, notices of the drama, literature, and the arts, and luminous editorial remarks on British affairs. In publishing a paper essentially British in the commercial emporium of the United States, it is due to Dr. Bartlett to say, that he has laboured anxiously and successfully to keep up the relations of good feeling and kindness between the people of the two countries; his lucubrations have always been marked by suavity of manners and benevolent sentiments; and it is a just praise to him of no small moment to say, that he has at all times kept aloof from meddling in that collision of domestick politicks which would derogate from the plan originally laid down by him for the general conduct of the Albion. In the illustrative department of this paper, the proprietor shows distinguished taste and liberality, as evinced in the choice and execution of the subjects which occasionally adorn its numbers. We have just seen the proof impression of a fine portrait of Queen Victoria, engraved *in line*, on steel, and which will be well worthy to adorn the saloons of those who shall possess copies of it. It is at once elegant in design, and national in sentiment, and completely harmonizes with the objects upon which the Albion was originally founded.

THE FINE ARTS.

NEW SPECIES OF COTTAGE PIANOFORTE.

Messrs. Dubois, Bacon and Chambers have just produced a pianoforte on the principle of the horizontal grand, but so far reduced in length as to admit of its standing in less space than a square instrument, and enabling the performer to avoid the awkwardness of sitting with his or her back to the company. Each note has *two* strings instead of *three;* they are strained upon a metallick frame to a high pitch of tension, in consequence of their being of increased thickness, and the effect is a round and powerful tone. We remarked, on hearing it, that, contrary to the usual quality of pianofortes, the upper notes have increased force and brilliance, while the bass notes decrease somewhat in those qualities; but, altogether, the new instrument is a manifest improvement and convenience, and we think will be largely patronized.

MISCELLANY.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE—IF TRUE.

General Bazaine lately breathed his last in Paris after a few days' illness. In connexion with his death, a correspondent tells us a strange story, which may at least be set down under the head of "singular coincidence." A few days before his demise, the general is stated to have met a friend, Count F——, in the garden of the Tuilleries, and on the latter's expressing his regret at having been long deprived of the pleasure of meeting him, "Well," said the general, "you will see me next Sunday at eleven o'clock, at the church of the Assumption." The count, on arriving at the church on the appointed day, observed the portal hung with black, the court filled with mourning coaches, and a hearse ornamented with armorial bearings and escutcheons. "Who is the deceased?" inquired the count of a sergeant de ville. "A Russian general," was the answer. "His name?"—"General Bazaine." At this precise moment, adds our correspondent, the clock struck—eleven!—Truly awful, and most wonderful—if true!

MUSICAL TREE

In the neighbourhood of St. Quentin, in Aisne, stood a remarkable tree, from whose roots dull sounds were frequently heard to issue. It had excited much surprise and alarm among the inhabitants of Nauroy and the circumjacent parishes, but the mystery is now unravelled. The enchanted tree is a very strong beech, at the summit of which two branches crossed each other in such a manner, that when the wind blew a vibration took place, which resounded as far as the roots.

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G. P. Scott, Printer, corner of John and Gold-streets.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Embellished with Fine Engravings, and Musick arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

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THE ENGRAVING.

THE SOAKING MOUNTAIN ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

PAINTED BY J. C. WARD—ENGRAVED BY HENRY JORDAN.

We cannot doubt that the beautiful and highly elaborated engraving, which we this day present to the readers of the Mirror, will be generally appreciated and admired. It is a view of the celebrated Soaking Mountain near the head waters of the Upper Mississippi. This singular elevation received its name from the peculiar absorbent and spongy nature of its soil. Its original Indian title, which, being interpreted, is "the thunder-mount," or, rather, "the hill that withstands the thunder," would, we think, be more poetical, if not more euphonious.

The landscape, as every one will perceive, is peculiarly and characteristically American; and the skill of the engraver, Mr. Jordan, has given to it a softness, which is in admirable accordance with the subject and the design. This young artist is destined to attain to much distinction in his profession. The painter appears to have fixed the time of his scene a few moments before sundown, and during the delightful period of the Indian summer. The stillness and quiet of the landscape appear to be shared by the animate objects in the picture, and the sketch may be commended as in every respect true to nature, and a faithful representation of one of the most lovely scenes on the waters of the Upper Mississippi.

ORIGINAL TALES.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

BY JOHN NEAL.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

The Gloves.

We were now about half-way through the formidable Notch; and I was returning from a last peep over the rocky parapet, when, as I stepped into the narrow foot-path, I saw a glove lying there, a woman's glove—like an open hand—with the palm up. Taking it for granted that our little friend Julia had lost it, for she was the only person before me in this part of the road, I slipped it into my pocket, and pushed on, without thinking more of the matter, until, after walking a few rods further, not more than fifty, I saw a fellow-passenger, (the greatest oddity I ever met with,) stop and pick up something in a hurry, on the other side of the way, examine it for a few moments with great care—walk forward a few steps—turn aside, look warily about, as if to make sure that nobody was near enough to see, and then, watching his opportunity, fell to another and more deliberate examination of the prize. What could it be! Once, to be sure, as he held it up to the light, I detected a sort of greenish glitter, and the idea flashed upon me that he had found either a green purse or a green ribbon, of bright changeable silk. Curious to know the truth, I turned my steps that way, and called out *halves!* But the moment he saw me approaching, he slipped his hand into his bosom, lengthened his pace, instead of quickening it, and replied to my salutation by repeating the same word, *halves!*

"Pray sir," said I, all out of breath—for he kept a-head of me, in spite of all I could do, though I look upon myself as a first-rate traveller for my inches—"pray sir!"—calling after him at the top of my voice—"pray sir!—was that a watch, or a purse, or only a garter you lighted on just now, and put away so carefully in your bosom?"

"And pray sir!" he answered afar off, and without turning his head till he found me trotting at his elbow—"pray sir!—stretching away on the other tack, and eyeing me with a subdued smile, which made me almost wish I had let him alone—"pray sir!" was that a tree-toad, a dragon-fly, or a string of orient pearls, *you* lighted on just now, and slipped into your breeches pocket?"

"I!—do slacken your pace, will you—what a tremendous head-way you have get on, to be sure?"

"Have I!—well, now that you have satisfied yourself you can't keep up with me, without running, I'll shorten sail."

Shorten sail! said I, to myself. Oh, ho! my fine fellow, have I got you at last!—if I don't make you out now, and that before we've got much further, I'll give up my whole day's work for a bad job. And well I might; for I had been trying to make out what he was, and so had everybody else in the stage, ever since we took him up, the other side of Conway. He was either a madman or a miracle—a downright wonder; for though he said nothing like other people, thought aloud by the half-hour, and persuaded the romp to acknowledge, in so many words, that he hadn't a thimbleful of common sense, nor an atom of good breeding, all which he took in very good part, I confess; yet, some how or other, we had always found him at home, all day long, upon every subject that was mentioned. He had been everywhere—seen everything—and knew everybody, and everybody appeared to know him, though at one place they called him *squire*, and at another *master*. He talked half a dozen different languages; appeared familiar with history, ancient and modern, with government, commerce, literature, law, physick, and divinity. At one place, where we stopped, we missed him at the table, and when the stage drew up, we found him prescribing for a poor woman, already given over, and assuring her, with perfect seriousness, that she had nothing to fear, and would be a well woman within a month or six weeks at farthest—and this, too, in the presence of the doctor himself; at another, I caught him eating crackers and fish, and scolding the village blacksmith and wheelwright, with his mouth full, as a master might a pair of bungling apprentices—the wheelwright for dishing his wheels too much, and the blacksmith for putting too many nails in the shoe, and just as many on the inside, where the hoof is weaker, as on the outside; for using the buttress; for fitting the hoof to the shoe, instead of the shoe to the hoof; and for the shameful treatment of the frog, in paring it away so much as to spoil the hoof, and cause the frog itself to be absorbed, as a worthless appendage; here, telling the man of the house how to manage his own crops, and how to strengthen every kind of soil in the neighbourhood, with or without lime; how to cut his hay and where to plant his potatoes; and there, every woman he met with, how to make her soap, and save her slops, to fix her dyes, to hatch her eggs, and feed her poultry, in the dead of winter—nay, even the schoolmaster, how much easier and pleasanter it would be for him to teach reading, writing, and arithmetick, and English grammar, not only without rules, but for a long time without books; the parts of speech, by conversation, for example; reading by the help of newspapers, or handbills, or whatever might happen to fall in the way of children; writing, with a bit of chalk or a slate-pencil; and arithmetick any how, so that no figures were made till the babies began to take a pleasure in doing slily what they were not allowed to do openly. And so it was with every body we met, and whatever happened to be the subject of conversation, he was always at home. This, to be sure, was rather strange; but still stranger!—there was no sort of ostentation about him—no display—no mystery; for his very name appeared at full length upon the way-bill—*Ichabod Weare, junior*—without shuffling, prevarication, or flourish: nor could we help acknowledging, after he had left us, and we came to compare notes, that he had always been listened to with most admiration by those who best understood the subject, whatever it was, upon which he happened to be holding forth at the time; and that, instead of being *found out*, as most people are, in the course of a single hour after they have begun to show off among strangers—the lawyer finding they are *no* lawyers, and the physicians that they are not medical men, whatever else they may be, and however astonishing their information may appear to the multitude, who are ignorant alike of both sciences, (if either may be called a science in the present condition of both,) it was directly the reverse with our new associate; for one of the party, a merchant in the Russia trade, soon satisfied himself, and whispered the thing to me before they had been together half an hour, that neighbour Weare, as he called him, was not only a merchant and a shipowner, but evidently engaged in that particular trade, being very well off in the world, and perfectly at home in the matter of Russia and Swedish iron, hemp and duck, the duties and the rates of exchange, and the modes of doing business throughout all northern Europe—though, to be sure, for reasons best known to himself, he wouldn't like to have it go any further.—But, added my fat good natured friend, laying his fore-finger along the nose, and tapping it, with one eye upon his wife—it's too late now—knew I should corner him; don't you say a word for your life, though! I promised not to betray him, and within two hours after this the young collegian drew me aside and assured me that he had completely satisfied himself, that Ichabod Weare, junior, must be a president of a college, or a professor of something—somewhere—he rather thought of modern languages and literature, or belles-lettres in general; for, to tell you the plain truth, said he, adjusting the tie of his cravat with a simper, I found him altogether too much for me—that's a fact—after I had brought him out upon the subject of literature generally; and then, by way of a regular blow off, mentioned every confounded name I could think of, in French or Italian, Dutch or Spanish, German or Swedish—but he *had* me! faith, he *had* me!—for I hadn't even got their names right, and for the life of me, I couldn't tell, three-quarters of the time, whether the tiresome old wretches had written prose or poetry, sermons or plays—hang me if I could! Oh, but I am sure he's a professor of modern languages, or literature—by Julia!

"Or of something else—*somewhere*"—said Miss Julia, in a rogueish whisper, and turning to me with a deal of mischief in her eye.

So much for their opinions; but as for myself, we had'nt interchanged a dozen words, before I set him down for a lawyer; and, long before we parted, I became perfectly satisfied that he was not only a lawyer, but a profound lawyer—a great lawyer—"great let me call him, for he conquered me;" having set me right with regard to Burr's trial, the court of King's Bench, and the practice there, and greatly enlightening me on the subject of a national bankrupt-law, bills of credit, and two or three opinions of Mr. Justice Marshall; nay more, upon the learning of Lord Coke, Luther Martin, and Judge Parsons, and upon the very dangerous encroachments of the admiralty and equity, upon the common law jurisdiction; and I was the more satisfied of this, from the fact, that instead of talking learnedly, he talked plainly, and to the purpose, and so as to be understood even by those who were wholly unacquainted with law—never introducing the subject himself—nor ever allowing a law phrase or a law maxim to escape his lips, where the same thing might be said in hearty English. No! and if you will believe me, not once did I hear him say any thing like this—*qui facit per alium facit per se*, or *communis error facit jus*, and therefore——but enough. Let us go back to the story; I was trying to bring him to action, if you recollect.

Shorten sail! said I—that's the language of the sea!—and, all at once, a sort of misgiving came over me!—He might be neither a merchant, nor a professor, nor even the president of a college, perhaps not even a lawyer! but, in all human probability, nothing more than a sailor, a sort of well-informed master mariner, who had learnt what he knew of the world from the sea shore, from a ship's library, long voyages, and from having visited all the ports and harbours of our earth, like our friend B——, the oriental traveller, and lecturing to crowded houses, on the languages and literature, the manners and monuments, of the East, and matters and things in general; though, but the other day, no longer ago than the last war, he was sailing out of Norfolk, Virginia, in the command of a merchant ship.

"But you haven't answered my question," said I, as soon as I had warped up alongside and got my breath.

"Nor you mine; fair play's a jewel."

"Fair play's a jewel, hey!" That settles the question. "The man is a sailor, and nothing but a sailor after all! But," I continued, "how on earth could you see me? haven't got eyes in the back of your head, have you?"

"To be sure I have; eyes all over. My spectacles are so contrived, I can see behind me like most of the lower——. Ah! what have we here! a most beautiful orchis, and in full flower, too," gathering it as he spoke, and putting it away in his hat with the greatest possible care.

Determined not to be baffled about the watch or purse, or whatever it might be, I renewed the attack. "But you haven't answered my proposition," said I. "What say you, *halves* or not?"

"Just as you please," he replied; "but first let me tell you a story, it may put you on your guard. I went with a neighbour of mine to the races, one day. The pickpockets were busy. Hearing somebody call out *halves!* I looked about me, and there was my neighbour, a poet by the way, and a very good fellow for a poet, too, standing stock still with the hand of another person fumbling in his pocket. *Halves!* cried he, without turning his head, upon which the light-fingered gentleman took to his heels, with a crowd of boys after him, and a laugh that would have done you good to hear, following him all round the heath."

"Nevertheless," continued I, wondering what he meant by the story, and resolved not to be laughed out of my purpose, nor diverted from the pursuit by a mere change of subject; "nevertheless, I do insist on the law of the road where a fellow-traveller lights upon a *waif* or *estray*."

"Not being *feræ naturæ*, if you please. However——"

"*Feræ naturæ!* Oh, ah! nothing but an attorney after all! the thing is *clear*—clear beyond the possibility of a doubt, as *we* say at the bar."

"However," continued he, "if you say so, *halves* it is, law or no law; but how are we to divide the spoil? It may be incapable of division, you know. Would you establish a joint tenantcy, or shall we be tenants in common?"

"Worse and worse," thought I; "an attorney's clerk at the best, I'm afraid. But," continued I, "you are right, and therefore"—recollecting that I had but *one* glove—"and therefore, what say you to a *swap*?"

"With all my heart!—a pig in a poke!—are you ready?"

"All ready, sir!" and reaching forth the glove in my shut hand, I waited for the prize; not without a little inward exultation, I acknowledge, as he turned his back to me and began fumbling in his bosom, at the idea of having so handsomely outwitted him; nor was that exultation diminished—when I observed his look as he first caught sight of the glove, and after staring at me for a minute or so, took it between his fore-finger and thumb, with a strange

expression of the eye, which I often thought of afterwards, and laughed at again and again, till my sides ached, though I did not understand it at the time, while, with the other, he handed me something close cuddled up in the shut palm. Faugh! how my fingers thrilled at the touch! my very flesh crawled, and I let it drop like a frightened girl. And what think you it was? Neither a green riband, nor a green silk purse—no! nor even a string of orient pearls—but a little green snake!—as green as emerald—not more than a foot long; with eyes like two sparks of fire, and the nimblest tongue I ever saw in a reptile—of that shape.

"Man alive!" cried my strange associate, flinging himself head first into the short grass, and catching the little creature again with the most astonishing dexterity, "man alive!—a little or more an' you'd a' lost him; and what's more, he might have been seriously hurt by your carelessness—poor little thing!—here! hold out your hand—both hands, if you please, till you get better acquainted."

"No, I thank you," said I, "had enough o' that—would rather give up the trade, if you say so—what'll you take to let me off?"

"Are you serious?" looking at me with a sort of compassionate smile, as if unwilling to take advantage of my ignorance.

"To be sure I am."

"You are! then all I have to say is, that you are no naturalist! and I'm sorry for you."

I bowed, not knowing what else to do.

"Look here, now," continued he, coiling the creature up in his palm, with unspeakable tenderness, and slipping it into his vest pocket, as if it were a diamond watch, or the miniature of a woman he loved—"were you a naturalist now, as I thought you were when I agreed to the *swap*, else I'd have seen you hanged first, you wouldn't give that little fellow in exchange for the prettiest glove on earth—no! not if the prettiest hand on earth were inside."

"Or the prettiest mouth not far off," said I, looking after Miss Julia, who had just gained the top of the hill, and appeared to be waiting for the children.

"But," said he, "if you are no naturalist, how came you with all those plants I saw on your table?"

"Ah, they were a few I had hunted up for Miss Julia."

"Hunted up! where on earth could you hunt them up? There wasn't a specimen among the whole that grows within two or three thousand feet of us—perpendicular—to my certain knowledge. There was the dwarf birch—the *Betula nana*, you know,"—I bowed—"the dwarf willow, the *Andromeda hypnoides*, the *Diapensia Japonica* with its snowy flowers, the *Ledum latifolium*, or Labrador tea,—I bowed again—and I believe the magnificent *Orchis delatata*, which, to be sure, cannot be found above this region."

"Ah," said I, "they were not gathered by me; I found them for her at the house where we stopped last among the leaves of an old almanack."

"Pshaw! then you are not even a botanist—fiddle-de-dee there's your glove!"

"And pray, sir," I continued, beginning to feel rather waspish, and somewhat anxious to change the subject—"pray, sir, what did you suppose you were going to get of me in exchange for your snake, when you agreed to the swap?"

"Get! why, a new dragon-fly at the least, or a moth, or a new species of the humming-bird—and now it turns out to be only a woman's glove that you were breaking your neck after; pshaw!"

I didn't much like this, to be sure; but what could I say. Nothing, unless we were to have a turn up on the spot; and so we continued our journey in dead silence, till, stopping suddenly, and pointing with a bitter smile toward a distant object on the road, the very shape of which I was unable to make out until we were half a dozen steps nearer, he asked me if I was glove hunting; "for," said he, "if you are, there's another, you may as well make sure of; and, between ourselves, I shouldn't much wonder if it turned out to be the fellow of that you are dangling now;" and I thought, he added, from between his shut teeth, a naturalist indeed! *he* a naturalist! or something of the sort.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

COPY OF A LETTER TO A LADY,

ENCLOSING A SPECIMEN OF THE WRITER'S POETRY.

It is true, my dear L., I did promise to send you a copy of verses of my own manufacture, but I did not anticipate a call for the performance of that promise. What is there in this round world that a gentleman, under certain circumstances, will not promise a lady? But what lady before ever dreamed that such promises would be remembered for an hour! and yet you tell me that a gentleman is bound to keep his word even at the expense of his understanding! A pretty story to be sure, and full of encouragement.

But, come, I am not among the number of those who think it discreditable to a man of business to write verses. The folly consists in *showing them*. I have, it seems, promised to commit that folly, and you hold me to my word. 'Tis very well. You shall have the poetry, but you must take some prose with it. I cannot consent to send my little unarmed argosy to sea without a convoy. I cannot suffer my poetical offspring to go forth into the world without a letter of introduction. Therefore, be it remembered, that at a certain period of my life I was peculiarly subject to one of those natural or constitutional infirmities, for which it is said there are but two remedies, to wit, *hanging* and *marriage!* both desperate, since that which is generally preferred as the milder of the two, is often found to be worse than the disease it cures. The symptoms of the malady, for such I may venture to call it, are first discoverable in absence of mind, loss of appetite, loss of judgment, a whining melancholy, a rueful countenance and a feverish imagination. The disease, however, operates differently upon different temperaments. In some it annihilates moral principle, destroys the sense of reputation, the dignity of virtue, and even triumphs over humanity itself. In others it elevates and purifies the mind, banishes whatever is sordid, silences whatever is ignoble, corrects the selfishness of the heart, and places the reins of passion in the hands of honour. But in *all* it disorders the vision and weakens the judgment. The eye becomes subject to an illusion which no medical skill can correct, and no effort of the mind can dispel. Even deformity seems vested with grace, and ugliness clad in the raiment of beauty. Thus forms, features and qualities, of the most commonplace character, are by its magick power endowed with whatever is lovely and attractive.

I shall not presume to name the malady. It is a name already too familiar to the female ear; since it is profaned by thousands who affect its presence, but never felt its power. I, however, can speak of it from experience, from knowledge dearly bought. I caught the disease at the early age of nineteen, by thoughtlessly looking in the eyes of a beautiful girl, as I was carelessly walking with her across the fields, at the close of a delightful day in June. It passed through my veins like wildfire, and the fever never entirely left me until I had been married more than a month! Thus, for a period of "seven long years and something over," was I familiar with its palmy dreams and feverish hallucinations. But I must confess, the contagion flowed not always from the same source, nor were the paroxysms always equal in violence or duration. Had I believed in astrology, I should have considered myself as moon-struck, and under planetary influence; so strongly was I attracted and bewildered by the meteors that shot across my path, or blazed around me.

Among the number of those alluring lights was Miss ——. She was then in the zenith of her glory—the leading star in the constellation of beauty, and to my eye transcendently bright. She realized, and even surpassed, in form and feature, in grace and loveliness, all that I had read in romance, and all that my youthful imagination had conceived of female perfection. She was to me the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end of every thought. I would not have exchanged her smile for a principality, nor a walk with her by moonlight, for Paradise itself. But "the course of true love never did run smooth." All my rhapsodies, all my protestations were in vain, all lost, all thrown away. They were altogether too sublime for her conception. They had, in fact, but little of the tangibility of this world about them. They were not absolutely *rejected*; but, like incense offered to a pagan idol, they rose above the form, and mingling with the grosser vapours, were scattered by the winds of heaven. In plain English, she had, fortunately, more judgment than passion, and thought vastly more of a principality than I did. I had nothing but passion and imagination, and they served only to increase each other. At that feverish period of my life I looked with contempt upon what the world calls fortune, and scorned the inert and barren forms of material splendour. She valued fortune above all things, and there we differed. I was unwilling to be consumed by a slow fire; she was disposed to *hold the torch* and prolong the tortures, and upon that we quarrelled. I was ardent and perhaps importunate; she was cool and talked of time and *patience*. I hated the very name of patience as I did the d—l himself, and in the burning fever of the moment I cursed it with all its attributes. It was, I believe, an audible malediction, for she rose—I bowed—and so—we parted!

But we both lost by it. She a true, but impassioned lover; I a vain, but golden dream. We met again last winter for the first time since that parting; but the interval was a fatal one. It was a period of twenty years! yet so vivid were my recollections of the past, that I was greatly embarrassed at the meeting. I was shocked, too, at the change she had undergone. She appeared, indeed, but a mere wreck of what she once was; while the picture of her youth and beauty, left upon my mind, had suffered no change. It was a picture, no doubt, greatly indebted to the pencil of the imagination; but it was one formed of colours "dipt in heaven"—colours upon which the lapse of years had made, and could make, no impression. But the original! Time had played the very mischief with. I could not help internally cursing the *old fellow* for the havock he had made. I felt it as a sort of personal injury; and though I had no right to interfere, yet on my way to my lodgings I determined to *write him a note*. So, walking directly to my room, and calling for two candles and a glass of gin and water, I sat down, and after several unsuccessful beginnings, at length produced the following epistle; which I now beg leave to transmit in fulfilment of my promise. If it should afford you a moment's amusement, I shall have accomplished more than I ventured to hope.

P. S. I have this moment received the *old gentleman's* answer, which I also take the liberty to enclose.

EPISTLE TO TIME.

O Time! thou rude relentless power,
Why from the dreams of youth awake me?
Why darkenest thou the future hour,
Thou heartless churl! perdition take thee!

Why, tyrant, quench that glorious flame
That once with such intenseness burned?
Why leave the light of Myra's name
To blaze o'er blighted charms inurned?

Why her once magick form divest
Of sceptred love's heart-thrilling power?
And why, O Time! with scythe unblest,
Cropp'st thou life's passion-flower?

Why from the throbbing bosom take
The aspiring hopes that revell'd there,
And in their purple palace wake
Pale thought and heart-corroding care?

Why in thy reckless flight invade
Youth's towering strength and beauty's bloom,
And cast, while yet in light arrayed,
The shadows of their coming doom?

And is it thine, stern power, to wake
The slumbering heart from dreams of bliss,
And ere to other worlds we take,
Blight every joy that beams on this?

And tell me, tyrant, can it be
That love's soft light on Ellen's brow,
Shall e'er, like Myra's beauty, flee,
Or wax as dim as that is now!

Must disappointment's cruel sting,
And sorrow be the lot of all?
If so, swift speed thy withering wing,
And cast o'er thought oblivion's pall!

ANNON.

P. S. May I ask, sir, the favour—a trifle at most,
Of an answer to this by return of the post:
'Tis a subject important to others, you see,
And not a mere matter between you and me;
So the trouble it gives you, I pray you'll excuse,
And while you are writing, just drop me the news

TIME'S ANSWER.

Vain mortal! cease thy idle strain;
'Tis worse than folly to complain
Of my resistless power.
This world is but a passing show—
A scene of trouble, joy and wo,
Where clouds and darkness lower.

Then turn from this dim spot thine eye,
Nor heave one unavailing sigh,
At my unceasing flight:
A flight, which e'en to *thee* may bring,
That faith which soars on radiant wing,
From darkness up to light!

Man's mortal race to Time must yield—
No prayer can save, no power can shield
From pre-ordain'd decay.
It is life's dark inglorious lot,
To fade, to die, and be forgot,
And pass unfelt away.

Earth's dreams of bliss, love, glory, power!
What are they? pageants of an hour,
Which touch'd, dissolve in gloom
Thus human hopes and human fears,
Borne on the silent stream of years,
Sink to oblivion's tomb!

All cower beneath my withering wings—
The imperial chief of sceptre'd kings,
The beautiful, the brave;
And mingling in one common urn,
Alike to vulgar dust return,
The despot and the slave.

O'er rolling worlds, to man unknown;
O'er all beneath the eternal throne,
My chast'ning power extends.
The vast infinitude of space,
The multitudinous abyss,
E'en *death* before me bends!

Yet shall my course in heaven be run,
The years dissolved, the glorious sun
In final darkness close!
This world shall press the funeral pyre,
And nature, through all space, expire,
In agonizing throes!

But o'er creation's smouldering pile,
Shall man's immortal spirit smile
Serene, and fearless soar
'Mid fading worlds to its abode,
Its native home, the throne of God,
When *Time* shall be no more!

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

A DOG-STAR.—An actor named Smith, and a sagacious dog named Brute-us, were the principal performers in a drama introduced at Drury-Lane under the dynasty of Sheridan. One day, when the two stars were advertised to perform in the evening, Smith came to the manager with a very long face and expressed his apprehensions that the performance would have to be deferred. "Why, what is the matter? speak at once!" said Sheridan "I have broken my leg, and can't play," replied Smith. "Is that all?" rejoined Sheridan. "Why did you keep me in suspense? Good heavens! I was afraid the dog had been taken ill."

AN UNFORTUNATE EXPRESSION.—A London paper, in noticing the performances at the Drury-Lane theatre, says: "The lessee's speculation in producing the opera of *Guillaume Tell* has completely answered, and must be an assurance to all managers that a good thing, well done, will eventually remunerate the *undertaker*." Alas! is the poor drama on its death-bed, and is the remuneration of the "undertaker" already a matter of consideration?

RESIGNATION.—The Picayune mentions the following singular case of resignation:—"The most remarkable instance of resignation we have heard of lately is that of the Iowa Banner, which calmly folded up its arms, sung its own death-song, *à l'Indien*, and died! We are wearing crape on the left arm." Newspapers generally die hard. The I—owe—ah! Banner is an exception.

FICTION AND FACT IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.—It is remarked by Mr. McMichael in his late published address before the Philadelphia Lyceum, that superficial observers are apt to believe that the chief productions of American pens are works of imagination, but directly the reverse of this is the truth. In our home productions, the scientifick and practically useful predominate, and to subjects connected with the education especial attention has been directed. Thus, of two hundred and fifty-one original works published in 1834, only twenty-seven were novels and poetry, and all the remainder related to education, divinity, history, and biography, jurisprudence, travels, the sciences and arts.

OLIVER TWIST COMPLETED.—Messrs. Lee and Blanchard have published a very neat edition, in one volume, of "Oliver Twist," with all the illustrations by Cruikshanks. It is one of Dickens's most popular productions, and will be found an agreeable entertainment for young and old. The moral is unexceptionable, the story entertaining, and the style pure and vigorous. Mr. Dickens has already reached a distinction paralleled only by that of the author of Waverley in the history of literary successes.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATIONS.

TREACHERY FOR TREACHERY.

From the French of Eugene Hugo.

In the midst of one of the forests of Westphalia, in a vast glade, stands a tribunal, constructed with the trunks of trees. At the four corners are four men armed with axes. In front is placed a block, covered with black drapery, on which is a sword. By the light of torches, attached to the trees, are seen moving at a distance in the forest, men enveloped in cloaks, who converse, who make unusual gestures, and pace the ground in tumultuous agitation.

Suddenly seven men, likewise enveloped in cloaks, and with high plumes on their heads, mount the tribunal. The crowd approaches and presses under the trees which surround the glade. The four men armed with axes proclaim the sinister cry of *Wehem Gericht*:—(a word of recognition of the free judges.)

"What is the hour?" asked the chief of the seven judges.

"It is the first hour of day," reply the four executioners.

"It is well," says the grandmaster, seating himself.

And the four executioners proclaim in a loud voice—"Silence for the judgment of the free counts."

The grandmaster rises and says—"The emperour addresses to us the order to dissolve our austere tribunal. But can Sigismund destroy that which Charlemagne has established? Can he dispense with transmitting to his successor the sword which he has received from those who have preceded him upon the throne? It is not for Sigismund more than for any of the emperours who may reign after him, that we have been created by those who have founded the empire. Sigismund has not, then, the right to dissolve us. I maintain that we should appeal from his decree to the future emperours, and that we ought to exist until we are recognized by ourselves as having become useless, by a true reformation in the conduct of those who obey, and of those who reign."

The discourse of the grandmaster is welcomed by a murmur of approbation. The cry of "Secret tribunal!" "Secret tribunal!" is heard from all sides. The judges alone shuddered; for it seemed to them that in the midst of the cries of the crowd, and through the sound of the wind, a voice had pronounced the famous cry of the partisans of the imperial power, "Prohibited tribunal!"

The grandmaster rises a second time and says—"Wo be to us, if hate or friendship have any influence on our decisions! May the blood of the innocent, as well as the impunity of the guilty, be on our head! I cite before you, as guilty of treachery, the knight Eberhard Von Wolfenbuttel."

The four men armed with axes, placed at the four corners of the tribunal, repeated three times in a loud voice—"Ebernard Von Wolfenbuttel."

Here different opinions arose between the other six knights and the free judges.

"There is a decision of the emperour against us. Who will dare to charge himself with the execution of the sentence of death? Wo to those who will have pronounced it! Besides, is it certain that we are not assisting here private vengeance?"

"Here there is no private vengeance," answered the grandmaster. "The law speaks Eberhard merits death. I have sent knights to seize him in his castle. He will be convicted by his own words, and put to death by our swords."

For the second time the four men armed with axes exclaimed in a loud voice—"Eberhard Von Wolfenbuttel!" and the crowd answered by the shouts of "Respect to the free judges! Fulfilment to the justice of the free counts!"

At this moment, at the extremity of the glade, appeared a knight, tied on his horse, and conducted by four armed men, who walked with drawn swords in their hands.

Two knights advanced, and received in a low voice the password that the guards of the prisoner transmitted to them; and then halting at some distance from the tribunal, exclaimed—"Behold Eberhard Von Wolfenbuttel!" The night was gloomy; dark clouds flitted across the moon; the torches attached to the trees threw but a feeble light; the greater number of the knights, terrified by the orders of the emperour, feared equally to recognize those who surrounded them, and to be recognized themselves.

"Art thou Eberhard of Wolfenbuttel?" demanded the grandmaster of the prisoner.

"I am he," replied a voice, that all the knights present recognized for that of Eberhard.

It was remarked only, that the knight who was tied on his horse let his head fall on his breast; some believed that they heard a stifled groan. But all were attentive to the words of the grandmaster; and the forest was beginning to be agitated by an approaching storm.

"Eberhard," said the grandmaster, "thou art accused of treachery; what hast thou to say in thy defence?"

"The treachery," answered Eberhard, "is that of him who has no fear to send his son into my castle, under pretext of hospitality, to take possession of my person, and conduct me before this tribunal of blood."

"There is no treachery towards traitors," replied the grandmaster.

"I think so likewise," answered Eberhard.

"Thou art accused of treachery," said the grandmaster; "what hast thou to say in thy defence?"

"Free counts," rejoined Eberhard, "be judges between him and me. One of the sons of the grandmaster had dishonoured the sister of my friend; and, to withdraw himself from his vengeance, he became a monk. Notwithstanding the sanctity of his habit, my friend dared to slay him. According to your laws he merited death. I was chosen by the grandmaster to assassinate him. I preferred my friend to my oath. I declared to him the password, and aided him to cross the Rhine. Of what am I guilty?"

"Of a crime which merits death," answered all the free judges.

"What!" cried Eberhard, "there is then no distinction of motives? He who reveals the secrets of the order must perish?"

"Thou hast said it," answered the grandmaster.

"But if he were a prisoner in the castle of his enemy; if he were menaced with tortures; if he were approached by red-hot braziers?"

"If he declares the words of the order he must perish," replied the grandmaster.

"It is you that have said it!" exclaimed Eberhard. "May the blood which is about to be shed be on your head."

At this moment the four armed men conducted the horse of the knight to the fatal block. Sword in hand, they forced him to descend. The unfortunate groaned faintly, and his stifled sighs contrasted with the language which had been just heard.

"Who will charge himself with the execution?" demanded the grandmaster.

No voice answered. The orders of the emperour were so formidable and precise, that no one presented himself.

"It shall then be myself," rejoined the grandmaster with eagerness, and as if irritated by this silence.

He descended from the tribunal. He advanced, followed by the four executioners. Arrived near the armed men, he demanded of them—"Where is my son?" They replied—"He is not far." Thereupon they retired, and were lost in the crowd.

"At last thou art going to die, Eberhard!" exclaimed the old man, with a fierce joy.

A stifled groan was all the response of the prisoner.

"On thy knees, coward!" exclaimed the grandmaster.

And as the prisoner hesitated the executioners forced him to kneel, and seizing his hair, held his head upon the block. The old man struck. There was a profound silence. Then, lifting his sword, he cried in a triumphant voice—"He is dead!"

"Who is it that is dead?" demanded a voice, that all the assistants recognized with affright for that of Eberhard.

They bring torches. They examine the corpse. A gag had closed his mouth. The grandmaster recognized with horrour his own son! He rises. "Light torches! Search the forest! Knights, aid me to find the traitor, who is hidden among us!"

A voice makes itself heard.

"Wo to those who have transgressed the orders of the emperour!"

Suddenly the torches go out. There is a profound silence; and the entire assembly separates, as if it had been dispersed by a prodigy.

I. P. M.

ORIGINAL SCRAPS.

NOTES FROM MY COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

BY T. IRVING.

COMPOSITION OF ORIGINAL MUSICK.

All know how difficult it is for the greatest poetical genius to free himself, in any considerable degree, of those common-places and idioms, which long custom, and eternal repetition of versifiers, have made a habit almost as inevitable as a natural tendency. In musick this is ten times worse. The common-place "musical phrases," as they are styled, which have spread themselves everywhere through the medium of the voluminous and endless compositions of science, have, of necessity, become almost a part of the nature of every one who is possessed of a musical ear. They fly abroad "upon the wings of the wind," like the feathered seeds of the thistle or dandelion. There is no avoiding them. We hear them by day and by night; in the theatre, in the street, in the church, in the ball-room. Like Pharaoh's plagues, they follow us into our very chambers. The difficulty of original composition is thus increased a hundred-fold, and the most determined cultivator of simple, expressive melody, will find himself, at every step, sliding into some of the innumerable artificial turns or modulations, with which constant custom has indelibly impressed his imagination.

CONSULTING THE POPULAR TASTE.

The more general the opinion that modifies and directs a poet's taste, the more original will he be. There never has been tale or epick since the world began, so original as the early English dramas, which were composed imperatively for success and bread, and, consequently, kept ever in view the taste of the auditory. But people at present fancy that the only entrance to originality is through the narrow duct of their own egotistical spirit, and that to wing their way through the free and open space of general sentiment, would be but to follow a beaten path. It is just as if a carpenter or a blacksmith were to attempt perfecting himself in his trade by chiselling or hammering his own nose instead of the wood or iron, which are his natural materials.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

It is asserted somewhere by Rousseau, no mean judge of such matters, that the musical world may be divided into three classes Those who are capable of feeling the intellectual part of musick, who are generally men with something of a poetick temperament, and no very correct ear for harmony; those who have an ear for harmony, and a taste for harmonious arrangement, but whose feelings are not excited by expressive melody, and who are, for the most part, men deficient in imagination; and lastly, those who unite these two qualifications—a class, says Rousseau, rather rare.

EGOTISTICAL WRITERS.

The simplest and easiest effort of the mind is egotism—it is but baring one's own breast, disclosing its curious mechanism, and giving exaggerated expression to every-day feeling Yet no productions have met with such success—what authors can compete as to popularity with Montaigne, Byron, Rousseau? Yet I cannot but believe that there have been thousands of men in the world, who could have walked the same path, and have met the same success, if they had had the same impudence.

A TROUBLESOME VICE.

It was a remark of Sheridan, that of the several sorts of vice that prevail in this sinful world, one of the most troublesome to him was *advice*.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

PERE-LA-CHAISE.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D.D.

Where am I?—Whither have my wandering steps
Conducted me?—Among the twilight haunts
Of Sorrow; where, lone maid! in mourning clad,
Her brows bound with funereal leaves, she weeps,
In silence, o'er the tombstones of the dead.

Groves of green cypresses! gray pyramids,
Whose tops commingle with the gloomy boughs
In sad sepulchral grandeur! ye proclaim
The spot whereon I tread—ye tell, in sooth,
That I am now within the hallowed walls
Of a vast cemetery, where, will rest,
In their due time, with those who now lie here,
Myriads of beings now so full of life.

Ah! there is something in these precincts lone.
In this asylum for the dead, which chimes
Congenially, yet sadly, with my heart.
I love these silent haunts, recesses deep;
For here, my spirit, wearied with the world,
May court the quiet of the solitude.

Ye narrow paths that wind among the groves!
Sepulchral alleys! where the pompous tombs,
Sublimely wrought and finished, of the great,
Rear high their heads! and others, not so proud,
More simple, more appropriate, strewed with flowers,
Disclose their modest worth!—'Tis good to stray,
With pensive Contemplation by my side,
And read the lines inscribed upon the tombs.

But why these monuments, these empty urns,
These mausoleums, and lugubrious trees?
Why all this pageantry above the dust
Of those who sleep unconscious of it all?
'Tis meet;—let every honour be bestowed
Upon the relicks of the dead we love;
They are enshrined but for a few brief years:
And though to dust they moulder, still they are
To be collected at the last great day,
And re-united with the immortal soul.

Lo! o'er the city, where, awhile ago,
A dense fog brooded, shoots the setting sun,
Gladdening the spires with its departing beams.
Ah! what a contrast:—*here*, 'tis silence all,
Eternal silence! *there*, all noise and stir.
A thousand cars are rattling o'er the streets;
The welkin with ten thousand voices rings.
There is a rush of living beings on—
A tumult in creation—passions wild
Urge forward men; and women, light and gay,
Trip on luxuriously;—there, all is life!
Here breathless silence—silence of the grave.
Hushed generations slumber, and dream not!
Genius is quenched—talent absorbed in death;
Passions are calmed and chilled—their pulse beats not!
But all is clasped in horrible repose.
In vain upon the silent manes I call.
Echo may answer—but they answer not.

But hark! the clock tolls forth the knell of day!
Evening, in sombre weeds, usurps the hour;
And the half moon, with watery crescent pale,
Hangs o'er this place of death:—still there is light
Sufficient to descry upon a cross
These tender words, deep in the granite carved,
As the last token of parental love:
"Here lies Eugene—farewell, beloved boy."

And thou, lone spot, farewell!—ye stately rows
Of mortuary trees and shrubs—ye tombs,
The homes—last homes—of husbands, wives, and babes;
Of warriours, princes, wealthy, great, and wise!
Adown the hillock's side I wend my way,
And reach the fatal gate—an aged man
Unbars it—with a harsh and grating sound
It open swings—and I am once again
Breathing without the precincts of the dead!
That gray-haired man hath made his dull abode
Among the tombs—the guardian of the place.
Habit hath made him callous to the scene.
He views, from morn till night, this field of skulls;
Without emotion sees the mournful hearse,
And hears, unmoved, the sobs of wailing friends.

Farewell, old man!—How many victims more
Will it be thine to usher in these gates,
Never again to leave them!—Ah! kind heaven.
Grant, as the boon the dearest I can crave,
That my poor ashes may find rest—not here—
Not mid these gorgeous sepulchres—but on
The soil that gave me birth, beyond the deep.
My pillow be the turf whereon I trod
In childhood—let the guardian angel there
Who o'er my cradle watched, watch o'er my grave.
And be no pompous marble reared in pride
Above my dust—a rural cross be there,
Dear emblem of all hope beyond the grave.
No flattering eulogy be there inscribed;
My name—and one last wish to all who pass,
That, for my spirit they would breathe a prayer.

Paris, December 9th, 1838.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THOUGHTS ON LAWYERS.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

In a late paper, headed a "Lecture for the Lawyers," I ventured a few philosophical reflections on that intelligent and useful class of our fellow citizens, and I took the liberty to show how one of their body would act, supposing Owen's 'Moral World' to be true. Several other ideas have occurred to me upon the same subject, to which, as I do not mean to be very prolix, I invite the reader's attention, nor do I deem it necessary to make any apology to the fraternity, as I know that, skillful as they are in discerning reasons on either side, they will find arguments in my favour a plenty—if they wish to do so.

The nominal purpose of a Court of Justice is to seek the *truth;* but I question whether the *truth* is ever in other places more attacked, sneered at, brow-beaten, ridiculed, and put out of countenance. It is the *truth*, which every one in his turn finds it his interest to conceal. It is truth that every one is afraid of. Even the party most unequivocally in the right, is anxious to exclude *the truth* from the other side, lest it may seem to contradict his own; and all the lawyers, and even the judge, seem as much on the watch to stop the witness's mouth, every two minutes, as they have been to make him come there to open it. To me, one of the most ridiculous things in the world is, a witness upon the stand, trying (poor fellow!) to give in his testimony. He is, we will suppose, not in the slightest degree interested in either of the parties, and doubtless, wishes them both tied together by the neck, and dropped off the stern of one of the North river steamboats. He comes into court, not voluntarily, but dragged if he resists, by two or three scowling ministers of the law, who, from the mere fact of his being presumed to know something about the pending suit, think themselves entitled to treat him as if he had been brought up for robbing a hen-roost. He is forced from his business or his amusements for the purpose of speaking the truth, and he inwardly resolves to tell the whole story as soon as possible, and get rid of the thing. He thinks he knows the worst. He thinks the loss of time, and the awkwardness of speaking for the first time of his life in publick, are the extent of his sufferings. Unsuspecting victim! He no sooner mounts the stand, than he finds himself at once the centre of a circle of enemies, and holding a position not greatly unlike that of a prisoner in an Indian war-dance. He tries to tell his story.

Witness.—I was going down Maiden-lane—

First Lawyer.—Stop, sir.

Second Lawyer.—Don't interrupt the witness.

Third Lawyer.—The witness is ours.

Fourth Lawyer.—(Fiercely and indignantly,) we want *the fact.*

Judge.—Let the witness tell his story.

Witness.—I was going down Maiden-lane, where I live.

First Lawyer.—We don't want to know where you live, sir.

Second Lawyer.—That is a part of his testimony.

Third Lawyer.—You can take the witness into your own hands when we are done with him; at present he is ours.

Witness turns pale.

Fourth Lawyer.—(Sarcastically,) Very well, sir.

Judge.—Gentlemen, I beg you will sit down.

One of the Aldermen.—Officer, keep order.

Officer, (in a tone of thunder, and with a scowl of more than oriental despotism upon the spectators, who aint making any noise that they know of)—Silence!

Witness.—I was going down Maiden-lane, where I reside, as I said before, when—

First Lawyer.—You don't come here to repeat what you said before, sir.

Second Lawyer.—I beg.

Third Lawyer.—(Starting to his feet,) I demand.

Fourth Lawyer.—I appeal to his honour, the judge, to protect me from the impertinence of this witness.

First, second, third, fourth, Lawyer and Judge together—"The witness must—"

Officer—(Looking at the audience again, and in a voice of thunder) —"Silence!"

Judge.—Gentlemen, it seems to me that the best way to come *at the truth*, is to let the witness go on, and I will call him to order if he wanders from his duty.—Witness!

Witness—Your honour.

Judge.—Tell the plain fact of this assault—tell the jury what you know about it—remember you are here to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—raise your voice—turn your face to the jury. What do you know of this affair?

The poor wretch commences again. The first, second, third, and fourth lawyer continuing to skirmish around him all the while, like a parcel of wild arabs fighting for the clothes of some unhappy prisoner. So far from getting a chance to say the truth, the poor man can't get a chance to say anything. At length, bewildered out of his recollection—frightened, insulted and indignant—however really desirous of telling the truth, he stumbles upon some inconsistency; some trifling, or not trifling paradox—accounted for at once, and to every one's entire satisfaction, by the idea that he has forgotten. But then comes the cross examination. Then the scientifick artillery of a cool, able lawyer, sharpened by thirty years of similar practices, is brought to bear upon one trembling and already nervous stranger; perhaps ignorant, perhaps a boy. Then comes the laugh of judge and jury, the murmur of astonishment from the crowd, that a person could be found degraded and base enough to say that "the defendant wore *a little rimmed-hat*," when he acknowledged subsequently off his guard, that the hat had "*a tolerably large rim.*" Then the poor fellow, sore all over, and not quite sure that he will not himself be sent to the states prison, at ten years hard labour, for perjury, before the week has rolled away, although he is the only person in court who does not, in a greater or less degree, merit that punishment, is dismissed to a bench, a few yards off, where he is obliged to remain to hear the lawyers, in their address to the jury, tear his character to pieces with fine turns of rhetorick, and yet finer gesticulations.

"What, gentlemen of the jury," says the first lawyer, summing up in a tone of the deepest contempt, "what does the next witness, this Mr. Boggs, say?" Gentlemen, he comes forward under the most peculiar circumstances. A dark mystery shrouds his motives, which I shall not endeavour to altogether dissolve. But he comes forward, and he takes his place upon that witness's stand, with the open, the avowed, the undisguised, the unaffected, the determined resolution to fix upon my client, the injured Mr. Swipes, this foul and unnatural assault and battery. You saw him, gentlemen, when I cross-examined him, tremble under my eye—you saw him hesitate and turn pale at my voice." (The first lawyer, very probably, has a voice that would intimidate a *bear.*) "You heard him stammer and take back his words, and say he did 'not recollect.' Is this, gentlemen of the jury, an *honest* witness? The language of *truth* is plain and simple—it requires no previous calculation. If I ask you if you saw the sun set to-day, you answer yes, or no—you do not hesitate, you do not tremble. You do not say, 'yes, I did,' and in the very next breath, 'no, I did not.' You do not at first tell me, 'I walked ten miles yesterday,' and afterwards say, 'yesterday I was all day ill in bed.' (Here one of the jurors puts his nose by that of another, and utters something in approbation of this argument, and the other one nods his head and looks at the speaker as much as to say, "there is no use in trying to elude the sagacity of this keen-sighted lawyer. The witness had much better have told the truth. "Now, gentlemen, what does this witness say? He commenced by telling you, gentlemen, that he lived in Maiden-Lane, that he was going home on the day when this ridiculous and unnatural assault is said to have taken place, that he saw a crowd, that he approached, that he saw Mr. Swipes, my client, the defendant in this action, come up to the plaintiff, Mr. Wilkins, and give him, Wilkins, the said plaintiff, a blow with a bludgeon. But, gentlemen, when I come to sift this plausible story, you heard him equivocate and contradict himself. 'What sort of a hat had Mr. Swipes on?' 'A black one.' Of what breadth was the rim?' 'About an inch.' He thought, doubtless, that he was to have everything his own way, till I brought upon the stand to confront him, the hatter, who made and sold the hat, and who proves to you that the rim was broad. You cannot morally doubt that the hat worn on that day, by Swipes, was a broad-brimmed hat; all the witnesses for the defendant swear it, and even Mr. Boggs himself, when closely questioned, acknowledged that it *might* have been a broad-brimmed hat. Next, gentlemen, the pantaloons. What colour were Mr. Swipes' pantaloons? 'Black,' said this Mr. Boggs. Gentlemen, I have produced these pantaloons in court. They have been identified beyond the possibility of doubt. What was the result? You saw, yourselves, gentlemen. The pantaloons were *pepper and salt.*"

A cry of admiration throughout the court-room. The officer cries order. The poor witness unfortunately occupies a conspicuous seat, and all eyes are fixed upon him with the most virtuous indignation. He is calculating at what sacrifice he can wind up his business, and go and settle in Kentucky. The lawyer waxes triumphant, and after a withering look at Boggs, goes on.

"Furthermore, gentlemen, I asked this witness to describe the bludgeon. He could not. Had it ivory or gold on the handle? He could not tell. Was there a ferule upon the end? Did not know. Was it heavy? Yes. Had he ever handled it? No. How could he tell the weight of a thing which he had never handled?" (Another buz of admiration.) "Was he personally acquainted with Mr. Swipes? No. Had he ever seen him before? No. Since? No. Could he tell whether he had an aquiline nose or not? No. Was he not a friend of Mr. Wilkins? Yes. Had he not expressed an opinion upon this case? Yes, he had said the scoundrel ought to have been ashamed of himself. Was Mr. Wilkins' hat knocked off? No. But, before he left the stand, he said he saw the blood on the top of the plaintiff's head. How could he see the top of his head, unless the hat had been knocked off?"

Another buz. The witness here rose and said, "Mr. Wilkins *took it off to show me.*"

Officer. Silence, there!

Judge. Witness, you must not interrupt the counsel. You have had your turn on the stand. You then had the opportunity to say whatever you pleased. If you are again guilty of so great an indecorum, I shall be obliged to commit you.

Witness stands stupid.

Officer. "Sit down!" (in a tone of indignant command. Witness sits down. Officer scowls at him as if he would snap his head off)

I shall not follow the learned gentleman further. I only appeal to every witness that has ever been brought into a court of justice, whether he has not found it often the most difficult place in the world to tell the truth in, and whether, when the truth was at length told, there ever were so many attempts made to mystify it? Whether so much of what every one present knew in his heart to be the truth, could anywhere else be so deliberately *rejected*, and whether, when this poor, belaboured, mutilated, unhappy *truth*, so much demanded, was at length produced, it did not have such an aspect, so disguised that its own mother might not have known it?

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

GRAVE SPECULATIONS.

BY WILLIAM COX.

Where Hamlet soliloquizes upon suicide, and exclaims—

> "To die,—to sleep,
> No more:—and, by sleep, to say we end
> The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
> That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
> Devoutly to be wish'd,"

he but gives vent to the floating speculations and thick-coming fancies of a sick mind; or, at the most, expresses the half-formed and feverish wishes of an individual, rendered world-sick by the peculiar nature of the position in which he is placed; and by the wickedness, perfidy, duplicity and knavery of those who surround him. Perplexed with doubts and misgivings touching the truth or falsehood of the terrible disclosures of a supernatural visitant—way-laid by falsehood in the guise of friendship; his affection tampered with by the "fair Ophelia," who "repels his letters" and denies him access, at the suggestion of others; aware that the kindly familiarities of schoolfellowship and the claims of old companionship, are brought to bear against him merely "to pluck out the heart of his mystery"—distrustful of all, save Horatio—enclosed by meshes on every side, and obliged to keep his faculties constantly on the alert, and stoop his noble, sensitive, and reflective nature to subterfuge and cunning in order to combat subterfuge and cunning—in a moment of weariness and impatience he longs for death as a "consummation devoutly to be wished," were it not on account of—

> "What dreams may come
> When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,"

and he proceeds to infer that the clinging to life manifested by mankind is the natural consequence, not of the love of life, but of the "dread of something after death." But here he enters upon questionable ground. He invests mankind generally with his own peculiar sensitiveness to the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," and supposes that no one would "bear the whips and scorns o' the time," were it not for the aforesaid dread.

But experience shows us that *this*, at all events, is not

> "The respect
> That makes calamity of so long life."

Indeed, it is the thought that death is but a means of transition, and the *hope* of what may follow the change, overcoming the antagonist principle *dread*, that is the great means of reconciling us to the distasteful visits of that "execrable Shape!"

A great portion of mankind are so engaged and wrapped up in the bustle, profits and cares of business, or so involved in the pursuits and whirl of society, that they hardly ever bring it home to themselves that their bodies, which they are so solicitous about, are the mere despositories of spiritual essences that have to outlast

> "The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds;"

and these people, who have never given what could be dignified with the name of a thought, as to what was to follow death, are precisely those who manifest the strongest attachment to life. They have no idea of reversions—they cling to present possession, and would "fardels bear," and "groan and sweat" most grievously, rather than consent to "shuffle off this mortal coil." Without any reference to what is to come, it looks so like a dead loss to them to give up the fortunes they have accumulated, the houses they have built, the grounds they have purchased. It is worse than the stoppage of a bank or the failure of a commercial speculation. They cannot bear the idea.

When the French passed a decree, abolishing the *belief* in a God, and caused to be inscribed on the entrances to the gay and fanciful cemeteries of Paris the tremendous words—"Death is a perpetual sleep," did it at all reconcile them to the idea of going to repose in the picturesque precincts of Pere la Chaise, or make them more anxious to avoid "the sea of trouble," and the "thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to?" No, it made them "bloody, sensual, devilish"—utterly regardless of the lives of others, but most uncommonly careful of their own. The opiate of annihilation was, after all, not a pleasant draught. An extraordinary avidity to quaff it was not manifest. No one displayed any great relish for the "perpetual sleep." On the contrary, they avoided it by every art and device in their power, and sought to crowd as much gaiety, dissipation, and excitement into their span of life as was well possible. Matter predominated over spirit. Intellect was despised, at least in its more noble, abstract, and refined forms. In its inferior grades it was in some request, for ribald plays and "Spectacles of Nature"* ministered to the pleasures of the passing moment, and oratory led to place and power; nay, more, kept a man's own head on his shoulders, or helped to dislodge that of an obnoxious opponent. All, or nearly all, were engaged in a bloody and brutal race after material objects or gross sensualities. It was natural—though humiliating—that this should be so. They had made up their minds that this "bank and shoal of time," was to be their "be-all" and their "end-all;" they "jump'd" no "life to come." All they had to know of consciousness was in this world, and to this world they clung as if it had been a crowded wreck, with desperate fervour and with intense selfishness, careless whom they thrust into the yawning gulf, so as they only kept their hold. The wonder is, not that their conceited dogmas produced any other effect, but that how such a revolting doctrine as that of annihilation—a doctrine from which the nature of man instinctively shrinks—ever gained such footing in the world. And yet it was for some time the professed and legalized belief of a nation of thirty millions! It is a con-

ception and a suggestion worthy of the arch-fiend himself. Nothing more deadening or debasing can by possibility be imagined. It is in its very nature to either make man cold, heartless, sensual and selfish, or else to render him intensely miserable. If it make him cold, and heartless, and sensual and selfish, it may leave him coarse enjoyments, but it deprives him of anything worthy of the name of happiness; for "happiness was born a twin!" It must be shared—diffused; it cannot be hoarded. But supposing the blight of such a belief to come upon a man of a warm and affectionate nature, engaged in the discharge of the duties, and encircled by the charities of life, can anything be imagined more terrible? To-day he has parent, and wife, and child. He loves them—he rejoices in them; they are entwined and mixed up with every thought, hope, fear, or aspiration of his existence. Some common accident of life occurs, and to-morrow they are as the ground he treads upon—soulless, senseless—gone, and for ever! There is for him no futurity, no re-union. Eternity brings not back to him their looks or smiles. That brief word "forever," crushes at once and *forever* the garnered affection of a lifetime. They die, and hope dies with them. He sees them laid in the cold earth, and, in the anguish of such a moment, no soothing thought springs in his breast—"It is but for a little time—we shall meet again." Lost to him is the mysterious yet unutterable consolation that in the dim and distant spirit-land man may again behold the wife of his heart, the child of his hopes, the parent, the friend, the brother; the loved, the lost, the perished

And yet there be in these enlightened days those who would endeavour to persuade us of the advantages of being without a soul; or at least any more of a soul than what serves to minister to our senses during the brief time that we strut about this speck in space—this fragment of creation! Such people ought not, perhaps, to be violently blamed, because it is difficult to enter into their natures, or form an idea of the motives or impulses by which they are actuated; but they are sincerely to be pitied. True, they will throw pity back in the bestower's face with huge indignation, (for they lack not self-complacency;) nevertheless it is their due, for, whether for good or evil, the great majority of us recognise ourselves as the possessors of immortal spirits; *we* cannot consent to degrade ourselves by the belief that we are mere superiour animals—children of chance—things of time and accident, that to-day are, and to-morrow as if they had never been. Without being a poet, that individual is wofully to be pitied who has not enough of the spirit of poetry in his composition—of love and hope, and yearning after the unknown and invisible—to spurn such a paltry yet appalling dogma as that of annihilation.

But it is difficult to fancy (despite Shelley) not only for any one to be a poet, but to be a lover of poetry, who seriously entertains this gross and soulless doctrine. How trivial must appear our passions, feelings and affections viewed as mere animal impulses; regarded as things finite, instead of the *seeds* of things infinite and everlasting. How superfluous to such a man, must seem the mighty agonies of the drama. What a fuss about the extinction of a little life! How ridiculous the lawless agencies employed to tempt Macbeth, and the "horrid suggestions," that "unfix his mind," and

> "Make his seated heart knock at his ribs
> Against the use of nature."

How would that character be shorn of all its ghastly grandeur, if, in place of the guilty Thane stealing to the silent chamber of his guest, to violently send an immortal spirit to its dread account "with all its imperfections on its head," we could suppose Macbeth a cold materialist merely dismissing an old man from one sleep to another and a sounder? Would not the whole of that most wonderful production of the mind of man appear an unnecessary attempt to excite the feelings and call for the sympathies of the reader upon insufficient grounds?

It would, however, be a work of pure supererogation to go on illustrating what is obvious. Take the spiritual from poetry, and what do you leave but a mass of stagnant words—a few sensual, satirical, or evanescent rhymes! It would be literally divorcing soul and body.

But take the opposite view of the subject, and regarding this world but as the stepping-stone to one which "fadeth not away," the scoffing and sceptical are often accustomed to twit those who profess to believe in the glories of futurity with their extreme unwillingness to go and share in them. Now it is a truth, and therefore not to be denied, that the great body of us do not show any great inclination to move; we hold back as it were, and, when there is no choice, take our departure somewhat unwillingly. With all our knowledge of the cares and troubles of this world, and all our hopes of a better, it requires much anxiety and suffering—the disappointment of our schemes, the blighting of our prospects, the loss of those that are nearest and dearest—to dissociate us from the present state, and loosen the ties which bind us to it, and make us at the last, in the affecting language of scripture, really and truly long to lay ourselves down "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." And yet there is nothing very inconsistent in all this. It is the law of our being to love that which is immediate and present, albeit inferiour, to that which is remote and distant; it is the law of our being to shun as much as we possibly can, without dishonour and disgrace, the "Fearful Shape"

> "Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell"

and even the greatest of heroes have manifested at times, a decided repugnance to have anything to do with him. This is no imputation upon their courage; for what is courage, at least of the nobler kind, but a high moral principle which, from a sense of duty or devotion to others, combats and overcomes the natural love of life, and enables men to frown in the destroyer's face—despise him, contemn him, brave him in his most terrible forms? Without a love of life there could be no such virtue as courage, for what merit is there in a brutal insensibility to death? No one mistakes Master Barnardine for a hero from the character given of him—"A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal;" and we feel that even Cæsar, when he exclaims,

> "Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
> It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
> Seeing that death,—a necessary end,—
> Will come when it will come"—

speaks more after the fashion of the conventional Roman than the natural man.

No—in all nations, in all ages—under every form of belief, and constitution of society, the bravest, unless mastered by high motives, have regarded death as a loathly and abhorred phantom to whom they specially deprecated an introduction.

Yet it is a rather curious, a very prominent, and an extremely nauseous feature of the light literature of the recently past and present day, that it contains so much sighing and crying, and pining and whining after the grave, as a "pleasant refuge" for the various worthy poetaster's chicken-hearted woes and sorrows. This is pitiful affectation. As if it were becoming that that tremendous Shape, at whose portentous birth his mother, Sin,

> ——————"fled, and cried out, DEATH!
> Hell trembl'd at the hideous name, and sigh'd
> Through all her caves, and back resounded Death!"

should be invoked merely as a means of producing a small poetical effect; as if the "dread unknown" had to be lightly longed for, on account of every trivial ill or puny disappointment—a fit of indigestion, a returned billet-doux—a harsh criticism perchance! This is disgustful, because it is felt to be false and unreal. There are many exceptions to all great rules, and unquestionably there have been, and there are, those who have longed, and do long for death as the last refuge; who have calmly and steadily perused his every lineament, and said unto him—"Come!" and such there will be while this globe endures; but then they are, and will be, the truly worn-out and world-sick, and not the well-dressed fantastical ladies and gentlemen who write in annuals and albums, and publish neat octavo volumes of innocuous rhymes. People troubled with such wishes hold their tongues about the matter; they affect not singularity; they advertise not their anxiety for an undertaker.

But just in proportion as such affectations are sickening and offensive, is the desire for death impressive and affecting when felt to be real. It is impressive, because the contemplation of the meeting of dissolution and humanity is so under all circumstances; and it is affecting, because it proclaims that in a human heart Hope has expired; that the world henceforth holds nothing worth the wishing for, and that life, so sweet to all around, is to *one* being at least, desirable no longer. There is not anything in Bulwer finer than the sentiment (apart from the rare dramatick skill with which it is introduced) to which Rienzi gives utterance in the presence of his seeming friend and intended assassin. "Why, then, my Angelo, Cola di Rienzi may die in peace! There is a want which a profound experience of power and pomp brings at last to us—a want gnawing as that of hunger, wearying as that of sleep! My Angelo, it is the want to die!"

We feel the beauty and pathos of this because we feel its truth and sincerity, and we deeply sympathise with the noble heart from whence it breaks. Yet fine as it is, it is inferiour to many passages in the old Scotch and English ballads. It lacks their simple earnestness Take one from "Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament," for instance—

> "O Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
> And shake the dry leaves frae the tree—
> O gentle Death! when wilt thou come,
> And take a life that wearies me!"

This is no feigning.

Truly, it is a matter of fearful and overpowering interest in whichever way we regard it; and there is no "thinking" man, let his natural temperament be ever so vivacious or cheerful, but who has pondered over and over again upon the "great mystery." Philosophers have discussed it in all ages, moralists have written upon it in all forms, divines have used it as a standard theme, and myriads of millions have passed from off the face of the earth in every possible variety of shape and way, and yet the interest about it remains unabated. Addison has touched the spring of this universal sympathy. "There is nothing in history," says that fine writer, "which is so improving to the reader as those accounts we meet with of the deaths of eminent persons, and their behaviour in that dreadful season. I may also add, that there are no parts in history which affect and please the reader in so sensible a manner. The reason I take to be this: there is *no other* single circumstance in the story of any person, which can possibly be the case of every one who reads it. The general, the statesman, or the philosopher, are, perhaps, characters which we may never act in; but the dying man is one whom, sooner or later, we shall certainly resemble." And so it is; and notwithstanding the records of all that have died—in the silent chamber, or on the battle field—by torture, by flood, by flame, or in whatsoever way, still curiosity remains unsatisfied. There is still the same intense desire on the part of every human being to see—or, if their nerves cannot bear that—to hear, how Man and Death have met; still the same feverish anxiety concerning the mysterious separation of spirit and matter.

Surely, if there was not a *something* in the breast of the living which whispered to him that death was not annihilation; that turned the eye on vacancy, as if it would seek to follow the course of the enfranchised spirit through boundless space to the deep secrets of futurity, this would not be so. Surely, if all human hopes, fears, affections, agonies, were felt to be finite, all this would be superfluous, and life indeed be but

> "A tale,
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying—nothing!"

* A piece in which the actors and actresses were at the least possible expense for clothing.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

ROMANCE OF THE NEWSPAPERS.

BY JOHN INMAN.

A QUESTION is sometimes discussed, "in the literary circles," at young gentlemen's debating clubs, and in print, touching the real object of newspapers. Even the conductors themselves, of those indispensable potencies—those legitimate minders of everybody's business but their own—are not unanimous, in theory, as to their own powers, privileges and obligations, although in practice they all seem to be governed by one sufficiently definite and well-understood principle, to wit, that of doing whatsoever seems good in their own eyes, unchecked save by the peril of losing subscribers. We are prepared to maintain, and to show, that in all the controversies upon this important subject—in all the disquisitions, without controversy, to which it has given rise—and in all the opinions heretofore uttered, or held without utterance, relating thereto, there has yet been no approximation even to a discovery of the truth. In short, we have a theory of our own in the matter, from the invention of which we anticipate no little credit.

The prevalent notions as to the legitimate business of the newspaper may be classed under three heads; to wit, entertainment, instruction and censorship; or, in other words, the newspaper is variously regarded as a thing helping to pass away time, like an agreeable book, a play, or any other divertisement—as a periodical exhibition of pabulum to the general appetite for kn[illegible] concentrator and wieldor, or say representative, of publ[illegible] to the correction of abuses, the prevention and the punishm[illegible] offences. And it is all these things, besides several other[illegible] affirm that neither of these, nor any other that has ever yet been signalized, is the great and primary end of its ministration. Up to this moment, the reality of that ministration has been a secret, no more discovered, and a great deal less conjectured than the true name of the Man in the Iron Mask, or the whole purpose for which the pyramids were erected. The honour of the discovery belongs to us, and the nineteenth century—of its promulgation, to New-York and the New-York Mirror.

We will not detain the reader by a retrospect of the toils through which we have achieved this remarkable and most valuable addition to the small sum of definite knowledge, of ascertained truth. We will not awaken his sympathies by an enumeration of the days and nights we have employed in the diligent study of all manner of gazettes; daily, semi-weekly, tri-weekly, and weekly altogether; of the patient fortitude with which we have continued, through an unknown series of years, *manu versare diurna, manu nocturna*, sheets of all sizes, from the prairie-like expanse of the New-Orleans Bee, or the London Times double, down to the Lilliputian pettiness of the Gibraltar Chronicle, or the least of the censorship-haunted sheets, scarcely larger than the palm of a respectable hand, that are made to satisfy the desires of an Austrian or an Italian. We look back upon these our labours truly with no little self-approbation, for indeed, they have been mighty; but we ask not the tribute of publick admiration and applause, for the reward has not been wanting. We have it, rich and rare, in the triumph of success, the sense of having rendered an inestimable service to the world, and the proud assurance of going down to remotest ages as a great discoverer in the glorious fellowship of Newton, Galileo, Columbus, and the ingenious Mr. Redheffer.

Without further preamble, then, we aver that the main object—the essential business—of a newspaper, is simply to keep its readers in a worry. Of its thousand and one other agencies, all are merely subordinate and occasional; its records of passing occurrences, its notices of commercial changes, its scraps of pathos or of drollery, its fires and fatal accidents, yea, even its marriages and deaths, puffs of new books and stereotyped eulogiums of new patents, are but filling-up matter, in the estimation of the mysterious power that directs its energies, or at the best thrown in to meet the possible wants or wishes of some few excessively green readers, who live in entire ignorance as to what they ought to desire in a newspaper.

It is possible that some may ask for proof of the dictum herein before advanced; and to such we answer, "Look over your file, if you keep your papers—consult your memory, if you do not." Are you of the opposition in politicks? We ask you, then, in all sincerity, have you not been daily admonished by your favourite editor, any time these nine years, that General Jackson and ultra democracy were driving the country headlong to ruin, with frightful impetuosity? You have been assured, over and over again, with a pathetick earnestness befitting the occasion, that the lives, liberties and fortunes of the citizens were on the eve of being sacrificed; that the government was bankrupt and over head and ears in debt, although daily squandering thousands in bribes; that the Indians were just going to commence their barbarities on the peaceable and helpless inhabitants of the Western States; that the French, or the English, or somebody else, were playing the mischief with our commerce, and that the abolitionists were splitting the Union all up into bits, no larger than a German principality.

On the other hand, if you are a believer in "Old Hickory," and read one of the administration papers, then have you been horrified with the atrocious designs and doings of "the monster" and the shocking federalists; all your happiness has been in constant jeopardy from the nefarious projects of his honour, the mayor, your property has been wrested from you by the villanous banks, and the great bug-bear monopoly has been all the time opening his jaws to devour you.

It is so all over the world; that is, wherever editors are at liberty to write what they think proper. In those happy countries whose rulers do not choose to have their subjects worried by anybody but themselves, and where the "leading article," as well as all the other articles, must be trimmed down by the censor before it is put in type, the case is of necessity different; newspapers there have no particular object beyond the promulgation of decrees and official papers, and the indication to the people of what the government authorises them to think or believe; but where the press is at liberty to "gang its ain gait," the gait is invariably to the terrifying of the innocent publick. Take any of the English or American journals—go over a file of six months, or three months, or even one, and see what a wonderful perseverance is exhibited in the humane employment of trying to frighten the people out of their wits. The English journalists always have a pet bugbear or two, which they flourish about for a season with astonishing zeal and industry. While Bonaparte was alive, he served their turn to a miracle. Every day brought to light some horrible project of his for playing the very deuse with Old England; and even when he was caged on the rocky island of St. Helena, the editors managed to keep John Bull in an agony with ingenious plots for his escape.

For the last six or eight years, the handsome, good-humoured emperour of Russia, has been the especial object of editorial terrour in England. His movements have been watched with a suspicious vigilance, from which the keenest of mousers might take example. Whether he takes one of his scampering journeys, or marries off a daughter, or invites an ambassadour to dine with him, or goes to see Taglioni dance at the Opera—no matter what it is, his actions are all scrutinized, reported, exaggerated and commented upon; and always there is found in them some portent of mischief to England. If he reviews one of his regiments at St. Petersburgh; lo, it is an army of fifty thousand men, to be marched instanter for war against the British possessions in India. If he pays a flying visit to one of his brother monarchs, at Stockholm, or Berlin, or Hanover, it is to concoct an alliance offensive against the peace and prosperity of Victoria's unfortunate subjects. If he gives his daughter a fine young fellow for a husband, the quidnuncs are all in a bustle to fathom the secret policy of the match. The poor czar cannot even treat himself to a new coat, without giving rise to some fearful conjecture, which, emanating from the murky obscurity of a London printing house, enlarges and gathers force as it goes, until it assumes a form perfectly adequate to the *terrification* of several millions.

Now we venture to believe, and to say, that his imperial majesty is a sensible, kind-hearted fellow, quite willing to mind his own business, and no way disposed to trouble himself about other people, if they will but let him alone. The government of his unwieldy empire, no doubt, gives him employment enough for his thoughts and his time, without running all over the world to meddle with the concerns of his neighbours; and as for his personal movements, we can readily imagine how glad he must be, now and then, to escape from the toils of his trade, and go off, all alone, on a frolick.

He is represented by all travellers in Russia, to be of a domestick turn, happy in his private and personal circumstances, and remarkably fond of his children. We can imagine him sitting on a sofa, before a good fire, of a sharp-winter day, after dinner, amusing himself with a platter of hickory nuts, and chatting with his empress and their children. We can fancy him saying to his eldest daughter, a fine blooming girl of about eighteen, "Mary, my dear, you are getting to be quite a woman. We must be thinking of a husband for you one of these days." Mary looks down, smiling and blushing, and Nicholas has a suspicion that Mary has thought of the same thing before. Turning to his wife, the emperour says, "Charlotte, my love, we must talk over this matter, and see what's to be done So Mary, my daughter, go away to your piano." Nicholas and his empress then "talk over the matter," and the latter suggests that Mary seemed very much pleased with the young duke of Leuchtenberg, when she met him at Berlin. Nicholas ponders a few moments and then says, "Well, if she likes him, and he likes her, I'm sure they shall have my consent. His father was an honest man and a brave soldier, and the young man himself bears the same character. An honest man and a brave soldier will never make a bad husband, and we must see about it directly. But, Charlotte, how odd I shall feel when I find myself a grandfather!"

Somewhat in such wise, we suppose, was the marriage of the princess first hit upon; and Nicholas must have laughed heartily at the solemn conjectures put forth by the London journalists, touching the secret policy of the alliance.

Quite recently, France and the United States have been added to the London stock of material, for the fabrick of worry. And it is really amusing to read the distressing accounts in the papers, of the terrible things meditated by Louis Phillippe and Mr. Van Buren. The abstraction of the Canadas, by fraud or force, is among the least of our president's nefarious designings; but not a whit less improbable than the idea which has taken possession of some of the English editors, that he is only waiting a favourable opportunity to form an alliance with France and Russia, and make war at once upon Great Britain in every quarter of the globe.

We cannot better conclude this article, than by an extract from the London Times of November thirty; preparatory to which, however, it is well enough to remind the reader that, at or about the same time, very fearful statements were put forth in some of *our* papers, about the wretched insufficiency of our naval and maritime defences—the formidable squadrons assembling in our neighbourhood, by orders from London and Paris—and the great danger of a sudden onslaught by John Bull, in which all our Atlantick cities should be laid in ashes, and our half-dozen poor little sloops-of-war, be sent on a visit to Davy Jones, or "*toted*" off bodily to Sheerness or Portsmouth. The extract that follows shows, very laughably, how the tables were turned on the other side of the Atlantick, for the laudable purpose of giving all honest Englishmen a fit of the horrours.

"With regard to the United States. Is it looking to a continuance of peace that she has sent a formidable squadron to South America, of seven men-of-war, all perfect of their kind, a part of which would be sufficient to take possession of the whole of our contemptible squadrons there, at the Cape, and in India, and to send them, with our three admirals commanding them, to New-York? America does not want for seamen, and she has already too many British seamen, which should have been retained in our own ships, as a nucleus for a navy; and a few of their powerful ships, with troops, might run into Halifax harbour, and all Nova Scotia would be in their power. There is scarcely any land defence to Halifax; the troops are nearly all in Canada. George's Island is not of great force alone for large ships to pass, and they might run up to the very dockyard itself, and land with impunity, unless we have some large ships of war there. The Americans might also, at any time, take possession of Cape Breton, and establish themselves at the fine harbour of Louisburgh, and fortify it. The plentiful coal-mines would be a great acquisition to them, for coal is much wanted in the United States. New-Brunswick would soon follow; and all communications being cut off by the Americans having the superiority at sea, how long could we preserve Canada? The United States has now a navy, such as she never had before; her ships are of prodigious strength. Those called seventy-fours mount from ninety to one hundred and forty-six guns, of the heaviest metal, the complement of the smallest, one thousand men. Those called frigates, of forty-four guns, generally carry sixty thirty-two pounders. Those called sloops, of eighteen guns, twenty-four long twenty-four-pounders, the complement two hundred and fifty men. The Delaware, a seventy-four, mounts one hundred guns, forty-two and thirty-two-pounders; her lower gun-deck is only one foot shorter than that of our Britannia, of one hundred and twenty guns; and she threw more shot at one discharge of her guns than the Britannia, when Sir Pulteney Malcolm's flag was flying in her, by six hundred weight. Immediately upon a war, the Atlantick would be strewed by fast-sailing American privateers, (the beautiful New-York packets would soon be transformed into vessels of war,) even to the English and Irish Channels; our trade would be nearly destroyed before we could have anything to protect it; many of the English seamen captured would enter on board their privateers, and our own coast would not be safe. Brighton, and other places near the sea, could be plundered and burnt at any time, in the state they now are, by a few frigates. There are no defences whatever."

And so it goes on, for nearly a column. All which, and the like, wherever it is found, we advise our readers to pass by with a smile, as so much "romance of the newspapers."

ORIGINAL RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWS.

FAIREFAX'S TASSO.

In our review of the works of Tasso, given in our last number, we promised the following stanzas from Spenser, Book II. Chap. 9:

Surely, my sonne, then answered he againe,
If happie, then it is in this intent
That having small, yet doe I not complaine
Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,
But doe myselfe with that I have content;
So taught of nature, which doth little need
Of forreine helpes to life's due nourishment:
The fields my food, my flocke my rayment breed;
No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

Therefore, I doe not any one envy,
Nor am envyde of any one therefore;
They that have much, feare much to loose thereby,
And store of cares doth follow riches' store.
The little that I have growes dayly more,
Without my care, but onely to attend it,—
My lambes doe every yeare increase their score,
And my flockes father daily doth amend it
What have I but to praise th' Almighty, that doth send it?

Sometimes I hunt the fox, the vowed foe
Unto my lambes, and him dislodge away.
Sometimes the fawne I practise from the doe,
Or from the goat her kidde, how to convey
Another while I baytes and nets display
The birds to catch, or fishes to beguyle;
And when I wearie am, I down doe lay
My limbes in every shade to rest from toyle,
And drinke of every brooke, when thirst my throte doth boyle.

The time was once, in my first prime of yeares,
When pride of youth forth pricked my desires,
That I disdain'd amongst mine equall peares,
To follow sheepe and shepheard's base attire:
For further fortune then I would inquire;
And leaving home, to roiall court I sought,
Where I did sell myselfe for yearely hire,
And in the prince's garden daily wrought;
There I beheld such vaineenesse as I never thought.

A writer of more time and more redlang than ourselves, might make a delightful article on the comparison between Tasso and Spenser. A thousand passages might be pointed out in which the English poet has borrowed largely either from "that famous Tuscane penne," of Ariosto, or, as in this instance, from the classick strains of the poet of the Holy Land. His stanza, "O goodly usage of those antique times," is taken literally from Ariosto's famous

"O gran bontà dei cavalieri antichi."

The idea of the legend of Artegall and Britomart, is drawn evidently from Tancred and Clorinda, and almost the whole of the Legend of Sir Guyon or Temperaunce, the speaking trees in Book I., chapter ii., and the "Boure of Bliss," are from the same source, as we shall see presently. Let it not be thought, that we lessen or seek to lessen the fair fame of one of the sweetest and purest of our English bards, in thus reminding our readers of some of the sources whence he drew his inspiration. To Spenser, less than to any man, belongs the charge of plagiarism. He copied openly, and often improved so much on the ideas he took from others, as to make them his own, by right of cultivation, if not of discovery. The boundless wealth of his mind made him independent of others, and justified him in becoming indebted to them. The rich can best afford to borrow. In whatever he copies, we find embellishment as well as appropriation—a giving, as well as a stealing of odour. Compare Spenser with Tasso, even with Fairefax for his translator, in any of these borrowed passages, and there can be no doubt as to where is the superiority in poetick feeling and expression. We dare not cumber the pages of our paper with long-winded extracts from Spenser, and can only ask our readers to take Tasso and Spenser, and trace out the likeness for themselves. They might be worse employed.

The description of the descent of the angel, in Book IX., is one of the noblest in the book. It met with the approbation, we are told, even of the learned D D.'s of Tasso's time, who criticised the Jerusalem Delivered pretty severely, and like Dominie Sampson, pronounced the whole story of Armida and the Enchanted Island, fri-vo-ous. Hoole fritters away all its beauty and sublimity. Dullness is often the greatest leveller; for it can bring even Tasso down to its own standard.

While thus on either side the combat stood,
And streaming gore in equal rivers flow'd,
The Heavenly monarch from his awful height
Declined his eyes, and view'd the dreadful fight.
There plac'd aloft, presides th' omniscient cause,
And orders all with just and equal laws,
Above the confines of this earthly scene,
By ways unsearchable to mortal men.
There, on eternity's unbounded throne,
With triple light he blazes, Three in One!
Beneath his footstep, Fate and Nature stand,
And Time and Motion wait his dread command.
There power and riches no distinction find,
Nor the frail honours that allure mankind
Like dust and smoke they fleet before his eyes;
He mocks the valiant, and confounds the wise.

It is plain to every one, that this is Hoole, and not Tasso. "Awful height" and "dreadful fight," are highly poetical; but not wholly in the style of the Jerusalem Delivered. Wiffen, as usual, rises many degrees higher; but not high enough to rival Fairefax.

WIFFEN

And now the christians were in flight, when Guelph
The field of slaughter opportunely gained;
He made them turn their forces; he himself
Bore the foe's onset, and his rage restrained.
Thus fought they; and on both sides the blood rained
In equal showers, and equally they earned
The dreary laurels of revenge distained:
His eyes, meanwhile, where hot the battle burned,
From his empyreal seat the King of Glory turned

There he abides, there, full of truth and love
Creates, adorns and governs all that be,
High o'er this narrow-bounded world, above
The reach of reason and of sense; there He
Presides from all to all eternity,
Sublime or solemn throne, unbuilt with hands,
Three Lights in One! whilst in meek ministry,
Beneath his feet, with Fate and Nature stands
Motion, and he whose glass weighs out her golden sands.

With Place and Fortune, who, like magick dust,
The glory, gold, and power of things below,
Tosses and whirls in her capricious gust,
Reckless of human joy and human woe:
There He in splendour shrouds himself from show,
Which not e'en holiest eyes unshaded see,
And round about him in a glorious bow,
Millions of happy souls keep jubilee,—
Equals alike in bliss, though differing in degree.

As the loud harmony of angel hymns,
Joyous through Heaven's resounding palace rolled,
Michael he summoned, whose seraphick limbs
Sparkle and burn in adamant and gold;
And thus serenely spake——

This said, the wing'd archangel low inclined
In reverent awe before the Almighty's throne;
Then spread his golden pinions on the wind,
And swifter than all thought, away is flown:
He passed the regions which the blessed own
For their peculiar home; a glorious sphere
Of fire and splendour, next the milder zone
Of whitest crystal; and the circle clear.
Which, gemmed with stars, whirls round and charms his tuneful ear

To left, distinct in influence and in phase,
He sees bright Jove and frigid Saturn roll;
And those five other errant fires, whose maze
Of motion some angelick spark of soul
Directs with truth unerring to the goal:
Through fields of endless sunshine he arrives
Where thunders, winds and showers, from pole to pole,
Waste and renew, as each for mastery strives,
Green Earth, that fades to bloom, and to decay revives

The horrours of the storm, the shadowy glooms,
With his immortal fans he shakes away;
The splendour falling from his face illumes
Night with a sun's fire luminous as day.
So after rain in April or in May,
The sun with colours fine of every hue,
Paints the moist clouds green, crimson, gold and gray,
Cleaving the liquid sky's calm bosom blue,
So shines a shooting star in momentary view.

FAIREFAX.

Now fled the Frenchmen, when in luckie howre
Arrived Guelpho, and his helping band,

He made them turne against this stormie showre,
And with bold face their wicked foes withstand.
Sternly they fought, that from their wounds down powre
The streames of blood, and ronne on either hand:
The Lord of Heaven, meanwhile, upon this fight,
From his high throne bent downe his gracious sight.

From whence, with grace and goodness compast round,
He ruleth, blesseth, keepeth all he wrought,
Above the aire, the fire, the sea and ground,
Our sense, our wit, our reason, and our thought,
Where persons three (with power and glorie crown'd,)
Are all one God, who made all things of nought,
Under whose feete (subiected to his grace,)
Sit nature, fortune, motion, time, and place.

This is the place, from whence like smoke and dust
Of this fraile world, the wealth, the pompe and powre;
He tosseth, hambleth, turneth, as he lust,
And guides our life, our death, our end and howre:
No eye (how ever virtuous, pure and iust,)
Can view the brightness of that glorious bowre;
On every side the blessed spirits bee,
Equall in ioies, though differing in degree.

With harmonie of their celestiall song,
The pallace echoed from the chambers pure,
At last He Michael call'd (in harness strong,
Of never-yielding dimonds, armed sure,)
Behold, (quoth he,) to doe despite and wrong
To that deere flocke my mercie hath in cure,
How Sathan from hels' lothsome prison sends
His ghosts, his sprites, his furies, and his fiends.

This said, the winged warriour lowe inclined
At his Creator's feet with rev'rence due:
Then spred his golden feathers to the winde,
And swift as thought away the angell flew,
He past the light, and shining fire assignde
The glorious seat of his selected crew,
The mover first, and circle christalline,
The firmament, where fixed stars all shine.

The horrid darknes, and the shadowes dunne,
Dispersed he with his eternall wings,
The flames (which from his heav'nly eies out runne)
Beguilde the earth, and all her sable things;
After a storme so spreadeth forth the sunne
His raies, and binds the clouds in golden strings,
Or in the stilnesse of a moone-shine even,
A falling star so glideth down from heaven

Can any one read this, and not pronounce our author

——"A well of English undefyled,
On fame's eternall bead-rol worthy to be fyled?"

Such passages as the above, and it is but one of many that might be cited, make Tasso take rank among the first of epick poets. We will not repeat a twice-told tale, by dwelling on the beauties which have given to this great work the place it holds in the regard of all civilized nations. Ours be rather the equally useful though ungracious task of slightly noticing its few defects. The supernatural machinery of the poem, with its Fortunate Islands and Hamadryads, is rather heathenish than orthodox in its character, and suits ill the time and circumstances of the Crusades. Beautiful, as are many of these appearances, they are felt by every one to be an incongruity. Tasso copied closely, as he felt himself bound to do, from the epick models of antiquity, and this so faithfully, as to imitate their very blemishes. Every combat of two warriours, in his book, is described with Homerick sameness and minuteness, and he chronicles the lesser crowd as carefully as Virgil his *fortemq. Gyan, fortemq. Cleanthum.* This subject was too recent to admit the very liberal use he has made of fiction. It is surprising how much more real history there is in one short play of Shakspeare's than in this poem of twenty cantos. Beyond the name and character of Godfrey of Bullo gne, the Washington of the army, the quarrels of the chiefs, and the names of one or two warriours, there is little in the play that can be referred to history. This, our modern taste must consider a blemish. The example of Walter Scott has, at the same time, led us to ask at the hands of the poet and novelist, closer adherence to truth, and has shown us that the proportion of fact in their seductive mixtures of falsehood and reality, may be greatly increased without lessening its interest and beauty. We cannot feel the same sympathy for Tasso's unreal heroes, as we should have done, if we could have felt that they had once organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions, like ourselves. To say nothing of French and Italian warriours, what a field for poetry in the adventures of the "good lances who went to the Holy Land with King Richard." Tasso might surely have found a worthy subject in the story of the valiant Templar Reginald de Argentine, who guarded the standard of the cross at the great battle near Antioch, till he was cut down; or of the bold Baron Aubrey de Vere, who with his sword, rescued it again from the infidels; or of Baldwin, the fighting bishop of Canterbury, who took the field at the head of five hundred men, "bearing on his banner the name of Thomas a Becket." There is surely nothing more poetical in the combats of Dudon and Argantes, than might be found in those of Ode de Saint Amando, "valiant Robert de Ros," or William Longuespée. It must be remembered though, that this great work was begun at the age of twenty-one, and that it was written in a time of more powerful genius certainly, but of less refined taste than our own. Everything was required to be classical; and the fancy names by which Tasso chooses to call his fighting-men, were as much called for by good taste as are even yet the Orantes and Valéres of a regular French comedy.

(To be continued.)

Miss Davenport.—We are glad to learn that this young histrionick prodigy, who has not yet reached her tenth year, has excited, at the south, the attention which her remarkable talents deserve. At one town the audience threatened to detain her by stopping the stage, and at another the flinty hearts of the stage proprietors were so far softened by the charm of her performances, that they refused to charge a cent for her fare. In Charleston, Miss Davenport commenced performing alone at the Medical College, which had been gratuitously assigned to her by the faculty, where she drew the first night eight hundred dollars. Mr. Abbott soon afterward gave her an engagement at his theatre, where she has been performing with great success.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. A. A. is informed that his piece was put into the hands of the printer at the time it was received, with directions for its insertion. If it has been delayed, it has been either through accident, or the press of antecedent matter, and not through any want of respect for the author, nor through any disposition to slight and undervalue his productions. "Achmet or Castle Building," shall be published the earliest opportunity. Our musical correspondent, "Victor," is informed that we have no recollection of receiving any communication of the kind he describes. It would have been very acceptable. Ciober is informed that Miss Tree returns to the Park some time in May. Madame Caradori Allen is to succeed her. To Ariel we would say, that his story of "Count Fitzfuzz" is a little too personal for our columns. X. is assured that we do not charge ourselves with the task of returning manuscripts that are inadmissible. The contents of this number of the Mirror are original.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1839.

Washington's birth-night.—Next Friday being the anniversary of the birth of Washington, a day ever memorable in our annals, will be celebrated with the usual military parades and other demonstrations of gratitude and respect. In the evening the third regiment of artillery, under the command of Colonel Hall, will give a grand ball at Niblo's Saloon. The fetes of this well-disciplined and gallant band of citizen soldiers, whose martial bearing and publick spirit are conspicuous, are always in good taste, and among the most delightful *reunions* of the season. There will doubtless be present many distinguished guests, both civil and military, and an array of beauty, fashion and chivalry, worthy of the occasion. The lights, the decorations, the banners, the transparencies, and all the various implements of "glorious war"—interwoven with the emblems of peace, the glittering uniforms of the soldiery, and the nodding plumes, flashing gems and sparkling eyes of the ladies, give the saloon the appearance of a fairy encampment. There is one novelty that we must not omit to mention. In the long covered gravelled walk of the garden, the banquet is spread, the walls lined with mirrors and decorated with mimick groves of orange and lemon trees, and filled with flowering shrubbery. The perfume of these rare exotucks, the bright decorations and the appropriate musick of the bands, not to speak of the sparkling glances, and melodious tones of beauty, give to the scene a witchery, such as is rarely experienced by the plodding sons of humanity in this working day world.

The St. George's Society and Mr. Sully.—An esteemed correspondent writes us, that our remarks, the other day, in relation to the St. George's Society, of Philadelphia and Mr. Sully, were apparently written under a misapprehension of the case. The society, we are informed, is a charitable institution, that not only disburses largely to the distressed of their countrymen, but otherwise, in the way of advice, renders assistance to all Europeans who are cast among us. It was, as we now understand, for a *charitable purpose* that the proceeds of the exhibition of Mr. Sully's "Victoria" were to be applied. We do not see that this fact affects the question of Mr. Sully's right to take a copy of his picture and exhibit it for his own benefit. Unless the original contract especially provided against this contingency, we think that he retains the privilege of exhibiting as many copies as he pleases. Undoubtedly the society have the same right. However, we are gratified to learn that "the affair is in a fair way of being settled to the honour and credit of both parties." Upon a reconsideration of the case, we do not think that the society are to be blamed for contesting the point as they have, when they have done so "for charity's sake"—neither can we find fault with Mr Sully for guarding his own interest, and seeking, from the exhibition of his painting, that remuneration for his labours, which he certainly has not received from the society.

The Claqueur system.—A writer in a late number of Bentley's Miscellany, makes a singular exposure of a system practised generally among the managers of the Parisian theatres, by which dramatick pieces are supported and forced upon the publick by the plaudits of persons hired expressly for the purpose. This practice is known by the name of the *claqueur system.* The Parisian claqueurs are a body as regularly organized as the police. They are under the control of a director-general, who has an office called the "*Bureau de la claque,*" the business of which is carried on by an establishment consisting of a deputy-director and a clerk. The managers of the theatres have treaties of alliance with the potentate of the *claque;* and hardly an author dares to bring forward a new piece, nor does an actor venture to hazard a debut, without purchasing his assistance. If the dramatist or the performer is so ill advised as to trust to his own merit and the unbiassed judgment of the publick, he is sure to rue his indiscretion, for he never fails to find himself exposed to a hostility so inveterate, that hardly any degree of merit is able to resist its influence. The tribute exacted by the "*directeur-general de la claque,*" is something like the *black mail* demanded of old by a freebooting Highland chieftain from his Lowland neighbours. If they paid it, he not only respected their property himself, but protected it from the depredations of others; but any resistance to the exaction was sure to be followed by some notable disaster. In a recent trial, produced by a dispute between a director of the *claque* and a manager, one of the witnesses made some amusing disclosures. The *claque,* he said, like other arts, had had its infancy. In its earlier period, applause was all that was required from a claqueur. In those days, large and sonorous hands were all that was wanted; but the publick are not now to be taken in with clapping—they know too well where it comes from. We must now, therefore, have people who can not only clap their hands, but who can laugh, sob and weep in the proper places, and whose gaiety and sensibility can excite the sympathetick feelings of the audience. They require to be carefully formed for the profession by education and discipline; and the claqueurs have rehearsals as well as the actors. Notwithstanding the system is well understood, the claqueurs in the Parisian theatres are as industrious, as noisy, and as insufferable as ever. Opposite parties of them sometimes come into collision, and a row is not unfrequently the consequence. Such was the case not long since at the Grand opera, where the partisans of Taglioni and Fanny Essler had a pitched battle in the pit. It is to be hoped that the abuses of the system will in time induce publick opinion in Paris to put it down.

Progress of Duelling.—It is mentioned as a fact worthy of notice, that duels have not been so numerous of late years as formerly, and have more frequently terminated without bloodshed. The combatants now meet under the influence of a cooler temperament; they do not fight *à l'outrance;* second shots are rarely discharged; the practice is merely conformed to, with a view of preserving their stations in society, to whose inexorable and absurd laws their intemperate language or conduct has rendered them amenable. Explanations and retractions are also now more willingly given and eagerly accepted. It is no longer a mark of cowardice for a gentleman to explain his intention when misconceived, or acknowledge his error when wrong. The reputation of a duellist daily more and more approximates in publick opinion, to the character of a bully. Moral courage is fast supplanting physical courage, as the characteristick of true bravery. Why, then, it is asked, should the practice be continued? The substance has long since gone; why follow the shadow? Why not by one short struggle get rid of a custom which has now no defenders on principle? Why longer tolerate a system which, "by separating the man of honour from the man of virtue, gives the greatest profligates something to value themselves upon, and enables them to keep themselves in countenance, though guilty of the most shameful and dangerous vices?"

Every one to his taste.—A petition was lately presented to the Legislature of Massachusetts, from Miss Aroline Augusta Chase and seven hundred and eighty five other females of the town of Lynn, praying that "all laws may be forthwith repealed which make a distinction between the citizens of this state on account of difference of colour." On the heels of this very significant petition came one from Samuel Curtis and one hundred and ninety-two others, praying the legislature, as soon as convenient, to pass an act, "granting a full and free privilege to the said Aroline Augusta Chase and the seven hundred and eighty-five other females to marry, intermarry or associate with any negro, Indian, Hottentot, or any other being in human shape at their will and pleasure, provided they do not in any way transgress the law over and above the petition."

A mysterious person.—Mrs. Jameson, in her recent pleasant and gossiping book, recalls to our recollection a story in the Baron de Grimm's memoirs, which shows to what a ridiculous extent human credulity will sometimes go. The anecdote is that of a French adventurer, who was received into the first circles of Paris as a supernatural being. He was said to possess the elixir of life, and the wandering Jew was apparently a youth to him in point of longevity. In the house of the Maréchal de Mirepoix he once sat down to the harpsichord, and played a piece of musick of sublime and surpassing beauty. All inquired whether it was his own composition or where it was to be found. To which he replied, with a pensive air—"The last time I heard it was when Alexander the Great entered Babylon."

Pulaski Monument.—The committee appointed some time since to procure plans for a monument commemorative of those who perished by the ill-fated Pulaski, have unanimously adopted the plan furnished by John Frazee, the well-known sculptor of this city. The design of the monument in its prominent features is original, its entire height about thirty feet, the height of the female figure in a sitting posture, measuring six feet. The whole is to be of white marble, except the steps, which will be of granite—the cost delivered on board a vessel in this port, to be ten thousand dollars.

A new source of amusement.—One of the captive "patriots" in the citadel at Quebec, in a letter to his father in Michigan, says with much *naiveté:*—"The officers of the garrison are very kind to us, and furnish us with books and papers, which enable us to spend much of our time in reading; sometimes we sing, at others we tell stories, whistle, fife and dance; and, when all other *sources of amusement* fail, rather than be idle, Sutherland will *commence a quarrel,* and that completely fills up our time."

More packets.—A new line of packets between Liverpool and New-York, is advertised in the English papers to start the first, eighth, sixteenth, and twenty-fourth of each month. The names of the American ships are the Chesapeake, Texas, Van Buren, and Jackson; those of the British are the Nelson, Roman, Union, and North Star. These ships are from seven hundred and sixty to one thousand and twenty tons each. The Chesapeake was to sail on the first of January.

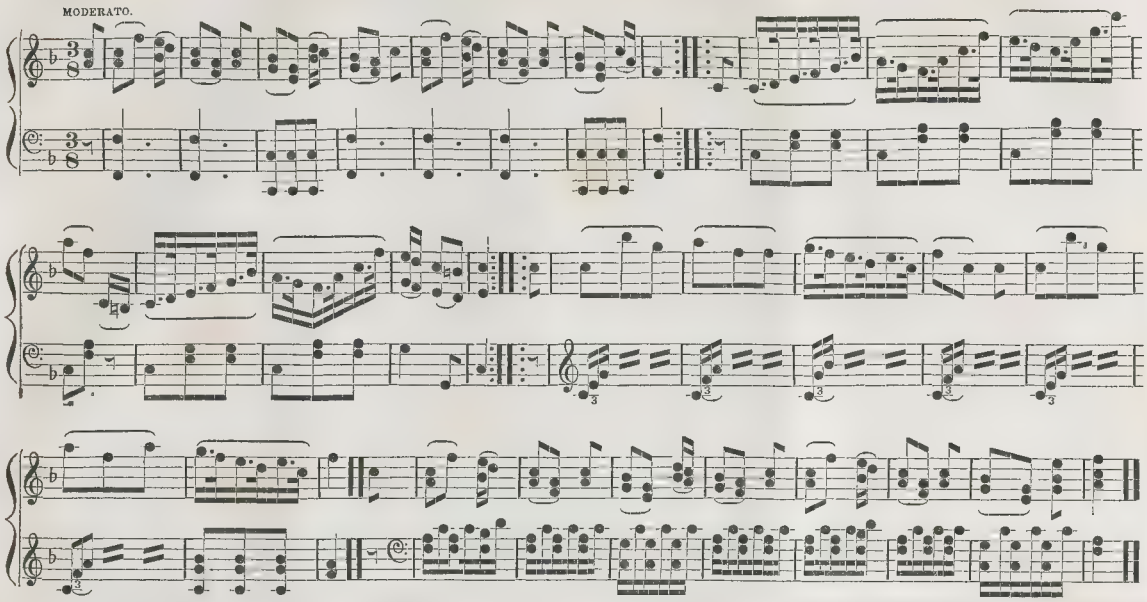
A paradox.—It was a saying of Coleridge, that the perfection of a woman's character was to be *characterless.* Every man, he says, would like to have an Ophelia or a Desdemona for his wife.

A good reason.—A western paper says, that one of the Canadian insurgents has been pardoned, because he could not be convicted. We should think this a very sufficient reason.

Shadows.—The last monstrosity perpetrated by the penny papers, is a story of a man in Vermont, so fat, that a child was recently killed by his shadow falling upon him.

THE AMERICAN WALTZ.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.



NEW MUSICK.

"LOVE, HONOUR AND OBEY!"

THE WORDS BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Munck by Charles E. Horn.

I.

When Love in myrtle shades reposed—
His bow and darts behind him slung—
As dewy twilight round him closed,
Lisette these numbers sung:
"Oh, Love! thy sylvan bower
"I'll fly, while I've the power;
"Thy primrose way leads maids where they
"Love, honour and obey!"

II.

"Escape," the boy-god said, "is vain!"
And shook the diamonds from his wings:
"I'll bind thee captive in my train,
"Fairest of earthly things!"
"Go, lovely archer, go!
"I freedom's value know:
"Then hence away, to none I'll say
"Love, honour and obey!"

III.

"Speed, arrow, to thy mark!" he cried—
Swift as a ray of light it flew!—
Love spread his purple pinions wide,
And faded from her view!
Joy filled that maiden's eyes—
Twin load-stars from the skies!—
And one bright day, her lips did say
"Love, honour and obey!"

LITERARY NOTICES.

"*Elements of Guitar-Playing, by James Ballard. Published by Geib and Walker, Maiden-Lane.*"—This is a work which has for some time been much needed by the guitarists of our country where no elementary book has heretofore been published, which, by combining theoretical with practical instruction, would enable those who study it, to master the guitar-musick of modern composers. In England, indeed, a translation of Sor's large work is to be had; but it is miserably executed. The guitar is now becoming every day a greater favourite as its capabilities are better known, especially among the ladies, who esteem it for the elegance of its form and the facilities it affords for accompanying the voice in singing. For this purpose, the work of Mr. Ballard is particularly useful; he having laid down a system of fingering for all the chords, with tables for cadences in every key, and arpeggios in every kind of time which are calculated to give a deeper insight into the nature of guitar musick than any system with which we are acquainted, and which cannot but exceedingly facilitate the making of accompaniments even to those who do not wish to enter deeply into the mysteries of the science of harmony. This is a matter of no slight importance; for we are well convinced that many who want neither inclination nor ability to learn to accompany themselves, are deterred from making the attempt, by a consideration of the time and expense demanded for the study of the pianoforte. We are glad to see the guitar become better appreciated; for we look upon the instrument as one of the best means for diffusing through the whole mass of our variously constituted population the softening and elevating influences of musick. The beauty and accuracy with which this work is printed, must also prove a powerful recommendation in its favour.

"*Wales, and other Poems. By Maria James. With an introduction, by A. Potter, D. D.*—We are informed by the editor of these poems, that Maria James is a young woman at service in the family of Mrs. Garretson, of Rhinebeck, sister of the late Chancellor Livingston. The introductory remarks of Mr. Potter are judicious and to the purpose. He says—"The taste for books and original composition which Maria James early manifested, has not been repressed; nor, on the other hand, has it been encouraged at the expense of duties, which, however humble, are still duties. Happily for herself, she early made the discovery, that the highest dignity of a rational mind is to be found in coupling the cultivation of its own powers with the diligent discharge of duty; and I need not say that, to those who have made this discovery, the fame of successful authorship is but a secondary object." With such excellent advisers as Mr. Potter, we cannot fear that the publication of this little volume will excite any anticipations in the author which are doomed to be disappointed. Her verses give evidence that she possesses one of the most essential attributes of the poetick character—a keen sensibility to the beauties and harmonies of nature, combined with reverential feelings and aspirations. Her versification, with the exception of her attempt at blank verse, betokens a good ear for rhythm, and a taste for poetical expression. These qualities go far to the composition of a poet, but they must be united with something of a higher and diviner order. The *creative faculty* must be present, to breathe the breath of life into the moulded statue. There is no more frequent and dangerous errour among young writers and would-be authors, than that which leads them to mistake the *imitative* for the true poetical, the *creative* faculty. How many youthful prodigies and "uneducated poets" have been led by a fatal facility of imitation, and an unfortunate knack at tagging rhymes, into the delusion that they were poets—creators! Alas! how many a precocious genius, who, in the belief of his too partial parents and friends, was to turn out a Shakspeare or a Milton, has gone down to oblivion with the undistinguishable mass, unhonoured and unremembered! These remarks are, perhaps, not altogether pertinent to the case in point, for neither Maria James, nor the editor of her works, pretends that there is any evidence of genius in these agreeable little poems. They, perhaps, give evidence of what is far better, a grateful heart, a cultivated and contented mind, rich in the consolations of religion and in its own quiet thoughts and "thick-coming fancies."

"*An Address delivered before the Northern Lyceum of the city and county of Philadelphia, by Morton McMichael, Esq.*"—We have read with much interest this eloquent and appropriate address, and find that the high encomiums elicited by its delivery, are more than justified by the deliberate criticism of the closet. The prolifick subject chosen by Mr. McMichael is that of popular education, and he has treated it in a manner at once philosophical and practical. His diction combines energy with grace, and his views are evidently the result of his own reflection, and not shadowed forth from the minds of others, or gleaned from books and reviews. We have marked many passages in this excellent address for quotation, but we hope that, in the meantime, our readers will possess themselves of the whole. It should be extensively circulated and read.

THE DRAMA.

The Park.—Hamblin has a *long* engagement at this theatre, and will produce in rapid succession the pieces which drew so largely at the Bowery during its palmy days. We doubt not the engagement will be a profitable one to Simpson.

National.—Burton, the inimitable Burton, concluded his too brief engagement at this theatre, on Saturday last. No actor ever visited this city who made a more decidedly favourable impression upon his audience. He kept everybody in good humour, and there was scarcely a serious-looking visage—until he left us. The truth is, Burton is an extraordinary man—besides being one of the very first of living comedians, he is a scholar and a man of letters, to say nothing of his other good qualities, which have won him the respect and esteem of all who have the pleasure of his personal acquaintance. He left this city with the kindest wishes for his prosperity; and we have heard earnest hopes expressed for his speedy return. Let him come when he will to New-York, he will be welcome. Miss Shirreff, Wilson and Seguin are still at the National, doing all in their power to delight a publick that has done so much for them. Mrs. Bailey's engagement at this house has given universal satisfaction. She is a charming vocalist, and a light and graceful actress. Opera is more popular in this city than any other species of theatrical entertainment. *Viva la musica!*

Bowery.—Arrangements for reconstructing the Bowery have been made, and the work is already commenced. The structure, it is believed, will be complete some time in May. We learn that several new pieces are in preparation for Hamblin, which promise to prove equally attractive with those which have brought such large sums heretofore to the treasury of this theatre.

The failure of mr. and mrs. matthews.—The London papers are full of speculations as to the causes of the failure of Mr. and Mrs. Matthews. The journalists generally acquiesce in assigning as the principal cause, "the puritanical displeasure of individuals at the lady's alleged cosmopolitan and anti-platonick habits." If such were the cause, and we believe it was, we consider it honourable to our community. If it be puritanism to manifest displeasure at notorious outrages upon the moral decencies of society, we hope that puritanism will continue to be a characteristick of our people.

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ORIGINAL TALES.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

BY JOHN NEAL.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

The Gloves.

It was even so! There lay the fellow to the very glove I had picked up! I began to feel vexed with myself, and half ashamed of the little romp. If accident, or carelessness, how came it there? lying, not in the narrow path where it might have been dropped, but in the very middle of the highway, as if it had been flung there, and left as a challenge where it could not be overlooked. Was it a lure? "Had a glove been dropped for want of a handkerchief? Pooh!" said I, and was just on the point of stepping to the edge of the road and throwing them both into the bushes together, when he caught my arm. "Stop! stop!" said he, "what are you doing?"

"Why, to tell you the truth," I replied, speaking with great deliberation, for I meant to be impressive—"to tell you the truth, sir, I am not at altogether satisfied with the behaviour of our young friend there, at the top of the hill."

"Ah, ha! yes, I perceive, now—ha, ha, ha! but you may make yourself easy. The gloves do not belong to her."

"No! to whom, then?"

"Can't say; but they don't belong to her."

"But how do you know?"

"How do I know! Man alive! where are your eyes? Don't you see that this glove must belong to a woman of a different shape—a different complexion—ay, and of a very different character."

Was the man mad! "Pray, sir," said I, "are you serious?"

"Serious! to be sure I am. Can't you see for yourself? Look at the colour of that glove—so faint and pure and flower-like—tinted like the inner blossom of the purple orchis—the woman that ventured to wear that glove must have been very fair, *very*; see how the fingers are filled out, even to the very tips! how plump and smooth every part of it is! not a wrinkle in it!—just large enough, you see, by coaxing, and not the millionth part of an inch too large! And stay! look here—here's a little rent, you see, but just observe how it is drawn together and strengthened! Not only is the silk of the same colour, but as I live! there is a little patch of kid underneath of precisely the same tint."

"And what do you infer from all that?" said I.

"What do I infer! why just what any person with two eyes in his head, and a little of the plainest common sense, couldn't help inferring: that she is a woman of great steadiness and sweetness of temper—patient, persevering and sensitive; so unchangeable as to wear gloves of precisely the same tint—a good manager, too, or she wouldn't have taken the trouble you see there, in matching that gore so perfectly both in colour and shape; and then, just look at the stitches! Did you ever see anything so beautiful!—*did* you ever!"

"Oh, but the man is a tailor!" said I, in a whisper, to the collegian, who had contrived to overtake us, while the odd creature was holding forth about the glove. "Strange it never occurred to us before."

"And of what age might the lady be? and what the colour of her eyes and hair?" said the collegian, with a twist of the mouth which I understood.

"Some five years older than Miss Julia, I should say; old enough, not to be taken by surprise in the shape of a bonnet or a lover; and young enough you see to have a passion for delicate flowers, and to enjoy the touch of the softest kid; nay, more, old enough not to be a romp herself, and young enough to enjoy the romping of others. Light hair she must have, and a plenty of it—probably of a rich brown; clear blue eyes, or hazel, I am not certain which, with great sweetness of expression."

"But why so?—how do you arrive at such a conclusion?" said I, just in time to relieve my young friend, who managed to smother a laugh, by cramming a pocket-handkerchief into his mouth, and coughing obstreperously.

"Why, from the shape of the hand to be sure—its delicate fullness and plumpness; from her exquisite eye for colour—from the constancy she betrays by wearing precisely the same colour—from her foresight, if she buys more than one pair at a time—for let me tell you, gentlemen, this glove is not mended with a patch snipped out of the wrist, either of itself or its fellow, as you might have supposed—I have satisfied myself on that point. And," he continued, with a triumphant smile, "*and*, from the patient persevering assiduity she must have betrayed in matching this glove so perfectly, as if she had no other pair to go to; and to say all in a word, from the exquisite finish of her needlework, all these things are enough to show what I have inferred—perfect health—a fine shape, and the greatest possible delicacy of physical organization."

"A gentlewoman, I hope?" said I, hardly able to keep my countenance.

"*Undoubtedly.* Such frugal, unostentatious neatness and finish are never found in others. In a word, gentlemen, if either of you is in want of a wife, that's the woman for you, take my word for it, if you should be happy enough to find her."

"Why not make after her yourself?" asked the collegian.

"What! and pass two or three of the best years of my life running round the country with a glove in my fingers, like the prince in the fairy tale, with the little glass slipper, instead of hunting butterflies and cockchafers, at the risk, too, of seeing it split open, or stretched out of all shape. Hoity toity! Miss Julia! are you there?" and laughing at me, I suppose—"out of all shape, I say, by every little romp."

"And pray, sir," said Miss Julia, starting up from behind a large rock-heap, near which we had been resting ourselves, and waiting for the stage, "pray, sir, why shouldn't I laugh, to see what a fool you are making of cousin George, there, to say nothing of that other gentleman"—with a courtesy.

"Never mind me, Miss Julia, never mind me," said I, with dignity; "I have no sort of objection to being made a fool of when I have an object in view."

"Nor I, either," said Miss Julia.

"And therefore," I continued—bowing—*therefore*, one question more if you please. How do you explain the loss of two gloves, and not in the same place nor near it? If they had been found together, now, it might be accounted for; but to tell you the truth, whatever I might be disposed to think of the lady, after your account of her, I must acknowledge a sort of misgiving on that score, if that could be cleared up now."

"My friend, I see you are in earnest. I cannot clear it up—I cannot explain it. But this I can say, and this I do say, if you are ever so lucky as to meet with the owner of that glove, she will give you a good reason for the circumstance, I'll engage, one that will satisfy you, I will risk my life on it; and you may tell her so."

"Then, I hope you may find her, and that very soon," said Miss Julia, "if it's only that I may have the pleasure of hearing you tell her what Mr. Weare thinks of her—Mr. Ichabod Weare, junior, I believe:" whereupon she dropped another low courtesy, and Mr. Ichabod Weare, junior, took off his hat with a flourish, and in so doing covered her feet with wild-flowers, which wild-flowers he lost no time in gathering up again, so eagerly, that he had well nigh gathered up her feet with them.

"But how do you know that either of us would be likely to suit the lady in question, should we be so happy as to find her," added the collegian, with a side look at Miss Julia, who returned it with a pouting of the under lip.

"As to that, I should not like to say positively; yet, if I were you, the trial should be made. Faint heart never won fair lady. That you would like *her*—that you *do* like her now, I am sure."

Julia stared at her cousin, and blushed all over—her cousin looked puzzled; and I opened my mouth, I suppose, and stood with it open; for the next thing I saw, Miss Julia was pointing at me, and laughing through her pocket-handkerchief.

"I do wish the children would walk faster," said she, as soon as she could speak, "and the stage, too. Where on earth can it be? I saw the horses' heads in that hollow, there, a good half hour ago."

"Perhaps," continued the collegian, dusting himself with an embroidered handkerchief, the perfume of which completely overpowered the professor, as he called him—"perhaps you have adopted Rousseau's theory about love being founded, not on resemblances, but on differences!"

"Rousseau's!"

"Ay, ay; Rousseau or D'Alembert, I forget which."

"St Pierre, you mean—Bernardin St. Pierre."

"Precisely, though I have a notion that Chateaubriand or D'Alembert has quoted the theory with approbation. The passage occurs, I believe, in Paul and Virginia of St. Pierre."

"No, excuse me; in the Studies of Nature. You allude to the experiment he made, in describing the object of a woman's passionate love to her, so that she was provoked to leave the room, covered with tears and blushes, though St. Pierre had never seen her lover and merely described him, as her opposite in every particular, complexion, eyes, hair, temper and shape."

"Precisely!" said the collegian, rapping his boots with considerable energy, and looking as I thought, rather sheepish.

"And are you a believer in such nonsense, I should like to know, Mr. Weare?" said Julia.

"Such nonsense, my dear child!"—how she coloured!—"such nonsense, let me tell you, is founded upon the established laws of nature. Love *is* the growth, not of likes and resemblances, but of fixed differences of unchangeable opposites And so with all our attachments. Why do the tall seek the short, and the short the tall? the choleric and overbearing those of a different temper? and the gentle and trusting those who are neither? with all attachments, I say, for even friendship and companionships are unsafe, where the parties are much alike—ah! there comes the stage!"

"The children cannot be far off," added Julia, "for which I am thankful enough; I hear their voices from that clump of bushes, yonder."

The next moment they appeared, the father puffing and blowing with his hat off, and waistcoat all unbuttoned; the children with eager eyes and flushed faces, and a fist full of flowers, and the mother out of all patience with the *plaguy* stage and the *nasty* driver.

SKETCHES OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THE GRAY CHAMPION.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

There was once a time, when New-England groaned under the actual pressure of heavier wrongs, than those threatened ones which brought on the Revolution. James II. the bigoted successor of Charles the Voluptuous, had annulled the charters of all the colonies, and sent a harsh and unprincipled soldier to take away our liberties and endanger our religion. The administration of Sir Edmund Andros lacked scarcely a single characteristick of tyranny: a governour and council, holding office from the king, and wholly independent of the country; laws made and taxes levied without concurrence of the people, immediate or by their representatives; the rights of private citizens violated, and the titles of all landed property declared void; the voice of complaint stifled by restrictions on the press; and, finally, disaffection overawed by the first band of mercenary troops that ever marched on our free soil. For two years, our ancestors were kept in sullen submission, by that filial love which had invariably secured their allegiance to the mother country, whether its head chanced to be a parliament, protector, or popish monarch. Till these evil times, however, such allegiance had been merely nominal, and the colonies had ruled themselves, enjoying far more freedom, than is even yet the privilege of the native subjects of Great Britain.

At length, a rumour reached our shores, that the Prince of Orange had ventured on an enterprise, the success of which would be the triumph of civil and religious rights and the salvation of New-England. It was but a doubtful whisper; it might be false, or the attempt might fail; and, in either case, the man, that stirred against King James, would lose his head. Still the intelligence produced a marked effect. The people smiled mysteriously in the streets, and threw bold glances at their oppressors; while, far and wide, there was a subdued and silent agitation, as if the slightest signal would rouse the whole land from its sluggish despondency. Aware of their danger, the rulers resolved to avert it by an imposing display of strength, and perhaps to confirm their despotism by yet harsher measures. One afternoon in April, 1689, Sir Edward Andros and his favourite councillors, being warm with wine, assembled the red-coats of the governour's-guard, and made their appearance in the streets of Boston. The sun was near setting when the march commenced.

The roll of the drum, at that unquiet crisis, seemed to go through the streets, less as the martial musick of the soldiers, than as a muster call to the inhabitants themselves. A multitude, by various avenues, assembled in King-street, which was destined to be the scene, nearly a century afterwards, of another encounter between the troops of Britain, and a people struggling against her tyranny. Though more than sixty years had elapsed, since the pilgrims came, this crowd of their descendants still showed the strong and sombre features of their characters, perhaps more strikingly in such a stern emergency than on happier occasions. There was the sober garb, the general severity of mien, the gloomy but undismayed expression, the scriptural forms of speech, and the confidence in Heaven's blessing on a righteous cause, which would have marked a band of the original puritans, when threatened by some peril of the wilderness. Indeed, it was not yet time for the old spirit to be extinct; since there were men in the street, that day, who had worshipped there beneath the trees, before a house was reared to the God, for whom they had become exiles Old soldiers of the parliament were here too, smiling grimly at the thought, that their aged arms might strike another blow against the house of Stuart. Here also, were the veterans of King Philip's war, who had burnt villages and slaughtered young and old, with pious fierceness, while the godly souls throughout the land were helping them with prayer. Several ministers were scattered among the crowd, which, unlike all other mobs, regarded them with such reverence, as if there were sanctuy in their very garments. These holy men exerted their influence to quiet the people, but not to disperse them. Meantime, the purpose of the governour, in disturbing the peace of the town, at a period when the slightest commotion might throw the country into a ferment, was almost the universal subject of inquiry, and variously explained.

"Satan will strike his master-stroke presently," cried some, "because he knoweth that his time is short. All our godly pastors are to be dragged to prison! We shall see them at a Smithfield fire in King-street!"

Hereupon, the people of each parish gathered closer round their minister, who looked calmly upwards and assumed a more apostolick dignity, as well befitted a candidate for the highest honour of his profession, the crown of martyrdom. It was actually fancied, at that period, that New-England might have a John Rogers of her own, to take the place of that worthy in the primer.

"The Pope of Rome has given orders for a new St. Bartholomew?" cried others. "We are to be massacred, man and male child!"

Neither was this rumour wholly discredited, although the wiser class believed the governour's object somewhat less atrocious. His predecessor under the old charter, Bradstreet, a venerable companion of the first settlers, was known to be in town. There were grounds for conjecturing, that Sir Edmund Andros intended, at once, to strike terrour, by a parade of military force, and to confound the opposite faction, by possessing himself of their chief.

"Stand firm for the old charter governour!" shouted the crowd, seizing upon the idea. "The good old governour Bradstreet!"

While this cry was at the loudest, the people were surprised by the well-known figure of Governour Bradstreet himself, a patriarch of nearly ninety, who appeared on the elevated steps of a door, and, with characteristick mildness, besought them to submit to the constituted authorities.

"My children," concluded this venerable person, "do nothing rashly. Cry not aloud, but pray for the welfare of New-England, and expect patiently what the Lord will do in this matter!"

The event was soon to be decided. All this time, the roll of the drum had been approaching through Cornhill, louder and deeper, till, with reverberations from house to house, and the regular tramp of martial footsteps, it burst into the street. A double rank of soldiers made their appearance, occupying the whole breadth of the passage, with shouldered matchlocks, and matches burning, so as to present a row of fires in the dusk. Their steady march was like the progress of a machine, that would roll irresistably over every thing in its way. Next, moving slowly, with a confused clatter of hoofs on the pavement, rode a party of mounted gentlemen, the central figure being Sir Edmund Andros, elderly, but erect and soldier-like. Those around him were his favourite councillors, and the bitterest foes of New-England. At his right hand rode Edward Randolph, our arch enemy, that "blasted wretch," as Cotton Mather calls him, who achieved the downfall of our ancient government, and was followed with a sensible curse, through life and to his grave. On the other side was Bullivant, scattering jests and mockery as he rode along. Dudley came behind, with a downcast look, dreading, as well he might, to meet the indignant gaze of the people, who beheld him, their only countryman by birth, among the oppressors of his native land. The captain of a frigate in the harbour, and two or three civil officers under the crown, were also there. But the figure which most attracted the publick eye, and stirred up the deepest feeling, was the Episcopal clergyman of King's Chapel, riding haughtily among the magistrates in his priestly vestments, the fitting representative of prelacy and persecution, the union of church and state, and all those abominations which had driven the puritans to the wilderness. Another guard of soldiers, in double rank, brought up the rear.

The whole scene was a picture of the condition of New-England, and its moral, the deformity of any government that does not grow out of the nature of things and the character of the people. On one side the religious multitude, with their sad visages and dark attire, and on the other, the group of despotick rulers, with the high churchmen in the midst, and here and there a crucifix at their bosoms, all magnificently clad, flushed with wine, proud of unjust authority, and scoffing at the universal groan. And the mercenary soldiers, waiting but the word to deluge the street with blood, showed the only means by which obedience could be secured.

"Oh! Lord of Hosts," cried a voice among the crowd, "provide a champion for thy people!"

This ejaculation was loudly uttered, and served as a herald's cry, to introduce a remarkable personage. The crowd had rolled back, and were now huddled together nearly at the extremity of the street, while the soldiers had advanced no more than a third of its length The intervening space was empty—a paved solitude, between lofty edifices, which threw almost a twilight shadow over it. Suddenly, there was seen the figure of an ancient man, who seemed to have emerged from among the people, and was walking by himself along the centre of the street, to confront the armed band. He wore the old puritan dress, a dark cloak and a steeple-crowned hat, in the fashion of at least fifty years before, with a heavy sword upon his thigh, but a staff in his hand, to assist the tremulous gait of age.

When at some distance from the multitude, the old man turned slowly round, displaying a face of antique majesty, rendered doubly venerable by the hoary beard that descended on his breast. He made a gesture at once of encouragement and warning, then turned again, and resumed his way.

"Who is this gray patriarch?" asked the young men of their sires

"Who is this venerable brother?" asked the old men among themselves

But none could make reply. The fathers of the people, those of four score years and upwards, were disturbed, deeming it strange that they should forget one of such evident authority, whom they must have known in their early days, the associate of Winthrop and all the old councillors, giving laws, and making prayers, and leading them against the savage. The elderly men sought to have remembered him, too, with locks as gray in their youth, as their own were now. And the young! How could he have passed so utterly from their memories—that hoary sire, the relick of long departed times, whose awful benediction had surely been bestowed on their uncovered heads, in childhood?

"Whence did he come? What was his purpose? Who can this old man be?" whispered the wondering crowd.

Meanwhile, the venerable stranger, staff in hand, was pursuing his solitary walk along the centre of the street. As he drew near the advancing soldiers, and as the roll of their drum came full upon his ear, the old man raised himself to a loftier mien, while the decrepitude of age seemed to fall from his shoulders, leaving him in gray, but unbroken dignity. Now, he marched onward with a warrior's step, keeping time to the military musick. Thus the aged form advanced on one side, and the whole parade of soldiers and magistrates on the other, till, when scarcely twenty yards remained between, the old man grasped his staff by the middle, and held it before him like a leader's truncheon.

"Stand!" cried he

The eye, the face, and attitude of command; the solemn, yet warlike peal of that voice, fit either to rule a host in the battle-field or be raised to God in prayer, were irresistible. At the old man's word and outstretched arm, the roll of the drum was hushed at once, and the advancing line stood still. A tremulous enthusiasm seized upon the multitude. That stately form, combining the leader and the saint, so gray, so dimly seen, in such an ancient garb, could only belong to some old champion of the righteous cause, whom the oppressor's drum had summoned from his grave. They raised a shout of awe and exultation, and looked for the deliverance of New-England.

The governour, and the gentlemen of his party, perceiving themselves brought to an unexpected stand, rode hastily forward, as if they would have pressed their snorting and affrighted horses right against the hoary apparition. He, however, blenched not a step, but glancing his severe eye round the group, which half encompassed him, at last bent it sternly on Sir Edmund Andros One would have thought that the dark old man was chief ruler there, and that the governour and council, with soldiers at their back, representing the whole power and authority of the crown, had no alternative but obedience.

"What does this old fellow here?" cried Edward Randolph, fiercely. "On, Sir Edmund! Bid the soldiers forward, and give the dotard the same choice that you give all his countrymen—to stand aside or be trampled on!"

"Nay, away, let us show respect to the good grandsire," said Bullivant, laughing. "See you not, he is some old round-headed dignitary, who hath lain asleep these thirty years, and knows nothing of the change of the times? Doubtless, he thinks to put us down with a proclamation in Old Noll's name.

"Are you mad, old man!" demanded Sir Edmund Andros, in loud and harsh tones "How dare you stay the march of King James's governour?"

"I have staid the march of a king himself, ere now," replied the gray figure, with stern composure. "I am here, Sir Governour, because the cry of an oppressed people hath disturbed me in my secret place: and beseeching this favour earnestly of the Lord, it was vouchsafed me to appear once again on earth, in the good old cause of his saints. And what speak ye of James? There is no longer a popish tyrant on the throne of England, and by to-morrow noon, his name shall be a by-word in this very street, where ye would make it a word of terrour. Back, thou that was governour, back! With this night, thy power is ended—to-morrow, the prison!—back, lest I foretell the scaffold!"

The people had been drawing nearer and nearer, and drinking in the words of their champion, who spoke in accents long disused, like one unaccustomed to converse, except with the dead of many years ago. But his voice stirred their souls. They confronted the soldiers, not wholly without arms, and ready to convert the very stones of the street into deadly weapons. Sir Edmund Andros looked at the old man; then he cast his hard and cruel eye over the multitude, and beheld them burning with that lurid wrath, so difficult to kindle or to quench; and again he fixed his gaze on the aged form, which stood obscurely in an open space, where neither friend nor foe had thrust himself What were his thoughts, he uttered no word which might discover. But whether the oppressor were overawed by the Gray Champion's look, or perceived his peril in the threatening attitude of the people, it is certain that he gave back, and ordered his soldiers to commence a slow and guarded retreat. Before another sunset, the governour, and all that rode so proudly with him, were prisoners, and long ere it was known that James had abdicated, King William was proclaimed throughout New-England.

But where was the Gray Champion? Some reported, that when the troops had gone from King-street, and the people were thronging tumultuously in their rear, Bradstreet, the aged governour, was seen to embrace a form more aged than his own. Others soberly affirmed, that while they marvelled at the venerable grandeur of his aspect, the old man had faded from their eyes, melting slowly into the hues of twilight, till, where he stood, there was an empty space. But all agreed, that the hoary shape was gone. The men of that generation watched for his re-appearance, in sunshine and in twilight, but never saw him more, nor knew when his funeral passed, nor where his grave-stone was.

And who was the Gray Champion? Perhaps his name might be found in the records of that stern Court of Justice, which passed a sentence, too mighty for the age, but glorious in all after times, for its humbling lesson to the monarch and its high example to the subject I have heard, that, whenever the descendants of the puritans are to show the spirit of their sires, the old man appears again. When eighty years had passed, he walked once more in King-street. Five years later, in the twilight of an April morning, he stood on the green, beside the meeting-house, at Lexington, where now the obelisk of granite, with a slab of slate inlaid, commemorates the first fallen of the revolution. And when our fathers were toiling at the breast-work on Bunker's Hill, all through that night, the old warriour walked his rounds. Long, long may it be, ere he comes again! His hour is one of darkness, and adversity, and peril. But should domestick tyranny oppress us, or the invader's step pollute our soil, still may the Gray Champion come; for he is the type of New-England's hereditary spirit; and his shadowy march, on the eve of danger, must ever be the pledge, that New-England's sons will vindicate their ancestry.

GAIETIES AND GRAVITIES.

MORNING CALLS.

Mr. Drummond Craven was a young man about town, a member of all the leading clubs, and a pet poodle of the ladies to fetch and carry: and Mr. Drummond Craven could make charades, and write poetry almost as well as Satan Montgomery; and wore his hair *à la* Byron; and knew more of other persons' affairs than his own He was dunned in the morning, and *fêted* in the evening; carried himself with an air, as he walked down Bond-street; and looked as amiably interesting at balls and ball-rooms as a *rather* insignificant set of features would allow him: and Mr. Drummond Craven was about to be married, (at least, he told his creditors so;) and though he knew not who the lady was to be, it answered his purpose, deceived his duns, and saved his pockets, for the present. (What should we do without a little deception!)

It was noon when Mr. Drummond Craven ordered his tiger and tilbury, and drove quietly up Regent-street, until he arrived in that most delightful of aristocratick residences for dukes, diplomatists, and dowagers—Portland-place; and, as one of the initiated, soon found himself placed among a select coterie, in the boudoir of Lady Caroline Granam.

The arrival of Mr. Drummond Craven was hailed by the assembled circle as a relief to the flatness of the party.

"Mr. Craven," said the fair Caroline, a blue of the most inveterate tint possible, "you have arrived just in time. Colonel Martin has been writing in my album, and Mr. Howard has promised to follow his example, and Miss Bingham has drawn the sweetest of sweet Cupids: it *is* rather *embonpoint*, to be sure. *Mais n'importe!* I have determined you shall write a song, sonnet, or stanza to the little dear. Do read Colonel Martin's lines; they are *so* impassioned."

The colonel smiled, to show his white teeth, and hung his arm over the chair, to display his white hand, and tried very hard to look modest, while Mr. Drummond Craven read, with due and proper emphasis, the following touching stanzas.

FORGET-ME-NOT!

Forget-me-not! forget-me-not!
When far away from thee;
When wandering by each lonely spot,
By fount, or stream, or tree.
Forget-me-not! mine only love!
At morning, noon, or dark;
Mine own bright, pure, unsullied dove,
Think of me in Hyde Park!

Forget-me-not! forget-me-not!
This wild impassion'd theme
Perchance may be to thee a blot—
My love may seem a dream.
My hopes have perish'd one by one,
And joy my spirit lacks;
I never may forget that ball
At exquisite Almack's

"Beautiful!" said Mr. Howard, who had promised to follow the gallant colonel in his devotion to the Muses; "beautiful!" and he seemed bursting with envy. "But don't you think the last line wants a proper accent?"

"For shame!" said one and all; "you're only envious."

"Envious?" retorted the self-satisfied gentleman. "I hope I'm not envious of verses like those," he added, in an undertone.

During this little episode, Mr. Drummond Craven had taken from his pocket a tortoiseshell and gold pen; and, wreathing one hand in his hair, threw himself back in his seat, with his eyes cast up to the ceiling, as if he were endeavouring to think.

(What a pleasant thing it is to make attitudes for people to admire!)

At last his poetical soul broke out in the following verses:

DO I NOT LOVE THEE?

Do I not love thee?—Ask the midnight sigh,
Breathed in deep silence—ask these eyes, now dim.
Do I not love thee?—Ask my tailor why
I run such very heavy bills with him!
Do I not love thee?—Look upon my face,
Behold each exquisite Hyperion curl.
Do I not love thee?—Look upon my grace;
Would it not suit a marquis, duke, or earl?

Do I not love thee?—Shame upon the thought!
Each look I cast speaks love unspeakable.
Do I not love thee?—Everything I've bought
(Though perhaps unpaid for,) of my love will tell.
Why ask, then, if I love thee?—Every glance—
Thy look, thy voice, thy form, thy smile, thy tear—
Doth throw my soul in a delicious trance,
To think on thy ten thousand pounds a year!

"How lovely!" said Lady Caroline.

"How disinterested!" sneered Mr Howard.

"They *are* pretty," smiled the colonel's teeth

"Now, Mr. Howard," said Caroline, "I insist;" and she raised the prettiest of pretty small hands to him, and looked so beseechingly with those blue eyes of hers, ("enough to tempt an anchorite,") that Mr. Howard, cynick though he was, was unable to resist; and taking the pen, wrote, in an off-hand and almost business-like way, the following stanzas:

TO CUPID

Sweet is love—(with a rent-roll and cash)—
Sweet is love—(with a mansion and plenty)—
But oh! it's exceedingly rash
To wed when the pockets are empty.
Sweet is love—(*without* weddings or marriages)—
Sweet is love—(if we could but be true)—
Sweet is love—(with house, servants, and carriages)—
Sweet is love—with—no consequence who!

Oh! love is exceedingly pretty;
Oh! love is exceedingly dear;
And oh! I could almost be witty
On love—(with five thousand a year.)
Sweet is love, with my dear Wilhelmina—
The faithful, the constant, the true;
Sweet is love, with my dear Carolina;
Sweet is love—with—no consequence who!

Lady Caroline, who was the least bit in the world satirical herself, highly enjoyed the little irony of the verses—only she *did* think "they were too severe."

After a little chit-chat peculiar to morning calls, in which a very few reputations were assailed, and a very few dowagers damaged, it was proposed by Lady Caroline, and carried unanimously, that the verses should forthwith be copied, and sent to the editor of the Court Gazette, with the promise that, from time to time, he should be honoured with "Scraps from Lady Caroline's Album."

Cypress of Montezuma.—In the gardens of Chapultepec, near Mexico, the first object that strikes the eye is the magnificent cypress called the cypress of Montezuma. It had attained its full growth, when the monarch was on the throne, (1520,) so that it must be, at least, four hundred years old; yet it still retains all the vigour of youthful vegetation. The trunk is forty-one feet in circumference, yet the height is so majestick as to make this enormous mass appear slender. At Santa Maria de Tula, in Oaxaca, is a cypress ninety-five and a half feet in circumference, which yet does not show the slightest symptom of decay.

THE CONQUEROUR AND THE UPRIGHT JUDGE.

Mohammed the second being, like Iem, a very passionate monarch, severely rebuked his architect for not having built his mosque of the same height as "Aya Sofiyah;" and also for having cut down the columns, which were each worth the whole tribute of Rûm (Asia Minor.) The architect excused himself by saying that he had reduced the two columns three cubits each, in order to give his building more solidity and strength against the earthquakes so common in Islambol; and had thus made the mosque lower than Aya Sofiyah. The emperour, not satisfied with this excuse, ordered the architect's hands to be cut off; which was done accordingly On the following day the architect appeared with his family before the tribunal of the Kazi, styled "Islambol Mollusi," to lay his complaint against the emperour, and appeal to the sentence of the law. The judge immediately sent his officer to cite the emperour to appear in court.

The conquerour, on receiving this summons, said: "The command of the prophet's law must be obeyed!" and putting on his mantle and thrusting a mace into his belt, went into the court of law. After having given the Selam Aleïk, he was about to seat himself in the highest place, when the Kazi said: "Sit not down, O prince! but stand on thy feet, together with thine adversary, who has made an appeal to the law."

The architect then made his complaint: "My lord, I am a perfect master builder, and a skilful mathematician; but this man, because I made his mosque low, and cut down two of his columns, has cut off my two hands, which has ruined me, and deprived me of the means of supporting my family; it is thy part to pronounce the sentence of the noble law."

The judge, upon this, thus addressed the emperour; "What sayest thou, prince! have you caused this man's hands to be cut off innocently?"

The emperour replied: "By heaven, my lord! this man lowered my mosque; and for having reduced two columns of mine, each worth the produce of Mîsr (Egypt,) thus robbing my mosque of all renown, by making it so low, I did cut off his hands: it is for thee to pronounce the sentence of the noble law."

The Kazi answered: "Prince, renown is a misfortune! If a mosque be upon a plain, and low and open, worship in it is not thereby prevented. If each column had been a precious stone, its value would have been only that of a stone; but the hands of this man, which have enabled him for these forty years to subsist by his skilful workmanship, you have illegally cut off. He can henceforth do no more than attend to his domestick affairs. The maintenance of him and his numerous family necessarily, by law, falls upon thee. What sayest thou, prince?"

Sultan Mohammed answered, "Thou must pronounce the sentence of the law."

"This is the legal sentence," replied the Kazi: "If the architect requires the law to be strictly enforced, your hands must be cut off; for if a man do an illegal act which the noble law doth not allow, that law decrees that he shall be requited according to his deeds."

The Sultan then offered to grant him a pension from the publick treasury of the Mussulmans.

"No!" replied the Molla; "it is not lawful to take this from the publick treasury; the offence was yours: my sentence therefore is, that from your own private purse you allow this maimed man ten aktchahs a day."

"It is well," said the conquerour; "let it be twenty aktchahs a day; but let the cutting off his hands be legalized."

The architect, in the contentment of his heart, exclaimed, "Be it accounted lawful in this world and the next; and having received a patent for his pension, withdrew. Sultan Mohammed also received a certificate of his entire acquittal. The Kazi then apologized for having treated him as an ordinary suitor; pleading that the impartiality of the law requires justice to be administered to all without distinction, and entreating the emperour to seat himself on the sacred carpet.

"Effendi," said Sultan Mohammed, angrily, "if thou hadst shown favour to me, saying to thyself, "This is the Sultan," and hadst wronged the architect, I would have broken thee in pieces with this mace," at the same time drawing it out from under the skirt of his robe.

"And if thou, prince," said the Kazi, "hadst refused to obey the legal sentence pronounced by me, thou wouldst have fallen a victim to divine vengeance, for I should have delivered thee up to be destroyed by the dragon beneath this carpet." On saying which he lifted up his carpet, and an enormous dragon put forth its head, vomiting fire from its mouth. "Be still," said the Kazi; and again laid the carpet smooth: on which the Sultan kissed his noble hands, wished him good day, and returned to his palace.

THE PLUNDERED HEIRESS.

A HINT TO LADY VISITERS OF FOREIGN WATERING-PLACES.

Baden-Baden is, as all the world knows, a very popular resort for people who fancy themselves out of sorts, and think that the use of waters will restore them to health; for people who are haunted by *ennui*, and think that the spirit may be laid by the dissipation of the place; and, also, by another class of people, whose motives for a residence there are less praiseworthy—we mean knights of industry! And, certainly, if indefatigable attention to their particular calling, alone constituted a claim to our admiration, we should say that none deserved it more than the chevaliers to whom we have alluded. But a circumstance occurred at that place during the past summer which has given us infinite pain, and we are bound to add that the conduct of some of the parties concerned was of so bad a character, that it calls for the deepest reprehension of every one not lost to all sense of honourable feelings. The following are the particulars of the case:

Mr. and Mrs. ——, accompanied by their ward, Miss F——, left Paris for the baths of Baden-Baden. The young lady is heiress to a large property—will shortly be of age—is reported to be very amiable and accomphshed—and is, *we know*, remarkably beautiful. It is too notorious to be denied that ladies, whilst residing at the baths, do not hesitate to lay out their money at the tables; that is, without any circumlocution, ladies of the highest distinction frequent the publick gaming-tables, losing or winning, as the case may be, large sums of money, in the same open and undisguised manner as men. If this practice were restricted to the risk of a Napoleon occasionally, no great harm might accrue, it might be considered much in the same light as a raffle here. But it not unfrequently happens that such serious amounts are staked that moral and pecuniary ruin are alike the result. Miss F——, with others, was accustomed to stake trifling sums, without an interference on the part of her guardians, and she was particularly successful. The consequence was, that the young lady soon became a constant attendant at the tables—her whole soul was devoted to *Rouge et Noir*. Instead of remonstrating with her, the dishonourable guardians of Miss F—— rather encouraged the propensity. But this was not all—they had private parties in their own apartments; these parties were wholly devoted to gaming, and we believe French hazard was the game played. It was remarked that Mr. and Mrs. —— never engaged in any contest with their ward, her almost constant opponent was a French countess. Miss F—— lost immense sums! Her ample allowance was exhausted. Will it be believed that Mr. —— did not hesitate to advance large sums from his private purse, to enable his ward to pursue this fatal propensity! Even his funds were at last exhausted, or he pretended that such was the case. Still he did not interfere! The play continued, Miss F—— giving bills, payable when she came of age, for the amount of her losses. It is evident that the parties had perfect confidence in Miss F——'s honourable intentions, as the bills could not legally be recovered: but why they took bills at all, instead of the usual acknowledgments, seems very mysterious. It was whispered that the play was unfair, and that the parties concerned obtained the bills as a means of annoyance, should the fact be suspected by the young lady, and she should in consequence refuse payment.

It fortunately happened for Miss F—— that some of the bills were sent to London to be negotiated, one of which fell into the hands of the other guardian of the lady. This gentleman's conduct was at once prompt, business-like, and honourable; he discounted the bills in London, went directly to Baden-Baden, took away the lady, having previously, by threats of exposure, obtained the remaining bills from the French Countess; and it is said that he intends to contest the payment of the sums due to his brother guardian. The lady is with him in a western county; and it is to be hoped that the present severe lesson has not been lost upon her.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

The "ladies' canvas"—When the parliament which supported the famous coalition ministry of Fox and North was dissolved by George III., the unpopularity of many of those who had been its members was so great, that the most extraordinary means were obliged to be resorted to, in order to secure their return to the new parliament which had been summoned. The means used to secure the election of Fox in Westminster, where his influence had received an almost fatal blow, were not less singular than they were effective. Three of the most beautiful and accomplished women in England, namely, the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire, Mrs. Damer the sculptress, and Mrs. Crewe, resolved to canvas the whole of Westminster, and they carried their resolution into such vigorous effect as secured a decided majority of the votes for their great friend. If any of the electors hesitated to comply with the fair canvasers' requests that they would vote for Fox, they then inquired of them as to the condition of their families, the health of their wives and children, and made use of all these nameless allurements which few men, whatever their rank and intellect, can resist. If, however, these did fail of their intended end, the ladies thought nothing of kissing, not they! and the meanest freeholder luxuriated on cheeks and lips that were the admiration of the age. The nether millstone would be softness itself, when compared with the heart that could have resisted appeals thus made, and in the cause of liberty too! Of one of these brave dames, Mrs. Damer, it has been said that she was a bold woman, if nothing more, for she did three things which scarce any other English lady would have dared to do—she canvased the third of Westminster for Fox, entertained Queen Caroline during her trial, and sent her respects and sincere wishes for his success to Napoleon, when he departed for the last of his fields!

Anecdote of the stage.—Mr. John Palmer, well known as an actor on the London boards, terminated his dramatick career and his life on the Liverpool stage, in 1798. On the morning of the day on which he was to have performed the "Stranger," he received the distressing intelligence of the death of his second son, a youth in whom his dearest hopes were centered, and whose amiable manners had brought into action the tenderest affections of a parent. The play, in consequence of this, was deferred; and during the interval, he had in vain endeavoured to calm the agitation of his mind. The success with which he performed the part called for a second representation, in which he fell a sacrifice to the poignancy of his own feelings, and in which the audience were doomed to witness a catastrophe which was truly melancholy. In the fourth act, Baron Stemfort obtains an interview with the Stranger, whom he discovers to be his old friend. He prevails on him to relate the cause of his seclusion from the world: in this relation the feelings of Mr. Palmer were visibly much agitated; and at the moment he mentioned his wife and children, having uttered, (as in the character,) "O God! O God! there is another and a better world!" he fell lifeless on the stage. The audience supposed for a moment that his fall was nothing more than a studied addition to the part; but seeing him carried off in deadly stiffness, the utmost astonishment and terrour became depicted in every countenance. The lifeless corpse was conveyed from the stage into the scene-room. Medical assistance was immediately procured; his veins were opened, but they yielded not a single drop of blood; and every other means of resuscitation were had recourse to, without effect. The gentlemen of the faculty, finding every endeavour ineffectual, formally announced his death.

Inexhaustibility of literature. Books are the cause of books. Were there no books in the world it would be difficult to write one; but because there are so many, there may be so many more. The facility of production increases with production; the rays of intellectual light, are by the prismatick operation of books, broken into an infinity of lines and colours. Men may as soon cease to talk as cease to read and write books. Ah our daily and hourly talk may be made matter of literature, ay, and of interesting literature too. The more books that are printed, the more food is given to the mind; and the more nourishment the mind receives, the more vigorous its powers; and the greater its strength, the more valuable its thoughts, and the more excited its powers and capacities. There is no one topick in the whole range of literary interest that can be conceived capable of exhaustion; and in matters of imagination there is no intellectual foresight, however sagacious, that is capable of conjecturing what may be done.

Filial account of one's father's attractions. Though my father was neither young, being forty-two—nor handsome, having lost an eye—nor sober, for he spent all he could get in liquor—nor clean, for his trade was oily—nor without shackles, for he had five children—yet the women of various descriptions courted his smiles, and were much inclined to pull caps for him.

How to make a horse grow.—"That's a tarnation tall horse," said Laidlaw. "Yes, I guess you can't account for it," replied Jonathan. "No how," said Laidlaw. "He belongs to Hummins, the livery-man," replied Jonathan, "and his tallness comes through his having been regularly *higher'd* (hired) every day for the last seven years."

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

HEBREW MELODY.—FROM JOEL.

BY G. R SMITH.

Sound, sound an alarm! let your clarions resound
Till God's holy mountain shall echo around;
Blow the trumpet in Zion! his wrath to record,
And tremble, oh earth! in the day of the Lord.

A day of thick darkness, of gloom and of shower,
Like clouds on the crest of the mountain which lower;
For the mighty in battle, the proud and the strong,
To quench all thy glories are hastening along.

Around them are flames and behind them despair,
In vain is resistance, and vainer is prayer;
Before them the garden of Eden they find,
Desolation and terrour are blackening behind.

Like the blast of the desert their chariots shall sweep
On whirlwinds, which frown o'er the wide-dashing deep;
And the pride of Judæa their horses shall tame,
With their hoofs of destruction and nostrils of flame.

Oh! bright shine their arms, as the Gentiles press on,
From Acra, and Carmel, and Mount Lebanon;
And their chariots and horsemen shall scatter dismay
On the hosts led against them in battle array.

Oh! where is the strength of the mighty in war,
If the face of Jehovah be veiled from afar?
Jerusalem, vanquished Jerusalem, mourn!
When, alas! shall the light of thy glory return?

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

Without friends what is man? A solitary oak upon a sterile rock, symmetrical indeed in its form, beautiful and exquisitely finished, outvalling the most lauded perfection of art in gracefulness and grandeur, but over which decay has shaken her black wing, and left its leaves blighted; its limbs contract as they die; its roots, rottenness, and its bloom death; a scathed, lifeless monument of its pristine beauty. When the rebuffs of adversity are rushing us earthward, when the clouds look black above, and the muttering thunder of misfortune growls along the sky, when our frame is palsied by the skeleton hand of disease, or our senses whirled in the maelstrom chaos of insanity, when our hearts are torn by the recent separation of some beloved object, while our tears are yet flowing upon the fresh turf of departed innocence—in that time it is the office of friendship to shield us from portentous storm, to quicken the fainting pulses of our sickly frame, to bring back the wandering star of mind within the attraction of sympathetick kindness, the "oil and balm" of peace into the yet festering wound, and deliver the aching heart from the object of its bleeding affection.

THE DESTINY OF MAN.

The doctrine of the scriptures concerning the destiny of man stands untouched; or, to revert to the argument of St. Paul on the subject of the resurrection, it is altogether independent of any such abstruse questions, inasmuch as it is body and not spirit about which he reasons. His interrogatories and his replies may be reduced to these—"Have the dead ceased to exist? Have those who are fallen asleep perished? No; for there is a spiritual body, and another vehicle of human nature, as well as a natural body; and therefore the dissolution of this animal structure leaves the life untouched." The animal body is not itself the life, nor is it the cause of life; nor, again, is the spiritual body the life, nor the cause of it; but the one as well as the other are the instruments of the mind, and the necessary medium of every specifick and productive exercise of its faculties.

CHILDHOOD

Let man enjoy what he will in after-life, if his childhood have been blessed with the care and kindness of a judicious mother, there will come moments when the cup of pleasure will be dashed from his lips as tasteless, in comparison with those hours of sweet and social intercourse, when he first learned to look for a pervading spirit in the realms of nature—to welcome all the animated and joyous creatures of earth as members of his own wide brotherhood, and to hail the beams of morning as pledges of the inexhaustible beneficence which created both life and light, and ordained them as blessings to mankind.

ABSENT FRIENDS

Who shall describe the night-watches of those who know that the ocean bears the treasure of their souls—who shrink within themselves, yet seem to find no shelter from the howling blast—who listen and hope that the storm is abating, when it does but retreat to come again with redoubled fury, roaring and bellowing, till the wild wind, and the creaking branches, and the hissing rain, are mingled as it were into one universal shriek! And then the dark heaving waters seem to rise again, and all is swept away by the booming waves, or by the moaning blast, that groans and murmurs as it falls, lower and lower, into the abyss of destruction.

A WISE REPLY.

When Cyrus had taken captive the wife of Tigranes, he asked him what he would give for her redemption. "All that I have, and my own life with it," was the reply; upon which the conqueror gratuitously restored her. All commending Cyrus, Tigranes asked his wife what she thought of him—"Idid not," said she, "look at him." "Not look at him! on whom then did you look?"—"At the generous man who offered his own life to redeem me from slavery."—A pious mind will want no assistance to apply this interesting anecdote.

RELIGION.

The idea that religion is a kind of slavery, to which none can submit without sacrificing the natural enjoyments of life, has ever been the greatest hindrance to its advancement among mankind. How much wiser and better should we be if we could carry along with us, from infancy to old age, the full conviction that happiness is the substantial cultivation and exercise of the Christian virtues

DISAPPOINTMENT.

It is a hard thing to look round us, in the places and the seasons when we should otherwise be happiest, and miss the face we love best.

ORIGINAL RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWS.

FAIREFAX'S TASSO.

But the best specimen of Fairefax's powers is beyond doubt the opening of the fourteenth book. It is one of Tasso's grandest flights, yet Fairefax has not only kept way with him, but soared even beyond his leader. The readers of Tasso will not fail to see that in the fine lines below much of the beauty and grandeur belongs of right to Fairefax. Hoole's hackney version we shall not grace by a place in our pages. Wiffen understands the spirit of the passage and has succeeded, in some degree, in expressing it.

Now from the fresh soft lap and twilight bower,
Of her still mother flew the gentle queen
Of shade, with light airs compassed, and a shower
Of starlight dews, pure, precious and serene;
And shaking o'er the universal scene
The humid border of her veil, impearled
With honey-balm the flowers and forests green;
While the sweet zephyrs their still wings unfurled,
And fanned to dulcet sleep and peace th' o'er wearied world.

Each busy thought of rude disturbing day
In sweet, oblivious quietude was drowned;
But He, whose wisdom heaven and earth doth sway,
Yet kept his ruling watch, inspired and crowned
With ceaseless light; and from Heaven's starry round
Casting on Godfrey the ecstatick beam
Of his mild eye, to him in sleep profound,
By silent precept of a missioned dream,
Of his Almighty mind revealed the will supreme.

In the rich orient, near the vales of gold
Whence the sun sallies, turns a crystalline
Clear gate, whose doors in harmony unfold,
Ere pale the planets and the day-beams shine:
'Tis thence the glorious dreams which the Divine
In grace to pure and holy spirits sends,
Issuing fly forth: from that pictorial shrine
This dream to placid Godfrey now descends,
And o'er his placid face its radiant wings extends.

Nor dream, nor gifted vision e'er portrayed
Such beautiful or lively forms, as here
To Godfrey's fancy this which now displayed
Of heaven and its stars the secrets clear;
As in the mirror of a glassy sphere,
All was at once presented to his sight
That in them is, he scann'd in swift career,
Caught up to an expanse of perfect white,
Adorned with thousand flames that gave a golden light.

Here as the moving spheres, the vast blue sky,
The lights, and the rich musick he admires,
Lo, to his side a winged knight draws nigh;
With sunbeams crowned, and circumfused with fires!
And in a voice to which the clearest choirs
And perfect marriage of sweet sounds below,
Breathed out from beauteous lips or golden wires,
Would be but discord, said: canst thou bestow
No smile, or dost thou not thy once loved Hugo know?

But now look round more fixedly: behold—
To quicken for the skies thy pure desires,
These lucid halls and starry orbs of gold,
Which, whirling round, th' Eternal Mind inspires!
Observe the beauty of those siren choirs
Of seraphs; hear the angelical sweet strains,
In concord sung to their celestial lyres;
"Next view," he said, and pointed to the plains
Of earth below, "what yon terrestrial globe contains.

"Think of your earthly titles and designs;
With what a vile reward is virtue crowned!
Mark what a little ring your pride confines!
What naked deserts your vain glories bound!
Earth like an island the blue sea flows round.
Now called the mighty deep from coast to coast,
Now the vast ocean; to that pompous sound
Nought corresponds, to authorize such a boast—
'Tis but a shallow pool, a narrow marsh at most."

The spirit said, and he his sight let fall
On earth, and smiled with a serene disdain,
Shrunk to a point, seas, streams and mountains tall
He sees remote, but here distinguished plain;
And much he wondered that weak man should strain
At shades and mists that swim before the eyes,
And chase these radiant bubbles of the brain—
Capricious fame and power that, followed, flies,
Nor heed th' inviting voice that calls him to the skies.

Now for *Tasso*.

Now from the fresh, the soft and tender bed
Of her still mother, gentle night out flew,
The fleeting baulme on hills and dales she shed,
With houie drops of pure and pretious dew,
And on the verdure of greene forrests spred
The virgin primrose and the violet blew,
And sweet breath'd Zephire on his spreading wings
Sleepe, ease, repose, rest, peace and quiet brings.

The thoughts and troubles of broad-waking day,
They softly dipt in milde oblivion's lake;
But he, whose Godhead heav'n and earth doth sway,
In his eternall light did watch and wake,
And bent on Godfrey downe the gracious ray
Of his bright eie, still ope for Godfrey's sake,
To whom a silent dreame the Lord downe sent,
Which told his will, his pleasure, and intent.

Far in the east (the golden gate beside
Whence Phœbus comes) a chrystall port there is,
And ere the sunne his broad doores open wide,
The beame of springing day uncloseth this,
Hence come the dreames by which heav'n's sacred guide
Reveales to man those high decrees of his,
Hence towards Godfrey ere he left his bed,
A vision strange his golden plumes bespred.

Such semblances, such shapes, such portraites faire,
Did never yet in dreame or sleepe appeare,
For all the formes in sea, in earth, or aire,
The signes in heav'n, the stars in every sphere,
All what was wondrous, uncouth, strange and rare,
All in that vision well presented were,
His dreame had plast him on a christall wide,
Beset with golden fires, top, bottom, side.

There while he wondreth on the circles vast,
The stars, their motions, course and harmonie,
A knight (with shining raies and fires embrast)
Presents himselfe unwares before his eie,
Who, with a voice, that far for sweetnes past
All humaine speech, thus said, approaching nie:
What, Godfrey, know'st thou not thy Hugo heere?
Come and embrace thy friend and fellow deere.

But to encrease thy love and great desire
To heaven-ward, this blessed place behold,
These shining lampes, these globes of living fire,
How they are turned, guided, moov'd and rold,
The angels singing heare, and all their quire;
Then bend thine eies on yonder earth and mold,
All in that masse, that globe, and compasse see,
Land, sea, spring, fountaine, man, beast, grasse and tree.

How vile, how small, and of how slender price,
Is there reward of goodnesse, virtues' gaine;
A narrow roome our glorie vaine up-ties,
A little circle doth our pride containe,
Earth, like an isle amid the water lies,
Which sea sometimes is call'd, sometimes the maine,
Yet nought therein responds a name so great,
It's but a lake, a pond, a Spanish strait.

Thus said the one, the other bended downe,
His lookes to ground, and halfe in scorne he smilde,
He saw at once earth, sea, flood, castell, towne,
Strangely divided, strangely all compilde,
And wondred follie man so farre should drowne,
To set his hart on things so base and vilde.

The whole of Tasso's fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth books are a mine of beauty. Some of the reverend criticks, we have spoken of above, found fault with him for making the enchantress her bower of pleasure too attractive, a fault which, if true, will be easily forgiven by a lover of the beautiful, but which we can hardly deem well-founded; for Tasso has taken more pains than almost any other poet to place the antidote alongside of the bane; and to show us that a life of indolence and pleasure is as hollow as it is glittering, and that the delights of mere sense are empty and unsatisfying.

Fairefax has translated these cantos with so much poetical feeling, with such exuberance of fancy, and into such pure and racy English, that we are sure we might spread the whole of them before our readers without their being satisfied, much less surfeited. Let us, however, confine ourselves to more modest limits, and only take as a sample of the whole, the description in Canto XIV. of Rinaldo's visit to the Enchanted Island.

Landed, he stalkes about, yet nought he sees
But verdant groves, sweet shades, and massive rockes,
With caves and fountaines, flowers, herbes, and trees,
So that the words he read he takes for mockes:
But that greene isle was sweet at all degrees,
Wherewith entised downe sits he and unlockes
His closed helme, and bares his visage faire,
To take sweet breath from coole and gentle aire.

A rumbling sound amid the waters deepe
Meanewhile he heard, and thither turn'd his sight,
And tumbling in the troubled stream tooke keepe,
How the strong waves together rush and fight,
Whence first he saw (with golden tresses) peepe
The rising visage of a virgin bright,
And then her necke, her breastes, and all, as low
As he for shame could see, or she could show.

So in the twylight doth sometimes appeare
A nymph, a goddesse, or a fairie queene,
And though no siren but a sprite this were;
Yet by her beautie sem'd it she had beene
One of those sisters false, which haunted neare
The Turbene shores, and kept these waters sheene:
Like theirs her face, her voice was and the sound,
And thus she sung, and pleas'd both skies and ground:

Ye happy youthes, whom Aprill fresh and May
Attire in flow'ring green of lustie age,
For glorie vaine, or vertue's idle ray,
Doe not your tender limmes to toile engage,
In calme streames, fishes; birds, in sunshine play,
Who followeth pleasure he is onely sage,
So nature auth, yet gainst her sacred will
Why still rebell you, and why strive you still?

O fooles, who youth possesse, yet scorne the same,
A pretious, but a short abiding treasure,
Vertue itselfe is but an idle name,
Priz'd by the world bove reason all and measure,
And honour, glorie, praise, renowne and fame,
That men's proud hearts bewitch with tickling pleasure,
An eccho is, a shade, a dreame, a flowre
With each winde blasted, spoil'd with every showre.

But let your happie souls in joy possesse
The ivorie castels of your bodies faire,
Your passed harmes salve with forgetfulnesse,
Haste not your comming ills with thought and care,
Regard no blazing star with burning tress,
Nor storme, nor threat'ning sky, nor thundring aire,
This wisdom is, good life, and worldly bliss,
Kinde teacheth us, nature commands us this.

Few passages have been more admired or quoted in more lan guages than the song of the Bird in canto XVI. In Hoole's hands, it has a very Della Cruscan air.

HOOLE, XVI.

Behold how lovely blows the vernal rose,
When scarce the leaves her early bud disclose,
When half enwrapt, and half to view revealed,
She gives new pleasure from her charms concealed,
But when she shows her bosom wide displayed,
How soon her sweets exhale, her beauties fade!
No more she seems the flower so lately loved,
By virgins cherished, and by youths approved!

So sweetly fleeting with the transient day,
Passes the flower of mortal life away!
In vain the spring returns, the spring no more
Can waning youth to former prime restore:
Then crop the morning rose, the time improve,
And while to love 'tis given, indulge in love!

Wiffen's is in a sing-song style, that is unworthy of himself as well as of his author. Fairefax is fine,

The gentle budding rose (quoth she,) behold,
That first scant peeping forth with virgin beames,
Halfe ope, halfe shut, her beauties doth upfold
In their deere leaves, and less seene, fairer seemes;
And after spreeds them foorth more broad and bold,
Then languisheth and dies in last extremes,
Nor seemes the same, that decked bed and boure
Of many a ladie late, and paramoure.

So in the passing of a day, doth pas
The bud and blossome of the life of man,
Nor ere doth flourish more; but like the gras
Cut downe, becommeth withered, pale and wan:
O gather then the rose while time thou has,
Short is the day, done when it scant begun,
Gather the rose of love, while yet thou maist
Loving be loved; embracing be embrast.

But Spenser is too much even for him.

Ah see, whoso fayre thing dost faine to see,
In springing flower the image of thy day;
Ah see the virgin rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peepe foorth with bashful modestee,
That fairer seemes the lesse ye see her may:
Lo! see soone after how more bold and free
Her bared bosome she doth broad display,
Lo! see soone after how she fades and falls away!

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the floure,
No more doth flourish after-first decay
That earst was sought to deck both bed and boure
Of many a lady, and many a paramoure:
Gather therefore the rose whilest yet in prime,
For soone comes age that will her pride defloure:
Gather the rose of love whilest yet in time,
Whilest loving thou mayst loved be with equal crime.

We forgot to mention, that a translation of the Jerusalem Delivered, now very scarce, was published in 1590, ten years before Fairefax's appeared. To prove that our favourite author could have owed nothing to this version, and to show the curious contrast in style and language between two translations published within ten years of each other, we shall stretch our article a little to take from each the description of Armida visiting the Christian Camp:

The fair Armida priding in her hew,
And in th' endowments of her sexe and age,
This change takes on her, and as ev'ning drew,
Doth part, and to close ways her steps engage,
Stout harts she hopes, and arm'd hands to subdew,
With her tresses, and wenches equippage,
But of her parting divers tales are spred
By set device, t' amuze the peoples hed.

Within few days this dame her journey ends,
There were the Frankes their large pavillions spred,
Whose bewtie rare at his appearance lends:
Babling to tongues and eyes a gazing led,
As when some starre or comete strange ascends,
And in cleere day through sky his beames doth shed
They flocke in plumps this pilgrim fairer to view,
And to be wizde what course her hither drew.

Not Argos, Cyprus, Delos, ere present
Paternes of shape, or bewtie could so seere,
Gold are her lockes, which in white shadow pent,
Eft do but glimpse, eft all disclosde appeare,
As when new clensde we see the element,
Sometimes the sun shines through white cloud uncleare,
Sometimes from cloud outgone his raies more bright
He sheads abroad, dubling of day the light.

And then,

The sweet Armida took this charge on hand,
A tender peece, for beauty, sexe and age.
The sunne was sunken underneath the land
When she began her wanton pilgrimage,
In silken weedes she trusteth to withstand,
And conquer knights, in warlike equipage,
Of their night ambling dame, the Syrians prated
Some good, some bad, as they her lov'd or hated.

Within few daies the nymph arrived theare
Where puisant Godfrey had his tents yright;
Upon her strange attire, and visage cleare
Gazed each soldier, gazed everie knight:
As when a comet doth in skies appeare,
The people stand amazed at the light,
So wondred they, and each at other sought,
What mister wight she was, and whence ibrought.

Yet never eie to Cupid's service vow'd,
Beheld a face of such a lovely pride,
A tinsell vaile her amber locks did shrowd,
That strove to cover what it could not hide.
The golden sunne behinde a silver cloud,
So streameth out his beames on everie side,
The marble goddesse, set at Gnidos, naked
She seem'd, were she uncloath'd, or that awaked.

So much for one of the finest, and at the same time least known poems in our language. Let us hope, however, that the world will not willingly let it die, but award to Fairefax the just place he should occupy in the temple of fame—between his master Spenser and his pupils Waller and Dryden.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

REASONS WHY MR. JOHN SMITH

SHOULD NOT CHANGE HIS NAME

Smithville, Down east, February, 1839.

My dear Mr. Editer—I never was more struck up in my life than I was night afore last, about eight o'clock in the evening, when Cousin Debby come running into our house all of a giggle and most out of breath; and says she, "Cousin John, here's news for you; they've got you into the New-York Mirror, as true as my name is Debby Smith." Says I, what nonsense are you arter now, Debby? for she's always poking fun at somebody or other, although she don't mean nothin' by it, for she's as clever as the day is long Says she, "I mean jest what I say, John; they've got you in the New-York Mirror, as large as life." And she held up the paper—Debby takes your paper, and has took it, I believe, going on a dozen years, for she's very fond of lerning and has kept school in our village, off and on, about fifteen years—and she held up the paper, and, says she, "John, here's most a column and a half, all about you, every word of it. And they are making something of a fuss about you in New-York too, and say you must change your name." At that my dander begun to start a little, and, says I, Debby, are you in arnest, or what do you mean! For I knew I hadn't killed nobody, nor robb'd, nor stole a sheep; and, says I, I should like to see the feller that would dare to tell me, to my face, that I ought to change my name. My name is what I've valley'd myself on more than anything else in the world, and there never was a name yet that I'd change it for, unless it was George Washington. But come, says I, Debby, set down and read us your long yarn—Debby is a first rate reader, and she loves to read afore folks as well as she loves to eat. So we made room for her in the ring. We had a rousin fire, being it was a pretty cold night, so we could set back and make room for all; for there was something of a ring of us; our own family isn't small—there's myself and wife, and eleven children, and my mother, and aunt Jane, and my nephew William Smith that works for me; and besides that there was a number of the neighbours in, setting round to drink a mug of cider with us and eat a few of my fine winter apples. Debby hauled a chair up to the table, and snuffed the candle, and drawed it close to her, so as to hold it between her and the paper; and then the reading seemed to bother her a little, for your paper, General, is rather fine print, and she had to hold it off nearly at arms length and hold the candle close to it, because she said her eyes were weak. Aunt Ruth—she's my uncle John Smith's wife, a very sensible woman, and one of the kindest neighbours there is in our village—she sot on 'tother side of the table with her knittin' work in her hands, and looking over the top of her specs across the table at cousin Debby. She see what was the matter, and pulled off her glasses, and reached them across the table and told Debby she better try her specs, and she thought she would read easier. Debby coloured as red as fire, and said she never used spectacles; and besides, "if I did," says she, "it isn't likely I could use yourn; they must be a great deal too old for me." At that my uncle John Smith—he's a blacksmith by trade, and lives close by on 'tother side of the road—he was setting in one corner, digging his teeth into the mellow side of a great sweet apple—he rolled up his eyes at Debby, and haw haw'd right out. Says he, "well done Debby, you've hit it now exactly; my wife is jest five years older than you, and them specs suited *her* ten years ago." Debby kind of choked a little, and her face turned redder than ever: I don't know but she would have bit a board nail off, if she'd only had one in her mouth. Uncle John has a teazing kind of a way with him, and when he sees any body nettled, he loves to help 'em along a little. "So," says he, "Debby, I want a new vice in my shop; what will you take for your teeth? I think they'd hold a pretty good grip." Debby couldn't stand it no longer—she threw down the paper, and drawed her head back as if she'd had a curb bit in her mouth. Says she, "Uncle John, you are the biggest plague that ever I see, and if you was worth a minding, I would be mad with you." I see the only way was for us to try to make a kind of a joke of the matter all round, till Debby got cooled down a little; for she was in too much of a flusteration to read now; "So," says I, "come John, fill up the mug with cider agin and hand it round—this was to my *son* John; he is my oldest son, and will be seventeen years old if he lives to see the fifth day of next May; a smart boy as you will see one in a thousand, and folks say he takes after me very much"—says I, "Come, John, hand round the cider, beginning with the oldest, clear down to the youngest, and give it to cousin Debby last" At that Debby begun to laugh, and says she, "Cousin John, you are almost as big a poster as uncle John himself, and one isn't worth a minding any more than tother is." After we took a drink of cider round, and each one took another apple, Debby got so calmed down that we got her hold of the paper again. She wouldn't touch the specs though, but after she got the candle fixed right, she made out to read it very well. And sure enough there was a whole column all about my changing my name. I never felt so queer before in my life. But when she read the line at the top, "Reasons for John Smith to change his name"—says I, "Debby, now before you begin, how do you know that means me? There's more John Smiths in the world besides me." "Why, because," says she, "everybody knows it means you. Here you've been selectman, of Smithville, this seven years; have been surveyor of the roads, and on the school committee, and town agent, and been twice representative to the Legislater, and had a squire's commission five years; and it's pretty likely the piece could mean anybody else but you. Suppose General Washington was alive to this day, and such a piece should be published, saying George Washington ought to change his name? Wouldn't everybody know it mean'd General Washington?"—"Well," says I, "Debby, to be honest about it, I think it pretty likely it *does* mean me. But let us hear what they have to say in New-York about my changing my name. So, as I said afore, she read it through. Sometimes, when she was reading it, I couldn't hardly keep my dander down, and sometimes I couldn't hardly help laughing to see how ignorant the man that writ it must be of the world. When she got along down to the place that says the five letters that spell *Smith*, stand for a Small—Mean—Insignificant—Trashy—Humbug, my son John started up as if he'd been shot—he looked as red as a rooster, and says he, "Father, I wouldn't stand that no how; I'd go right to New-York and put it into that chap what writ that are piece." Says I, "John, you haven't seen enough of the world yet to know which is the best road to mill. You are young and inexperienced, and you must try to keep your temper down and take things more moderate. I shall write to General Morris and get him to see to it, and then, if the feller that's dared to call me a humbug, don't take it back, he must look out—that's all." "Read on, Debby," says I. By and by she come to where it said, "no honest man would change his name for that of Smith." "Stop," says I, "let us reason about that a little. Honest men don't have occasion to change their names. 'Tis rogues and knaves that change their names; and when they do, they try to pick for the likeliest and most respectable name they can find, and therefore they take the name of Smith. And this is one reason that Smiths are so plenty. There isn't so many real Smiths in the world as folks think for. There are a great many counterfeits about. But that don't hurt the real Smiths, nor make 'em any less respectable. If you had a true silver dollar in your pocket, would you valley it any the less because your neighbour had a pewter one? If you ever come across a person by the name of Smith that don't bear a good character, you may depend upon it, Smith isn't his real name—he has changed some other for it. And I've been told, on the very best authority, that all the Smiths that have been hung for any crime, have always confessed privately under the gallows, just before they were swung off, that their true name wasn't Smith, but Johnson, or Davis, or some such name. And now, my dear General Morris, this makes me think of another thing. There was my cousin Major Jack Downing—he's a cousin to me on the mother's side, and as good a feller as ever lived—upright and honest, and no slouch at writing. Well, he went down to Portland, in the State of Maine, seven or eight years ago, and went to writin' letters in the Portland Courier, and then he went off to Washington, and staid along with General Jackson some time, and writ letters to the Portland Courier; and when he got his name up pretty well, folks begun to counterfeit his letters and his name too, like smoke, all over the country. Most all the counterfeits were so badly done, that any body could tell 'em the the moment they put 'em along side the true ones. There was one chap in your city that carried on a great stroke of counterfeitin' these letters, and signing Major Jack Downing's name to 'em for a year or two, and I don't know but more—let's see, what was his name? Seems to me it begun with a D—. Well, he used to put in some kind of mettle into 'em that made 'em ring, and had a nack of glossing of 'em over, so that he made 'em go quite current in your city and round there. But you put 'em along side of cousin Jack's and you'd see in a minute they wasn't the true silver. But he didn't care for that, as long as he could make 'em go, and make the folks round New-York think he was the real Major Jack Downing. And that's the way of the world, General; everybody wants to go by a good and respectable name, and you may depend upon it that is the true secret why there are so many Smiths." After Debby had got through reading the piece, we all sot as much as ten minutes and didn't say nothin'. At last, says I, uncle John, what do you think of it? "Think of it?" Says he—"why, I think it's the foolishest mess of flummery that ever I seed put into a newspaper. In my opinion, it doesn't contain one single good reason why you should change your name. And there is no reason in the world why you should, but a thousand why you should not. "And what are they, uncle John?" says I. "Why," says he, "it is a very old and respectable name; it has been in our family a great while; it is therefore an honour to be called by the name of John Smith. And in the next place, it is the most popular name in the country; so that if popularity is worth anything, that proves John Smith to be the best name in the country. And in the next place, it is a very short name; you don't waste but little time in speaking it, nor but little paper in writing it. And in the next place, there's no sich thing as clipping it off or nicknaming of it; if any body speaks your name at all, they can't make nothin' short of John Smith of it." Well, aunt Ruth, and cousin Debby, and mother, and aunt Jane, and my wife, and my son John, all expressed the same opinion as uncle John, only some of 'em a great deal more arnest. Mother, she sighed, and said she thought the man must be an a'ful wretch to want to make her son change his name, when it was the best name there was in the whole Bible, especially the John, and she had picked it out when she give it to me, out of that chapter where the angel give it to the child of Zachariah and Elizabeth. My wife, she almost cried, and said she should go crazy, if she thought I should ever change my name, and leave all her children poor orphans. So among all the other reasons, General, against my changing my name, you see what a disturbance it would make in my family. And, on the whole, I've made up my mind decidedly; *I shan't do it.* I don't know how it is in New-York, but down east, and in Smithville, and all round here, not only Smith, but *John* Smith, is considered the best and most honourable name there is going. It has come down to me in a straight line, clear from Capt. John Smith that first settled in old Virginny. And a braver man than he was never lived. I've got his coat of arms now, that's come down long with his name three Turks' heads made up in a picter, hanging up in our fore room. I said his name come down to me in a straight line; but it wasn't exactly a straight line, for it crooked out of the line a little in one place, and that was in the case of my father, whose name was James. I'll tell you how it happened. When my grandfather, whose name was John, carried my father to meetin' to be christened, it happened that the same day his cousin John Smith carried two of *his* children to be christened. And when the minister was ready, my grandfather, bein' a very perlite man, beckoned to his cousin John to carry his children up first. So he carried 'em up, and good old parson, John Smith, who preached in grandfather's parish then, whispered to him as he handed up the first child, and asked him its name. His name is John, said my grandfather's cousin. So the parson christened him John. The second child was then handed up, and the parson whispered again and asked its name. His name is John, said my grandfather's cousin. The good old parson shook his head, and whispered again, and told him he had christened the other one John. My grandfather's cousin shook his head too, and told the parson to never mind, but christen him John;" "For," says he, "if I had a hundred children, I would call them all John." So finding there was no turning him, the parson christened the second child John. Then my grandfather went up with his child; and I've heard my grandmother say that his face was red as a blaze all the way goin' up to the pulpit. Well, the minister whispered to him and asked him what the child's name was. Grandfather choked a little, and, says he, "I was a going to call him John, but I think we've had Johns enough for one day; you may christen him James." Now, General, I don't know but I've tired you with my long yarn. I didn't think of writin' sich a long letter when I begun. But when I get a goin', I'm a little like the steam car on the rail-road: I'm apt to run till I get to the end of the r[illegible] only one thing more to say, and that is, bein' you've had my name figurin' in your paper, I believe I shall subscribe for it. And I guess I aint the only Smith that will. As I am always called Squire Smith round in these parts, I want you to direct it to John Smith, Esquire, Smithville, Down East, and it will come to me straight as a hair. And if you want to hear anything more about our folks, jest say so in your paper, and I'll scratch down a line or two, once in awhile, and send it to you. So I remain your friend and constant reader,

JOHN SMITH, ESQUIRE.

DRAMATICK SKETCHES.

EMILY.

BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Scene—*The inside of a cottage.*—Amelia, *at work, singing;* Maurice *enters during her song.*

SONG.

The sun is careering in glory and might
Mid the deep blue sky and the cloudlets white;
The bright wave is tossing its foam on high,
And the summer breezes go lightly by;
The air and the water dance, glitter and play——
And why should not I be as merry as they?

The linnet is singing the wild wood through;
The fawn's bounding footstep skims over the dew;
The butterfly flits round the flowering tree;
And the cowslip and blue-bell are bent by the bee.
All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay—
And why should not I be as merry as they?

Amelia. Ah! art thou there? I thought I was alone. Hast thou been long returned?

Maurice. Even now.

Amelia. I'm glad;
For I would feel thy presence—as I used
When I, a conscious girl, if thou didst come
Behind my chair, knew thee without the aid
Of eye or ear. A wife's love is as strong,
Her sense should be as quick.

Maurice. But maiden love
Is mixed with shame, and doubt, and consciousness,
Which have a thousand eyes, a thousand ears.
Amelia, thou art pale. Nay, if thou smilest
Thou wilt be pale no longer: thy rich smile
Is fitly wedded to a varying blush,
That flutters tremulously in thy fair cheek,
Like shivering wings of new-caught butterflies.
Ah, there it is!

Amelia. Flatterer!

Maurice. But thou wast pale,
Stooping so long o'er that embroidery,
That irksome toil. Go forth into the air.

Amelia. Not yet; there is still light enough to work;
I have one flower to finish. Then I'll fly
To the sweet joys of busy idleness,
To our sweet garden. I am wanted there—
So William says; the freshening showers to-day
Have scattered my carnations; I must raise
Their clear and odorous beauties from the dark
Defiling earth.

Maurice. That task is done.

Amelia. By thee?
After thy hard day's toil? Oh what a fond
And foolish lover-husband I have got!
Art thou not weary?

Maurice. Only just enough
To feel the comfort, sweetest, of repose;
Of such repose as this, here at thy feet
Extended, and my head against thy knee.

Amelia. Even as that sweet and melancholy prince,
Hamlet the Dane, lay at Ophelia's feet,
His lady-love. Wast thou not thinking so?

Maurice. I was.

Amelia. And I was likening thee to one—
Dost thou remember—'tis the prettiest moment
Of that most marvellous and truest book—
When her so dear Sir Charles at Harriet's feet
Lay turning up his bright face smilingly.
Dost thou remember?
Maurice Banterer! Where is William?
Amelia. That is a secret. Do not question me,
Or I shall tell. He will be shortly back.

(*Sings.*)

The linnet is singing the wild wood through,
The fawn's bounding footstep skims over the dew;
The butterfly flits round the flowering tree;
And the cowslip and blue-bell are bent by the bee.
All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay—
And why should not I be as merry as they?
And why should not I be as merry as they?

Maurice. How much thou lov'st that song?
Amelia. He loves it so,
Our William: if far off within the wood
He do but catch one clear and ringing note
Of that wild cheerful strain, he scuds along
With his small pretty feet, like the young brood
Of the hen-partridge to her evening call.
Maurice. Well but where is he?
Amelia. Guess.
Maurice. Nay, tell me, love.
Amelia. To-day at noon, returning from the farm,
Where on some trifling errand I had sent him,
He left the path in chase of that bright insect
The burnished dragon-fly, with net-work wings
So beautiful. His shining guide flew on,
Tracing the channel of the rippling spring
Up to its very source. There William lost him:
But looking round upon that fairy scene
Of tangled wood and babbling waters clear,
He found a fairy carpet; strawberries
Spread all about, in a rich tapestry
Of leaves and blushing fruit: and he is gone,
With his own basket that his father made him,
His own dear father, to bring home his prize
To that dear father.
Maurice. Prithee, love, say on;
This is a tale which I could listen to
The livelong day.
Amelia. And will it not be sweet
To see that lovely boy, blushing all over,
His fair brow reddening, and his smiling eyes
Filling with tears, his scarlet lips far ruddier
Than the red berries, stammering and forgetting
The little pretty speech that he hath conned,
But speaking in warm kisses? Will it not
Be sweet to see my precious William give
The very first thing he can call his own
To him who gives him all? My dearest husband,
Betray me not. Pretend an ignorance;
And wonder why that cream and bread stand there,
And why that china bowl. Thy precious boy!
Maurice. Thy precious boy! Amelia, that child's heart
Is like thee as his face.
Amelia. Liker to thee
Are both—our blessing! What a world of love
Dwells in that little heart!
Maurice. Too much! too much!
He is too sensitive. I would he had
An airy playmate full of mirth and jests.
Amelia. Nature's his playmate; leaves and flowers and birds
And the young innocent lambs are his companions;
He needs no other. In his solitude
He is as happy as the glittering beetle
That lives in the white rose. My precious boy!
Maurice. What are these? Tears! My own Amelia,
Weep'st thou for happiness? What means this rain
That falls without a cloud? Fy! I must chide thee.
Amelia. Yes; thou art right. Useless, not causeless, tears!
They will have way. Forgive me, dearest husband!
This is our wedding-eve. Seven years ago
I stole, a guilty wanderer, from my home—
My old paternal home!—and with the gush
Of motherly love, another thought rushed in—
My father!
Maurice. My Amelia!
Amelia. Seven years
Have pass'd since last I saw him;—and that last!
The pangs of death were in my heart, when I
Approached to say, "goodnight!" He had been harsh
All day; had press'd Sir Robert's odious love,
Had taunted at thy poverty—my Maurice!
But suddenly, when I all vainly tried
To falter out, "goodnight," in his old tone
Of fond familiar love, and with the name
Which from his lips seemed a caress, he said,
God bless you, Emily! That blessing pierced
My very soul. Oft in the dead of night
I seem to hear it. Would he bless me now?
Oh no! no! no!
Maurice. My own beloved wife,
Think not too deeply. There will come a time——
Amelia. Oh Maurice! all the grandeur that she left,
The splendid vanities, ne'er cost thy wife
A sigh, contented in her poverty,
Happy in virtuous love. But that kind voice,
That tender blessing, that accustomed name
Of fondness!—Oh! they haunt my very dreams;
They crowd upon my waking thoughts; then most
When some sweet kindness of my lovely boy,
Some sign of glorious promise, tells my heart
How little I deserve——
Maurice. My Emily!
Amelia. No, not from thee, not even from thee that name.
'Tis sacred to those dear and honoured lips
That ne'er will breathe it more. I am ungrateful
Thus to repine, whilst thou and our dear boy——
Where can he now be loitering? These dark clouds
Portend a storm.
Maurice. Already the large drops
Come pattering on the vine leaves. I will seek——

Enter WILLIAM.

Amelia. He's here. My William, wherefore didst thou stay
So long? and where's the basket?
William. Kiss me first.
Amelia. Now, where's the basket?
William. I had filled it half,
When a strange gentleman came through the wood,
And sat down by me.
Amelia. Did he eat the strawberries?
William. Dear mother, no. He talked to me, and then
I could not gather them.
Amelia. What said he, dearest?
William. He asked my name and yours, and where I dwelt,
And kissed me.
Amelia. And what else?
William. Called me dear boy,
Said that a storm was coming on, and asked
If I would go with him.
Maurice. Ha! what saidst thou
To that, my William?
William. No. But then I prayed him
To come with me to my dear home. Look there!
Do you not see that tall man in the porch,
His head against the woodbine? That is he.
Amelia. Dear Maurice, bring him in. [*Exit* MAURICE.
William. I am so sorry
That it is grown so dark, you will not see
What a sweet face he has. Only he's older,
I think he's like you, mother; and he kissed me
As you do now, and cried.
Amelia. Oh can it be——

Re-enter MAURICE *with* LORD GLENTHAM.

Lord Glen. If I intrude—
Amelia. That voice! Oh father! father!
Pardon! Oh pardon!
Lord Glen. Madam!
Amelia. I'm your daughter—
Call me so, father! for these seven long years
I have not seen your face. Disown me not!
Call me your daughter! Once from your dear lips
Let me hear that dear sound! Call me your Emily,
And bless my dear, dear child! For such a blessing
I'd be content to die. William, kneel here;
Hold up your innocent hands.
Lord Glen. Rise, madam; rise.
Amelia. Oh call me once your daughter, only once,
To still my longing heart! My William, pray
For your poor mother.
William. Oh, forgive us, sir;
Pray, pray forgive us!
Lord Glen. Madam, I have sought
A half hour's shelter here from this wild storm;
And, as your guest, I pray you to forbear
These harrowing words. I am but lately risen
From a sick bed.
Maurice. My wife, compose thyself;
Retire awhile. [*Exit* AMELIA.
Please you to sit, my lord.
Lord Glen. I thank you, sir.—You have a pleasant cottage,
Prettily garlanded with rose and woodbine,
And the more useful vine. Has it been long
Your home?
Maurice. Five years.
Lord Glen. You have left the army?
Maurice. Yes.
There was no chance of war; nor could I drag
My sweet Amelia through the homeless wanderings
Of a poor soldier's life. This is a nest,
However lowly, warm and full of love
As her own heart. Here we have been most happy.

Re-enter AMELIA, *with a light and a basket.*

Maurice (meeting her). Thou tremblest still.
Amelia. I could not stay away.
It is such joyful pain to look upon him;
To hear his voice;—I could not stay away.
William, there is my basket. Offer it.
Lord Glen. No, my dear boy.
Amelia. Now blessings on his head
For that kind word!
Lord Glen. Surely she was not always
So thin and pale!—Your husband says, Amelia,
That you are happy.
Amelia. I have only known
One sorrow.
Lord Glen. Ye are poor.
Amelia. Not that! not that!
Lord Glen. You have implored my blessing on your son;
I bless him.
Amelia. On my knees I offer up
My thanks to heaven, and thee. A double blessing
Was that, my father! on my heart it fell
Like balm.
Lord Glen. I will do more. Give me that boy,
And he shall be my heir. Give me that boy.
Amelia. My boy! Give up my boy!
Lord Glen. Why he must be
A burden. Ye are poor.
Amelia. A burden! William!
My own dear William!
Lord Glen. Miserably poor
Ye are. Deny it not.
Maurice. We earn our bread
By honest labour.
Amelia. And to work for him
Is such a joy! My William, tremble not!
Weep not, my William! Thou shalt stay with me
Here on my lap, here on my bosom, William!
Lord Glen. Why thou may'st have another child, and then—
Amelia. Oh never one like this—this dearest child
Of love and sorrow! Till this boy was born
Wretchedly poor we were; sick, heartsick, desolate,
Desponding; but he came, a living sunbeam!
And light and warmth seemed darting through my breast,
With his first smile. Then hope and comfort came,
And poverty, with her inventive arts,
A friend, and love, pure, firm enduring love;
And ever since we have been poor and happy:
Poor! no, we have been rich! my precious child!
Lord Glen. Bethink thee for that child, Amelia,
What fortunes thou dost spurn. His father's love
Perhaps is wiser.
Amelia. Maurice, say.
Maurice. My lord,
'Tis every whit as fond. You have my thanks.
But in a lowly station he may be
Virtuous and happy.
William. Mother, let me stay
And I will be so good.
Amelia. My darling, yes;
Thou shalt not leave me, not for the wide world.
Lord Glen. Thou need'st not clasp him so against thy bosom;
I am no ruffian, from a mother's breast
To pluck her child.—Amelia, as his arms
Wind round thy neck, so thou a thousand times
Hast clung to mine; as on his snowy brow
Thy lips are sealed, so mine a thousand times
Have prest thy face; with such a love, Amelia,
As thou dost feel for him.
Amelia. Oh father! father!
Lord Glen. Thou wert a motherless babe, and I to thee
Supplied both parents. Many a night have I
Hung over thy sick bed, and prayed for thee
As thou dost pray for him. And thou, Amelia,
Didst love me then.
Amelia. Did love! Oh never, never
Can such love pass away! 'Tis twined with life.
Lord Glen. Then after eighteen years of tender care,
Fond hopes, and fonder fears, didst thou not fly
From me, thy father, with a light gay youth,
A love of yesterday? Didst thou not leave me
To die of a broken heart? Amelia, speak!
Didst thou not?
Amelia. Father! this is worse than death.
Lord Glen. Didst thou not? Speak.
Amelia. I did. Alas! I did.
Lord Glen. Oh miserably have my days crept on
Since thou didst leave me! Very desolate
Is that proud splendid home! No cheerful meals;
No evening musick; and no morning rides
Of charity or pleasure. Thy trim walks
Are overgrown; and the gay pretty room,
Which thou didst love so well, is vacant now;
Vacant and desolate as my sick heart.
Amelia, when thou saw'st me last, my hair
Was brown as thine. Look on it now, Amelia.
Maurice. My lord, this grief will kill her. See, she writhes
Upon the floor.
Lord Glen. And must I go still desolate?
I might have found a comfort, had I had
Something to live for still, something to love;
If she who robbed me of my child had given
Her child instead;—but all is over now!
She would not trust her father. All! Farewell!
Amelia (starting up). Take him, whilst I have life to bid
thee! Take him!
Nay, cling not to me, boy! Take, take him.—Maurice?
William. I will not leave you, mother.
Amelia. Hush! hush! hush!
My heart is breaking. William—Maurice, speak!
Maurice. Dearest and best, be it as thou hast willed.
I owed thee a great sacrifice, Amelia;—
And I shall still have thee!
Lord Glen. Thou giv'st him, then?
Maurice. I do. But for his own sake, good my lord,
Let not my son be taught to scorn the father
He never will forget; and let his mother
See him sometimes, or she will surely die.
Amelia. I shall die now. My William!
Lord Glen. Emily!
Amelia. Ha!
Lord Glen. My sweet Emily!
Amelia. We are forgiven!
Maurice, we are forgiven!
Lord Glen. My own dear child,
My children, bless ye all! Forgive this trial;—
We'll never part again.

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

HINTS TO LOVERS.—If a youth is wooingly disposed towards any damsel, as he values his happiness, let him follow my advice. Call on the lady when she least expects him, and take note of the appearance of all that is under her control. Observe if the shoe fits neatly—if the gloves are clean, and the hair well polished. And I would forgive a man for breaking off an engagement, if he discovered a greasy novel hid under the cushions of a sofa, or a hole in the garniture of the prettiest foot in the world. Slovenliness will ever be avoided by a well-regulated mind, as would a pestilence. A woman cannot be what is called dressed, particularly one in a middle or humble life, where her duty, and it is consequently to be hoped her pleasure lies, in superintending and assisting in all domestick matters; but she may be always neat—well appointed. And as certainly as a virtuous woman is a crown of glory to her husband, so assuredly is a slovenly woman a crown of thorns.

WELLERISMS.—"Von more embrace before we part," as the bear said to the boy down east the other day.—"I have taken some *pains* to come in," as the toper said to the publican when he drove his head through the window.—"How irresistably *killing* you are," as the thief said to the hangman when he tied the rope to his neck. "I like your promises better than your conclusion," as the man said when they were taking him to be hanged. "You are more familiar than agreeable," as the debtor said when the constable tapped him on the shoulder.

ADVICE GRATIS.—If you are in law, get out; if you are out, stay out. If you are a bachelor, marry anon—if you cannot marry, drown yourself.

A BOAT IN A BOWL OF PUNCH, AND A BOY IN THE BOAT.—The subjoined account of Admiral Russel's punch-bowl, and of his noble treat at Cadiz, in Spain, on Christmas day, in the year 1695, according to the relation of a gentleman who was present at the entertainment, is copied from an old English Almanack. It is enough to make a modern bran-bread-tee-totaler's hair stick right out straight.—"There was in the middle of the garden of lemons and oranges (which garden belonged to Don Pedro Velasco, governour of Calos) a fountain which was set with Dutch tiles in the bottom and sides, and was made as clean as a japan punch-bowl. In this fountain, on Christmas-day, was poured six butts of water, half a hogshead of strong Malaga wine, two hundred gallons of brandy, six hundred weight of sugar, twelve thousand lemons, and nutmegs and sugar in proportion. The admiral hired the governour's house, belonging to the garden, and resided there all the winter. He invited there all the English and Dutch merchants, and officers belonging to the fleet to dine with him; there was one hundred dishes of fresh meat, besides many other dishes of rarities; but such a flesh feast was never seen in Spain before. He also roasted un ox for the benefit of the company. Dinner being ended, they marched in order to the fountain, or punch-bowl, where, on the punch, floated a little boat with a boy in it, and cups to serve it out to the company. The admiral began with the allies' health; and having drank what they thought fit, they drew off, and in went the mob, with their shoes and stockings all on, and had like to have turned the boat, with the boy over, and so he might have been drowned in the punch; but, to prevent further danger, they sucked it up, and left the punch-bowl behind." This is a comical, but a true relation, and worth noting.

DEAFNESS OF THE AGED.—Nothing is more common than to hear old people utter querulous complaints with regard to their increasing deafness; but those who do so are not perhaps aware that this infirmity is the result of an express and wise arrangement of Providence in constructing the human body. The gradual loss of hearing is effected for the best of purposes; it being to give ease and quietude to the decline of life, when any noises or sounds from without would but discompose the enfeebled mind, and prevent peaceful meditation. Indeed, the gradual withdrawal of all the senses, and the perceptible decay of the frame, in old age, have been wisely ordained in order to wean the human mind from the concerns and pleasures of the world, and to induce a longing for a more perfect state of existence.

THEATRICAL FUN.—When the New-Orleans Firemen visited the St. Charles theatre by invitation of Mr. Caldwell, in consequence of their exertions to save his building from fire, Finn added the following to his Fireman's Song:

"But words are too weak for the praises
Of those who the engines then hauled well,
On that day when the firemen like *blazes*
Went to work for their friend James H. Caldwell.
No theatre but this I will say,
Has been saved from a burning outright, sirs;
If the firemen hadn't *played* on that day,
We shouldn't have been playing to-night, sirs."

MISS SHIREFF.—While this lady was singing, at her benefit recently at Baltimore, the ballad of "Whistle and I'll come to thee, my lad," a young gentleman in the pit, who was completely entranced, unconsciously whistled loud enough to be heard by the whole house. The audience testified by applause its admiration of the compliment.

SPECIMEN OF JUVENILE ELOQUENCE AT UTICA, N. C.—"Yes, Mr. Chairman, I do not believe there is a man, woman, or child, in this house, who have arrived at the age of fifty years and upwards, but what has felt this truth thundering through their brains for centuries."

RIDING THE WHIRLWIND.—In a tempest, accompanied with a tremendous whirlwind, which swept over a great part of Georgia on the twentieth ult., three persons were taken up from the ground and carried several hundred yards. So, at least, says one of our exchange papers.

WHISKERS.—"I cannot imagine," said an alderman, "why my whiskers should turn gray so much sooner than the hair on my head." "Because," observed a wag, "you have worked much harder with your jaws than your brains."

ON A SUNBEAM PLAYING ON A MASS OF SNOW.

Mark in yon beam, the world's destructive guile—
It *melts* us into *rum* with a *smile*.

A SCHOOLMASTER—Who was as fond of the use of his grog as the globes, was asked the difference between gravity and gravitation. "When I've drunk five glasses of grog," replied the pedagogue, "my gravity vanishes and my gravitation begins to operate."

POPE'S OATH.—Pope's oath was, God mend me. A link-boy to whom he had refused a penny, looking at his diminutive stature, cried out, "God mend you, indeed! it would be less trouble to make a new one."

AN EDITOR'S ADVICE.—An editor West, very properly advises another who wishes to pick a quarrel with him, to run home to his mammy.

A TALL MAN.—They have a man out South so tall, that he lets himself out at camp-meetings for a steeple.

ENGLISH NATIONAL DEBT.—Canning, when speaking of her national debt, said that England was bound to keep the peace in the sum of eight hundred million pounds.

TEA.—The tea plant has been discovered growing indigenously in the mountain country of British India, and a sample has been prepared and sent to England, which is said to be equal to the product of China. It is thought that Great Britain will soon be independent of the Celestial Empire, in regard to that article.

THE DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.—We have nothing in the whole range of poetry, ancient or modern, more beautifully expressed on this subject than the following lines by the late Charles Lamb, the inimitable and excellent-hearted Elia:

"In my poor mind it is most sweet to muse
Upon the days gone by—*to act, in thought,*
Past seasons o'er, and be again a child.
To sit, in fancy, on the turf-clad slope,
Down which the child would roll;
* * * * * * * To pluck gay flowers.
Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand
(Childhood, offended soon, soon reconcil'd)
Would throw away, and straight take up again,
Then fling them to the winds; and *up the lawn*
Bound with so playful, and so light a foot,
That the press'd daisy scarce declin'd her head."

THE EYE.—A person may discipline the muscles of the face, and he may control the voice; but there is something in the eye beyond the will; and we frequently find it giving the tongue the lie direct.

MUSICK.—Didymus, an ancient philosopher, was of opinion that the sound of the human voice was musick to the human ear. Didy was a bachelor.

TRANQUILLITY OF MIND.—A pervading tranquillity is generally the characteristick of the first order of minds, as restlessness is of the second.

EDITORIAL OATH.—"Oh! scissors!" is the most appropriate oath for an editor to make use of when news is scarce.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"The reasons why John Smith should not change his name," *which will be found in another page, are perfectly satisfactory. The reader will recognize in that racy sketch the well-known pen of the original Major Jack Downing. He is welcome to our columns.*—"*A District Attorney was recently heard to say that rather than send so many poor wretches to prison for stealing, he would prefer stealing himself, if the law were not against it.*" *This is the substance of the entire communication of Justitia. The single grain of wheat from the bushel of chaff he has sent us.—A correspondent says, that "a young lady, on the night previous to her marriage, was performing on the pianoforte with one hand, giving as a reason for the singularity that she had slightly injured the other.' 'Is it not rather because the other is* engaged? *observed a little fair-haired nymph by her side.*" *This also constitutes the whole material of a novellette of twenty pages, written by a youth who signs himself Flora.*—"Fair Play," *has called our attention to a crime of omission in not noticing at an earlier date, two new literary papers recently established in this city. The inadvertence was entirely accidental. The New-York Literary Gazette, edited by Mr. Aldrich, we welcome as a fellow-labourer in the literary vineyard. It is an ably-conducted and beautifully printed periodical, and merits the commendation that has been universally awarded to it. We wish the editor every success. The Expositor we have noticed before, and do so again, at the instance of our correspondent, with much pleasure. No one can read the work without being satisfied that a true gentleman presides over its editorial conduct. It is weekly stored with critical notices, written with fairness and discrimination. We hail it as a valuable auxiliary in the cause of letters. We agree with Fair Play in his estimate in regard to "The Sun." It is uniformly conducted with courtesy, urbanity and talent; and it gives us pleasure to know that its circulation is as extensive as its merits deserve. The story entitled the* "Breach of Promise," *the comments upon* "Advertising for Wives," *and* "Police Reports," *are inadmissible.*

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1839

Mrs. Maclean.—The recent accounts from England confirm the report of the death of Mrs. Maclean, so well known to the literary world under the initials of L. E. L. She died at Cape Town shortly after her arrival. She was found dead on the floor of her room, with a vial of *prussick acid*, and the jury gave as a verdict that she had probably taken an over-dose for spasms of the stomach, to which she was subject. Letitia Elizabeth Landon was a lady of no ordinary genius, and it is with emotions of regret that we record her melancholy end. For the last ten years her effusions have been the principal staple for the supply of the "poets' corners" of our newspapers. Her versification is remarkably melodious, and many of her lyrical pieces are permanently interwoven with the existence of the language. She wrote, perhaps, too profusely, and did not sufficiently concentrate her powers to produce any work of paramount genius. But there is exquisite grace and beauty in her poems, and the history of the literature of the century would be incomplete without an honourable mention of her contributions. A young female friend of rather a fanciful and superstitious tendency of mind, mentions to us as a "coincidence," that on originally hearing of the lamentable death of L. E. L., she accidentally took up her novel of "Ethel Churchill," when the very first words her eyes lighted on in opening the volume, were the following:

"Strong as the death it masters, is the hope
That onward looks to immortality:
Let the frame perish, so the soul survive,
Pure, spiritual and loving. I believe
The grave exalts, not separates, the ties
That hold us in affection to our kind.
I will look down from yonder pitying sky
Watching and waiting those I loved on earth,
Anxious in heaven until they too are there."

The following letter from Mrs. Maclean—to a female friend in England, we presume—dated on the fifteenth of October, the day of her death, was found in her writing-desk:

"MY DEAREST MARIE—I cannot but write you a brief account how I enact the part of a feminine Robinson Crusoe. I must say, in itself, the place is infinitely superiour to all I ever dreamed of. The castle is a fine building—the rooms excellent. I do not suffer from heat; insects there are few or none; and I am in excellent health. The solitude, except an occasional dinner, is absolute; from seven in the morning till seven when we dine, I never see Mr. Maclean, and rarely any one else. We were welcomed by a series of dinners, which I am glad are over—for it is very awkward to be the only lady; still, the great kindness with which I have been treated, and the very pleasant manners of many of the gentlemen, made me feel it as little as possible. Last week we had a visit from Captain Castle, of the Pylades. His story is very melancholy. He married, six months before he left England, to one of the beautiful Miss Hills, Sir John Hill's daughter, and she died just as he received orders to return home. We also had a visit from Colonel Bosch, the Dutch governour, a most gentlemanly-like man. But fancy how awkward the next morning: I cannot induce Mr. Maclean to rise; and I have to make breakfast, and do the honours of adieu to him and his officers—white plumes, mustachios, and all. I think I never felt more embarrassed. I have not yet felt the want of society the least. I do not wish to form new friends, and never does a day pass without thinking most affectionately of my old ones. On three sides we are surrounded by the sea. I like the perpetual dash on the rocks: one wave comes up after another, and is for ever dashed in pieces—like human hopes, that only swell to be disappointed. We advance—up springs the shining froth of love or hope, 'a moment white and gone for ever.' The land view, with its cocoa and palm trees, is very striking—it is like a scene in the Arabian Nights. Of a night the beauty is very remarkable; the sea is of a silvery purple, and the moon deserves all that has been said in her favour. I have only once been out of the fort by daylight, and then was delighted. The salt lakes were first dyed a deep crimson by the setting sun: and as we returned they seemed a faint violet in the twilight, just broken by a thousand stars, while before us was the red beacon light. The chance of sending this letter is a very sudden one, or I should have ventured to write to General Fagan, to whom I beg the very kindest regards. Dearest, do not forget me. Pray write me—: Mrs. George Maclean. Cape Coast Castle, care of Messrs. Forster and Smith, 5 New City Chambers, Bishopsgate-street. Write about yourself; nothing else half so much interests. L. E. M."

A writer in the London *Courier* says, in reference to the above—"On reading the above most affecting letter, it will at once be conceived that it must have produced on the minds of the jury an impression as to the tranquil state of mind of the writer, and of her having therefore perished by a most deplorable want of caution on her own part. But we here feel it due to truth and justice to state, that letters previously written by the same hand, a few hours, a few days, perhaps a month before, give evidence that that most affectionate and noble spirit was not always so tranquil. It should also be distinctly stated, that she had never been known by her friends in England to have resorted to the use of the deadly medicine in the case of spasmodick attacks."

The evidence also of her husband at the inquest is not quite satisfactory.

"George Maclean deposeth and saith, that deponent saw nothing particular about Mrs. Maclean this morning, except that she complained of weariness; and after having, as usual, given him some tea and arrow root, at six o'clock, went to bed again for about one hour and a half. Deponent attributed her weariness to attendance upon himself while sick, and want of rest for three previous nights; that she was very subject to spasms and hysterical affections, and had been in the custom of using the medicine contained in the small bottle produced, as a remedy or prevention, which she had told him had been prescribed for her by her medical attendant in London, (Dr. Thompson;) that on seeing her use it, deponent had threatened to throw it away, and had at one time told her that he had actually done so; when she appeared so much alarmed, and said it was so necessary for the preservation of her life, that deponent was prevented from afterward taking it away; that he had been called by Bailey that morning, when he found Mrs. Maclean on the floor near the door, quite senseless; that he immediately sent for the doctor, and assisted to carry her to bed; that the efforts of the doctor to restore life were in vain, and *that deponent cannot assign any cause for her death;* that the letter in the following words, now produced to this deponent, and stated to have been found in Mrs. Maclean's desk this morning, is in her own handwriting; and that an unkind word had never passed between Mrs. Maclean and deponent."

The untimely death of this lady will be generally lamented. The lovers of elegant literature have long been familiar with her writings, which displayed tenderness and delicacy of feeling, with no inconsiderable powers of observation and poetick genius. In the letter to her friend given above, her affectionate spirit breathes forth with its wonted kindness; at the same time, there are indications of that susceptibility of temperament which shone forth in the literary productions, as it affected the daily existence of L. E. L.

It is noticeable that an account of the death of Mrs. Maclean's uncle, Dr. Landon, Dean of Exeter, was received in London the day before that of his niece transpired.

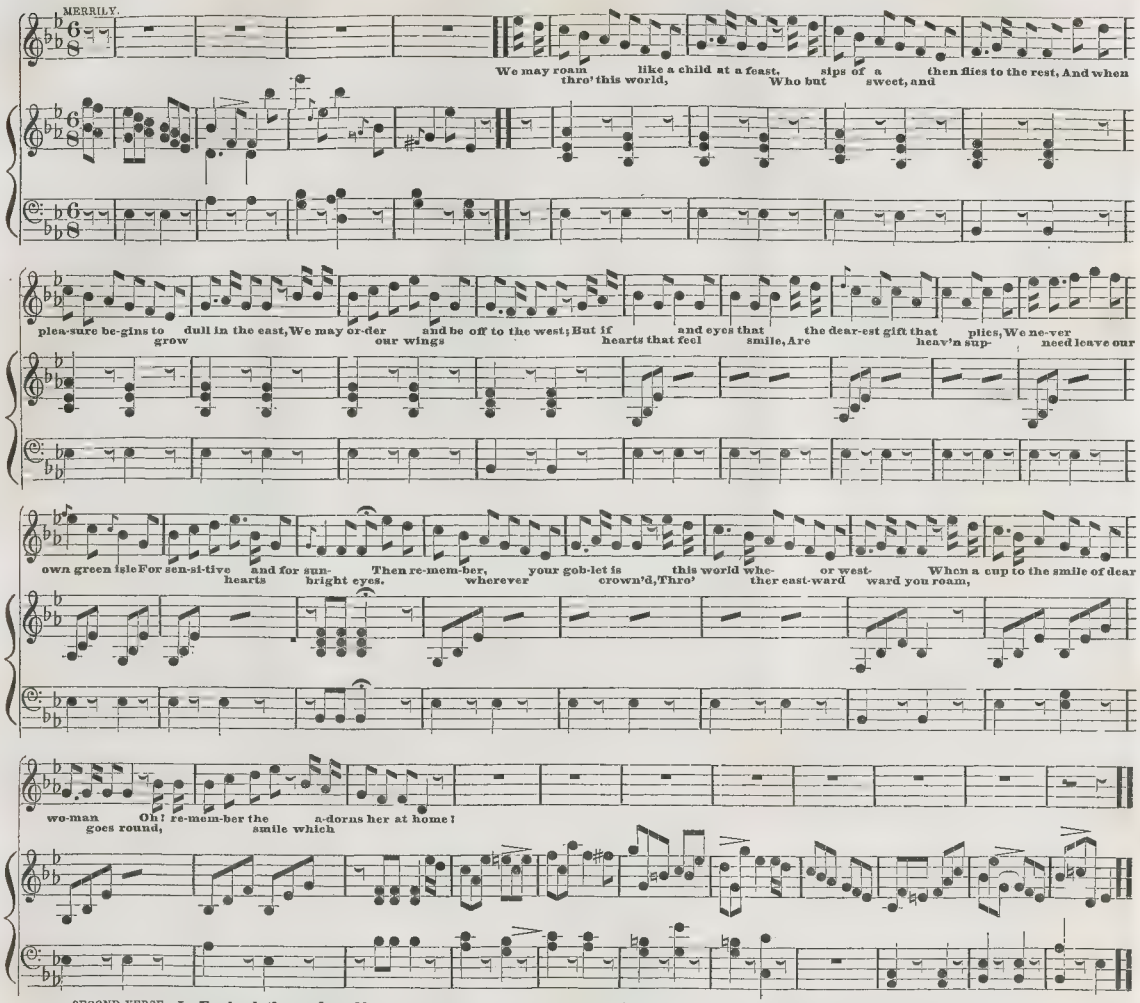
London chit-chat.—The English correspondent of the Star, furnishes us with the following gossipping intelligence.—"Caroline Bowles is said to be the lady whom Robert Southey is about to marry. She is a delightful writer. Her chapters on Churchyards, in Blackwood, are admirable, and she has written some of the best serious poetry I am acquainted with. A portrait of Dickens, by Lawrence, is coming out. A wag says he must be popular in Turkey; else why have the Boz-for-us (Bosphorus.) Lover, the poet, painter, novelist, dramatist, and musician, is about publishing all his songs and ballads. Lover's "Rory O'More" is known everywhere. H. K. Brown, who illustrates Nicholas Nickleby, is to publish a set of oddities, called "Phiz's Fancies." He is about illustrating a new work, "A Paper—of Tobacco," edited by Joseph Fume! A new monthly periodical, *à la Pickwick*, is coming out, to be called "Memoirs of Davey Dreamy." Dr. James McHenry's new poem, "The Antediluvian; or, the World Destroyed," has found a London publisher. A new magazine is to start this month, called "Dearden's Miscellany." Bulwer has withdrawn from the proprietorship of the Monthly Chronicle. De Quincy, the celebrated Opium Eater, has begun a series of papers on the Lake Poets. The first is Wordsworth. It is given in Tait's Magazine. Thomas Carlyle's critical and miscellaneous essays are about appearing in four volumes. A new Annual, called the *Gift for all Seasons*, is in the press. It will be edited by Mr. Anderson, author of Landscape Lyricks, and among its contributors are Ladies Blessington and Stuart Wortley, Sheridan Knowles, R. M. Milnes, Dr. Mackenzie, Archdeacon Wrangham, etc. Widas Barnaby, Mrs. Trollope's new work, is one of her very facts.

Published portraits.—It is related of Queen Elizabeth of England, that she was so annoyed by some of the sad daubs which were put forth by the limners and engravers of that day, as royal likenesses, that she issued an ordinance prohibiting "all manner of persons to draw, paint, engrave, or portray her majesty's personage or visage for a time, until by some more perfect pattern and example the same may be by others followed." We should recommend to Victoria to adopt some similar means of preventing herself from being caricatured—for we have not yet had in this country a well engraved and faithful representation of her majesty. This deficiency is, however, likely to be supplied by the enterprising proprietor of the Albion, who gives to his subscribers a very beautiful, and, we believe, faithful picture of England's Queen.

Dexter, the Sculptor—His bust of Miss Tree.—Mr. Henry Dexter, a self-educated artist, is attracting much attention in Boston, in consequence of his success as a sculptor. His studio, at Broomfield Hall, is daily visited by many lovers of art. Many eminent individuals in Boston have employed him to take their busts and have been highly satisfied with the result. Among these, the mayor of the city, Samuel E. Eliot, Esq. is to be numbered; and much credit is due to him for discovering and encouraging the talent of the artist. Mr. Dexter has cut the mayor's bust in a beautiful style, in marble; and he is now employed in cutting that of the mayor's lady, from the same material. The sculptor has also executed a splendid bust of Miss Ellen Tree, a copy of which in plaster may be seen at our office. It is very perfect, and finished with much judgment and taste, while the likeness is remarkably faithful.

WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD.

THE POETRY BY THOMAS MOORE—THE MUSICK ARRANGED BY SIR JOHN STEVENSON.



SECOND VERSE.—**In England, the garden of beauty is kept**
By a dragon of prudery, placed within call;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden's but carelessly watch'd after all.
Oh! they want the wild, sweet-briery fence,
Which round the flowers of Erin dwells,
Which warns the touch, while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels.
Then remember, etc.

THIRD VERSE.—**In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail,**
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-by!
While the daughters of Erin keep the boy
Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
Through billows of wo and beams of joy,
The same as he look'd when he left the shore.
Then remember, etc.

NEW MUSICK.

"Haste, boatman, haste," is the title of a new barcarole, the poetry by Miss Costello, the musick composed by Manouvrner, by whom it is dedicated to Henry Russell. It is published by Hewitt and Jaques, corner of Broadway and Park-Place. The following are the words:

Haste, boatman, haste, there's not to night
Or mist or cloud we may discover,
The air is pure, the moon is bright,
Unmoor thy bark and row me over.
Haste, boatman, haste!

The nightingale at distance calls,
The willows wave amid the gloaming;
Gay lights, like glow-worms gem those walls,
And yon fair girl awaits my coming.
Haste, boatman, haste!

Haste, boatman, such a stream and shore,
And such a star to guide a lover,
Should give new vigour to thine oar—
Then take thy bark and row me o'er.
Haste, boatman, haste!

Dost thou not hear her soft guitar,
And softer voice the echoes swelling!
Dost thou not mark yon guiding star,
Whose rays are beaming o'er her dwelling!
Haste, boatman, haste!

Horn has just finished another number of his "National Melodies," and a new song, the words by Mr. Halleck, which may be had of Horn and Davis, 411 Broadway. Russell's last production is, "We met in other years," the words by a favourite lady correspondent of our own—Ione. Published by Hewitt and Jaques.

COMPLIMENTARY ENTERTAINMENT.

Mr. Burton.—Although somewhat late in the day, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of copying from the Evening Star the following account of one of the most delightful entertainments ever given in this city. The occasion was graced by the presence of many distinguished authors, poets, editors, artists, actors, members of the bar, officers of the army and navy, as well as eminent citizens from other states. Never was a compliment of the kind more worthily bestowed, and it will not easily pass from the memory of those who had the good fortune to partake of Cozzens's sumptuous repast, and to listen to the innumerable capital things said and done by the "goodly companie."—"The friends of literature and the drama gave Mr. Burton a complimentary dinner on Monday, the eleventh instant, at the American Hotel. He had completed a short and successful engagement at the National, considering the season of the year, and left a most favourable impression of his talents and good personal qualities. Connected also with the literature of the country, at the head of an ably-conducted periodical in Philadelphia, the compliment was in every respect due to him, and passed off in the most agreeable manner. His honour the Mayor was in the chair; and about seventy gentlemen partook of a sumptuous repast, served in the best style of the worthy host of the American. Mr. Burton, in reply to the toast of the Mayor, was exceedingly happy in the expression of thanks for the honour conferred on him. Several gentlemen also spoke, and the whole affair partook of a neat and classick character, such as we desire frequently to see repeated. The charm of the evening, however, was in the delightful songs of Mr. Wilson, Mr. Horn, and Mr. Russell, who, with the aid of the pianoforte in glees, catches, ballads, etc. gave a complete concert. Mr. Wilson's Scotch songs were admirable. Horn has got a new lease, and sings as well as he did twenty years ago; and Russell went over all his gems with the most perfect execution. Williams, of the National, and Burton, sang comick songs. The health of Miss Shirreff was drank with great enthusiasm, and Mr. Wilson, in returning thanks for a complimentary toast, and referring to the great pleasure he had derived from a visit South, claimed New-York as his home in the new world, where the reception of himself and friends had been so warm and cheering. Mr. Wallack, of the National, Mr. Hamblin, and several gentlemen of the *corps dramatique*, were present; and the party separated at midnight, having passed a delightful time. These marks of distinction conferred on gentlemen of the profession, have the best general tendency in inducing them to place a proper estimate on the value and importance of private worth and dramatick talent."

NEW-YORK MIRROR,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Embellished with Fine Engravings, and Musick arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.] SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, NUMBER ONE BARCLAY-STREET, NEXT TO THE CORNER OF BROADWAY. [PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME SIXTEEN. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1839. NUMBER THIRTY-SIX.

ORIGINAL TALES.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

BY JOHN NEAL.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

The Fright.

"*Now for a scamper!*" cried Miss Julia, getting ready for a start, as the top of the stage appeared swinging this way and that, and slowly working its passage through the cool deep shadow we had left; the horses tossing their heads, and their manes all afloat, in their impatience to be up—"*now for a scamper!*" leaning forward on one foot—(a foot which Victoria herself might have been proud of, all the British newspapers to the contrary notwithstanding)—with parted lips and eager eyes, and little straw bonnet, pulled together by the strings, into which had been stuffed, by little and little, after she had left the *stage*, (and the eye of her mother,) a pocket handkerchief, a pair of soiled gloves, a paper of lemon drops, a sweet pretty scarf, as she called it, of gold and purple gauze, a feather fan, two or three suspicious looking letters folded awry, along with ever so many and-so-forths; by reason whereof, the little bonnet, of open-worked straw, became a very pretty travelling basket, hooped with blue ribands, and crammed till it was ready to burst—"*now for a scamper!* catch me if you can, George!" And off she started!—off and away—along the outermost verge of the road, where the turf lay greenest, and adown the steepest part of the hill, where the shadow lay darkest; her mother screaming after her at the top of her voice, and protesting to all of us by turns, and to me in particular, (I never could imagine why,) that she never saw the child in "such a tantrum afore—the most unaccountable thing!" for at home, Charlottee Julee Ma-ri', as she called her, was jist as siddy as a clock, not a bit of a romp, and would'nt have anything to say to a hoop, nor touch-to, and that, if she ever got to the bottom of that 'ere plaguy hill, without breakin' her neck, or somethin' wuss, it was her belief, she wouldn't have a rag on her fit to be seen:"—poor George eying his tight boots and strapped unimpeachables, with such a piteous look!—now dusting himself with more energy than ever, now throwing his collar back with an air of desperate determination—trying to laugh the while—and now looking after the beautiful romp, with *such* an expression of utter helplessness!—the father laughing and hallooing with all his might, and throwing up his arms to encourage her, and the children running hither and thither, and screaming and clapping their hands, like mad creatures, as they saw poor Julia trying to stop herself a long way below; at one time, by catching at the wild shrubbery, at another, by jumping along on her heels—dropping a thread-paper here, and a glove there—now parting with a pale blue neckerchief, which had kept her shoulders from the sun—literally snatched off by a light-fingered spray, while appearing to hold forth a chaplet of green leaves just ready to drop, as she darted underneath the outstretched arms of the older trees, that were stooping over her path, and trembling to catch her—trembling to the very roots, I dare say—now casting a shoe, and now that gold and purple scarf, her hearts' chief treasure!—flirted off by the rising wind, like so much "sky-tinctured" gossamer, and swept streaming, and glittering, and skimmering, all the way into the deepest of the dark foliage that lay heaped up, like huge piles of permanent shadow, in the awful solitude beneath us.

"There now! didn't I tell you so!" cried the mother—"I *do* wish you *would* stop laughin' a moment, Mr. Fitch—how can I make the child hear me, if you don't stop? Here am I, all out o' breath, een-a-most ready to cry, and there are you laughin' as if you'd split your throat—there goes another galluss-button!—served you right! I'm glad on't—another time, I hope you'll pay some attention to what's said to you—Julee. I say!—Julee dear!—Charlotty-Julee-Ma-ri!—I'll spank her well, when I do catch her, you see if I don't—the jade! There now! there goes another handkerchief! there goes her new bonnet!—bran new 'tother day—not more 'n a month old! Jest what I told you, Mr. Fitch: a fool an' his money, says I, is soon parted, says I—didn't I, Mr. Fitch?"

Mr. Fitch bowed, and pursing up his mouth, tipped me a wink.

"And then, says Julee-Ma-ri, says she—why Ma! says she, if I can't have a decent bonnet to wear, I don't want to go, says she: hope you haint forgot that—have you?"

"No, my dear—not a word of it—how should I?—ben a-ringin' in my ears ever sense—"

"You'll never hear the last on't, I promise you, Mr. Fitch."

Mr. Fitch only drew a long breath in reply, and then burst out a laughing again.

"Why, Mr. Fitch!—Mr. Fitch, I say—what will the gentleman think of you? Consarn it all, Mr. Fitch, didn't I make you promise before we started?"

"To be sure you did, my love—make me cross my fingers, and wish I might die."

"Oh, you may laugh, Mr. Fitch! There goes another button!—but you'll be sorry for this, afore along; if you don't, I miss my guess, that's all!—Goody gracious!—look o' there, Mr. Fitch!—What's the matter, now?"

We looked, and lo! Miss Julia had actually turned about, and appeared hurrying toward us, stretching out her arms, and calling or screaming, as if pursued. The mother grew very red in the face, and the father himself looked frightened; and the next moment, the four horses and the heavy stage came thundering down the hill after us, at full gallop, the driver shouting, and shaking his whip, and bawling to us to keep together! and not leave the children!—and something else he said which escaped me, though it must have reached my fellow-traveller; for, without saying a word—though I never shall forget his look!—he sprang up behind the stage as it passed, and bidding me not be frightened, began loosening his collar and buttoning up his coat, with one hand, while he steadied himself with the other, by the straps that bound the luggage.

On turning my head to see if either had been better understood by my companions than by me, another and a more distant scream was heard from the deep hollow—other and hoarser voices—the baying of dogs—and cries of mutual encouragement, which appeared to be approaching. The mother turned pale as death—the children huddled together in speechless terrour—the collegian sprang for the fence, followed by the father, who wrenching out a stake, and calling upon me to stay by the children, and behave like a man, set off at full speed down the hill.

"What on earth is the matter? Do you know, madam," said I, as the whole company started off down the hill, one after the other, each arming himself as he ran, with whatever happened to be in his way, and the collegian limping behind them all, as if his legs were tied; while the mother, squatting down on the grass, and screaming "Julee! Julee!" with one arm round each of the children, who were hiding their faces in her lap, kept screeching to me not to leave her. To all my questioning, no answer could I get for a long while, but, "Murder! murder! Julee! Julee!"

At last, however, just as I was beginning to grow weary of her insupportable clamour, and but for the poor frightened children, would have left her to see for myself what the matter was below, her voice changed a little, her breath failed her for a moment, and I thought I could distinguish the words, "O Mr. Fitch! my husband! my husband!—the *bear*—the *bear!*"

Merciful heaven!—a bear! The truth flashed on me like lightning! I understood at once what the driver meant by shaking his whip, and screaming so violently to the horses—what he said to us about the children—and what the stranger sprang up behind for, as the stage went lumbering by in a cloud of dust. I had a dirk with me, by the strangest accident in the world, for I never travelled with one before; and having unsheathed it, was just on the point of starting off at full speed for the bottom of the hill, when I heard a crashing of the undergrowth near the rocks we had just left, and up started a huge bear—the largest I ever saw. She rose on her hind legs for a moment, looked about her, and then tumbled over the log-fence that separated us, followed by her cubs, and came directly toward me! The children must have heard her growl, though their faces were hid in their mother's lap—for they gave one more screech!—one more! and altogether!—and the bear, lifting herself up, and looking about, as if she hadn't seen us before, and was quite astonished at the outcry, took straight across the road into the bushes, within forty feet of us, followed by both her cubs, and within five minutes, by two great powerful dogs, tearing their way through the underbrush like a pair of stag-hounds, their eyes glowing like live coals, their rough coat bristling, their tongues lolling out of their mouths, and their whole appearance that of the four-footed avenger of blood, on the track of a man-slayer. On they passed! without stopping to look at us; and before we had got a hundred yards further, for we lost no time in taking a new departure, I promise you, we heard voices approaching from below—a tremendous uproar in the woods, followed by such a screaming, and barking, and yelping, and growling, as you never heard in your life, out of Exeter Change at feeding time—and then shot after shot, as if all the country was up, and a whole parish, at least, blazing away at one poor solitary she-bear, the last creature in the world to meddle with human flesh, in this part of the country, so long as the sweet corn, or the wild grape is to be found, or nuts or acorns, or young pigs—which the northern bear greatly prefers to children.

Without stopping to hear the result, and most confoundedly frightened I acknowledge, we hurried on toward the foot of the hill where the stage appeared to be waiting for us—the poor crazed mother tugging one child along by the arm, and I carrying the other till we met some of the party on the way back to our assistance; the driver calling to us afar off, to make haste, and the father shouting on his way toward us, that we needn't hurry at all, that there was no harm done, and the collegian looking as if he could tear his own eyes out; for the stranger had Julia in his arms, and was lifting her into the stage, as a mother would her sick child

"Thank God!" whispered the father, as he ran past me to help his wife into the stage; "the poor child is not hurt at all—only frightened out of a year's growth or so!" and in we bundled, faster by a deal than we had bundled out, and off we started again at full speed for more than half a mile, I should think, before anybody ventured to speak above his breath.

At last, the driver drew up, and called out to know how the young lady was.

"Better—much better!"—said she, opening her eyes, and lifting up her head from her mother's lap, and looking about, as if to satisfy herself that every dear thing she loved on earth was quite safe; tears of thankfulness running out of her eyes, and sobs choking her speech, as the children cuddled up to her in the bottom of the coach, and clung to her, chattering and kissing, and laughing and crying, all in a breath.

"Oh Julee, Julee! Charlottee Julee! that ever I should see you in the arms of a ——"

"Of a *bear*—my dear mother!" murmured the poor girl, putting up both arms, and pulling her mother's cheek down to her lips—

The stage stopped, and the driver, leaning over and twisting his head, so as to see for himself how the land lay, sung out—"I say neighbours! may be you'd like to know where they treed the beast, when I fuss see her, a-comin' over the top o' the hill there"; pointing with his whip as he spoke to a large pine tree standing by itself, and overtopping the whole neighbourhood—"I say, marm, that's the tree, aint it, where you see the bear fust?"

Julia shut her eyes with a shudder, and turned away.

"Wal! I know 'twas," continued the driver—"I've ben acquainted with that ere tree ever sence I want more a knee high to a bumbly-bee—kind o' brought up together, ye see—an taint the fuss time I've seen a bear out—no, not by two chalks—and so you see, as I was a comin' over the top o' that ere hill yonder, I happened to be a lookin' at that ere tree—you can see it moren six miles off one way, an' everybody knows it—well, you see, as I was a lookin' at it, all at once I thought it seemed to look different, somehow, from what it ever did before, close up to the top—and jist then I happened to look down the hill, and then I saw that ere young woman hopping along on one foot, as if she had lost her shoe: and then, what do you think! why, when I looked up at the tree next time, it had altered agin, if it hadn't I wish I may be shot! and the top on't seemed to be comin' down—if it didn't, I hope I may never speak another word.—Oh, ho! says I to myself, that's a bear!—and then, all at once, it come into my mind, that only a week or two ago, a great she-bear was seen by a feller, that come up here from Portland a fishin'. He was a whapper, I tell you! an' she was waddlin' along—waddlin' along sideways, with two great unaccountable cubs arter her, when he happened to turn his head that way, and what do ye think! why there she was, sure enough!—within six feet of him!—so he jist giv one screech and cleared out! and Ethan Crawford told me himself, that he hadn't no manner o' doubt o' the truth of the story, for the feller turned as white as a sheet, an' never stopped till he got to Jonis Crawford's, and then he tumbled into the bar-room, head first, singin' out—murder! murder! stop the bear! stop the bear! Wal—and so—I jist thought to myself, what's that ere feller a comin' down the tree arter?—can't be for that young woman there—never heard o' sich thing in these parts; howsomever, thinks I—no harm in givin' her a friendly hint; and so, I gives the team a twitch or two o' the leather, as much as to say, how are you! and puts the string on a little—an' if they didn't smoke it down that are hill there, about the quickest, I think it's a pity. The young woman looked frightened enough, when I met her; but I guess the bear had the wust on't, for she took right off into the woods, without stoppin' to see what ailed us; and when I pulled up for the young woman—glad to see you look so much better, marm—that are dodorin' gintleman there, he'd got you fast enough—I knew you was safe, though you didn't, and so I did not hurry myself a-turnin—"

"Oh, sir," said poor Julia, blushing to the very finger-ends, "I am sure, I know not how to thank you for your timely appearance. I had a notion that the bear was close behind me, and that the horses were running away with the carriage; the creature saw me I am sure, when she was in the top of the tree, for my attention was called that way by a sort of low smothered growl, and the first thing I saw, she was coming down the tree, tail first, and tearing off the bark in a terrible rage, while her two cubs were whining at the foot, and trying to get up to her. For a moment, I gave

myself up for lost—I hadn't strength enough to run a yard—but on looking about me for a small tree, into which I might clamber, for I hoped she wouldn't leave her cubs, and I happened to recollect that bears cannot climb small trees—I heard the shouting of the driver, and saw the carriage coming down over the top of the hill at a rate which satisfied me the horses were running away with it; I hardly know what happened then—all I remember is, that I thought of the children of my poor mother, and that I tried to scream—"

"*Tried*, hey!" said her father, a tear standing in his eye, and his voice trembling as he spoke to her, though he tried to speak manfully.

"Yes, father, *tried* with all my heart, I assure you—as the horses and carriage went past—and then—and then——"

"Well, my dear, and what then?" said her father.

"Why, then, sir, I heard the growl of the bear, the whining of the cubs—I felt her breath!—I knew she had got me; and in short, sir, looking at the stranger——"

"Well, said the stranger——"

"Well, sir, when I came to myself, I found it wasn't the bear that had got me"—smiling—"not the *she*-bear at any rate; and so, sir, you know the rest of the story."

We looked at Mr. Ichabod Weare, jun. in astonishment. Not a muscle moved—there was no smile about the mouth—no gentleness of eye—no change of look or attitude. He continued to breathe naturally—even while he held the trembling hands of that child in his own—speaking to her as if his thoughts were far away, and looking at her—nay looking into her very eyes—into her very heart and watching the changes of her lighted-up and wonderful countenance as if he saw her not.

Who was he! *what* was he! I would have given a little finger to know, (but remember, I don't say whose.) Even the father appeared thoughtful; and as for the poor mother, after staring at him for five minutes or so, she drew a long breath, and turning to me, whispered "that he was the strangest man! but there!" she continued, "there's no savin', and, I s'pose——"

To all which I assented—wondering what George would have to say for himself after we stopped, for he had been mute and sulky—sulky as death, ever since we had returned to our old position.

It grew dark—darker and darker; and we were just making up our minds for a smart shower, when we heard the report of a gun, close alongside; and the next moment somebody bawling to us from little a one-story log-house by the roadside, the door of which stood open and appeared thronged with well-dressed company.

"Come, hourraw there! hourraw! supper's ready!"

"Wall, then, hurraw 'tis!" answered the driver; "What are you got to give?"

"Bear steak and split thunderbolts—that's good enough for you, hey? If 'tis, turn out here, and let's have a look at your faces."

No sooner said than done! We drew up, and in fifteen minutes more found ourselves at Eathan Crawford's, in the worst inn's worst room, that is, in the parlour of the White Mountain House, tired to death, and hungry as tigers, with our host, a man six feet five, in a low-crowned white hat, which he never took off, doing his best to make us *comfortable*, as he called it.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

NEW YEAR IN THE COUNTRY.

PART I.—THE HONEYMOON.

"DEAR Harry, how delightful this is—really quite a picture—the sunny skies of Italy, with its marble palaces and its silver lakes, have nothing that can compare with one of the old ancestral halls of dear, delightful, smiling England."

"And yet you admired Italy, and grew quite eloquent on its ruined fanes, and falling temples, and classick pillars. I think you were guilty of the sin of poetizing."

"Ah! but I had never seen your country seat, with its magnificent range of trees, and its green parks with the tame deer, and the white cottages of your contented peasantry; and, in short, are *you* not here, and do I not like any place with you, dear husband?"

"My own Laura! and so you are pleased with this our first new year in the country. I wonder if it will be the same this time ten years."

"Can you doubt it?"

"You know it has been our family custom to spend the new year here from time immemorial."

"Ah! how pleasant; and I hope we shall have no intruders on our happiness, no calls from country neighbours to annoy us with congratulations they don't feel, and affect a sympathy with pursuits they can't understand."

There was something pleasant in all this pretty interchange of affection—for Mrs. St. Aubyn was a bride, and felt all the enthusiasm she affected. In a well-assorted union the first few months of marriage form the spring-time of the heart, and Mr. and Mrs. St. Aubyn flattered themselves, that however dull the time and however few the visiters, there would be nothing dull to them in a "new year in the country."

Mrs. St. Aubyn had been the belle of the season. No party was perfect without her. No ball went off with eclat unless her figure enlivened the scene; and, worse than all, no men were to be met where she was not. When chance, or rather the despotism of love, threw her in the way of Harry St. Aubyn, himself one of the best matches of the day, they both fell in love—lived upon chicken and sighs for a considerable time—talked sentiment like a French milliner—grew most lugubriously pale and very thin—and finished by dashing off to Gretna in a coach and six; returning to town in triumph, the hero and heroine of the season—made mistress of Harry St. Aubyn's vast estates, accumulated during his minority, can we wonder at the lavish affection displayed by both bride and bridegroom?

"And how beautiful!" said Mr. H. St. Aubyn, as they continued the conversation, which our digression has interrupted, "how beautiful will be the long winter evenings, with your sweet guitar and your sweeter voice—we shall never know a dull hour."

"Yes! and then there will be that hateful season, when all our time must be passed in town in ball-going and Almacks, and *fêtes champetres*; and I shall be——"

"So admired, dearest."

"And you will be——"

"Quite jealous, if that pretty face smiles on any one save me."

"Dear, dear Harry, shall I sing to you my last new song?"

And then the light-hearted bride, after running carelessly over the strings of her instrument, sung the following—need we say she was rewarded with an affectionate kiss?

SONG.

We part—no, on my word we must—
I really won't allow
That day go by, with Clarence Gray,
You smile, and sigh, and vow!

Of course, I know, to lose your beau,
Will cut you to the core—
But send me all my presents back,—
We part to meet no more!

The days we spent, with Lady Gent,
The mask, the rout, the ball—
Our evening walks, our morning talks,
He's now forgotten all.

I shall be very happy—but
Your happiness is o'er;
Oh! no, I cannot break my word—
We part to meet no more!

And thus did these two young dreamers while away the time, and in the plenitude of their affection deem that all the succeeding ones would be like—"their first new year in the country."

PART II.—TEN YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.

Time has dealt gently with our hero and heroine, and as they sate, at the end of the season, in their well-appointed mansion in Belgrave-square, you would scarcely have dreamed that ten years had passed over their heads. The lady's pretty feet were peeping from the velvet slippers which enclosed them, but in her countenance there was something which put to flight all the reminiscences of the smiling bride of ten years ago, and as she speaks there is a decision in her tone which then it (fortunately) wanted.

"Really, Mr. St. Aubyn, it's quite absurd. The duke has asked us to spend the new year with him, amid the festivities of W—— castle, and instead of going there, I'm to be dragged to your nasty, dull, country seat, because it has been your custom to do so?"

"I tell you, madam," (he never said Laura now,) "that go to Aubyn-hall I will; but you seem quite to have forgotten your penchant for the place during the honeymoon."

"Without any company to enliven us?" put in the lady.

"But shall not I be there?"—and as he spoke he mimicked the tones of her voice.

"Not a prospect worth admiring," continued the incensed lady.

"What! have you forgotten 'the magnificent range of trees,' and its 'green park with its tame deer?'"

"And its hum-drum country neighbours!" retorted Mrs. St. Aubyn.

"Ah! but you forget its 'pretty white cottages' and its 'contented peasantry!'"

"A nasty, dull, foggy place;" and Mrs. St. Aubyn's pretty cheek looked prettier under the influence of her rising colour.

"What! 'in dear, delightful, smiling England?'"

"Really, this is too provoking, to have my words thrown in my teeth in this way—but I'm determined I won't go."

"And I'm determined that I *will* go."

"It's shameful—I, who never crossed you"

"Excepting about 'new year in the country.'"

"I, who brought you a fortune?"

"And spent twice as much in the first year."

"Who made your house the most fashionable in town?"

"Notwithstanding all these numerous obligations," returned Mr. St. Aubyn, leisurely rising, and murmuring with the most provoking calmness—

"Pray, Goody, please to moderate."

"Notwithstanding all these obligations, you will find that you will spend the next, as you have spent all the last here, new year's days, in the country."

AN ECCENTRICK CHARACTER.

The following remarkable instance of a constant attachment, is taken from a late English paper. Such a piece of eccentricity in the present day, is indeed remarkable:—Died, on Tuesday, at his residence, Willow Cottage, near Eltham, Mr. Jonathan Walton, aged sixty-two years. In early life he formed an attachment to the daughter of a small farmer at Crayford, but his friends being averse to their union, he was sent to the East Indies, where, by perseverance, he accumulated a considerable property During twenty-two years which he was absent, he regularly corresponded with her; but on his arrival in England, he was only in time to pay the last tribute of affection to his beloved, she having expired two days previous. Ever after her death he secluded himself, avoiding all society except her brother's, to whom he left the bulk of his fortune, amounting to upwards of eighty thousand pounds, subject to the payment of two annuities of seventy-five pounds each, to a male and female servant who were his only domesticks for nearly twenty years. His house was built in the cottage style, situated at the extremity of a small grove of willows and poplars, and furnished in the most simple manner. The window-shutters in front were never suffered to be open. His meals were temperate, consisting of bread and milk for breakfast, one dish of boiled meat and soup for dinner, with which he allowed himself a glass of ale, and coffee in the evening. He would not permit either wine or spirits; but, far from being penurious, he was a great benefactor of many poor persons in the neighbourhood, whom he supplied with fuel and warm clothing in the winter months. He allowed his beard to grow, except on the upper lip; and his hair, which was light auburn, and very long, hung in ringlets over his shoulders. His usual dress was a loose dark gown, and when seen, which was but seldom, he had so much the appearance of a hermit, that he was known to many persons in the vicinity by no other appellation.

THE POLAR STAR.

BY THE LATE MRS. MACLEAN.

This star sinks below the horizon in certain latitudes. I watched it sink lower and lower every night, till at last it disappeared.

A STAR has left the kindling sky—
A lovely northern light—
How many planets are on high,
But that has left the night.

I miss its bright familiar face,
It was a friend to me,
Associate with my native place,
And those beyond the sea.

It rose upon our English sky,
Shone o'er our English land,
And brought back many a loving eye,
And many a gentle hand.

It seemed to answer to my thought,
It called the past to mind,
And with its welcome presence brought
All I had left behind.

The voyage it lights no longer ends
Soon on a foreign shore;
How can I but recall the friends
Who I may see no more?

Fresh from the pain it was to part—
How could I bear the pain?
Yet strong the omen in my heart
That says we meet again.

Meet with a deeper, dearer love,
For absence shows the worth
Of all from which we then remove—
Friends, home, and native earth.

Thou lovely polar star, mine eyes
Still turned the first on thee,
Till I have felt a sad surprise
That none looked up with me.

But thou hast sunk below the wave—
Thy radiant place unknown;
I seem to stand beside a grave,
And stand by it alone.

Farewell!—Ah, would to me were given
A power upon thy light,
What words upon our English heaven
Thy loving rays should write.

Kind messages of love and hope
Upon thy rays should be;
Thy shining orbit would have scope
Scarcely enough for me.

Oh, fancy vain as it is fond,
And little needed too,
My friends! I need not look beyond
My heart to look for you!

EXTRAORDINARY DUEL.

The following account of a determined single combat is given in the "*Life of Thomas Reynolds*," notorious in history as a government informer in the Irish rebellion, just published by his son:—"The Count de Rochefort called on Fitzgerald on the part of Warren, and a meeting was arranged for eight o'clock in the morning of Sunday, the seventeenth, on the Plain of Grenelle, each party to bring two friends, and the weapons to be pistols only. Fitzgerald, with Messrs. de Puibusque and de Germain, and attended by M. du Hallay's servant, was on the ground about a quarter of an hour when Warren arrived accompanied by Captain de Toqueville of the guards, the Count de Rochefort, and an Irishman, whose name we could never learn. Fitzgerald had a case of plain duelling pistols, made by Wegden, of London; Warren had a French case, rifle barrels, hair triggers, and detonating locks, which unquestionably was an aim of much more certain destruction, and in every respect more formidable than the other, and, one which would be incomparably more dangerous than if the barrel was not rifled. Fitzgerald, however, declared himself satisfied that each should use his own weapon, but the seconds would not permit it, their own honour being at stake in allowing such a disparity of weapons; they therefore arranged that the combatants should toss up for choice of weapons, and that both parties should use the same case. Warren won the toss, and chose his own pistols, one of which was given to Fitzgerald, who had never before handled or seen one of the kind. Forty paces were measured, and, in the centre of this distance, an inner space of ten paces was measured, at each end of which a hat was placed. The parties were to be placed at the two extremities of the greater distance, and, on the word 'advance' being given, they were at liberty to advance as they pleased, or to remain at the extremity, but in no case to pass the hats, so that each had fifteen paces on his side; but the combatants could never retreat a foot, each might fire when, where, or how he pleased; whoever fired first should remain on the spot from which he fired, and there receive the fire of his adversary, who might still continue to advance up to the hat on his own side. Being placed, Warren ran forward up to the hat on his own side, presented at Fitzgerald, and remained in that attitude. Fitzgerald deliberately walked forward, and having advanced to within five paces of his hat, he, for the first time, raised his pistol to take aim, as it was evident Warren kept him covered in order to fire the moment Fitzgerald should arrive at his hat, and before he could have had time to raise his arm; but, unacquainted with the nicety of the hair trigger, Fitzgerald by some means touched it, and his pistol went off while he was raising it. Thus disarmed, at only fifteen paces before his most inveterate enemy, a noted and practised shot, he stood, like a mark, while Warren several times corrected his aim during a space of time greatly exceeding a minute, as marked by the watch of M. du Hallay's man, until at length M. de Puibusque called out to him, 'Fire, Mr. Warren: act honourably.' Warren directly lowered his aim, took off his hat, and replied—'Sir, I am at liberty to aim and fire when and how I please, and I will exercise my right.' He then put on his hat, and gradually raised his arm until he had adjusted his aim to his satisfaction: he fired, and missed. He looked for a few moments, as if in expectation of seeing the effect of his ball, and when convinced that he had failed, he stamped, raged, swore, flung his arms about, cursed his pistol and acted, in fine, like a madman."

WOMAN.

BY ISAAC APPLETON JEWETT.

In every country, from Turkey upwards, woman has her certain place. In Italy, in Switerland, in Germany, in England, in Scotland, and more than all in civilized and woman-adoring France, I have seen her, in instances without number, performing offices of hardship and notoriety, with which her heaven-given womanly nature seemed to me totally incompatible.

That the age of chivalry has passed from Europe needs not the meagre evidence that no thousand swords leaped from their scabbards to save the beautiful Marie Antoinette. Travel over Europe, the proofs shall stare you in the face wherever you go. In Munich a woman does the work of a printer's devil. In Vienna I have seen her making mortar, carrying hods, digging cellars, and wheeling forth the clay; and there have I also seen females harnessed with a man, nay, with a dog, and once even with a jackass, to a cart, dragging the same through the most publick streets of the metropolis. In Dresden she saws and splits wood, drags coal about the city in a little wagon, and wheels eatables for miles through the highways to the markets, in a huge barrow. In all these places, in France and Italy, may you note her with basket and scraper, hastening to monopolize the filth just fallen upon the publick routes.

In France females do vastly more degrading and out of door work than in England, and in Paris they are in as great request as the mirrors themselves. A woman harnesses diligence horses. A woman cleans your boots, as you rest them on her little stand at the Pont Neuf. At the theatres it is a woman who sells you your ticket, and other women who take charge of the boxes. At many mere business offices it is a woman who does the business. Would you bargain at a Chantier for a load of wood, you bargain with a woman. Would you be conveyed publickly to the south of France, you receive your right to a place in the coupee from a woman. There is no shop, of whatever description, in which a woman is not concerned. There is indeed no department in which she does not appear to be chief manager. The greatest hotel in Paris is kept by a woman. You see women superintending everywhere;—in the reading-rooms, in the restaurants, in the estaminets, in the cafes; selling tobacco in the thronged Tabacs; tending *cabinets inodores* on the Boulevard Montmartre; lending newspapers in the Palais Royal, and writing out accounts in the Rue de la Paix; and when, alas! her vocation must needs render her form invisible, you shall still on canvass see her image, large as life, in fifty streets of Paris.

One might infer from most of these instances that woman had changed occupation with the other sex. So far as cooking is concerned this is the fact. But I know not if the remark can be extended farther. While the women are thus active, the men are too generally lounging. Ten thousand brilliant shops in Paris are each day and evening presided over by ten thousand brilliant women. Here is certainly no unattractive spectacle. Therein is revealed the ingenuity of the French: since many a green one, and many a knowing one, is thus beguiled into jewelry and kid-gloves, to say no worse, merely because it is pleasant to higgle about their price with such gentle cheaters. As to the beauty of these divinities, you shall hear many a sigh from ancient veterans of the consulate and the empire. They will tell you that the young loveliness of those times has vanished. The present is an old and ugly generation. So far as specimens in cafes are concerned, the remark may be true. I have been surprised to find with so much grace, and so much courtliness, and so much gentleness, so little personal beauty combined. I hardly know an example that may be safely recommended, and yet he who should often walk through the Palais Royal, without ever looking into the Cafe Corazza, might be justly charged, in traveller's phrase, with "having seen nothing."

THE MERCENARY LOVER.

Whoever has been in the habit of promenading High-street, Cheltenham, in any portion of the year comprised between April and October, must necessarily have observed a certain walking gentleman. We say, advisedly, a *walking* gentleman. No one ever saw him enter any carriage of greater dignity than a "fly." No one ever saw him on horseback. Yet he *is* a gentleman; he frequents the best society the place affords; he dresses well, he pays his debts of honour; nay, even his tradesmen's bills. He is of a certain age—that is, he confesses to thirty-six, and may be ten years more. In order clearly to point him out, without mentioning names, we must direct the attention of the reader to a curious fact. His walks in the High-street never extend beyond two hundred yards of the Plough Hotel. Now this circumstance has long been the theme of discussion among his acquaintance. To say the least, it indicates a certain degree of eccentricity in so *young* man. It is a very curious thing, that when a person exhibits any degree of eccentricity in his conduct, he is invariably accounted wealthy. It matters not in the least that he has all the external signs of narrow means; his coat may be threadbare, his hat a gossamer, only he must wear an eye-glass suspended round his neck by a broad black riband, and be the possessor of a fine clouded cane, and an antique gold watch; yet, if his actions be a little out of the usual course, he will always be set down as a wealthy miser.

Thus it was with our walking gentleman; he was universally considered a second Crœsus. Now it so happened, that among the visiters was a certain widow lady, a very pretty woman, of certainly not more than the apparent age of our walking gentleman; the widow had horses, carriages and servants; nothing was known of her more than this. In the course of casual visits the walker and the widow became acquainted! The gentleman was not without sense, and he made a decided impression on the heart of the lady. Our walking gentleman was a thriving wooer, he offered his hand, and was accepted; all so far was well. The matters in discussion between our hero and his widow were, the when, the where, the how the union should take place. The gentleman stated the amount of his property; it was just four hundred pounds per year, and no expectations. The widow expressed no surprise at the smallness of the amount, and appeared perfectly satisfied. The day was fixed, all preparations were completed, when the widow expressed an inclination to see the house of her lover. The walking gentleman informed her, that as soon as the happy event had been determined on he had given it up, and sold his furniture.

"And where are we to live?" said the widow.

"Here, unless you have a dislike to the place!"

"Here!" screamed the widow. "Here!"

"Why not?" said the bachelor.

"It isn't my house," said the widow.

"Not yours! Nor the horses! Nor the carriages! Nor the servants!"

"No, nothing is mine."

"In the name of the —— what are ye, madam?"

"When Sir E. T. arrived from India, I was to have been governess to his daughters—this house is *his!*"

The gentleman fainted.

The lady has commenced a suit at law against the walking gentleman for breach of promise of marriage.

FANATICISM IN BRAZIL.

From the following story published in the Rio Janeiro Journal, *O Despertador*, our readers will be enabled to judge of the slight advance made by civilization in the interior of Brazil. An individual named Joao Antonio, residing in the environs of the village of Pedra Bonita, near Pianco, in the district of Flores, had been for some time in the habit of amusing the villagers with the tale of an enchanted kingdom, at the distance of two hundred leagues, and had told them that the moment for breaking the charm was at hand. In the month of November, 1837, this individual proceeded to the forest of Inhamun, whence he sent one of his confederates, named Joao Perreiro, to Pedra Bonita, where the latter arrived in May last. He immediately announced himself as the sovereign of the enchanted kingdom, promised to break the spell in favour of such as would declare allegiance to him, and assured them that immediately after the operation, the king, Don Sebastian, the long-lost king of Portugal, would arrive with a numerous army, wash their sable complexions white, and render them all rich, happy and immortal. As the condition, however, on which the spell was to be broken, he declared that it was indispensable to massacre a certain number of men, women and children, whom he promised almost immediately afterwards to resuscitate. Perreiro's absurd predictions obtained belief from a number of credulous fanaticks, who became his devoted adherents. The impostor then, of his own authority, married each of his partisans to two, three, and even four wives, and took eight helpmates to his own share. He next commenced the sacrifices, and, at the expiration of four days, his victims amounted to twenty-one adults, and an equal number of children, who had been given up to him by their infatuated parents. This wholesale butchery was at last suspended by the assassination of the impostor himself by his own brother, Pedro Antonio Perreiro, who proclaimed himself his successor. Fortunately the imperial commissary of the district of Flores, M. Manoel de Silva e Souza, was at length informed of the sanguinary scenes enacted in the village of Pedro Bonita, whither he lost no time in proceeding, with twenty-six national guards and about thirty militia troops, to attack Pedro and his adherents, who, on the approach of the armed force, barricaded themselves in a barn. After a desperate struggle, twenty-nine of the fanaticks and their leader were killed, and twenty-four others, including four women, taken prisoners and placed in the hands of justice. The imperial commissary had five men killed and four wounded. The Pedroites fought like lions, being encouraged by their leader, in the expectation of the arrival of Don Sebastian's supernatural army to their relief!

WOMAN AT THE FIRESIDE.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

I have said of English women that they are the best fireside companions; but I am afraid that my remark must apply to a very small portion of the community at large. The number of those who are wholly destitute of the highest charm belonging to social companionship is lamentably great; and these remarks would never have been obtruded upon the notice of the publick, if there were not strong symptoms of the number becoming greater still.

Women have the choice of many means of bringing their principles into exercise, and of obtaining influence, both in their own domestick sphere and in society at large. Among the most important of these is conversation—an engine so powerful upon the minds and characters of mankind in general, that beauty fades before it, and wealth in comparison is but leading coin. If matchmaking were indeed the great object of human life, I should scarcely dare to make this assertion, since few men choose women for their conversation where wealth or beauty are to be had. I must, however, think more nobly of the female sex, and believe them more solicitous to maintain affection after the match is made than simply to be led to the altar, as wives whose influence will that day be laid aside with their wreaths of white roses, and laid aside for ever.

If beauty or wealth have been the bait in this connexion, the bride may gather up the wreath of roses, and place them again upon her polished brow; nay, she may bestow the treasury of her wealth without reserve, and permit the husband of her choice to "spoil her goodly lands to gild his waste," she may do what she will—dress, bloom or descend from affluence to poverty—but if she has no intellectual hold upon her husband's heart, she must inevitably become that most nelpless and pitiable of earthly objects—a slighted wife.

How pleasantly the evening hours may be made to pass when a woman who can converse will thus beguile the time. But, on the other hand, how wretched is the portion of that man who dreads the dulness of his own fireside! who sees the clog of his existence ever seated there—the same, in the deadening influence she has upon his spirits—to-day, as yesterday, to-morrow, and the next day, and the next! Welcome, thrice welcome, the often invited visiter who breaks the dismal dulness of the scene.

IMMENSE CHIMNEY.—A chimney has lately been erected at Newton, England, which is three hundred and ninety-seven feet high.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

SELECT PROVERBS FROM ALL NATIONS.

A merchant's happiness hangs upon chance, winds and waves.
A blithe heart makes a blooming visage.
A burden which one chooses is not felt.
Accusing is proving, where malice and power sit judges.
A crowd is not company.
A thousand probabilities do not make one truth.
A blow from a frying-pan, though it does not hurt, sullies.
A calumny, though known to be such, generally leaves a stain on the reputation.
A guilty conscience needs no accuser.
All truths must not be told at all times.
Alexander was below a man when he affected to be a god.
A drowning man will catch at a straw.
Affairs like salt fish ought to be a good while a soaking.
After having cried up their wine, they sell us vinegar.
An honest man has half as much more brains as he needs; a knave hath not half enough.
A fool's tongue is long enough to cut his throat.
A friend in court is worth a penny in the purse.
A good tale is nothing the worse by being twice told.
A friend to everybody is a friend to nobody.
A friend as far as conscience allows.
A great city, a great solitude.
A handsaw is a good thing thing, but not to shave with.
After-wit is everybody's wit.
A good tale ill told is marred in the telling.
A good paymaster is lord of another man's purse.
A good servant makes a good master.
A mad bull is not to be tied up with a packthread.
Adversity makes a man wise, not rich.
A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning.
A grand eloquence, little conscience.
A good name is better than riches.
A glass of water is sometimes worth a ton of wine and a penny a pound.
A good word is as soon said as ill one.

THE SPIRIT'S COMMUNINGS.

Original.

I FEEL them with their rustling pinions sweeping,
The damp dew gathering on my brow;
I see them in their lonely vigils keeping
Their midnight watch beside me now:
I know that the freed spirit in its love
Is gazing on me from its home above.

I feel upon my cheek their gentle breathing,
When I at midnight stand alone;
And know that from their pure brows they are wreathing
A chaplet to adorn my own:
The world is present, but 'tis naught to me—
Though earth may clog, my spirit will be free.

Angelick spirits with my soul communing,
Lifting me far above the earth,
Where seraphim their golden harps are tuning
To melodies of heavenly birth;
These—these are round me and to cheer my soul,
Should waves of sorrow darkly o'er me roll.

Earth, earth, away! my sympathies are leaving
The sickly things of thy estate:
Angelick spirits, come! my soul is cleaving
To thee as to the dove its mate.
Heaven-born attendants! to thy company
Admit a spirit struggling to be free.

Then shall I rove where summer winds are dwelling,
Gathering rich fragrance on my way;
Then my freed spirit, holy rapture swelling,
Shall bask in one unending day:
Then shall I gaze with unbeclouded eye
On regions of eternal purity.

Then from the dark earth's shadowy dominion
Shall my freed spirit chainless rove;
Yet will I wander on my viewless pinion
Back unto those whom still I love—
(Oft in the midnight hour, when slumber binds
The weary body)—unto kindred minds.

Then to the old oak with its branches waving,
Where I have sat with her I love;
Or to the streamlet, the rich greensward laving,
Where we have watched the worlds above;
I will return and wander, though unseen,
Whispering to her the things that once have been.

And then, when resting sweetly on her pillow,
Amid the dreamy hours of night,
I'll leave the old oak and the murmuring billow,
And guided by the moonbeam's light,
Haste to her couch, and in the dream of bliss
Upon her brow imprint an unfelt kiss.

Yet shall she know me, and, in visions smiling,
Struggle to clasp me to her breast;
Then will I watch her, and with words beguiling,
Mind her of an eternal rest:
And then, when death shall set her spirit free,
Will guard her home to glory and to me.

Earth, earth, away! my spirit upwards soaring,
Gladly would leave thy low estate;—
Angelick spirits in my breast are pouring
Rich streams of joy—and now they wait
To bear me upward to the blue-dyed sky,
Where I may dwell in endless purity.

J. L. C.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

We have had divers debates with ourselves as to the propriety of allowing the following letter to appear in the Mirror. Modesty is the first of virtues; but we are afraid we sometimes carry it too far, and so stand in our own light. If we are so popular in Europe, as our correspondent assures us we are, why should it not be made known in America? Why should we not overwhelm, at once, those who have seen fit to make merry with our effusions? We *will* publish the letter. We merely wish to say to our readers, that it is from a young American, one of our most faithful correspondents, who is pursuing his studies

"At the U-
-niversity of Gottingen,

as Canning once sung.

Gottingen, etc.

My dear ——. I avail myself of the first leisure which the present occasion affords me, to renew our long-neglected correspondence, and to give you some account of the news of the day with us. Be not alarmed. I will not avail myself of this opportunity to inflict on you any dull political novelties. You can find out, in your newspapers, all about the disputes between our good king and his good people, without any aid from me. I am going to write to you on a far more interesting subject, but one which you are generally rather disposed to shun, your own good self. My dear ——, do you know that you are fast losing the character in which you have so long appeared to such advantage—that of an American citizen? You are becoming European—universal—cosmopolite. That little lyrick, "Woodman, spare that tree," which you first showed me in manuscript just before I left busy New-York for quiet Gottingen, has done the business. It has been translated into every language in Europe—incorporated into the literature of every civilized country. I took a run up to Paris last month, to brush the learned cobwebs off me; and in every musick-shop the most conspicuous thing I saw was,

"*Bûcheron épargne mon arbre!*"

Chanson nouvelle par M. le général de brigade G. P. Morris, *traduit par A. de Lamartine. Musique de S. A. R. la duchesse d'Orléans*

And, in every *salon* I entered, some sweet voice was singing,

"Près de sa modeste chaumière
La main de mon père le planta;
Bûcheron, écoute ma prière,
A mon vieil arbre ne touche pas!"

I wish I had kept a copy of it, to enclose to you: it is true, I have it by heart, and might transcribe it; but I have little room to spare.

Then, in our vernacular, (I beg pardon, I should have said my vernacular at present,) German, what do you think of this for a flourish of trumpets:

"Rühre nicht die alte Eiche nieder."

Lyrisches Gedicht, des Herrn General Georg P. Morris. Aus Deutsche übersetzt von Dr. C. J. A. E. H. W. Lautschreier, ordentl. Professor der Sing-und Tonkunst in der Universität zu Tubingen. Wien. In der k. k. Schulbuch-handlung. 1838.

This is a most spirited and beautiful version. Take a verse as a specimen:

Willst du ihn so rechlos doch zerschmettern,
Den bemoos'ten, wackren, alten Baum,
Der mit rauschenden, belebten Blättern
Weit und breit umschattete den Raum?
Forster, hore auf, und lass' ihn stehen,
Lass' ihn ruhen in der Erde Schoos,
Jene Aeste, die zum Himmel wehen,
Reisse nicht von ihrer Mutter los.

The song is published in the true German style, with a preface, by the translator—an essay on the genius and character of the author and his influence on his contemporaries, ("Ueber Morris' Entwickelung, Denken and Wirken,") with copious notes, historical, antiquarian, critical, esthetical and exegetical. The whole forms a handsome duodecimo volume. You may look for a copy by the next Havre packet.

But this is not all. I have now lying on my table a Spanish version of the Woodman. Its title is,

"*Leñador, conservad aquel arbol!*"

Cancion nueva y popularisima. La compuso el excelmo. Señor Jorge P. Morris, *General del ejercito Americano. Se vende en Madrid, en casa de D. Francesco Ramirez, calle de Alcalá No. 26.*

Fay has promised to attend to forwarding you, from Florence, a copy of

"*Boscaiuolo, conservate questo arbole!*"

Per il Cavaliere Morris. *Firenze.* 1838;

or I would send you mine. You have no idea how sweet and soft your verses sound in the *bella favella.*

But I have not done with you yet. Your song, after travelling through all the living languages, has at last been incorporated into the dead ones, which ensures its living forever. I have just been favoured with a peep at

Parce, arborator, o precor, parce, arbori!"

Cancio nova scriptoris illustrissimi Georgii P. Morris, *Tribuni Militum, etc. Versibus iambis reddidit A. B. Candidatus Theologiae Romae. Cum permissu superiorum.*

Not only this; but last evening I paid a visit to our learned Greek professor, Doctor Worterbuch, and had much talk on classical matters. After we had discussed the Eolick digamma and the genuineness of the Orphick poems, at great length, beside a dozen pipes and four bottles of beer a-piece, there was a pause in the conversation, which was interrupted by the doctor's suddenly exclaiming, "I have a treat for you, which will delight you equally as a Grecian and an American. It is a translation of your illustrious countryman's beautiful ode of the Woodman, into classick Greek, a copy of which has been forwarded me by a learned friend, who fills the lucrative post of Professor of Pelasgick Antiquities in the new Athenian University, founded by the liberality of our king, Otho." So saying, he handed me a very pretty specimen of Greek typography, which I at once recognised as a version of your ballad. I must unfortunately, as before, content myself with transcribing the title. Here it is:

"Σωζετε, δενδροτομαι, σωζετε δενδρον ἐμον!"
ὨΙδή, ἣν ἐποιεῖ ὁ παυ ΜΟΡΡΙΣΣΟΣ
ὁ Ἀνακρεων της Ἀμηρικας.
Ἀθηνῃ εν τῃ τυπογραφειῳ Βασιλικῳ. 1838.

Doctor W.'s correspondent assures him that this ballad is sung with equal delight by Hydriote and Albanian, and that it will do more to introduce harmony into long-distracted Greece, than all the measures of King Otho and his ministers.

Farewell, dear ——. I fear you are almost smothered by the laurels I have heaped upon you; but you must learn to bear them as well as you can, for I have more in store for you. In my next, I will say something about my own studies and prospects; but, just now, I am too full of the *great subject* to introduce anything else. Yours truly, H. V. W.

So says our too-partial correspondent and friend. It is a singular coincidence, that, on the same day with the above letter, we received, by the politeness of our representative at the court of the Netherlands, a beautiful and spirited translation of our song into classick Low Dutch, beginning

"Houthakker, spaart deesen Boom"—published, as the title-page tells us—"Te Amsterdam. By Kornelis Vanderschlaagen."

We have not had time to examine the Portuguese version, just published in Lisbon—"*Mateiro, conserva aquella arvole*"—but, from the known poetical talents of its distinguished author, we have no doubt it is both close and elegant. S.

A SLIGHT TOUCH ON

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

Smithville, Down East, latter part of February, 1839.

Much respected sir—Excuse my not datin' my letter corect, which is a great trial to me—for if I pride myself on anything, 'tis in being *corect;* and I've had the name of it ever since I've kept school in Smithville—but our almanack isn't to home; it's up to uncle John Smith's, not uncle John the blacksmith, but uncle John Smith on my mother's side. My mother was a Smith—not that I'd have you think my father married his relations—the people in Smithville are more corect and think more of the Bible than that—but there's two stocks of Smiths here that go so far back that folks can't tell where they begun. Though grandmother always made it out and stood to it, that they all come from one in the first place, and said it made my father and mother fifth cousins. The old lady is very curis about these things, and she has it all marked out in the shape of a great large tree, and keeps it hung up in the fore room, and when there is anything said about it, or any dispute takes place about the Smiths bein' related, she takes it down and goes over the whole clear from the root to the top branch; and always brings it out that my father and mother was fifth cousins. Whenever she has these reckonings, grandfather is as uneasy as a fish out of water, for he thinks if it should go as grandmother fixes it, 'twould make him and grandmother *fourth* cousins; and he's *so* corect, that if he should really think it was true, although he's now eighty-five years old, I do believe he'd try to get divorced. So grandfather is always against grandmother in her reckonings, and whenever she sets down to go over the tree, for she always hauls the table up and sets down to it, so as to make no mistake, then grandfather he'll put on his spectacles and take his staff and hobble along and stand and look over grandmother's shoulder, and foller her along up among the branches. But generally in about a quarter of an hour he gets so tangled up, and the branches run together and crossways and get mixed up so, that he breaks off short, and says "Poh, mother, there's no head nor tail to it. We all come from Adam, accordin' as 'tis in the Bible, and that's all the relation there is about it."

So grandfather 'll hobble back to his chair again and set and wink and look as uneasy as can be, all the time till grandmother gets through. And grandmother will always stick to it till she gets clear out to the end of every branch; and winds up by saying, "Well, father, it must be so; if they aint fifth cousins, I don't know what makes fifth cousins."

But, dear me, where am I running to? I haven't said a word about what I was going to when I begun. But when I happened to mention that my mother was a Smith, I was afraid you might take a notion the Smithville folks wasn't quite so corect in their ideas about matrimony as they ought to be. So I felt it my duty to stop and explain how it was.

To go back to uncle John Smith agin on my mother's side—he's horrid our almanack day before yesterday, and hasn't brought it home yet. He's a clear trial about borrying. Now grandfather is always prompt about everything. He always has a new almanack in the house the first day of January, and has had every year since I can remember, though to be sure that isn't a great many years, but I mean he always does. But uncle John on my mother's side never gets an almanack for the first six months of the year; so he has to come clear down to our house, about three quarters of a mile, once or twice a week to borry ourn, though the shoes he wears out and the time he spends is worth more than forty almanacks. He's always saying every week he's going to get one; but I never knew him to get one yet till about haying time, and once I knew him to lose a ton of hay that got wet in a shower, while, instead of getting it into the barn, he come down to our house to get the almanack to see when the moon was to change. But there, I'm running before my story again.

The reason, then, that I wouldn't give the corect date to my letter is, that my uncle John Smith, on my mother's side, has got our almanack, and it's too far for me to go up after it to-night; and the truth is I *must* write to-night—I'm in sich a takin' I can't help it; for I've jest got your last Mirror, and been reading over cousin John's letter, and it's put me all in a flutter. It's too bad, I declare—sich insinuations as he's made against me in that letter is too bad to think of. I didn't think that cousin John, who I've always treated as a brother, though he's a good deal *older* than me, would a done so, and then to have it printed in your paper and read by everybody in New-York and every where else; dear me, I feel as if I should fly; what *will* the New-York folks think of me? I was intending to come to New-York next summer and see the place, and I've been saving up something out of my school money a year past to pay my expenses. I think I've lived long enough in the world to go about a little now and see some other place besides Smithville; not that I've lived very *long* in the world neither. But I mean, now I've got to be a grown-up young woman. Dear me, it's *so lonesome* here in Smithville sometimes, for the want of more young society. I've heard there is a good deal of young society in New-York, and I've been almost in fidgets for a year past to go there. But that pesky letter of cousin John's has throwed all the fat in the fire. If I should go there now, everybody that I should see would be thinking of the insinuations in cousin John's letter, and I should not feel as if I could hold my head up as I walked the streets.

Now, dear Gineral Morris, are you a single man or a married man? for I'm afraid I may be speaking rather too familiar. I do hope you'll get this letter before your next paper comes out, and have them insinuations about me corect; for they are not corect now, and cousin John knows it. He must a done it jest to teaze me. It's true, I *have* kept school in Smithville fifteen years—I don't deny that—but then I begun when I was quite young; very young indeed. You know sometimes smart girls, that get their education very young, begin to keep school when they are mere children. And when I begun to keep school, I was *so* young, that I felt every day as if I wanted to go out and play with the children every time they was dismissed.

It's true, too, that I've took your paper most as long as cousin John said, for it's ten years the first of last January since I begun, and I've sent the money for it every year regular. But what if I have took your paper ten years what does that argu? Why, that I was a good skoller and took to reading very young. And if cousin John was as fond of larning as I was, he would a took it years ago too, and not waited till now, and took it jest because there was a piece put in about him. Cousin John knows I've got more larning than he, and knows that's how I come to take the Mirror so young; for when we used to go to school together, I always kept ahead of him in all the branches, though he was so much older than me; yes, *a great deal* older than me.

And then cousin John is no writer—you see by his letter he's no grammarian. Now, I *teach* grammar in my school, and have com position besides. And I shouldn't care a pin, if you should publish this whole letter of mine, jest to let cousin John know that there's other folks in the world that can write besides him.

What he said about aunt Ruth's specs, he must a done jest to teaze me, and for nothing else in the world. My eyes are as good as hisn any day—that is, I can see as well; it's true I read and study so much, they are rather weak, and sometimes plague me about reading. Don't you think, Gineral, your types is a little too small? not that I speak on my own account, for my eyes ain't weak all the time, but on account of elderly people, who find it rather trying to read sich small print.

And as to what cousin John said uncle John, the blacksmith, said about lying my teeth for a vice, as though I was mad and gritting my teeth, the idea he conveyed by that was *not* corect, and it's a plaguy shame he should say it. I'll tell you jest how 'twas. I was setting by the table, and was nipping an apple seed between my teeth, and uncle John, the blacksmith, he got looking at me, and he see my full round set of large white teeth, for I show my teeth considerable, and though I say it myself, I've got as good a set of teeth as there is in the city of New-York—well, uncle John sot looking at me, seeing me nip the apple seed, and he's a coarse kind of man, you know; so, says he, jest for a joke—

"Debby, I want a new vice in my shop; what will you take for your teeth? I think they'd hold a pretty good grip."

As for my being mad, it was no sich thing, for I have the name of being one of the best tempered people in Smithville. And I trust I shall always keep it. But if there is anything in the world that would sour my temper, it would be the want of young society; and that's one thing makes me so anxious to go to some sich place as New-York, where I can have a plenty of young society. And if them insinuations in cousin John's letter don't operate too much aginst me, I mean to come to New-York yet. I should like to keep a school there; and, perhaps, you'll be so kind, bein I've took your paper so long, and always paid you regular and in advance for it, perhaps you'll be so kind as to look round a little for me, and see if there's a good chance for me to keep school anywhere there. I should like to have it in some part of the city where there is a good deal of young society, you know.

I dont know but I ought to say a word or two about the Smith name, that's made sich a fuss in your paper lately. I think cousin John is very set in his way. To be sure, the Smith name round here, is a name that everybody likes, and although there is a great many of 'em, yet we never get mixed up so, but that everybody can tell who is who and which is which. But, perhaps, the name may not be liked so well in New-York; and, I think, it is about as well always to try to do what will suit the folks best where we live. So it isn't so much to be wondered at, that cousin John should be a little riled at anybody's wanting him to change his name, and that

he should make up his mind, as he says, so "decidedly, that *he shan't do it.*" But cousin John is *very set* in his way. Thank fortune I aint so set in mine, And as I said afore, if the name isn't liked so well in New-York, and I was living in New-York, I shouldn't be so very set about not changing it.

Now, my dear Gineral Morris, (you see I cant help speaking in that gentle kind of way—good tempered folks are always apt to speak so,) now, this is the first letter I ever writ to an editor, and it makes me feel rather delicate, though I've no doubt it is as good a one as cousin John's; and if you should print this, I want to ask one favour about it. I want you to send a copy of your paper that has it in it, to young Mr. Ichabod Smith, the school-master, at Smithville, upper Post-office. But not let him know that I said anything about it, for that's a secret between you and me. He's a very respectable young man indeed, and he's been at our house a good deal; but sometimes I think he is more like my uncle John Smith on my mother's side, than he is like my grandfather. I want he should see this letter, and when he finds I'm resolute about going to New-York, I guess he'll—I guess he'll—there Gineral, I declare, my idees are so confused, I don't know what I was going to say.

So I remain your sincere friend and old subscriber—no, I mean your young reader,

MISS DEBBY SMITH.

SKETCHES F EASTERN LIFE.

THE COBBLER OF BRUSA.—A TURKISH LEGEND.

BY EFES SARGENT.

In the reign of Bajazet the First, there lived in Brusa, that city being then the capital of the Turkish Empire, a poor cobbler, whose name was Eskigi Meimet Effendi. This worthy artisan inhabited a small hut containing but one apartment, situated at the foot of Mount Olympus. The chestnut and plane trees, with which the sides of that snow-capped mountain are covered, overshadowed his humble dwelling, and offered a cool retreat during the sultry summer days. Numerous streams and mineral springs reflected, in their translucent bosoms, the lofty scenery by which they were surrounded, and gave sustenance to plants and flowers of brilliant hue and aromatick odour. The shepherd, as if fearful of disturbing the crystal surface of these waters, drives his flock to some distant summit, from which he looks down at his ease upon the prospect beneath him; and the birds, whose nests are among the neighbouring trees, hardly ruffle the mirror-like currents with the light dip of their wings.

It was in the midst of scenery like this that Eskigi Meimet Effendi had fixed his habitation. The routine of his life was simple and regular. Early in the morning he would go one or two miles into the city, and bring home all the old shoes that he could collect from his customers. He would then take his bench, with his awl and lap-stone, beneath some large tree, and there work merrily at his trade In this way, he managed daily to earn a few paras, which were barely sufficient to support himself and his family, consisting of a wife and child. But, being accustomed during the day to the beautiful scenery of Mount Olympus, he could not remain content in his humble domicil at night, without having a splendid illumination, and keeping a great number of lights burning in his presence. Consequently, after devoting the greater part of his earnings to the purchase of oil and candles, he appropriated the remainder to buying the frugal necessaries of life.

After the prayer of sunset, which the Turks call *axam namas*, the honest cobbler would prepare his illuminations. Then, having taken his supper, he would chat with his wife, smoke his chiboque and thrum on his guitar, while his child danced to the sound. Sometimes he would sing to the full stretch of his lungs, according to the Turkish fashion. At the *xahi*, or fifth prayer, which took place two hours after sunset, he would retire to bed

In those times, the Turkish emperours, accompanied by some officer of distinction, were often in the habit of walking the streets in disguise; sometimes by day, and sometimes by night, so that seeing with their own eyes, and hearing with their own ears, they might truly know the wants and dispositions of their subjects, and take their measures accordingly. Now it happened that Bajazet the First, in passing the domicil of Eskigi Meimet Effendi had often been amazed by the brilliant illuminations and the very loud songs of that patriotick cobbler. Consequently, one evening, the sultan and his vizier, having assumed the costume of dervishes, stopped before the house, in which many lights seemed to be burning, and knocked at the door. A voice from within asked, "who is there?" The two illustrious personages of the empire replied, that they were dervishes, who, in the name of God, requested entertainment for the night. Eskigi Meimet Effendi answered, by telling them to wait a few minutes till he had found means of concealing his wife, it being, as every one knows, contrary to the custom of the Turks, to admit a man into the presence of their wives unless he be a near relation. The cobbler having but one room, was puzzled how he should dispose of his better half. But, being unwilling to refuse hospitality to his visiters, he thought it best to fix up the counterpane in one corner of the apartment, as a sort of screen, behind which his wife might retire. Having done this in the neatest manner he could, he opened the door to his two guests.

After the *selam alskum*, or customary salute of the Turks, he placed before them a piece of bread and cheese, the remnants of his scanty supper, and a bowl of pure water. Then succeeded the *nargélé* or hubble-bubble, a pipe of serpentine form and dimensions. The grand seignor, after partaking lightly of the proffered civilities of his host, asked him, among other inquiries, the nature of his vocation. Eskigi Meimet Effendi replied fully to all his questions, adding, that the pleasure of his life, after the labour of the day was over, was at night to have his house brilliantly illuminated, and to talk, dance, and sing, with his wife and child, thanking the Almighty for all his bounties, and more particularly for having placed at the head of the nation so wise, and good, and great a sultan, for whose life, continued the cobbler, "My wife and myself constantly pray, and under whose reign we hope to die."

After some farther conversation, Eskigi Meimet Effendi retired into his harem, or, more literally speaking, behind the counterpane, and left the sofa (for so we will call it by courtesy) for his two guests. At sunrise, after the *sabah namas*, or prayer of the morning, the grand seignor and his vizier, quitted the humble tenement, where they had laughed away the night, for the palace. On their way home, the sultan conversed freely upon what they had seen, and said: "With how little, O vizier, may a man of a contented spirit make himself happy in this world of probation! Here is this poor cobbler, who, by hard labour, can hardly scrape together paras enough to purchase necessary food, who yet manages to have his illuminations, his musick and his dances, and to enjoy himself like a sovereign lord."

"God is just, O sultan," replied the vizier, "and the goods of this life are impartially distributed among his children. What is heaven, what is the world, but what every man shapes it in his own imagination? In the eye of reason is not this poor, ragged cobbler richer, ay, and nobler, than the miser who cowers over his hoards of incalculable wealth?"

"It is true," said the sultan, musingly; "in our own hearts, our own expanded souls, lies the genuine source of happiness, of power, of greatness, and of wealth. External circumstances may modify but cannot create it. Without this inward reliance, this blessed alchymy of the imagination and the heart, converting all that it touches to gold, the monarch is but a beggar. But with it, the beggar is more than a monarch."

"But," replied the vizier, "would not a reverse in the humble fortunes of this merry-hearted cobbler produce a change in his disposition, and turn his singing to lamentation?"

"If my estimate of the man is correct," said the sultan, "no external vicissitude could check his buoyant spirits. Dammed up in one place, they would soon work a free vent in another direction."

"I wish," continued the grand vizier, "that your highness would try an experiment. Let orders be immediately issued forbidding all the cobblers of the place to open their stalls or to work at their trade until farther notice, under the penalty of death. By this means we can ascertain whether the happiness of Eskigi Meimet Effendi is really dependent upon circumstances, or whether it is innate and not to be affected by the accidents of fortune."

"The suggestion is a good one," replied the grand seignor, "and the result may not be without its lesson."

In conformity with this project, the *talals* or publick criers were immediately sent through all the streets of Brusa to proclaim, that, "By order of the sublime porte, all cobblers' shops must be closed, and no cobbler must work at his trade, until farther notice, under the penalty of death."

Eskigi Meimet Effendi was in the great bazaar of the city, collecting old shoes, when he heard this remarkable proclamation. Quitting his customers, he returned home hastily to his wife, and told her the order of the day, exclaiming, "Alas, dear wife, what are we to do at night for our illumination?"

The good woman remarked that it was a more proper subject of inquiry what they were to do for bread; for, unlike her husband, she considered that the prospect of starvation was worse than that of being without lights during the evening.

After a brief consultation with his good woman, the poor cobbler concluded, that the best thing he could do to obtain a little money, would be to take a spade on his shoulder, and seek employment in setting out trees and plants in the gardens and court-yards of the rich. In this occupation he succeeded beyond his hopes, making twice as much money as he could by cobbling old shoes; and he returned home with more oil than usual for his illumination, together with a leg of mutton, which had been roasted in a *kiubapsi*, or cook-shop. After lighting up his house in quite a brilliant manner, he took supper with his family, and then began to sing more lustily than ever.

The grand seignor, wishing to see what effect his proclamation would have upon the cobbler, that evening again assumed the disguise of a dervish, and with his vizier, appeared at the door of Eskigi Meimet Effendi, and requested hospitality. As soon as he had taken the same precaution with respect to his wife, that he had deemed necessary the night before, the cobbler admitted his visiters into the house. The usual salutations passed between them, and the host set before them his remaining piece of mutton and bread On being asked the news of the day, he told them of the proclamation of the publick criers, his own new employment, his increased profits, and the astonishing splendour of his illumination. The honest cobbler frankly owned that he could not exactly comprehend the object of the proclamation—perhaps it would soon be known—but he conjectured that his highness, the sultan, had issued the order for some great political end. Hereupon the two dervishes laughed immoderately, and the cobbler, without knowing why, laughed louder than either of them. At a late hour, the party separated and retired to rest

The next morning the grand seignor and his vizier returned to the palace, much amused with their visit. They immediately caused it to be proclaimed throughout the city, "that no person or persons should follow the occupation of a gardener or transplanter of trees and shrubs until farther notice, under penalty of death"

Eskigi Meimet Effendi, who was at that moment entering the city with his basket and spade, as soon as he heard the criers proclaiming this new decree, ran home very much amazed, and imparted the news to his wife, exclaiming as before: "What, in the name of the prophet, shall we do now for our illumination?"

"Say, rather what shall we do for our bread!" was the reply

At last the poor man bethought himself that he would take a basket and go up to Mount Olympus to catch singing-birds. The idea was a good one, and that day he made four times as much as he used to when working at his cobbler's trade. He now bought thrice the usual quantity of oil, together with a number of tallow candles for his illumination. He also procured a bunch of onions, and a little fresh butter and rice to make a *pillau*. With these he returned home more contented than a king with his sceptre.

He made, that night, the most splendid illumination ever exhibited in his house, and not having candlesticks, he placed the candles in a row over the fire-place, or fixed them in the fissures in the walls. He clapped his hands with delight, when he had completed these arrangements, and sang more vociferously than ever before. He had hardly finished his supper, and commenced dancing with his wife and child, when the two dervishes again rapped at his door. As it is the custom of the Turks to grant hospitality to strangers for three days, he thought it his duty to admit his two importunate visiters once more. Accordingly, having again arranged the counterpane so as to form a retreat for his wife, he opened the door and his guests entered. During the conversation which now took place, Eskigi Meimet Effendi related how he had managed, by the assistance of God, to provide for his family a good supper, much of which still remained for his friends. But his chief delight was in the magnificent illumination, which he had found means of exhibiting. He thought that even the sultan himself had never had so many lights burning at one time in his palace; and, finally, he considered it pretty evident that he was the happiest mortal alive.

The grand seignor was much amused at the cobbler's pertinacious good humour. On arriving at his palace, the next morning, he remarked to his vizier, that some other method must be adopted, in order to effect their object, for that a man who was really determined to work, could always find employment. The vizier replied, that he had thought of a plan for effecting their experiment. This was to give the cobbler an office, and having detained him all day in the palace, to send him home at night without any money. The sultan approved of the plan, and immediately ordered one of his ministers to send for Eskigi Meimet Effendi, and on his arrival to invest him with the office and dignities of high sheriff, or *gelat bachi*. Messengers were accordingly despatched to fulfil this imperial mandate.

On being summoned to appear at the palace, the astonished cobbler expressed his belief that he was about to be strangled or drowned in a sack, for same unconscious crime. "However," said he, "the sultan knows best whether I am a dangerous person to the state." He kissed his child, and took leave of his wife, who threw herself in wild dismay upon the sofa. As soon as he arrived at the palace, he was told that he had been appointed to the office of high sheriff. His joy and astonishment were beyond all bounds. "Allah is great!" he exclaimed. "What illuminations I will have?" He was sent to the bath, and habited in a new and costly uniform, and furnished with a Damascus sword.

Having remained in the palace during the day, he rode home in the evening, on an Arabian horse, accompanied by a train of attendants They left him at the door of his house, which he entered alone. He found his wife in the position in which he had seen her last, the poor woman having lost all hopes of again beholding her husband. She started up in amazement, on seeing him standing over her, habited in a rich and beautiful dress. He soon satisfied her curiosity with respect to his visit to the palace, and consoled her for all her apprehensions. But after he had finished the account of his adventures, he began to look puzzled, and said to his wife—"Alas! what shall we do to-night for our illumination? I have no money, and we have neither oil nor candles to burn." "Nor bread to eat," added his spouse.

Eskigi Meimet Effendi sat musing for some time upon the sofa. At last, striking his hand upon his knee, he exclaimed, "*I have it;*" and leaving the room, he hastened to a neighbouring carpenter, to whom he sold the blade of his Damascus sword for a considerable sum of money, on condition that he would make for him a blade of wood, to be fitted to the handle, and delivered early in the morning He accordingly left the sword with the carpenter, and quitted the shop with his money. The worthy high sheriff now purchased a preposterous quantity of oil and candles, and then turned his attention towards buying some food for supper. Returning home he made a most brilliant illumination, while his wife performed the office of cook

In a short time the sultan and his vizier in their customary disguise, again knocked at the door. Eskigi Meimet Effendi hesitated for some time about admitting them. He considered that he was now a high officer of the empire, and a man of rank, and ought not to receive persons of low degree into his house. But they renewed their entreaties so pressingly, that he consented to grant them hospitality for the last time. On entering, they expressed their astonishment at his new dress, and asked him how he had come by it. His reply was, that "the Distributor of thrones, and the Shadow of God upon earth, his majesty, the sultan, had raised him to the office of high sheriff;" and thereupon he described to them his several adventures during the day, confessing, however, that he had not yet derived any profit from his new dignity. He begged his

visiters never again to take the liberty of knocking at his door, as he was no longer a cobbler, neither a digger of the soil, nor a hunter of singing-birds, but an important officer of the empire, and that he must be treated accordingly.

In the midst of these boastings, the grand seignor inquired, how he had managed, without money, to still keep up the illuminations.

The ex-cobbler, notwithstanding his lofty pretensions and his determination to stand upon his dignity, chuckled at the recollection of his ingenuity, and could not forbear telling his friends how he had contrived to raise money, by selling the blade of the Damascus sword. The grand seignor laughed heartily at the circumstance, and the three soon after separated for the night.

The sultan and his vizier reached the palace at an early hour the next morning. The *mollah*, or chief judge, was immediately ordered into the imperial presence and asked if there were any person to be executed that day. It was ascertained that there was one individual who was awaiting the punishment of death, in consequence of having indulged in some strictures upon the government. The grand seignor intimated his will that the new high sheriff should make his maiden attempt at decapitation on the head of the prisoner. Preparations for the execution were accordingly commenced in a large square near the palace. A vast multitude assembled to witness the spectacle

The sentence of death was read in the presence of the people who, on tiptoe, awaited the result. The high sheriff was ordered to come forward and perform his duty. That respectable officer, without the least embarrassment of manner, approached the trembling victim, and ordered him to kneel and lay his head upon the block. Then grasping the hilt of his sword, Eskigi Meimet Effendi uttered the following prayer in the hearing of the crowd around the platform :—"Allah! who art above all human wisdom and all human judgment, if the convict whose head I am here ordered to sever from his body be innocent, turn, I pray thee, the steel of my sword into wood, so that I may commit no injustice!" He immediately unsheathed his blade, and, to the inexpressible amazement of the spectators, it was, indeed, turned to wood. The people shouted with one acclaim, "a miracle!" They looked with awe and admiration upon the man, whose faith, they believed, had brought it to pass. The prisoner was rescued amid cheers and congratulations. The high sheriff was borne along upon the shoulders of the multitude into the imperial presence.

As soon as that exemplary executioner laid eyes upon his sovereign, he at once recognized him for one of the dervishes, who had so often visited his house of late. He immediately prostrated himself before the throne, for he knew that the grand seignor was well aware of the process by which his sword-blade had been converted from steel to wood. But the sultan reassured him, and said: "We pardon and reward thee, Eskigi Meimet Effendi, not because thou art a man fertile in expedients, but because thou hast received the blessings of Allah with thankfulness, and his chastenings with unmurmuring resignation, believing that everything that happeneth is for the best, and that the great God is just. In this thou hast reached the summit of human wisdom; and what availeth human knowledge where human wisdom is not? Rise, we promote thee to the office of aga of the village of thy birth, with a salary suited to thy new dignity."

It is superfluous to describe the extravagance of the joy of Eskigi Meimet Effendi. He prostrated himself before the Distributor of thrones and the Shadow of God upon earth, in speechless gratitude. On his return home, he cut so many capers, and sang so vociferously, that his wife at first apprehended that his intellect was unhinged. She received the intelligence of his good fortune with astonishment and delight. The next day, with his family, he removed to the seat of his government; and tradition assures us, that the village over which he ruled was nearly as luminous by night as by day, and that oil and candles were the principal commodities to be found in the place.

Say not, O reader, that Eskigi Meimet Effendi was either a profligate or a fool; but receive this truth as the moral of his story: that there is no human lot so humble or so dark, that it may not be illumined by the lamp of faith and the benign radiance of a grateful and contented spirit.

ORIGINAL NAUTICAL SKETCHES.

ADVENTURE IN THE LIFE OF ROBERT LESLIE.

In the year 18—, before the eastern section of South America had been designated by the name of the Bands Oriental, the republicks of Uraguay and the Argentine were engaged in a close and bloody war. Distracted by intestine commotions, and menaced by fierce and sanguinary enemies from without, it seemed as if, from the river La Plata to the Mexican Gulf, the whole country would become convulsed in the throes of a mighty revolution. All the ports on the La Plata were under a strict and continual blockade, to prevent supplies from being thrown into the different towns then vested, and to put a more effectual stop to smuggling, which had been very extensively carried on.

At this period a company of our adventurous and enterprising merchants despatched a fast-sailing and armed brigantine, commanded by an old and experienced seaman, to cruise up and down the La Plata, and force the valuable goods received from other vessels, met at the mouth of the river, into the different ports then under blockade. The duty, not only an arduous but dangerous one, still brought streams of gold into the coffers of all engaged in it. Among the officers attached to the gallant little Spitfire, (for the smuggler was so named,) was one whose adventures I now more particularly intend relating. He was next in command to his venerable captain, who had seen more years of service on the deep than years of life had passed over the youth. And, judging from the young officer's appearance, he had himself run no sluggish career, for a life passed amid all the vicissitudes of peril and adventure had given a cast of graveness, I might almost say sternness, to features which might have rivalled a female's in sweetness and delicacy of expression. His dark blue eye, when in repose, was of a dove-like softness, but in action flashing a thousand fires; and there were but few, very few, who cared to look into those eyes when in anger. His hair hung in wavy curls from a forehead of snowy whiteness. The lower part of his face, having been browned by the fierce action of a tropical sun, joined to a slight-budding mustache, redeemed his almost feminine appearance. He was of the ordinary height; and his form, slight but muscular, denoted to the practised eye great activity and strength in action. His age was twenty; his name Robert Leslie.

Although the great disparity in years of service between the two officers was so great, still the old seaman respected and trusted to the utmost extent the skill of his young coadjutor; for they had been some time together; and the judicious but daring courage of young Leslie when an attack was unavoidable, joined with his frank and generous demeanour, had bound him to the old man's heart with bands of steel

It was a beautiful afternoon in the month of June. The breeze was gently wafting the little Spitfire onward to the haven where the agent would be ready to unload the very valuable cargo with which the brigantine was freighted. Her anxious commander anticipated that soon, very soon, he would be freed from the cares and perils of his hazardous mode of life, and, returning home to his wife and numerous family, resign the Spitfire to young Leslie, and pass the remainder of his days in peace and affluence. But alas! old Captain Coffin was destined to a different fate. The breeze which had heretofore been steady, was now dying away, and the flapping of the canvass would have foretold the commencement of a long calm, had not a white curling mist rising, as it appeared, from the bosom of the deep, been a sure prognostication of the quick approach of the dangerous *pamparo*. Leslie, who at this time was officer of the deck, seeing it make its rapid advance towards the vessel, summoned the ready crew to the necessary duty of reducing the sails. His orders were obeyed with alacrity. The helm was shifted so as to bring the head of the brigantine nearly in the direction of the expected storm, and in that position she met the hurricane. Upon her first feeling the force of the blast, the beautiful vessel bent low, as if paying involuntary homage to the spirit of the winds. Then rising gracefully and dashing the fierce waves aside, she came to the wind and steadily lay to. And well did the gallant brigantine prove the qualities of her build and rig and the skill of her officers, for in that situation she lay five days uninjured, and scarcely shipping a drop of water, while the tremendous storm whistling and sighing through her cordage, chilled with melancholy every heart. On the afternooon of the fifth day the storm broke, and the wind was becoming comparatively gentle, except when it came in fitful, growling puffs, like the wantonnings of a tiger-cat driven from its prey. At length the look-out on the forecastle reported land! Immediately fold after fold of canvass was displayed on the slender but firm spars. The land was soon made out to be the island of Achuans, uninhabited, but having a fine harbour and well supplied with wood and water. The vessel being in want of these indispensable necessaries, Captain Coffin steered for the bay of Aranzuas. They were proceeding to round the headland forming one side of the bay, when an unexpected and unwelcome sight met their view; for, within a quarter of a mile of them was seen a large Spanish guarda costa, of superiour armament, under sail coming out of the bay.

"Hard up the helm! Square away the yards! Off sheets!" broke from the lips of Captain Coffin. "We must run from her, Leslie. Our cargo is too valuable to be lightly risked. Pack on to her everything, sir; the wind has become steady, and the brigantine will soon run her out of sight. She has seen us, however, for they are making more sail."

Leslie proceeded to obey the orders, and soon the gallant brigantine was again dashing through the foam. Leslie walked aft and examined the enemy with a spyglass.

"Do you know her, Mr. Leslie? Can you make her out?" asked Captain Coffin.

"I think, sir, she's the St. Jago, a heavy vessel, mounting ten carronades and a long gun. She has a numerous crew, and is a fast sailer. I think we'll scarcely get off without a brush. Shall I beat to quarters, sir?"

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the captain.

The drum beat to arms; and the listless air of inactivity which had pervaded the crew of the brigantine, was displaced by movements of quick intelligence and animation.

The brigantine mounted six short guns and a long brass eighteen, and mustered fifty men, all told. But these were men with frames of iron and hearts of steel, and they had been engaged in many desperate adventures.

The deck and guns were speedily cleared for action. Leslie, after examining all with an attentive eye, resumed his examination of the frigate through the spyglass. The change of position of the brigantine, had brought the stranger off her quarter, and both vessels were at their utmost speed.

"We shall soon hear from her," said Leslie, addressing the captain. "He is about speaking us with his long gun."

"Well, let him try," replied the old man, smiling. "I am sorry we have not time to return his politeness."

At this moment the gorgeous flag of Spain opened its folds to the gaze of all. "Show him the stars and stripes," said the captain, and it was done. Leslie was at this moment within a few feet of the captain. The stranger was observed to diverge from her course. A smoke, and a twelve pound shot crashed through the bulwarks, striking the captain of the Spitfire full in the chest, dashing him to the deck and nearly severing him in two. A slight quivering of the limbs, and all was still. Leslie cast one look upon the good old man, who had been to him as a father, signed to the men nearest him to bear the remains to the cabin, and drew his cutlass. The sweet and delicate expression, which characterised his features, had vanished, and a fierce smile of savage determination had taken possession of them, almost terrifick to look upon. There was a death-like silence throughout the vessel. The men looked upon him, awe-struck. He exclaimed, in a low deep voice, "We will avenge him!" The words were nothing of themselves, but the tone thrilled through the frames of all who heard him. Again he spoke: "Down helm and brace up." The command was obeyed with alacrity, and the brigantine was soon running directly towards the Spaniard. The suddenness of the movement appeared to startle the stranger, for a confusion was observed on board her, which Leslie perceiving, sprang to the long gun, which was heavily loaded with grape and canister. By a wave of his hand, which the helmsman understood and obeyed, the brigantine flew from her course. He applied the match—the gun was discharged, sending havock and death among those against whom it was directed. The Spitfire immediately bounded back again, on her course, towards the devoted vessel. The aim had been unerring; the slaughter, from the crowded state of the stranger's decks, immense. The brigantine was now nearing the Spaniard rapidly, and gun after gun from the latter was of no avail in making the gallant little brigantine swerve from her course.

Leslie again spoke: "Boatswain, have two men provided with axes. Stand by with the grappling irons. Quartermaster, run the brigantine direct athwart her hawse."

The brigantine dashed upon her prey. "Follow me, every man!" shouted Leslie as he mounted her forecastle. His crew gave a loud cheer and followed their daring commander, who was now engaged, hand to hand, with two of the Spaniards. He cut them both down, for nothing could withstand his desperate bravery His men nobly seconded him. They drove the Spaniards into the waist. "Cut away her foremast!" was now the quick order of Leslie to the two axe-men. A few strokes and the spar totters. "Charge them again, my hearts of oak!" shouted Leslie. "Remember your good old commander!" And again they charged the close-wedged mass. Many a Spaniard fell, cloven by the irresistible cutlass of Leslie. The Spaniard had been, for some time, trying to get one of his quarter-deck guns pointed forward, which would have swept most of the smugglers into eternity. But they were too late. A voice was heard—"All ready with the mast. Take off the wounded. Let fall then, let fall!" shouted Leslie. "Bear back, men, bear back," and he retreated with his men to the forecastle. One stroke more and the mast falls with a terrifick crash, crushing many of the enemy in its descent.

"Aboard! aboard with ye all!" again spoke Leslie, firing his pistols in the very faces of the advancing Spaniards. He was the last man to spring aboard the brigantine. "Off grapplings!" The brigantine swung clear, and away again flew the gallant bark uninjured, and with the loss of only three men killed and five wounded.

The Spitfire had proceeded about a mile. Leslie, who had been pacing the deck, wrapped in thought, occasionally casting an eye to his crippled adversary, suddenly gave the orders: "In light sails! heave her head yards aback!" The men looked upon each other with astonishment, but immediately obeyed. "Man the long gun. I'll have ample vengeance for that shot. Bring up the remains of Captain Coffin."

The long gun was beautifully served. Every shot told upon her unmanageable adversary with terrifick precision, tearing her to pieces and spreading slaughter among her crew. And now was manifest the policy of Leslie, to avenge the fall of his commander. He could not have fought successfully with the Spaniard at a distance, from the superiority of her armament. He could not have carried her entirely by boarding, from her immense number of men. And by this singularly daring, and I believe solitary instance of crippling an antagonist, he competed successfully with a superiour force. But he had not yet finished with her; Captain Coffin's remains were brought on deck, to be prepared for a burial at sea—sewed up in his hammock, and the flag of his country wrapped round him

"You are gone," said Leslie, looking upon the mutilated remains, and his voice unconsciously acquired a feminine softness. "You are gone, my good, kind old commander. But," and his voice became stern—"you are avenged, and you shall be more than avenged."

All this while the gun had been playing on the enemy, whose fire ceased entirely after a few ineffectual shots. She was a complete wreck—every spar gone Her flag had fallen when her mainmast went, and as that fell, the remains of honest old Captain Coffin were consigned to a seaman's grave. For three hours and a half, Leslie kept up a continual fire upon the unfortunate vessel. At last the shades of night darkened around. The gun had become heated, and Leslie, casting one last look upon his sinking enemy, gave the orders to bear away for his destined port.

H.

Business stand.—A Frenchman being about to remove his shop, his landlord inquired the reason; stating, at the same time, that it was considered a very good stand for business. The Frenchman replied, with a shrug of the shoulder, "Oh yes, he's very good *stand* for de business; by gar, me *stand* all day, for nobody come to make me *move*!"

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

FREE ADMISSIONS.—The late celebrated composer Boieldieu was on the free list of several of the Paris theatres, though some of them he seldom visited. Availing himself of his absence from the Vaudeville, an unscrupulous lover of the drama contrived to obtain admittance to that theatre for six years together under the name of Boieldieu. One evening the composer of the *Nouveau Seigneur* and so many other successful operas went to the Vaudeville, but on giving his name, was told by the controleur that he knew M. Boieldieu, that he came every night, and that he was at that very hour in the house. Boieldieu remonstrated not, but paying for his place, calmly desired his compliments to the usurper of his name and privilege. At the same theatre, a M. Vaffiard had his free *entrée*. On his death, another ingenious amateur contrived to enjoy his privilege by impudently introducing himself to the door-keeper as "*feu Vaffiard*"—the late Vaffiard. One day the controleur begged leave to observe that M. Vaffiard was dead. "I have," replied his successor, "been telling you so for six months past."

PERSIAN SATIRE.—Many owners of gardens near cities in Persia, are accustomed to charge a certain sum to visiters, who are allowed to eat as much fruit as they please. The Persians, who must invent a joke upon everything, state that at Caboul the eaters of fruit are weighed on entering and on coming out of the gardens, and charged for the difference; and they tell how that a certain wag put stones in his pocket, which he threw away in the garden, so that when he had eaten his fill of fruit, and was weighed on coming out, he was found lighter than when he had gone in—a problem which had long puzzled the wise men of "the city of the hundred thousand gardens."

PEARLS AND DIAMONDS.—We read more of pearls than of diamonds in ancient authors. The ancients had not skill enough to make the most of diamonds; and the art of engraving on them is not older than the sixteenth century. The most remarkable of modern pearls is that in the Spanish treasury, called the Pilgrim. It was in the possession of a merchant, who had paid for it one hundred thousand crowns. When he went to offer it for sale to Philip IV., the king said, "How could you venture to give so much for a pearl?" the merchant replied, "I knew there was a king of Spain in the world." Philip, pleased with the flattery, ordered him his own price.

BALANCE OF EUROPE.—Two worthy, but not very particular M. P. were one evening down to the House of Commons, discussing politicks as well as their cups and hiccups would permit them—one said, solemnly.

Europe's true balance must not be o'erthrown.

To which the other replied:

Hang Europe's balance—try to keep your own.

NAUTICAL PHRASEOLOGY.—Seamen are not only indebted to the fair sex for many of their "terms of art," but also to the "modistes" of the land for much of the knowledge essential in seamanship. For example, no man can pass for a thorough seaman unless he can "handle his needle," and execute with precision every possible "stitch," from the "herring-bone" to the "double seam." He must also be able to "gore," "cut upon the bias," "taughten his stays," "pass an earring," and "clap a bonnet on his jib." In the last particular, Jack, who often reverses matters, differs with the ladies of the land; he "claps" his bonnet on the "foot," instead of on the head of his jib.

STAMP DUTY.—The stamp duty on receipts was first imposed during the celebrated Coalition Administration, which gave occasion for the following *jeu d'esprit*, at the time generally attributed to Sheridan.

"I would," says Fox, "A tax devise,"
That shall not fall on me."
"Then tax receipts," Lord North replies,
For those you never see."

MARSHAL THE DUKE DE REGGIO.—Last week a fellow entered a tobacco-shop on the place de la Bourse, at Paris, and was leaving it with a dozen bundles of best cigars, saying, "I am Marshal Oudinot—send me your bill to-morrow;" when the shopman roared out, "I know Marshal Oudinot, and you certainly are not he." "Well," retorted the thief, "since such unpleasant mistakes are committed in this shop, it shall never have my custom again." Upon this he dropped the cigars, and took to his heels.

AN IRISH DUEL.—Mr. O'Connor relates an instance where the parties in "an affair of honour," had actually agreed to put the muzzles of their pistols (so inveterate were they) into each other's mouths! "and yet, would you believe it?" said he, "one of them escaped." . . . . Just as one second was about to give the signal, the other said to his principal, "Jack, look hither." Jack turned his head, and just in time, for the ball passed out through his left cheek, doing him little hurt, while his opponent was killed.

LAWYERS.—The Emperour of China seems to be of the same opinion as Peter the Great in reference to lawyers. The Czar said that he had but two in his dominions, and that it was his intention to hang one of them in order to secure concord among his subjects. The Chinese Autocrat has issued an edict to suppress "the multiplying of such people," whom he is pleased to designate "villanous and perverse vagabonds, fond of creating disturbance." There is something exceedingly complimentary in this description.

JOHN KEMBLE.—"Pray, sir," said a greenroom lounger to Mr John Kemble during the run of the elephant at Covent Garden threatre, "is not the man very nervous who rides upon the real elephant?" "Nervous, sir," replied Kemble, in that deep, hollow tone, which was the particular characteristick of his voice, "what must I have been when, riding on the same elephant, I heard the hind-legs say to the fore-legs, 'Get on, or, —— your eyes, I shall be down!'"

GRAVITY AND GRAVITATION.—A schoolmaster who was as fond of his grog as the use of his globes, was asked the difference between gravity and gravitation; "When I've drunk five glasses of grog," replied the pedagogue, "my gravity vanishes, and my gravitation begins to operate."

A GOOD RESOLVE.—"I resolve," said a pious English bishop, "never to speak of a man's virtues before his face, nor of his faults behind his back." If every one would not only adopt such a resolution but carry it into effect, the dawn of millenial glory would soon illumine the "whole broad earth."

JUNIOR.—Is the word "Junior" any part of a man's name? The Legislature of New Hampshire has decided that it is, and the Legislature of Massachusetts that it is not. Which is right!

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

*The contributions of our Detroit correspondent, * * *, are quite acceptable. His letter shall appear next week, and we shall be glad to hear from him again.—We must decline the proposition of* P. Q. *—We have received several poems on the death of Mrs. Maclean—some of them very beautiful. The interest in her fate appears to be as deep and general in this country as in England.—The epigrams by* Squib *are clever and caustick, but we have no taste for such personalities, even where they are not undeserved. The Mirror has never been, and shall never be made the vehicle either for personal attacks or personal reports. The remarks of* Philias *on the exhibition of paintings in Barclay-street are judicious. We agree with him that the picture of the "Fall of Jerusalem" is one of the most remarkable paintings of the day.—"*Elise*" shall appear, if possible, next week.—The "*Lines to a friend departing for Europe,*" are in type, but are unavoidably deferred.—"*Cibber*" talks well upon "matters theatrical," but his strictures upon the Park theatre do not strike us as just.*

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1839.

Female housebreakers.—A correspondent, who, from the tone of his communication, we should judge to be a testy old bachelor, writes us a long epistle in relation to the house-hunting propensities of the ladies of New-York. He says that he has the misfortune to occupy apartments in a house, which is advertised "for sale, or to be let." The consequence is, that the bell is kept ringing every other minute in the day by people, who come on the pretence of wishing to examine the premises; "but I believe," our correspondent amiably adds, "that the object of nine-tenths is plunder, or to pry into the concerns of their neighbours. Why, sir, the audacity of these female house-hunters is truly appalling. As I was at my toilet the other morning, in the act of shaving, with half my face white as a snow-bank with lather, what was my consternation, on hearing the door open, to behold two females, dressed in the extreme of fashion, enter as unconcernedly as if they were stepping over their own threshold. One was young and pretty, the other ancient and ugly. "What a nice room," says Miss. "Quite snug," replies mamma; "for people in moderate circumstances, it is really a good house; but I fear, your papa, my dear, would never consent to take up with such a situation." "Oh, what beautiful cologne," exclaimed the sylph; "Ma, let me put some on your handkerchief—what a pretty vest! What a sweet pattern for a gown, Ma. Do look at it! (Upon my word, Mr. Editor, I missed a five dollar bill from my waistcoat-pocket that day. I accuse nobody—but such is the fact.) "My love," said the old porcupine, "the gentleman looks impatient for us to go. May I ask, sir, if the furniture of the room is for sale? I should like the wardrobe and the glass very well"—and the unblushing housebreaker actually opened my clothes-press, and very coolly examined the drawers. "What little hands, he must have," said Angelina, tossing over my last importation of kid gloves from Paris. "Ah, ha, a three-cornered note, and a faded japonica—come now—that looks suspicious—doesn't it, Ma." "Very, my dear, perhaps the gentleman is engaged." (No, I will be hanged if I am.) While this interesting conversation was going on between the old lady and her daughter, I stood petrified with astonishment, with one hand holding an extended razor, and the forefinger and thumb of the other clasping the bridge of my nose. I was a study for a sculptor. I stood hesitating whether I should cut my own throat, or that of the impertinent minx, who was prying into my letters, or, best of all, sever the wind-pipe of the monstrous old woman, who was insolently intruding herself into my apartment. At one time I seriously contemplated making a general massacre of it for the benefit of all single gentlemen similarly circumstanced, and as a warning to all female housebreakers. Perhaps, the two daughters of Eve saw the rising purpose in my glaring eyes, for they begun retreating toward the door. I started abruptly from my statue-like posture, and flourished my razor with a very truculent air; whereupon they ran shrieking down stairs, and I was happily rid of them. The very next day, I had a similar visitation. A middle-aged lady, with a whiskered attendant, entered my room, while I was writing, and with a *sang froid* peculiar to housebreakers, commenced an investigation, which was anything but soothing to my feelings. The lady turned over my books and papers, and would, I believe, have opened my desk, if I had not locked it with a very significant "ahem." The dandy went to the looking-glass, and to my inexpressible horrour, took up my hair-brush, to arrange his hyperian curls. This was too much for human endurance—and I threw a bottle of ink at his head. It lodged in his whiskers, and emptied itself with delightful accuracy down his shirt bosom. Mr. Editor, *I have* two duels on hand, and have strong hopes of ridding the city of two aiders and abettors of female house-breaking. I wish that the conventional laws of society did not prevent my making war upon the principal aggressors themselves. But the press can certainly do something to alleviate the evil. If I am shot, I am determined to leave a fund to be appropriated to the suppression of female house-breaking." We would only say to our ruthless correspondent, that he deserves to be winged for his want of gallantry, and absurd intolerance of temper. We hope he will either be shot or married.

"*How do you like our country, or an autumn in America,*" is the flippant title of a work by Mr. Charles Matthews, and shortly to be issued from the London press. It is said by the papers, that it is to contain a general showing-up of the Americans; their character, manners, institutions, etc. The competency of this itinerant playactor to the task he has undertaken, is *questioned* by a London journal! which says, "we are, no doubt, again to be told that the Americans have no taste, that they eat with knives instead of forks, and devour their eggs out of wine-glasses instead of egg-cups!" The book will unquestionably be filled with stuff of this sort, joined with lamentations upon the failure of an antiquated actress, who in her bloom was unquestionably clever and attractive, but is now among the *has beens*. We have no objection ourselves to Mr. Flibbertigibbet's writing a book about us. He is as well qualified as the Trollopes, Fiddlers, Martineaus, and other mendicant travellers, who, after soliciting our hospitality, have treacherously made the Americans the subject of their abuse. Look at it for a moment. Mr. Price, the American manager, engages Madame Vestris to visit the United States, and endeavours to do away all objections on the score of character by her marriage with a popular actor, whose youth and inexperience are the only apologies that can be offered in extenuation of his folly. The happy pair, ("sure such a pair was never seen!") jump aboard the Great Western, and are safely landed in a couple of weeks at the Battery. They go into the country to pass the summer months. An ugly story is circulated as to their conduct at Saratoga, but it is quite forgotten, or generally disbelieved before they make their debut at the Park. At length that momentous occasion arrives. The house is filled. Vestris appears in a tawdry piece, called the "Drama's Levee," as unfitted for the meridian of New-York as for that of Canton. The lady is dressed after the fashion of a French opera-dancer, except that her *chemise* is a little more concise. A few hisses mingle with the very loud applause, with which she is welcomed. The first piece is over, and the first impression is decidedly unfavourable. The second piece, "One Hour, or the Carnival Ball," goes off with more eclat. Charles Matthews makes a decided hit, and is set down as a dashing, sprightly, agreeable actor. *But they do not carry* the town. The audiences, every night, grow thinner and more thin. Vestris looks haggard and disappointed. Their visit to New-York proves a failure—and why? Because in vulgar but expressive parlance, they do not prove what they "had been cracked up to be." And for this, the Yankees are to be visited with the denunciations of Mr. Charles Matthews! Painful anticipation! How shall we avert the terrible, annihilatory infliction? Spare us, most forcible Feeble! Enter not, after thy "flourish of trumpets," magnanimous Tom Thumb!

American actors in England.—At the last accounts from London, Hill, the celebrated personator of Yankee character, was performing with much success at the Haymarket. Van Amburgh, at Drury-lane, had been complimented by a visit from the Queen, who, after the performances, went behind the scenes, and conversed for some minutes with the renowned lion tamer. Mr. Jim Crow Rice, at the Adelphi, had been received with an enthusiasm unparalleled, as will be seen by the following account of his reception from the London Times: "*Spring* Rice made his appearance last night in the first piece, entitled *A Flight to America*, and "Jim Crow" was again jumped at the Adelphi. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of Mr. Rice's reception; he was greeted by a burst of applause of full two minutes' duration. His song of "Sich a gettin up stairs" was vociferously encored, and when he came to his second and crack achievement of *Jim Crow*, he was made to sing it no less than five times. At the fall of the curtain, too, he was loudly called for; but did not appear. There were two or three changes in the cast of the burletta. Mr. Beverley, for the first time, played Blenkinsop, the original part allotted to poor John Reeve. He did not run away with the Adelphi audience like absolute and unparalleled John; but he yet acted very well, and was a good deal applauded. Mr. Wright sustained the part of Pawks, once filled by Buckstone. He gave the character a reading of his own, which he vindicated with sufficient spirit to make us "not miss" his predecessor, thus succeeding in a double sense. The scene with the steamers was omitted; but the burletta went off without it, as if there was still plenty of steam. The audience were crowded, and seemed quite at home in their joy and merriment, which they made known in applauses hilarious enough."

Origin of the Washington name.—We learn from Mr. Sparks's new life of Washington, that *Hertburn* was the original name of the Washington family; that the latter name was probably assumed by William de Hertburn, between the years 1261 and 1274, and that the manor was held in the male line till about the year 1400, or one hundred and thirty years. During this period the name seems to have been usually written *Wessyngton*, though it is sometimes found *Wessington*. In its subsequent changes it was probably written variously at different times, and by different branches of the family. At the Herald's College, in the "Visitation Book," (so Mr. Sparks called it,) of Northamptonshire, for the year 1618, I found the autographs of *Alban Washington* and *Robert Washington*. These persons were uncles to John and Lawrence Washington, who emigrated to Virginia.

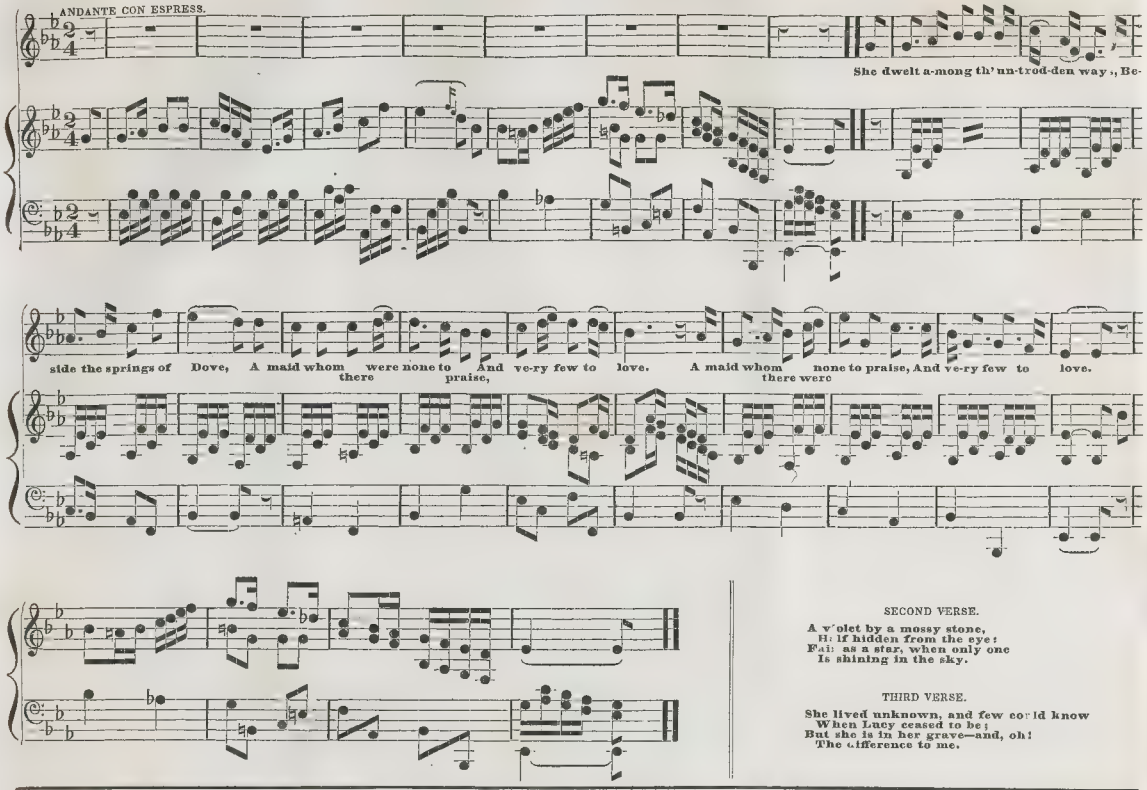
"*Who reads an American book?*"—In the list of announcements of new works in press by Bentley, the well-known London publisher, we see "Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie, by C. F. Hoffman." By the way, Mrs. Jameson, in her new work, pays a high compliment to our former coadjutor, for his "Winter in the Far West." Hoffman is one of the most vigorous writers of the day, and we are glad to see that he confines himself to American subjects.

"*Woodman, spare that tree.*"—For the publication of the paper respecting "Woodman, spare that tree," on another page, the author of that popular ballad is in no way accountable, it being inserted in his absence, and by the editor of this journal. It was shown to the author, who put a positive veto on its publication; but we trust, after he has recovered from the surprise of seeing it in print, that he will agree with us it is too good a thing to be lost.

Epigrams, etc.—The reader will know what value to set upon the lampoons published weekly in the New-Yorker, when he is informed that they emanate from the pen of *Park Benjamin*. Comment is unnecessary.

SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS.

THE POETRY WRITTEN BY W. WORDSWORTH—THE MUSICK COMPOSED BY W. GRANTHAM.



SECOND VERSE.

A v'olet by a mossy stone,
H: lf hidden from the eye:
Fai: as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

THIRD VERSE.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave—and, oh!
The difference to me.

NEW MUSICK.

DO YOU REMEMBER, MARY.

A ballad—The words by Miss Farrar—The musick by Charles Horn, jun.

Do you remember, Mary,
Our childhood's happy years;
The buoyant laugh that chased away
Our few and fleeting tears?
It was a life of joy unmarked,
By sorrow or distress,
The time that I regret
Was a time of happiness.

Do you remember still, the love
I felt yet feared to tell;
Till the words, "I love you," from my lips,
In trembling accents fell?
Our bright plans for the future,
The happy dreams we wove,
The time that I regret
Was a time of hope and love.

As I recall those hours, thine eyes
Upon the ground are cast;
They shun my glance, they fear to say
"Those happy hours are past."
In vain I mourn the banished joys,
Which nought can e'er restore,
The time that I regret
Is the time that is no more.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"*Geraldine, Athenia of Damascus, and lyrical pieces, by Rufus Dawes.*"—Mr. Samuel Coleman has published in one beautiful volume the poetical writings of Rufus Dawes, including his noble tragedy of "Athenia of Damascus." We cannot doubt that a work so truly honourable to American literature, will command a ready and extensive sale; and we trust that a second edition will soon be called for by the publick. An extended notice of these poems is unavoidably deferred.

"*Captain Kyd, or the Wizard of the Seas, by the author of Lafitte. Harper and Brothers.*—We consider this by far the best fiction that has yet proceeded from the pen of Professor Ingraham. The plot is admirably worked out—the characters are well defined—and the varied, bustling scenes are presented with remarkable vividness to the imagination of the reader. The nautical sketches are evidently by one who has seen what he describes, while the legendary pictures of "New-Amsterdam," as it was in the days of the bold bucanier, are faithful and amusing. We should think that a most effective drama might be founded on this deeply interesting romance.

"*Winter Studies and Summer Rambles, by Mrs. Jameson.*"—Messrs. Wiley and Putnam are the American publishers of this very entertaining work. Mrs. Jameson is a delightful writer, and in beauty of style and force and originality of thought, is infinitely superiour to Miss Martineau. Although the subjects discussed in these volumes are of a very desultory character, yet there is a unity in the work and a sort of dramatick interest, which carries on the reader's attention with unflagging and increasing power to the end. The descriptions of American scenery are executed with masterly skill—while the winter studies are of a character at once entertaining and instructive.

"*Gurney Married, by Theodore Hook.*"—This work is totally unworthy of the author of "Sayings and Doings," and "The Parson's Daughter." It is ineffably tedious. The jokes are very ancient, and dragged in without any regard to their appositeness. There is nothing to redeem the inanity of these volumes. There is neither plot nor interest in the narrative, and the characters are vague, feeble and pointless. We are surprised that a man of Hook's powers should have perpetrated such an infliction upon the "reading publick."

LITERARY PERIODICALS.

There appears to be quite a stir among the periodicals. New competitors are crowding to the field, while those journals already established seem determined not to be excelled in any respect. For instance:

"*The Albion,*" our old and respected contemporary, will, in the course of a few weeks, publish a beautiful portrait of Victoria, as she appeared at the opera on a recent occasion. This is a magnificent engraving on a large imperial sheet, and well worth the entire subscription of the Albion to all loyal subjects of her majesty.

The "*Spirit of the Times*" is also coming out in a new dress, with enlarged views and enlarged dimensions. A superb engraving of Augusta, the popular *danseuse*, will adorn the first number of the next volume. This journal, as every one knows, is devoted principally to sporting and dramatick intelligence, and holds the first station in that class of periodicals. William T. Porter, the editor, is the very Nimrod of the country, and, although we occasionally differ with him on subjects in which both journals take an interest, we esteem him as an original, forcible and pungent writer, and wish his paper all imaginable success, being well persuaded that it deserves it.

The "*Expositor*" is gradually winning its share of publick favour, and meets, we are pleased to perceive, with universal commendation. Count Tasistro, the editor, evinces much industry and classical research, in the conduct of his handsome journal, and his English style is unexceptionably pure and sparkling.

The "*New-York Literary Gazette*" is another candidate for the suffrages of the literary publick. It is managed with tact, taste and ability; and will, no doubt, run a prosperous career. It cannot fail to meet with a liberal reception at the hands of the press from its courteous and gentlemanly tone.

The "*Corsair*" will shortly hoist its black flag, and put out to sea, under the command of Captains Willis and Porter—two able and experienced "bucaniers." We wish her favouring gales and a prosperous voyage, and hope she may glide over the uncertain billows of publick favour without touching upon the shoals and quicksands, which have wrecked many a similar craft, however trimly rigged and tightly built.

"*Life in New-York*" is the title of a new periodical, to be published, in the language of the prospectus, "every now and then," but whether daily, weekly or monthly, remains among the contingencies of futurity. The editor is a sprightly writer, and we have no doubt that this metropolis will furnish him materiel sufficient for his racy pen. We perceive that he meditates an intended fling at ourselves. Well, we have no objections. "Lay on, Macduff."

Having thus noticed all the papers and prospectuses upon our table this morning, perhaps the reader will excuse us for saying in this place, that, notwithstanding the exertions of our neighbours and friends, and the promises of their various advertisements, we do not intend that the "*New-York Mirror*" shall be surpassed by any of them, either in literary interest, or in pictorial embellishments, musick and fair typography. We are resolved to make it as attractive a journal as possible, if unwearied exertions, the employment of prominent and varied talent, and a total disregard of expense can effect our object.

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G. P. Scott, Printer, corner of John and Gold-streets.

NEW-YORK MIRROR,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Embellished with Fine Engravings, and Musick arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.] SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, NUMBER ONE BARCLAY-STREET, NEXT TO THE CORNER OF BROADWAY. [PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME SIXTEEN. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1839. NUMBER THIRTY-SEVEN.

For the New-York Mirror.

OH, NO! THEY SHALL NOT SEE ME WEEP.

BY T. H. LISTER, AUTHOR OF GRANBY, ETC.

Oh, no! they shall not see me weep,
They shall not hear my moan,
My sorrow shall be buried deep,
And I will grieve alone.
My face shall wear its wonted glee,
Although my heart is sore,
As verdant ivy decks the tree,
While withered at its core.
I will not quit this festive scene,
Nor shun the eyes of men,
To muse o'er all that I have been,
And ne'er can be again.

A heavier penance shall be mine,
To join the festive crowd,
Nor let them see that I repine,
Nor breath one sigh aloud.
Oh, no! I will not seem to feel
What none can ever know;
And reckless laughter shall conceal
The fire that burns below.
In halls of jocund revelry
The mask of joy I'll wear,
And Pleasure's self shall envy me
The mirth of my despair!

ORIGINAL TALES.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

BY JOHN NEAL

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

The Catastrophe.

It was a calm, beautiful evening, so calm and beautiful, "you scarce would start to meet a spirit there." A heavy thunder-shower had just gone over, like a whirlwind in swiftness and power, darkening the whole sky, and literally deluging the earth for a few minutes; and all the host of heaven—the sons of God—were out with a new glory; the triple-crowned stars rejoicing in their courses, and glittering as if refreshed and strengthened by the abundant rain. It was the first plentiful and hearty *wash* there had been for nearly a month at the Mountain-House, though showers had swept by on every side, as often at least as every other day, "dropping fatness" in the valley below, and pouring out their treasures almost within hearing, and for the last week or two yet oftener, "like twangling pearl," over all the neighbourhood, without so much as laying the dust, or wetting a leaf at poor Ethan's.

We had been out with him to hear what he called his two-and-forty pounder, his bugle, and his echo; the first a mounted horse-pistol, the second, a sort of tin pipe with a funnel-sloped mouth, and the third, a magnificent reverberation among the mountains. You'd thought a whole park of artillery, with half a hundred bugles, were all sounding and playing together! But we were driven back to the house, at a hard gallop, within *five* minutes after Ethan had "*let 'em* off," as he called it, by a tremendous crash of thunder, followed by a shower so instantaneous, that both appeared to come together, as if we had ruptured a passing cloud by the discharge of Ethan's pocket-piece; or, according to his notion, frightened a waterspout and broke the charm. There was "a dreadful pother" over head for about half an hour, and then it cleared off all at once, and forth came the stars, by thousands and tens of thousands, to look at the issue of these "high-engendered battles."

Two or three of us had been to the door to see a pair of stag's-horns, a snowy owl, and a large bat, the largest I ever saw in this part of the world, which Ethan had nailed up there, to keep the witches off and scare the wolves; and when we got back, we found all the company gathered together in the largest room of the house, and our "unaccountable friend" Weare, Ichabod Weare, jun., if you please, holding forth in the midst of them—Julia with her head in her mother's lap, the mother staring at him with her mouth open, and all the rest of the women-folk wondering and whispering together. Everybody appeared to know him, or at least to have heard of him, though I observed that by some he was called 'Squire, to his head, by others Judge, by one or two the Master, by Ethan himself the Doctor, and by most of the party, since the collegian would have it so, the Professor.

"You appear to know that gentleman," said I, to a very grave personage, whom I had seen talking with him but a few moments before, and listening with extraordinary deference to a somewhat *lengthy* reply touching the geology of that neighbourhood.

"No, sir, can't say I do; but I have my suspicions, and having heard you in conversation with him at supper on the properties of our native grape, I was on the point of asking you if I was right."

"He is a perfect stranger to me, sir; I never saw him till yesterday. But you have your suspicions; what are they?"

"Why, sir"—whispering in my ear—"why, sir, between ourselves—but you won't allow it to go any further?"—I shook my head in reply—"well, sir, I have satisfied myself that he is a judge of the United States district court; maybe you've heard of Judge Weare? he lives at Portsmouth, I believe, or Newburyport."

"No such thing," said I; "that gentleman is a friend of mine; his name is Asher—he lives in Portland."

"Why, how you talk! But there's a gentleman that must know him—he knows everybody. Allow me to make you acquainted. Mr. Pray, this is my friend Mr. ——a——a——"

"Pshaw!" said I, rather impatiently, I fear.

"My friend Mr. Shaw. And now, Mr. Pray, as you know everybody, I want you should tell my friend Mr. Shaw, who that gentleman is, where he lives, what he dooz for a livin', whether married or single, how many children he's got," etc. etc. etc.

"None to speak of, I believe," said Mr. Pray, puckering up his mouth and tapping his nose, with an expression not to be mistaken.

"Well, well, who is he?"

"Who is he! why, President Weare of Cambridge, to be sure; thought everybody knew President Weare of Cambridge, old Harvard, you know."

"President Weare!" said I, not a little astonished at the fellow's coolness. "President Weare of Cambridge—why, sir, there is no such person—there never was."

"Are you quite sure—*quite*?" said Mr. Pray, without being at all disconcerted.

"But perhaps you mean Doctor Weare?" said I.

"To be sure I do: Doctor Weare of Cambridge—the celebrated physician—greatly obliged to you, Mr. Shaw."

"But Doctor Weare is a theologian, I believe," said I, "not a physician; he writes D.D. after his name, at any rate."

"Well, well, never mind what he is, a doctor's a doctor, you know, all the world over; and that's the celebrated Doctor Weare of Cambridge."

"Are you sure of it?" said a bystander.

"Sure of it! to be sure I am! that's the man, I tell you, and that's enough; don't you say so, Mr. Shaw?"

"Pray, sir, is your name *Shaw*?" said the collegian, who had been listening at my elbow, with unspeakable gravity and amazement.

"Oh fudge!" said I, turning to go; and the next moment I heard Mr. Pray speaking of me, myself, as the celebrated Mr. O'Fudge; and before I had time to correct the errour, a young woman darted by me with a glove in her hand, which I instantly recognised—I had the fellow in my pocket—pursued by half a dozen other females in full cry—up one flight of stairs and down another, door after door flapping to, as they passed, and Ethan shouting after them, "*st* boy! *st* boy!" the dogs barking, and the children screaming with delight.

"Come, hourraw here! hourraw! what's the matter now!" cried the driver, bursting into the room with his jacket off.

I turned for explanation to the professor—let us call him the professor, till we know something more of him. "Pray, sir," said I, "what is all this uproar about? can you tell me?"

"Yes. The women are pulling caps for that very glove, and trying to find the owner, just as I told you they would."

"Are you serious?"

"Never ask me if I am serious, I beseech you—you never saw me otherwise, and yet you have asked that very question four or five times to-day."

"I beg your pardon—but I have lent the glove to our young friend here, Mr. Carey, I believe"—bowing to the collegian.

"Yes, sair, that's my name, Cary, George Dilworth Carey, at your sairvice."

"Having lent him the glove, I was rather curious to know what he had done with it," said I.

"I have put it into the hands of a beautiful woman, sair—with a written promise of marriage to the owner, sair—if she corresponds with your description of her." He glanced at Julia, as he spoke, and she put up her lip at him, in reply.

"And what if I should tell you," whispered a roguish-looking girl, "that the glove belonged to me?"

The professor shook his head.

"Or to my grandmother?—or a maiden sister?—and that, instead of being torn, as you have supposed, it was torn by over-stretching?"

"Why," said the professor, "I should merely say in reply, that you were altogether mistaken. You might as well try to persuade me that it was a man's glove; but I see they are laying their heads together, and mean to put a trick upon me."

"And have you no fears—no misgivings—hey?"

"None at all, I assure you. They are welcome to deceive me, *if they can*."

"*If they can*, hey!" said another—a fine showy girl—who had been listening and looking at him for a long while, through a pair of green spectacles, borrowed for the purpose, I believe; "and so, you really do pretend to judge of a woman's character by her glove?"

The professor bowed.

"Of anybody and everybody you happen to meet with, hey?"

Another bow.

"The strangest man, I declare! Would you undertake to judge of me by my glove?"

"Certainly, if you desire it."

"Indeed! Well, now, you almost frighten me out of the notion I had of trying you; but there's my glove—upon my word, it's like sitting down to have a tooth out—no flattery now, I beg of you—don't spare me."

The professor took the glove—it was a delicate buff—touched it, smiled, and immediately handed it back to her.

She coloured and bit her lip.

"Well, sir," said I, "and what say you of the lady's character?"

"I must refer you to the lady herself," was the reply.

I was about to ask her what he meant, when I saw Julia lift her little forefinger; and before five minutes were over, I heard the lady herself declare in a whisper that, for her part, she really began to believe there was something in it: for he had no sooner touched the glove, than he knew it didn't belong to me, and I dare say, if I had asked him, he would have told me to whom it did belong—how very strange! I declare the man has almost frightened me with his great black eyes and glittering teeth!

"Not black," said Julia—"Dilworth's eyes are black; are not they, Dilworth? But *his* are nothing but hazle."

"Nothing but hazel, thought I—how very strange!"

"Not stranger than most of the unexplained nothings, upon which our minds are made up, every hour in the day," continued the professor; "judgment of death has been heretofore entered up, on evidence lighter than that which I am able to perceive in a lady's glove; companions for life chosen; friendships for life entered into; voyages undertaken; duels fought, and battles; and empires put in jeopardy, for a glove. You think it strange that character should so betray itself. Let me tell you, it would be stranger by far, if *character*, genuine character, did not betray itself in everything. Perhaps you may have heard the story of a man, who being offered the choice of three beautiful and accomplished women, sisters, took it into his head to try them with a bit of cheese? The first pared away the whole rind, you know; the next ate hers without scraping or paring it: the third scraped hers well, and which did he take? Which did he take!"

"The woman that scraped her cheese."

"And why?"

"Because he wanted—I give it in the words of the story, ladies—he wanted neither a spendthrift nor a slut for a wife."

Luddy! luddy! Such a giggling and whispering you never heard in your life. You'd have thought every woman there had been eating cheese, and nothing but cheese, for the last three months.

"Why, sir," continued Miss Farrier—Helen Farrier—the tall showy girl I spoke of—"according to this, it would seem that all things are witnesses—whatever we do or say—whatever we touch or take."

"Certainly."

"And pray, sir, are you a believer in the reputed sagacity of the wild man? Do you believe that he can pursue his way, with undeviating certainty by the moss on the weather-side of the tree? or track his prey for miles over the shifting leaves and the trampled herbage of the dreariest wilderness?"

"To be sure, I do—and why not? Every white man you meet with, is an example, in his own way, of a like power. How does the shop-boy distinguish a counterfeit-bill at a glance, though he may never have seen the original? or one quality of cloth from another, varying but a trifle in the cost—not more than sixpence sterling, perhaps? By the touch only—a brief hasty touch. How does the hatter distinguish one quality of fur from another? By blowing upon it. Or the shepherd all the countenances of a thousand sheep? Or the botanist a leaf or a flower, a seed or a fibre, see it where he may? Or the naturalist—drawing his breath through his shut teeth: I knew he meant me—a moth or a butterfly? And every judge of painting, the labour of this or that old master, who may have been dead for two or three hundred years—detecting a copy at a glance though he may never have seen the original?"

"But can he?"

"To be sure he can."

"And how do you account for such a miraculous power?"

"It cannot be accounted for. It is man's distinguishing characteristick—an essential prerogative; one of those holy and ever active instincts of his nature which will not stay to be questioned. It is *ex necessitate rei*, incapable of explanation."

"Ex necessita—there! My mind is made up! said I, on hearing this. The man's a lawyer."

"A lawyer! Poh," said Ethan—"that's all you know about it, mister—what may I call your name?"

"Mr. Shaw," said the collegian.

"Mr. O. Fudge—the celebrated Mr. O. Fudge," whispered Julia.

"Well, Mr. O'Fudge, or Mr. Shaw, or whatever your name is—that are feller's no more of a lawyer than you air; he's a preacher, I tell you—don't I know!—hasn't I heerd him afore to say?"

Julia shook her head.

"Well, marm, who do you say 'tis?"

"I!——O, I say 'tis the wandering Jew."

"Well, if you aint a snorter!" and off he bolted, head first, into the kitchen, to tell the story there, and have another blow out, as he called it, with Josh the driver.

"Now," continued the professor, "when you ask me how I am able to distinguish a Vandyke from a Rubens, or a Claude from a Wilson, or a Corregio from a Carracci—my answer is, how are you able to distinguish the handwriting of your friends, or the style of authors you are familiar with? It is a faculty common to every living creature—and always at work—always! Of the men about us here in this very room, there are not more than two or three able to distinguish linen from cotton—yet a woman would tell you, by the touch, if there was even a mixture of the two, in warp or woof. So with silks, laces, and French shoes—yet a woman is no judge of broadcloth or furs; and not one of a hundred can perceive the difference between morocco and sheepskin; or stranger still in our eyes, *calf* from cordovan."

Query! whispered some person at our elbow—I felt quite sure it was Julia, without looking up.

"And now," continued the professor, with still more seriousness of manner, "people who cannot see the difference between a broadcloth and a cassimere, between wrought and cast-iron cutlery, between beaver and musquash, or a counterfeit and the original, wonder at the audacity of others, who pretend to judge of men and women, as the shop-boy judges of all these—by their appearance—their gloves—and their actions. And after all, what are *gloves* but *actions?* Let me prevail upon you to believe," he added, "all of you, that your gloves do speak a language, and a language too, more to be depended upon, oftentimes, than that of your lips: and what is more, that you all understand it, and put faith in it among yourselves; and are governed by it, in all the great business of life—I mean just what I say—though I will do you the justice to acknowledge that I believe you do so, without knowing it."

"Nay, my dear sir—how can that be! surely, if we have any such power, and are in the continual exercise of it, we must be conscious of it," said another of the party.

"Indeed! Pray tell me, if you can, how it is that you distinguish people by their shadows—by profiles cut in paper—by their walk—or voice—or tread—or cough—or by the carriage of their bodies in turning a corner? You know the step of your whole household. You know a stranger to be a stranger, as far as you can see him. And all these things you know, without knowing how you know them—and without being able to make another understand you, when you do your best by way of explanation. Look at the most carefully-prepared handbill, where a horse-thief, or a murderer, is portrayed to the life—and then, be astonished if you can, that so many guiltless persons are hunted to death, and so many guilty ones left unpunished. Give the best description you are able of your own brother: let him but change his coat, or his hat, and he might go forth into the crowded thoroughfare, crying a reward for his own arrest, until doomsday, with perfect safety—if he were surrounded by strangers."

"Well, sir—and what does that prove?"

"It proves, young man, that we are provided and fortified with astonishing faculties; faculties that few of us ever thought of acknowledging, even to ourselves; faculties that continue to be exercised all their lives long, by the great multitude, without being perceived by them; and that, however astonishing it may appear to us, that a wild man should be able to pursue his foe, or track his prey, by signs that we cannot see, even after they have been pointed out to us, yet are we all in the hourly exercise of a sagacity quite as wonderful—and to the savage, perhaps, yet more so, and more incomprehensible."

"Now, what do you think?" said Ethan—"if that are feller aint a preacher, an' clear grit too, then my name aint Ethan Crawford, that's all!"

"Sir," said Mr. George Dilworth Carey, with a compassionate smile, "such notions are not likely to find favour now."

"The more's the pity!" quoth the professor.

"But," rejoined the collegian, with a look of subdued triumph, "the schoolmaster's abroad now."

"That's true enough," retorted the professor; "and if the schoolmaster *were at home*—it would be all the better for himself, and for most of our youth too."

"That's into him!" shouted Ethan, rubbing his hands, cutting a caper, and fetching the collegian a whack over the shoulders, that set him spinning like a top, to the infinite satisfaction of Julia and her mother.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MY NATIVE LAND.

Original.

There lies my loved, my native land—
A land with every gift replete—
All perfect from its Maker's hand,
An empire's glorious seat!
And far removed from thrones and slaves,
There Freedom's banner proudly waves.

The frigid and the torrid clime,
The temperate and the genial beam;
The vale, the mountain-top sublimé,
The arid plain, the swelling stream,
There linked in union's golden chain,
Bear witness to her vast domain.

Her mountains look o'er realms serene,
O'er waving fields and cities free;
And mightiest rivers roll between,
And bear her wealth from sea to sea.
While o'er old Ocean's farthest deep,
Her banner'd navies proudly sweep.

On Plymouth's rock the pilgrim lands,
His comrades few and faint with toil;
While warring tribes in countless bands
Roam lawless o'er th' uncultured soil.
A few brief years have rolled away,
And those dark warriours—where are they?

And where are those, th' heroick few,
That landed on that rocky shore?
Their voice still rings—their spirit too
Still breathes, and will for evermore!
For in their sons still burn those fires
That freedom kindled in their sires.

'Tis something, though it be not fame,
To know we spring from noble race;
To feel no secret blush of shame,
For those we love suffuse our face—
Then let us to our sons transmit
A land and name unsullied yet.

To us was left in deathless trust,
A realm redeemed, a glorious name,
The ashes of the brave and just,
Fair freedom and immortal fame!
And in our hearts the courage dwells,
Which human power with scorn repels.

We've not to weep o'er glory fled,
We've not to brood o'er servile wo;
We call not on the illustrious dead,
To shield us from a living foe.
And should our pride be e'er o'erthrown,
'Twill be by native swords alone.

The standard which our sires unfurl'd,
And which through peril's path they bore,
Now floats o'er half the western world,
And waves on many a distant shore!
And long shall wave, triumphant, free,
O'er dome and tower, o'er land and sea!

For me—whatever be my fate,
Wherever cast—my country still
Shall o'er each thought predominate,
And through each pulse unceasing thrill.
My prayer, with life's last ebbing sand,
Shall be for thee, my native land!

GAIETIES AND GRAVITIES.

THE "ABSURDITIES" OF A YOUNGER SON.

The Hon. Wilmot Harlington was a younger son—a fact which his spirited habits, or, as others call it, his pecuniary extravagance, compelled him at times most cordially to regret. To tell the son of a peer of the realm, who was handsome, twenty-four, witty, five feet ten, elegantly educated, admired by the ladies, and an admirer of *them*—to tell *him* that a solitary cab was sufficient equipage, "would be absurd"—that an opera-box was a thing with which he ought to have nothing to do, "would be absurd"—that five hundred a-year for his tailor's bill was enough, "would be absurd"—that he had no business to give jewelry to opera-dancers, "would be absurd" and that he should stick all day long studying Coke and Littleton, and explore Chitty all night, this also "would be absurd." At least, so thought the Hon. Wilmot Harlington, and the consequence was that his proficiency in the art of getting *into* debt much exceeded his skill in the art of getting *out* of it, which is generally looked upon, perhaps, as the least pleasant, and decidedly the most difficult one of the two—a man being born an *ower*, but being a *payer* only by education. Now Lord Copperson was a rigid economist, although a wealthy man, and inclined to allow young men in the station in life that his sons were in a yearly income sufficient for all elegant wants. His son Wilmot's *spirit* quite knocked him down, however; but made him resolved, notwithstanding, to make a stand against it. For a long time, and very frequently, he sent him checks to an amount exceeding, by ten times, his permanent allowance, and Wilmot felt convinced, such was the paternal love, that he could make his father put his hand in his pocket with more ease, and much more effect, than his creditors could make him. Of this, we say, Wilmot was convinced. Precedent, he argued, was in favour of the rationality of such conviction, and his remorse was therefore made conveniently *less* when he ran into a tradesman's debt, with no perfectly certain means of being able to pay him. So, when he found himself, the other day, decidedly in want of one thousand pounds, he wrote a hasty note to his noble father, requesting the essential, and signing himself, "In haste—Your dutiful son, W. H."—jerked it into the two-penny post letter-box, as he went to purchase a bay mare, and thought no more of the matter for the day—for to feel anxious on a certainty, as he himself might have remarked, "would be absurd." Several creditors were waiting for him when he returned home—having made his purchase for the "flea-bite of five hundred"—and one or two of them looked grave, some more ferocious, while half-a-dozen gave vent to a little indignant eloquence and loud expressions of want of faith in promises which to the son of a peer who had asked his father for a thousand pounds immediately, "was absurd." "Gentlemen," cried Wilmot, having assembled the money-hunters in his study; "Gentlemen, my father is a man characterised by an immense love of his offspring. I've not the least doubt if I told him that I wanted to buy an umbrella that had been dug out of the ruins of Pompeii, valued at one thousand pounds, rather than endure the painful reflection that I had not got the umbrella, that he'd pay the money down. Gentlemen, you see the man. Benevolence run to seed, gentlemen—a giant of charity. Now, when I tell you I've made a pathetick and filial appeal to him, to doubt (here the speaker smiled ironically) to doubt that you will be paid, "would be absurd." Pray, gentlemen, call again to-morrow—don't be apprehensive, pray don't—*I've written to him.*" Not a murmur of disapprobation ensued, but the body went out bowing and smiling with gratitude.

The aggregate amount of the claims of these praiseworthy individuals exceeding seven hundred pounds—a debt, to a susceptible younger son with but three hundred per annum, likely to prove unpleasant. Wilmot, however, never gave it a thought, since, as "he had written to his father" to do so, "would be absurd." So, in the evening of the day on which he had received this visit, he went to club, lost "a mouse-kick" of a nine hundred odd, besides "a little fifty," and went home to bed as happy as a bee, for it "would have been absurd," as he had written to his father, had he done otherwise.

The morning arrived with the morning's usual punctuality, and to his utter surprise Wilmot found, when he came down to breakfast at eleven, that the post had not yet brought him his father's reply to his letter.

To feel anxious on the point at so early an hour, he felt "would be absurd"—so it would at twelve o'clock, at one, at two, at three, at four, at ——, but at *five*, Wilmot acknowledged that apprehensions were *not* absurd. It struck him that his father *might* be tired out, that it was just barely possible that he *might* not care one fig for his distresses, and that absolutely the one thousand pounds might not make its appearance at all.—Stunning notion!—"What was to be done?" So inquired Wilmot of himself as the clock struck *six*.—At seven his creditors were to make their appearances. Chiefly, of course for his father's sake, it was that he hoped his lordship would send him the thousand pounds, for, after the flourishing speech in which he had addressed them, he feared that his creditors might regard the peer much in the same light in which they felt that they were justified in regarding him. "Filial affection forbid!" breathed Wilmot. "Bang, bang," emphatically observed the knocker. "Twopence," remarked the postman. "Thank God!" exclaimed our hero. Our hero was about to shut the door, which, in his intense anxiety, he had saved the servant the trouble of opening, when he was arrested by the sudden appearance of his smiling bootmaker, who, followed by about a dozen of his creditorial brethren, observed, "that he had done himself the honour of waiting upon him, agreeably to order." "Gentlemen," cried Wilmot, "words will but ill express the gratification I experience at seeing you. Have the kindness to walk up stairs," and he ran up stairs before them, elated by being able to keep his word, even to the very *letter* of his promise

"There are moments in a man's life," continued our hero, having closed the door, and begged them to be seated, "particularly sunny; but, as far as I am concerned, none more so than such moments as these when a man feels, *proudly* feels, that he can pay the just demands of his honest and patient creditors. Your respective bills—your bills, if you please, gentlemen." Each creditor placed his account before their mutual debtor. "You see, gentlemen, what kind of a man my father is—that what I said of him was, every bit of it, true. His liberal hand and open heart are ever ready to assist his beloved offspring!" "Excellent parent," murmured his auditors—"Man with a mint o' money and a mint of feeling." "That's it, gentlemen," said Wilmot, tearing open the letter, the seal of which filial affection had hitherto delayed his breaking. Opening the letter, our hero took out a check and perused the letter before he intimated the amount. "Hark ye, gentlemen, how my father writes!—'Dear boy,—I do not send you a check for the amount you requested, because I conceive that, as a good and fond father, I must have no scruples impede my desire to assist you and recover you from your difficulties. The enclosed will be, I trust, of singular service to you.' "Ten thousand, at least, gentlemen;" and our hero opened the check, and read, "Pay the bearer the sum of One Shilling."—Wilmot fainted In the morning he awoke, and found himself in the Queen's Bench.

THE SONG OF THE SELFISH MAN.

I'm not a marrying man—in vain
Young ladies try to net me—
I'm very sure I can't endure
That they should thus beset me;
There's Lady Jane may try in vain,
And o'er my rent-roll scan—
I'm very sure I'm much too poor
To be a marrying man!

In vain they try; I smile and sigh—
Their soft white hands I press;
But oh! for me 'twould really be
Too great a happiness;
I dance and dine—I drink my wine—
I flirt with Lady Ann;
But still I'm sure I'm much too poor
To be a marrying man!

I laugh and talk, I smile and walk,
I sing, I dance, I play;
Invited out—I ride about,
I'm feted day by day;
I smile at mothers, I laugh with brothers,
None can my heart trepan;
For really I—whoe'er may try—
I'm not a marrying man!

SONG.

HERE'S to thee, my Scottish lassie!
Here's a hearty health to thee,
For thine eye so bright, thy form so light,
And thy step so firm and free;
For all thine artless elegance,
And all thy native grace,
For the musick of thy mirthful voice,
And the sunshine of thy face,
For thy guileless look and speech sincere,
Yet sweet as speech can be,
Here's a health, my Scottish lassie!
Here's a hearty health to thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!
When I meet thee in the throng
Of merry youths and maidens,
Dancing lightsomely along,
I'll dream away an hour or twain,
Still gazing on thy form,
As it flashes through the baser crowd,
Like lightning through a storm;
And I, perhaps, shall touch thy hand,
And share thy looks of glee,
And for once, my Scottish lassie!
Dance a giddy dance with thee.

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!
I shall think of thee at even,
When I see its first and fairest star
Come smiling up through heaven;
I shall hear thy sweet and touching voice,
In every wind that grieves,
As it whirls from the abandoned oak
Its withered autumn leaves;
In the gloom of the wild forest,
In the stillness of the sea,
I shall think, my Scottish lassie,
I shall often think of thee.

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!
In my sad and lonely hours,
The thought of thee comes o'er me,
Like the breath of distant flowers;
Like the musick that enchants mine ear,
The sights that bless mine eye,
Like the verdure of the meadow,
Like the azure of the sky,
Like the rainbow in the evening,
Like the blossoms on the tree,
Is the thought, my Scottish lassie!
Is the lonely thought of thee.

Here's a health, my Scottish lassie!
Here's a parting health to thee—
May thine be still a cloudless lot,
Though it be far from me;
May still thy laughing eye be bright,
And open still thy brow,
Thy thoughts as pure, thy speech as free,
Thy heart as light as now!
And whatso'er my after fate,
My dearest toast shall be—
Still a health, my Scottish lassie!
Still a hearty health to thee!

A COUPLE OF STRAY LEAVES.

LEAF THE FIRST.—SIX MONTHS AFTER MARRIAGE.

"Well, my dear, will you go to the party to-night? you know we have a very polite invitation."

"Why, my love, just as you please; you know I always wish to consult your pleasure."

"Well then, Harriet, suppose we go; that is if you are perfectly willing; now don't say yes, because I do, for you know that where you are, there I am perfectly happy."

"Why, my love, you would enjoy yourself there I am sure, and whenever you are happy, I shall be, of course. What dress shall I wear, William"—my white satin with blonde, or my ashes of roses, or my levantine, or my white lace, you always know better than I about such things."

"Harriet, dearest, you look beautiful in anything, now take your own choice to-night—but I think you look very well in the white satin."

"There, William dear, I knew you would think just as I did—oh! how happy we shall be there to-night; and you must promise not to leave me for a moment, for I shall be so sad if you do."

"Leave thee, dearest, leave thee?
No; by yonder star I swear!"

"Oh William, dearest William, how beautiful that is, you are always learning poetry to make me happy."

"And Harriet, my own prized Harriet, would I not do anything in the world to give you one moment's happiness? Oh, you are so very, very dear to me, it seems at times almost too much happiness to last!"

"Oh, do not say so, dear William, it will last—and we shall see many years even happier than this, for will not our love be stronger, and deeper every year; and now, dearest, I will be back in one moment, and then we will go."

"There she has gone, bright and beautiful creature she is—Oh! how miserable I should be without her; she has indeed cast a strong spell around my heart, and one that never, no never can be broken; she is the only star of my existence, guiding on to virtue and happiness, and can I ever love her less than now!—can I ever desert her?—can I speak of her in less than terms of praise! Oh, no, it is impossible—she is too good, too pure—happy, happy man that I am."

LEAF THE SECOND.—SIX YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.

"My dear, I will thank you to pass the sugar, you didn't give me but one lump."

"Well, Mr. Snooks, I declare you use sugar enough in your tea to sweeten a hogshead of vinegar. James, keep your fingers out of the sweetmeats; Susan, keep still bawling! I declare it is enough to set one distracted,—there, take that, you little wretch."

"Why, Harriet, what has the child done? I declare you are too hasty."

"I wish, Mr. Snooks, you'd mind your own business, you're always meddling with what don't concern you."

"Well, Mrs. Snooks, I want to know who has a better right if I have not—you're always fretting and fuming about nothing."

"Pa, Thomas is tearing your newspapers all up!"

"Thomas, come here—how dare you abuse my papers?—I'll teach you to tear it again—there, sir, how does that feel—now go to bed!"

"Mr. Snooks, you horrid wretch, how can you strike a child of mine in that way? Come here, Thomas, poor fellow—did he get hurt—never mind—here's a lump of sugar—there, that's a good boy."

"Mrs. Snooks, let me tell you, you will spoil the children; you know I never interfere when you see fit to punish a child—it's strange that a woman can never do anything right."

"Never do anything right? faith, Mr. Snooks, if nobody did anything right in this house but yourself, I wonder what would become of us."

"Let me tell you, ma'am, and I'll bear it no longer, you are as snappish and surly as—a—she dog—and if there is a divorce to be had in the land, I'll have it; you would wear out the patience of a Job."

"O dear, how mad the poor man is; well, good night, my dear—pleasant dreams."

"There, she's gone. Thank heaven, I'm alone once more. Oh! unhappy man that I am, to be chained down to such a creature—she is the very essence of ugliness, cross and peevish. Oh! that I could once more be a bachelor, curse the day that I ever saw the likeness of her. Yes, I will get a divorce, I can't live with her any longer, it is utterly impossible."

CHINESE MARKETING.

It is very revolting, says the author of the Fan Qui in China, to the feelings of the European, upon his first visit to China, to observe the natives preparing to make their meals upon those domestick animals which he has always been accustomed to look upon with a degree of fondness and affection. The dog, especially, has always been considered the friend and companion of man; the only friend, sometimes, that is left him, after he has been deserted by the rest of the world. But the craving appetite and calls of hunger will generally overthrow the strongest ties of affection and gratitude. It was thus at the siege of Jerusalem, when the starving mother fed upon the flesh of her own murdered child; and a still more appropriate illustration is given, in that true and faithful sketch from nature Lord Byron has drawn of the shipwreck of Don Juan, and which is founded on an actual occurrence. The Chinese of the upper ranks are as fastidious and expensive in their food as any other people, while the lower orders are altogether as filthy. This evidently arises from the great scarcity of provisions among so many millions of people, and the necessity, therefore, of sustaining nature by whatever can possibly afford any nourishment. This naturally leads, in time, to a total loss of discrimination as to the quality of food eaten, and an animal in the market would, therefore, be valued only in proportion to the quantity of flesh upon the bones, without any reference to its flavour or state of preservation. A gentleman walking through the market one day, at Canton, observed that a pheasant and a cat were put up for sale at the same price; and you will frequently observe, at the same place, dogs, cats, and rats sold indiscriminately, according to their weight.

GENEROSITY OF CATALINI.

In 1818, Madame Catalini played an engagement at the Dublin theatre—then under the management of a Mr. Jones, *not* him of "the blood of Warren" memory—by which she extended her fame and increased her fortune. Sometime afterwards the great cantatrice again appeared on the boards of the same theatre, where she found a new manager. Mr. Jones, owing to a losing business, had been compelled to go into a state of "retiracy," and was probably ruminating on the honours and perplexities that surrounded the managerial office, when he received a very polite note from Catalini, inviting him to breakfast with her. But, alas! the poor ex-manager might as well have undertaken a flight to the moon as to have attempted to perambulate the streets of Dublin at the time in broad daylight. Catchpoles and tipstaffs, in almost countless numbers, were prepared to pounce upon him, like hawks upon a chicken, the moment he sallied forth from his hiding-place. He addressed a note to the fair songstress, acquainting her with his unpleasant "situated as I am" condition, when she, in answer, immediately waited upon and consoled him in his affliction, by insisting on his accepting the sum of five hundred pounds from her! So noble a gift from so fair a hand could not, of course, be refused by an "*ex*-manager in distress."

THE WAY THEY COURT DOWN EAST.

Sally the housemaid, paring apples in the corner. Enter Obadiah, who seats himself in the corner opposite to Sally, without saying a word for fifteen minutes, but finally scratching his head, breaks silence with—

Obadiah. There's a considerable imperceptible alterin' in the weather since last week

Sally. 'Taint so injudicious and so indubitable cold as 'twas; the thermomican has lowered up to four hundred degrees higher than zenith.

Obadiah. I think's likely, for birds of that specie fly a great quantity higher in warmer days than cold ones.

Both parties assume a grave and improving look, and a long pause ensues. Finally Obadiah gives his pate another harrowing scratch and again breaks silence with—

Obadiah. Well, Sally, we chaps are goin to raise a sleigh ride, it's sich mimicle good sleddin to-morrow. I 'spose they'll have insatiate times on't. I should be supernatura happy if you would disgrace me with your company; I should take it as a deropitary honour; besides, we're calculatin' to treat the gals copious well with reisons and black strap.

Sally. I should be supernatural glad to disgrace you, but our folks suspect company; I can't go

Obadiah sits awhile, and at length starts up as though a new idea had come upon him.

Obadiah. Well, now, I know what I'll do; I'll go home and thrash them are beans what have been lying down in the barn sich a darned long while. *Exit* Obadiah.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

ON THE DEATH OF MY LITTLE SISTER.

BY ROBERT MACNISH.

THY memory as a spell
Of love, comes o'er my mind—
As dew upon the purple bell—
As perfume on the wind—
As musick on the sea—
As sunshine on the river—
So hath it always been to me,
So shall it be for ever.

I hear thy voice in dreams
Upon me softly call,
Like echo of the mountain streams
In sportive waterfall
I see thy form as when
Thou wert a living thing,
And blossom'd in the eyes of men,
Like any flower of spring.

Thy soul to heaven hath fled,
From earthly thraldom free;
Yet 'tis not as the dead
That thou appear'st to me.
In slumber I behold
Thy form, as when on earth—
Thy locks of waving gold,
Thy sapphire eye of mirth.

I hear, in solitude,
The prattle kind and free,
Thou utteredst in joyful mood,
While seated on my knee.
So strong each vision seems,
My spirit that doth fill,
I think not they are dreams,
But that thou livest still.

CALM THOUGHT

There is nothing which makes so great a difference between one man and another, as the practice of calm and serious thinking. To those who have been unaccustomed to it, there is required at first an effort; but it is entirely in their own power to repeat this effort if they will, and when they will. It becomes every day easier by perseverance and habit—and the habit so acquired exerts a material influence upon their condition as responsible and immortal beings. In that great process, therefore, in which consists the healthy condition of any man as a moral being, there is a most important step, of which he must be conscious as an exercise of his own mind. You feel that you have here a power, however little you may attend to the exercise of it. You can direct your thoughts to any subject you please; you can confine them to objects which are before you at the time, or occurrences which have passed during the day—or you can send them back to events which took place many years ago. You can direct them to persons whom you are in the habit of meeting from day to day, or to those who are separated from you by thousands of miles. You can place before you persons who lived, and events which occurred long before you came into existence, and you can anticipate and realize events which are not likely to occur until you have ceased to exist. Study these wondrous processes of your mind; observe what power you have over them, and what consequences of eternal importance must arise from exercising them aright. If you can thus think of any subject you please, why cannot you think of God—of his power, his wisdom, his holiness, his justice—of his law which he has written in your heart, and in his revealed word? Why cannot you think of, and realize the period when you shall lie down in the grave; and that tremendous moment when all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live, and shall arise to judgment? Such truths as these, duly considered, or thought of, could not fail, under divine influence, to exercise a powerful effect upon all our habits of thinking and acting in this life.

ARGUMENT FOR A FUTURE STATE.

Dr. Nicholas concludes his remarkable work on the "Architecture of the Heavens," with the following sublime and cheering reflection: "This at least is established on grounds not to be removed. In the vast heavens, as well as among phenomena around us, all things are in a state of change and progress; there too—on the sky—in splendid hieroglyphicks, the truth is inscribed, that the grandest forms of present being are only germs swelling and bursting with a life to come. And if the universal fabrick is thus fixed and constituted, can we imagine that aught which it contains is unupheld by the same preserving law, that annihilation is a possibility, real or virtual—the stoppage of the career of any advancing being while hospitable infinitude remains? No! let night fall; it prepares a dawn when man's weariness will have ceased, and his soul be refreshed and restored. To some? To every creature these are words of hope spoken in an organ-tone; our hearts suggest them, and the stars repeat them, and through the infinite, aspiration wings its way rejoicing as an eagle follows the sun."

THE PASSIONS.

As light was the eldest-born principle of the universe, so love was the eldest-born passion of humanity, though people quote Milton to prove that vanity was so—in our own sex at least; and many are the witty sayings on this favourite text; but they are wrong, and their text misinterpreted. Eve, when she looked in passionate delight on her own lovely face reflected in the stream, knew not it was her own and had nothing else to love; the moment she found an Adam to lavish the awakened sympathies, she turned from the shadow to the reality, even though "less winning soft, less amiably fair:" she did not sit upon the bank and pine to death for her own fair face,

"Like that too beauteous boy,
That lost himself by loving of himself;"

while the voice of love wooed her in vain. Vanity in this instance was but the shadow of love. But, oh me! How many women, since the days of Echo and Narcissus, have pined themselves into air for the love of men who were in love only with themselves!

For the New York Mirror.

SONNETS ON DANTEAN TEXTS.

I.

"La nominanza vostra è color d'erba
Chi viene e va, e quei la discolora
Per cui ell'esce della terra acerba."

"Your Fame is but the hue that paints the flower,
Which comes and goes, and then is seen no more;
Destroyed by that same sun whose genial power
Imparted all the beauty that it wore!"
Thus Dante—and if deeply fixed the truth
In human minds, how much of pain and wo,
How much of wasted energy in youth,
Of crime in manhood, and dark and turbid flow
Of wrong in every guise, would quickly cease!
How many flowers that are beneath the tread
Of war's remorseless hoof are trampled down,
Would soon again erect their lowly head,
And flourish in the sun-lit vale of peace!
How seldom then would heaven in anger frown!

II.

"Non p'accorgete voi che siam vermi,
Nati a formar l'angelica farfella
Che vola alla gustizia senza schermi?"

Strange that the passing creature of a day
Should be so wrapp'd in self's delusive love,
As not to feel the pure immortal ray
Which streams upon him from the vault above.
That here where all is fragile, sordid clay,
Where hope may ne'er fruition's rapture taste,
Where care doth ever with his pleasure stray,
That here his hopes and pleasures should be placed!
"O know ye not," exclaims the bard who sings
Of heavenly bliss, and cleansing flames, and hell,
"That we are worms that one day shall have wings,
And fly to where no sin may ever dwell;
Where Justice holds inviolable seat,
And all for aye their due reward shall meet!"

III.

"Amor, ch'en cor gentil ben ratto si apprende."

"Love, that the gentle heart doth quickly learn!
Poor, lost Francesca!" often have thy words
Seemed sweeter than the sweetest song of birds,
More glowing than the brightest "words that burn."
I saw then first when all my soul was drown'd
In one ecstatick feeling—when I dreamed
That what so pure and fair about me gleamed
Was truth itself—alas! full soon I found
That what is quickly learnt is quick forgot—
A transient mark upon the sea-washed sand,
That Time will cherish only what it forms.
My dream is o'er—the brilliant fairy land
Where I did roam, is now a blasted spot,
With mis'ry dark, and passion's scathing storms. R. M. W.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES OF REAL LIFE.

PAUL PLIANT;
OR, THE MAN WHO COULDN'T SAY "NO."

BY THE AUTHOR OF YANKEE NOTIONS.

Two negatives, they say, make an affirmative. Therefore, I think it safe to suppose that Paul Pliant's father and mother must have been as negative a pair as ever came together, for Paul was the most affirmative man that has yet been heard of. He always said "yes" to everything that was said, proposed, suggested, insinuated or hinted to him. He was a true "administration man" under all governments, never being in the opposition. He was one of those over-polite, over-good-natured, oh-be-easy, acquiescent mortals, who seem to be sent into the world for no other purpose than to show how much a man may suffer for want of a little contrary-mindedness. "Yes." "Certainly." "By all means." "No doubt of it." "With all my heart." "Very happy to oblige you." "Entirely at your service." "Oh, yes." "Oh, yes." "Oh, yes." Such were Paul's constant replies. As to saying "no," it was as impossible to get it out, as Macbeth's "Amen!" When he had most need of denying, it "stuck in his throat." I don't know that he ever sat in the legislature, but I am sure that if he ever did, when the "yeas had it," they had Paul also. He would not have cried "*Nie poswalam*" in the Polish diet, if the words could have demolished the partition treaty. Though he was not in the opposition, yet I think it hardly correct to call him a Jackson man, for he never *vetoed* anything in his life, unless, in the style of the honest country representative, "Mr. Speaker, I shall give my veto in *favour* of this bill." In short, Paul was the very pink of assentients—an incarnation of *nem. con.*

Now this is a very good character for a man to bear—on some accounts, for it gets one the reputation of a good-natured fellow; and as the world commonly pretends to have a high opinion of a good-natured fellow, and according to the proverb, "opinion is the queen of the world," the reader may think Paul must have had a happy time of it. No such thing. Paul's good nature brought him into more embarrassments and vexations than if he had been the crossest cur that ever snarled. I speak not of lending umbrellas—'tis the lot of mortality. To lend money is about the same, though money lent *sometimes* comes back. But who would believe that a good-natured man, merely by reason of his good nature, and for no other fault under the sun, could be led through such a rigmarole dance of adventure by the perversity of fortune, that he fought a duel and almost married a widow!

The widow Wilful was a lady of a certain age; she had made the best of time, and time returned the compliment. She had shed many tears for the loss of her good man—so she protested, and I cannot help thinking she spoke the truth, for she tried very hard to get another. However, this did not prove so easy a matter, for although the widow was not without charms, the men were shy. What *could* be the reason? She gave splendid parties, and had sparks and danglers without number, but it was never a match. What *could* be the reason? the reader will ask again. It is not exactly my business to tell, as the story will be plain enough without it, and if the reader cannot guess, it would not much help him to let out the whole mystery.

"This is truly delightful," said Paul, one evening, to the widow, as he leaned his arm over the back of her chair, worked his face up to the blandest of all his acquiescent smiles, and essayed some flattering compliments concerning the widow's fine entertainment. "This is truly delightful; so much hilarity and cheerfulness—so many happy faces. I love to look on them."

Paul inadvertently raised his eyes as he uttered these words, and at the close of the speech was looking straight into the widow's face. He meant not the least harm in the world; but the widow pretended to blush. She pursed up her pretty mouth.

"Oh, Mr. Pliant, you are a great flatterer; but we know you are honest. You never say one thing and mean another. You are always sincere.

"Certainly, by all means, my dear madam."

"But really, Mr. Pliant, my dear sir, when a gentleman tells a lady that he loves to look on her, you know, that really is significant."

"Oh yes, certainly; you are quite right, madam."

"Well, you are very frank, Mr. Pliant, and I shall certainly give you credit for sincerity. Another man might say ten times as much and I should never think of regarding it; but I know I can rely upon the word of so honourable a gentleman as Mr. Paul Pliant."

"Rely upon my word! surely you may, Mrs. Wilful. I should be sorry if ——"

"Oh, don't mention it, my dear sir. I never doubted for a moment; certainly you never would have hinted anything like an attachment unless you had been sincere."

"Certainly, ma'am," replied Paul, in great amazement, with the conjecture how he had been so unlucky as to say more than he meant; for Paul would as soon have thought of jumping out of a steeple as of telling widow Wilful he felt an attachment for *her*. "Certainly, by all means," he continued to repeat, mechanically. "Oh, yes, certainly."

"Pray, Mr. Pliant, be so good as to hand me a glass of water; really the room is so warm—just reach your hand."

"Certainly, madam; my hand is entirely at your service." Paul was in such a flutter, that he was not aware what he was uttering till the words were past recall. "Bless me! what have I said!" thought he to himself. But it was too late.

"Oh, Mr. Pliant!" said she, blushing up to the ears, "you are too generous. I mean you are almost too precipitate. Now were it any other man, I should suspect him of trifling. But such a man as Mr. Pliant."

"Confound the jade!" quoth Paul to himself, "how shall I get out of the scrape? I hope she isn't going to faint. Mrs. Wilful—madam—you know I say a thousand things of this sort. I can't help it, you know."

"That's just as I always supposed, Mr. Pliant; a man of your sincerity and frankness, can't help uttering his true sentiments. Ah! I like an honest man of all things! Oh, Mr. Pliant, you are an honest man."

"Now this is too bad," thought Paul, in great tribulation. "What *shall* I say?" "My dear madam, I certainly wish to be honest. Compliments, you know, *are* compliments; but when a man means nothing—you know."

"Certainly, Mr. Pliant, you are quite right. When a man means nothing, he should say nothing. I knew those were your sentiments. Wasn't I right?"

"Oh yes, by all means; quite right," returned Paul in deeper embarrassment than ever. He found himself fairly caught: the widow's eyes sparkled, and she languished three times at him. "I wont speak another word," said he to himself—"it only makes the matter worse." He snatched a cup of whipped cream and pretended to eat it.

The widow saw his embarrassment, and whether she suspected his determination to resist all further attempts to entangle him or not, we do not exactly know; but she resolved not to let him escape. A silence of some moments followed, till Paul finding he could not decently hold his tongue any longer, cast about for something innocent to say. After some hesitation upon a variety of topicks, he judged it safe to admire the carpet—from the carpet, a natural transition was made to the pictures, and from the pictures to the window-curtains—the window curtains led to the arm-chair, the arm-chair to the sofa, and the sofa to a pair of little babies in alabaster on the chimney-piece.

"Charming! Delightful!" exclaimed Paul—not exactly knowing whether he meant to be understood of the arm-chair, or some other article of furniture.

"A'n't they?" said the widow.

"What *have* I said again?" quoth Paul to himself, beginning to tremble with apprehension. "The furniture *is* in very good taste, Mrs. Wilful—very elegant—very fine."

"All vanity, Mr. Pliant," said the widow, affecting a very solemn look—"these things are all vanity."

"Oh yes—you are quite right—all vanity," replied Paul, taking a spoonful of whipped cream, and finding he had got nothing in his mouth.

"Ah! Mr. Pliant!" said the widow, languishingly.

"Yes, exactly so," returned Paul.

"Exactly how! Mr. Pliant, pardon me. I didn't perceive the drift of your observation."

"Beg pardon, ma'am. I was only saying—as you remarked, that everything was remarkably fine in this house of yours, and that all is vanity—or rather I should say, that one thing is needful."

"Ah, Mr. Pliant, I understand you—you mean the furniture is complete except *one* article."

"Exactly so. Yes—that is—if *you* think anything is wanting," replied Paul in considerable perturbation, and glad to escape the appearance of finding fault, by any sort of acquiescence

The widow clapped her handkerchief to her face, and exhibited or pretended to exhibit, a slight emotion. "My dear Mr. Pliant," said she in a tender voice, "it is impossible not to understand you. You mean a hus—husband!"

"A husband!" exclaimed Paul, startled by the audacious boldness of the suggestion.

"I knew you meant so," returned the widow, sinking into her chair. "Oh my dear sir, I feel quite over-embarrassed." Paul's intellects were in such a cloudy state at this moment that he thought she was about to faint. He caught her hand, and was just going to call for hartshorn, when she opened her eyes with an appearance of great languor.

"Oh, Mr. Pliant! the sincerity of this avowal—you *are* sincere, Mr. Pliant."

"Certainly—yes," exclaimed Paul, for he could say nothing else: he was a lost man. The widow kept fast hold of his hand. Paul struggled to say something—he felt how desperately he was situated. "Mrs. Wilful," said he in great agitation, "I do not wish you to be deceived—the fact is, I must speak plainly."

"My dear Mr. Pliant, I never thought you a deceiver. I do not believe you ever will be a deceiver. Oh! there are some men who are *so* deceiving!"

Paul was at his last gasp as the widow uttered this pathetick exclamation; "I must set the matter right this moment," thought he, "or it will be all over with me!" He threw himself into an attitude of earnest entreaty. "Listen to me one moment, madam!" said he with as much firmness of voice as he was master of: but luckless man! His foot catching in the hearth-rug, tossed him upon his knees in an instant, and the attention of the whole company being aroused by the fall, everybody looked round and beheld Paul in supplication at the widow's feet. He remained transfixed with horrour and vexation for two-thirds of a minute, and then, without uttering a word, made a leap for the door, and bolted out of the house!

The next day, Paul's adventure was the talk of the town, and the congratulations and condolences which he received from his friends on his engagement to the widow Wilful, almost drove him stark mad. "Paul, my dear fellow, I give you joy—but who would have thought you had the courage to do it?" "Paul, how *could* you do such a thing?" "Paul, I wish you much happiness—but widows *are* such cunning things!" "Paul, it's all over with you then!" etc., etc., etc. Such were the salutations to which he was subjected for a week—ay, for nine days; for so long must a wonder be allowed to last, especially when it gives people a privilege to remind a man of his misfortunes. As to denying the thing, that of course was out of the question with Paul: besides had not a whole house-full of people seen him on his knees before the widow, and did not the whole town affirm that it was certainly a match? Paul gave up in despair all thoughts of gainsaying or denial, and only hoped that some lucky accident would pop in between him and the dreaded catastrophe.

"Well, Paul, my conquering hero, when is to be the happy day?" asked his friend Tom Sly, with a look compounded of roguish sarcasm and good-natured concern.

"Oh yes, a very happy day it will be certainly," returned Paul, shrugging up his shoulders.

"Pretty soon, I suppose."

"Oh yes—soon enough, no doubt of that, eh!"

"Left it all pretty much to her, eh?—well that's quite right:—women love to have their own way, hey Paul?"

"Exactly so, as you say," replied Paul, with a half-suppressed groan.

"The widow is certainly a fine woman," said Tom, with an almost malicious look of condolence.

Paul made a very low bow, and a very desperate attempt to look smiling at the compliment.

"Had a husband, three years ago;—died one day, poor man!"

"What ailed him?" said Paul, wishing to turn the conversation; but feeling at the same time an awkward sort of interest in the topick.

"They say she pinched him to death."

"Horrid!" exclaimed Paul, with an involuntary shudder.

"Though I don't altogether believe it," returned Tom, in a tone as if he only said it to comfort his friend Paul. It was a great deal worse than if he had said nothing at all; but probably this was just the thing he meant.

"Thank ye," said Paul, with an air of dolorous resignation.

Here they were interrupted by the entrance of Colonel Strut. More friendly congratulations! I suppose, thought Paul to himself, in heroick resignation.

"I believe I have the honour to address Mr. Paul Pliant," said

the colonel, marching with stately port, and in double common time up to Paul, and planting himself bolt upright before his face.

"At your service, entirely," said Paul, with meek and measured civility.

"And Mr. Pliant, I presume," continued the colonel, making half a bow, and screwing up his martial features into an apology for a civil smile—"is to marry the widow Wilful?"

"Oh yes, certainly—that is—so they say."

"Then, sir, I have only to say," said the colonel, lifting himself up as high as possible, and twisting his fore-finger into one of his formidable black whiskers, that considering myself supplanted, beguiled, and circumvented by you, I apprehend you are ready to give me such satisfaction as the laws of honour require?"

"Certainly, sir, with great pleasure," replied Paul.

"Then, sir, I shall desire the pleasure of your company on the other side of the state line," returned the colonel, in the civilest tone possible.—"Pistols, I suppose, would be your preference."

"Pistols!" said Paul, in a tone which he meant for an ejaculation of surprise.

"Very well," said the colonel, without giving time for any further explanation. "Here are the terms of the meeting, which I trust you will find perfectly agreeable." So saying, he handed a paper to Paul, who received it, and ran it over with his eyes, without having self-possession enough to gather the meaning of a particle of its contents

"Perfectly agreeable, certainly," said Paul, in his usual assenting way. The colonel turned upon his heel, and stalked off.

Paul's good friend, Tom, snatched up the document, and read—"Pistols—ten A.M.—thirty paces—seconds to mark out the ground—no interference till third shot—surgeons for two—mortally wounded," etc. etc. etc.

"Why, Paul, do you know you are to fight a duel?"

"Am I?" said Paul—"then heaven be praised! there is still a hope left; for if I am shot to death, I shall escape marrying the widow!"

When Paul arrived at the field of action on the eventful day, he found his spirits a great deal firmer than he had expected. In fact, he felt inspired by the greatness of the occasion, and very naturally, for when a man knows he must be either shot or married, he must be aware that the crisis requires all his fortitude. Paul took his station, with the most bloodless intention that ever prompted a man to battle. "I had much rather be killed than kill," thought he.

"One—two—three," said the seconds, as Paul raised his pistol to about forty-seven degrees of elevation. "Fire! bang!" The colonel's bullet whistled by Paul's left ear, and Paul's hit the steeple of a martin-box on the top of an adjoining barn.

Twice more were the pistols tried, when the seconds interfered; the colonel declared he was satisfied, and they shook hands, thereby showing that Paul Pliant, by shooting three times in the face of the blessed sun, had proved that he "never supplanted, beguiled, and circumvented," the aforesaid Colonel Strut; for so it is laid down in the "code of honour."

It seemed now to be all over with Paul. "I *must* be married then,"—said he to himself—"Killing won't save me." The day was fixed, and his fate appeared inevitable. The nearer it approached, the less he felt resigned to it. The day before the wedding, Paul met Doctor Bindemtight, the worthy parson who was to join him to his bonny bride.

"Doctor," said Paul, "how *shall* I escape it?"

"Marriage," said the doctor, in his most solemn, argumentative way, "is considered by all authorities, ecclesiastical, political, ethical, legal, and judicial, as a bond or covenant, entered into by the mutual consent and agreement of the two parties." Therefore, I am decidedly of opinion, that when the ceremony is to take place, and I propound the regular question, "*Will you take this woman for your wife?*"—You reply, "*No*"—it is not a marriage by no manner of means.

"I can't do it," said Paul, mournfully, "I have tried it a hundred times, but the word always stuck in my throat. There is a spell upon me in matters of denying: I must assent to everything. I was born without the capacity to do otherwise. Ask me if I have got three heads, I believe I should say 'yes.'"

"Then you always say 'yes?'"

"Yes, always, certainly."

"Good by, friend Paul," said the doctor, civilly, touching his hat.

"Mercy on me!" exclaimed Paul Pliant.

There was *such* a turn out among the belles the next day! I wish I had been there to see it. Trinity church was thronged, for everybody knew Paul Pliant, and the acquaintance of widow Wilful comprised pretty nearly the whole of that circle which calls itself "good society." I wish, moreover, I had the talent of the immortal author of Clarissa Harlowe at describing feathers and lute-string; then would I tell how magnificently the widow was decked out. But this cannot be done. Everything was as it should be—in the judgment of the world. The "happy pair" drove to church, a long string of coaches followed them; the widow blushed and "smiled, and all the world was gay." Was ever a bridegroom in a state of more inexplicable awkwardness? He debated with himself for a moment, whether he should not make a desperate effort, take to his heels and run—but it was too late.

Paul cast a longing, lingering look behind him as he entered the church door. "Farewell! blessed light of heaven!" said he to himself, "'tis the last time I shall ever see you a free man!" The widow held him fast by the arm.

"My dear Paul," said she, "here we are at last."

"Yes," replied Paul, with a groan.

"We are all ready," said the bridemaids.

"Dearly beloved," began Doctor Bindemtight; Paul felt his heart beat terribly. "One minute more and there will be no remedy!" thought he. He looked most imploringly at the doctor, as much as to say, "can you be so cruel?" The doctor made an awful pause before the great question. Paul's heart beat faster than ever. "Now for the catastrophe!" said he. The doctor gave Paul a keen look; everybody was breathless. At length he spoke.

"*Do you refuse this woman for your wife?*"

"*Yes!*" exclaimed Paul, in the loudest tone he was ever known to utter. In an instant the idea flashed upon his mind that he was free. He sprang into the broad aisle with the quickness of lightning, knocked down an old gentleman in spectacles, burst though the crowd and bolted into the street. He ran home without stopping, and it was not till he had locked himself within his own chamber, that he felt certain he was not married to widow Wilful.

There was a terrible scene at the church, with fainting and so forth; but the widow is alive to this day, and when she finds another man who can't say "no," she may play again the game which had nearly entrapped poor Paul Pliant.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

INFELICITOUS NAMES.

BY WILLIAM COX.

"Oh Amos Cottle!—Phœbus! what a name
To fill the speaking trump of future Fame!" *—Byron.*

I AM a young man in the prime and vigour of life, easy in my circumstances, respectably connected, and of unspotted character. Many unthinking persons envy me; yet am I very miserable. And it is no evanescent, fanciful, poetical, half-agreeable misery that has fallen to my lot. No—it is real, substantial, perpetual, unpleasant—very.

It has embittered many an hour that would otherwise have been happy—darkened many a day that, but for it, would have been marked with a white stone. It has been my rock ahead—fatal, unshunnable

But I hate mystery—I wish not to trifle with the feelings of the publick—I may as well disclose it at once.

My name is *Swipes!*

This is the incubus that has "grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength," and hung about me for twenty years. I felt it not, it is true, in the sunny hours of childhood—it harmed me not in the happy days of cake and confectionary adolescence—it touched me but little even in my schoolboy years; but since then it has weighed fearfully upon me, and now it presses me to the earth. I cannot change it—I cannot escape from it. It sticks by me—it follows me—it haunts me—it meets me at every turn. Talk of an evil conscience—what is an evil conscience to such a name?

It completely and thoroughly neutralizes and renders of none effect all the good gifts of nature and fortune.

My personal appearance (though I say it myself,) is not inelegant, my complexion is clear and healthy, my features have been even termed classical, and my manner, I flatter myself, is the opposite of boorish or disagreeable. Yet what avail these advantages? They call me Swipes! As long as I remain unintroduced, the ladies regard me with looks of anything but aversion; but as soon as that ceremony takes place, and that fatal name is pronounced, I undergo a metamorphis more sudden than any in Ovid. The classical cut of my features assume a pot-house expression—my whiskers (that would not disgrace an Italian bandit) have a vile, blackguard effect, and my whole appearance—to the eye of prejudice—is low, vulgar, and common-place. The "belle of a ball-room" on one occasion, was pleased to inquire the name of the genteel young man (meaning me) in the claret-coloured coat. They told her, upon which she requested the loan of a smelling-bottle; and when I begged the honour of her hand for the next quadrille, she drew herself up, curled her pretty lips, and assured me she was "really too fatigued."

Ten minutes after she was dancing most vigorously with an ugly-looking fellow, but a Mordaunt Melville!

Mordaunt Melville! Ah! had such a name fallen to my lot, how different might have been my fate. But I have been branded as a Swipes.

Even that was not enough. What does the world suppose my mother did?

She christened me Simon!

Simon Swipes!

"Apt alliteration's artful aid!"

I record the melancholy fact more in sorrow than in anger. I bear my revered parent no ill-will on that score. She did it unthinkingly She was a plain matter-of-fact woman. Her father's name was Simon, and so she would have her son a Simon also. She never dreamed of the consequences to me. I was taken smilingly to the baptismal font, the act was consummated, and I was carried forth by my nurse into a sneering and unfeeling world as little Simon Swipes! What a name for a soft, meek-looking unconscious babe to carry about with it!

And yet Juliet asks—"What's in a name?" But she was a young, inexperienced, love-sick girl, and her lover's name was both chivalrous and euphonious. Had it been otherwise—had Romeo been a Swipes instead of a Montague, it might have made a difference. Perchance there would not have been such a row in Verona.

Should the reader be a Belville or a Melville—a Beaumont or a Beauchamp—a Sedley or a Sidney—he can have little idea of the misery arising from being a Swipes. Nothing but bitter experience could bring home to him what a fruitful source of annoyance is such a name. He knows not—he never can know—what it is, as that name is announced as you enter a room, to have innumerable quizzing-glasses fixed upon a modest face, to endure the ill-suppressed titter of the ladies and the impudent broad grins of the gentlemen, and to hear "Swipes! Swipes! Did they say Swipes?" circulating around the circle in that most provoking of all tones—an audible whisper.

Ah! it is a fearful thing to be irrevocably associated with small-beer.

I said it haunted me at every step, and in every shape, and I said it not unthinkingly. In society, in solitude, in the quiet chamber and the pensive walk, that horrible recollection is ever present to my mind, blighting all hopes of fame and honourable distinction, and crushing and dissipating all lofty thoughts, all ardent aspirations, all heroick dreams. Do I contemplate becoming a soldier, of serving my country, of seeking reputation "in the cannon's mouth," and of attaining the proud title of colonel or even general, still there is the Swipes to be attached to my colonelship or generalship whenever it comes, turning at once the sublime into the ridiculous, the lofty into the ludicrous. Do I think of the law, the prospect of the impudent puns of my brother barristers annihilates all hopes of legal distinction. Do I contemplate giving myself up to the delightful pursuits of literature—of "entwining my name"—my name!—"with my land's language," the thought of the sound of "Swipes' sonnets" or "Swipes' Minor Poems," quite overpowers me, and I throw down my pen in despondency and despair.

Yet am I of a poetical, and what is worse, of a sensitive temperament. I am, besides, romantick, and very susceptible. Of course I have my visions and my imaginings like other inflammatory young people of either sex. In my day-dreams I picture to myself some lonely, love-sick, guileless, soft, seraphick being, who would be my pride in prosperity, my solace in adversity, and so on—my treasure, my joy—in short, who might be all the world to me, and to whom I could be all the world. But then the unpalatable thought occurs—how could I conscientiously ask such a being to share my destiny—how could I, with any decency, request an angel to become Mrs. Swipes? What would avail the prettiest of cottages, embowered in the most verdant and picturesque of woods, with the brightest and clearest of streamlets murmuring and meandering through the greensward at the door—the briery rose, the jasmine, and the eglantine twining their tendrils around the rustick porch, and creeping lovingly into the window-sill—the swallow twittering from the eaves, and the nightingale's gush of musick at night-fall from the adjacent grove—what would avail it all, if it was at once the home of love and Swipes?

It is too much!

Had I only been of the feminine gender, there might, there would have been hope.

I have three lovely cousins—my father's brother's daughters—Sabina, Selina, and Celestina Swipes. Fair are they as the morning—lively, spirited, intelligent, and accomplished. They feel the infliction of their name, poor dears, and are anxiously endeavouring to get it changed. And they have hopes. They may yet be the mothers of Mowbreys and Mortimers!

But I am a *man*, and therefore of hope bereft. Swipes came I into the world—Swipes must I go out of it! Even the monumental stone that records my virtues as a son, a husband, and a parent, will record them as appertaining to Simon Swipes!

A husband and a father, did I say? Dare I take upon myself the responsibility of assuming those characters? What will it be but disseminating suffering—perpetuating misery? They will call the children—the children's children—*that* also! Dear, unborn innocents! It must not be.

My feelings get the better of me.

(To be concluded in our next.)

DOMESTICK CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM DETROIT.

THE city of Detroit, though occasonally honoured by the temporary presence of a few novelty-hunters from the great metropolis, flying to the prairies, which may thank Miss Martineau for having brought them into fashion, or now and then a delegation from the extensive and *heavy* firm of "Greenhorn, Flat and Co.," on their way to Chicago or Jumpoff river, is after all, I dare say, but slightly known to most of your readers. It is a place, however, of some little interest, on account of the past, the present, and the future.

To me, the very first aspect of the city was striking, in no ordinary degree. Whoever shall stand in Jefferson Avenue, near the venerable old arsenal, (the mute witness of the disgraceful surrender of 1812,) looking eastward and upward toward Bloody Run, will see one of the finest streets that his eye ever rested on. Not that the buildings which line it can be commended without manifold exceptions, (not a few of them look as if they had survived the three destructions,) but the uncommon beauty of the site, the noble width of its area, and the gentle and regular slope which is one of its great advantages, are on the whole unequalled by any street I have yet seen in America. One catches, too, at every crossing street, a full view of the broad and rapid river, and the green Canadian shore beyond it, in charming contrast with the thronging rush of the populous city. You New-Yorkers look unutterable things when we speak of Broadway being rather narrow and crooked, after all; and as you have not seen Jefferson Avenue, we can pardon you.

Detroit is one of the few towns in our country which can tell of

"Breaches, ambuscadoes, *foreign* blades,"

and it might be added that "health's five fathom deep" are not entirely unknown there even at the present day. "No place in the United States," says Mr. Cass, "presents such a series of events, interesting in themselves, and permanently affecting, as they occurred, its progress and prosperity. Five times its flag has changed—three different sovereignties have claimed its allegiance, and since it has been held by the United States, its government has been thrice transferred—twice it has been besieged by the Indians, once captured in war, and once burned to the ground." For a brief sketch of the early history of Detroit, I shall avail myself of a discourse delivered before the Historical Society of Michigan by Mr. Cass, to whose warm interest and paternal care the people of this state are much indebted.

The nucleus of our goodly city, a small stockaded fort, known as "Fort Pontchartrain on the Straits of Lake Erie," dates from July, 1701, when Monsieur de la Motte Cadillac, "with one hundred men and a jesuit," (qr. what sort of animal?) planted the French flag on the right bank of the beautiful strait now called Detroit river. The natives, at first friendly enough, soon became inimical to the new comers, and suspected them of a secret design of ultimate conquest. In this spirit they attempted at one time to fire the town, and again, soon after, to attack its defences, but both these dangers were eluded by the spirit and bravery of the French commander. The Indians appear to have been kept quiet for some years by the recollection of these repulses, but in 1712, the Ottogamies or Foxes, in conjunction with the Iroquois, determined to destroy the town. Their machinations were, however, disclosed to the commandant, and Du Buisson was found so well prepared, that the mischief was in a great measure prevented. Many of the straw-thatched houses were, however, burned by means of arrows with lighted matches attached to them, which the wily savages discharged into the fort, and others were preserved only by the primitive device of covering the combustible roofs with wet skins. The Ottogamies are said to have lost more than a thousand warriours in this expedition, and their power met its final overthrow not long after, at a point on Fox river, since called "Butte des Morts," or Hill of the Dead.

In 1760 Detroit came into the possession of the British, by the capitulation of Montreal. But though nominally masters, they failed in inspiring the Indians with those friendly feelings with which they had long before that period learned to regard the French. Indeed it has often been observed, "there is in the French character a peculiar adaptation to the habits and feelings of the Indians, and to this day, the period of French domination is the era of all that is happy in Indian reminiscence."

The celebrated chief Pontiac, a man who possessed more truly heroick traits than could be claimed by many of his civilized contemporaries, stood at this time at the height of his power and honour and influence. This untutored savage, surrounded by profoundly ignorant and barbarous people, a warriour by habit, proved himself in many exigencies, a statesman also—an Indian Wellington. In his transactions with his British allies, he *issued a currency*—"bills of credit, drawn upon bark, representing the article which had been delivered to him, and authenticated by the figure of an otter, the totem (arms) of his tribe." And this currency, far from being "Wild Cat!" "was faithfully redeemed by him."

It is unfortunate that we lack materials for a minute history of this striking person. A history there is, a manuscript journal in French, (now in process of literal translation by a gentleman of the Historical Society of Michigan,) recording some of the more prominent facts of the time, but it is unfortunately mutilated, and breaks off in the very midst of the battle of Bloody Bridge. In it we find a lengthened recital of the *Indian* dream by means of which, Pontiac contrived to arouse the superstitious feelings of his tribe, and to awaken their latent desire of vengeance on the intruders, against whom both they and their chief had conceived a violent dislike. The plan of Pontiac embraced a range no less extensive than the entire chain of British posts on the upper lakes, which were to be attacked simultaneously with those of Niagara, Presqu'isle, Le Bœuf, Venango and Pittsburg. That he made such an attempt—that he actually succeeded in surprising nine of these forts—almost exceeds the limits of belief. The secresy with which the plot was organized, had been such that the British were entirely unsuspicious.

The capture of Detroit was considered a point of too much importance to be attempted by proxy, and Pontiac therefore undertook it in person. The only savage tactics, deception and treachery, were relied on on this occasion. Pontiac and his party had sawed off their rifles so short, that they could conceal them under their blankets; and the intention was to appear before the fort, request a council with the British commander, Major Gladwyn, and, at a given signal, to massacre the officers, and open the gates to the warriours who should be ready on the outside. How Major Gladwyn had the good fortune to receive intimation of the meditated treachery, has never been distinctly known; but once aware of the plot, it was easy to counteract it. Pontiac and his braves were received with such ceremony—so much so that the chief could not forbear inquiring why the guard was doubled, and the officers armed with swords and pistols. The British commander replied that it was proper to keep the young men to their duty least they should become idle and ignorant. The council proceeded; Pontiac declaimed with great boldness and vehement gesticulation, still heightened as the critical moment approached—the belt of wampum was about to be presented, (the signal for attack,) when the drums suddenly rolled the charge—the guards levelled their pieces, the officers drew their swords—and there we must leave them, like the characters in the Critick in Mr. Puff's "most effective scene," until my next letter."

C. P.

THE VALENTINE.

Original.

Now, by St. Valentine, my hope is bold
To tell thee, maid, I love thee: for thy smile
Bids courage rise, yet bids but to beguile.
As yonder crocus, peeping to unfold
Its leaves of emerald, and its cloth of gold
To February's short though shining day,
Doubtful of cloudy chill and coming cold,
Timidly opens to the sunny ray—
So must I, maid, endure with lab'ring heart
Dark low'ring March, and April's changeful sky,
Ere May, mild beaming in the heav'n-blue eye,
To my heart's blossoms shall its warmth impart?
Sweet maid! I'll meet, nor murmur at, my doom,
If but at last thou'lt bid love's heav'nly summer bloom.

Lady, upon yon mountain as you gaze,
The melting snow-lock on its side behold,
Sweetly on which the sun of April plays;
Think on my heart—as pure, but not as cold;
For there my heart's sad history is told:
Melting beneath the sunbeams of thine eyes,
Sparkling and chaste, a little while it lies,
Then to oblivion's common sea is roll'd!
Yet will thy smiles be lovely as before,
Though I must never, never see them more!
Ah cruel maid! what though my lowly cot
Boast not the hall of state, the glittering throng?
Yet there unite to compensate my lot,
The liberal breast of love, the heaven-born soul of song!

Fair maid! for thee Bochara's diamond shines,
Sparkles for thee the wine in cups of gold,
While round my brow the humble ivy twines,
And the free rocks my only nectar hold.
Yet once admitted to thy blissful hall,
Where splendour reigns upon a glittering throne,
Where beauty smiles as musick weaves her thrall,
Who could thy bondage scorn, thy sway disown?
O maid unmatch'd! in thee conjoined we see
Worth, wisdom, wit, to charm thy subject train;
Oh! had the syrens only sung like thee,
Ulysses self had own'd their captive chain;
Though Circe and Calypso could not win,
He would have knelt to *thee*, nor thought such homage sin.

J. T. B.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

Paris, January, 1839.—The Theatre de la Renaissance was crowded in all parts, on Saturday night, by the most fashionable company in Paris, for the grand concert in which the sister of the lamented Malibran was to make her *début*. The theatre wore an unusually elegant aspect. "The *débutante*," says an able Parisian critick, "has something of her sister in her features and *tournure*: her voice reminds us still more of our loss. She has one of those extraordinary voices, partaking of the soprano and contralto; but what is more valuable still, she possesses to a rare degree the genius of song, soul, and inspiration. Madlle. Garcia sang three pieces—a grand scena of Costa's *Malek-Adhel*, an *aria* composed by M. de Beriot, and introduced by Malibran into the *Elissire d' Amore*, and, lastly, the *Trille du Diable*, arranged by Panseron from "Tartini's Dream," for the voice and violin. In the latter fantasia she was accompanied by M. de Beriot; Madlle. Pauline had scarcely given the strange melodies which the Italian violinist fancied he heard performed by the devil, seated at the foot of his bed, when her brother-in-law had already executed them upon his instrument. Their marvellous *ensemble* drew forth shouts of applause, though it was, perhaps, in the allegro of the grand scena that the acclamations elicited by poor Maria's sister seemed loudest and most unanimous.

An innovation of rather an agreeable character has been tried at the Renaissance with great success. It consists in distributing exquisitely executed vignettes and engravings, in the first and second boxes, during the *entr' actes* of *Ruy Blas*. These afford a pleasing relaxation from the serious business of the stage, and are taken away by the occupiers of the boxes at the termination of the piece. The expense of this piece of liberality is said not to amount to very much.

Mdlle. Senormaud, the great fortune-teller, is about to publish her memoirs. If she recounts faithfully and accurately, they cannot but prove amusing, nay, even important, as an explanatory addition to the history of Napoleon's time. It is well known that the emperour consulted her on many critical points of his career, particularly on the fatal campaign to Russia. She dared to predict the sad catastrophe to that rash attempt. She also foretold to Josephine, when no person could think such an event credible, that she was to be divorced. The oracle of the Rue de Tournon is now silent. She has broken her staff, and is employing the remaining part of her life in compiling her memoirs. She declares that though many have assumed her mantle, and declared themselves her pupils and successors, she has given instructions to none; and that if they attempt to predict the future, they must be looked on as exhibiting the contortions of the sybil, but not her inspiration.

A new piece, by Donizetti, is said to be in rehearsal, but I cannot find that the report is well-founded. Albertazzi has lately appeared as Malcolm, in the *Donna del Lago*, but not with much success. The remembrance of *Madame Pisaroni* in this character is still fresh in the minds of the Parisians, and it will be long ere the part will be performed as she was accustomed to represent it. Madame Albertazzi was more happy in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. The Musical Society, which has been lately founded by Berlini, Döhler, Brod, Franchomme, and a host of others of the first performers here, gave their first concert this week. The crowd of literary, scientifick, and musical men was immense. The second concert was even more successful than the first. It was given at Erard's rooms the day before yesterday (Sunday.) The musick was well chosen, and admirably executed, and the applause was most encouraging.

Our *modistes* are in all their glory, "inventing, creating, executing." Mdlle. Lamdrin has made a reputation by bringing out a shawl of surprising elegance. It is, as a young lady said of it, an evidence of *real genius*, and in order that such a child of genius should have a name worthy of it, it has been christened *Ruy Blas*, after Mons. Victor Hugo's successful drama. This *invention* is a cachmere, white, grey, or blue—white prevailing, with a satin *doubloure*, and bordered with fringes of gold, silver, or fur, and *cordeheres glands* to match.

The court is in mourning for the death of the accomplished Duchess of Wirtemberg. Louis Philippe has done away with the violet-coloured mourning, and adopted black; there seems no reason for the change. Our royal mourning is purple, I think; but it signifies nothing what the colour may be, as long as the adoption of one be a sign of respect. But, to leave this sombre subject, a statistical account of the drama has appeared; the number of new pieces produced during the last year is two hundred and eighty-five, written by two hundred and eighteen different authors. M. Theaterlon produced no less than ten new pieces, and the following all produced more than two each:—MM Anicet, Dennery, Laurenein, Jancine, Vandenburch, Lubeza, Bayard, Dumanoin, Cogniard, Courcy, Desneyers, and Duport

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

"He is a bad citizen," said Napoleon, "who undermines the religious faith of his country. All may not, perhaps, be substantially good, but certain it is, that all come in aid of the government power, and are essential to the basis of morality. In the absence of religion, I can discover no inducement to be virtuous. I desire to live and die in mine; nothing is more painful to me than the hideous spectacle of an old man dying like a dog!"

It must be plain that what is true in one country is not true in another. Monsieur Souchard, a late French teacher in New-York, used to tell his pupils that unless they cultivated their minds they were not so good as swine—for the flesh of the latter was good to eat; while their bodies were worthless after death. An inhabitant of Patagonia would have denied the soundness of this corollary.

Mankind are not like grains of wheat, all to be ground down by the same pressure. Some minds will be hardened by the force which others yield to, and some spirits will be broken by what is only a wholesome corrective to others.

It is stated that Teuxis, who lived three hundred and ninety-five years before Christ, and who was famous for being the most excellent colourist of all the ancients, could have used only four colours.

The first shock of grief carries along with it a kind mysterious support to the stricken soul, subdued only by the quiet certainty of its succeeding gloom.

Some men seem most severe when they are in reality most affected, as snow turns to ice when on the point of melting.

Time tries the characters of men, as the furnace assays the quality of metals, by disengaging the impurities, dissipating the superficial glitter, and leaving the gold sterling and pure.

It is a practice entirely too prevalent in this queer world that we inhabit, to condemn the performances of others, when we know that the task could not be better accomplished by ourselves.

A wise man's kingdom is his own breast: or if he ever looks farther, it will only be to the judgment of a select few who are free from prejudices, and capable of giving him solid and substantial advice.

I consider every human mind to be a pendulum, oscillating in its natural state between human activity and divine, but never finding rest but in the centre, in which centre is nothing also but the total, yet free, submission of the human to the divine.

A correspondent of the Ledger asks the difference between sensation and emotion, to which the editor replies—"If you burn your fingers in stuffing a candle with them, you will have a sensation; if you are a young man or woman, and look at your sweetheart, you will have an emotion."

We have frequently observed that young men take more pains to cultivate the affection and elicit the good will of ill-tempered damsels, than to reciprocate and cherish the kind feelings of those who are frank and amiable. We suppose that this must be accounted for on the same principle that people are willing to pay a higher price for vinegar than for sweet cider.

Northcote, the painter, once said that the devil tempted everybody but the idle; the idle tempted the devil: and that the inside of the skull was the devil's workshop.

It was Sir Walter Scott, I think, who told the following story:—"A poor man in Scotland was about to be executed, and when the procession reached the gallows, those about him said, 'now we will sing any hymn or psalm that you may have a fancy to.' Upon which he replied, 'sing what you please. I shall not meddle in these matters.'"

Madame de Stael lived, and may say to have died, in the belief that revolutions were effected, and countries governed, by a succession of clever pamphlets. This is very near the truth. The powerful newspapers of the day, with what is called the leading article, are nothing more than a succession of clever pamphlets. It is said that three newspapers in France effected the revolution of July, 1830.

There is a large oak in Lord V.'s park, which has, it is said, this remarkable feature: whenever one of family is about to die, a large limb falls, without any apparent reason. I was told that the late Lord V. went to visit this tree, and whilst he was near it a large limb suddenly fell; soon after this his lordship died.

At a picture sale in London in 1832, Wilkie's Rent-day fetched seven hundred and fifty guineas, (about three thousand three hundred dollars,) and all his sketches in proportion. When his picture was put up, the room was quite full, and the company simultaneously cheered the picture by clapping their hands.

Scurrility is the corruption of wit, as knavery is of wisdom.

An American sketch.—"Steward!" "Sar!" "Whose overcoat is this in my berth?" "Judge Jobson, sar." "Then take it away directly; but stop, whose cloak is that on the top of my portmantua?" "Judge Jobson, sar." "Then put it with the coat." "Yes, sar." "And, see here, whose umbrella is this under my pillow?" "Judge Jobson, sar." "And who owns this clothes-basket, and the walking-stick, and a Welch wig, and a nightcap." "All Judge Jobson, sar." "Then clear 'em all out before I have time to throw 'em overboard; and, tell me, steward, who has the berth above mine?" "Judge Jobson, sar." "Well, I'm glad of that, for he'll have the benefit of hearing that fellow who paced up and down the deck all night, stamping like a nigger's double-shuffle over my head; do you know who it was?" "Yes, sar; Judge Jobson, sar." "D—n Judge Jobson; why it seems that there is nobody but Judge Jobson on board, eh?" "Oh! yes, sar, great many odder gentlemen else." "However, take—Oh! bless me! there's somebody tumbled down the cabin stairs; what a fall, he must have broken his neck; who is it?" "Oh, only Judge Jobson, sar." "Then, thank heaven, there's an end of Judge Jobson at last."

Taglioni.—This actress took her benefit at St. Petersburgh on the fifth ult. in a new ballet, *La Gitana*, composed by her father. The ballet obtained immense success. The splendour displayed in this chorographick production is extraordinary. It cost the imperial civil list two hundred thousand roubles. Not less than three hundred persons dance or figure in it. In the first act there is a fair at Frankfort, with a menagerie of living lions, bears, apes, and other animals. In the second, a forest of the Pyrenees, with a gipsy camp at the foot of a cascade of real water, twelve feet high and twenty-four broad. The ballet ends with a masquerade of five hundred persons in every sort of disguise. The ball-room is lighted by one hundred and twenty chandeliers, bearing five thousand wax-lights. Taglioni, whose execution of a Bohemian dance drew forth deafening acclamations, derived from this benefit fifty thousand roubles. The day after, the emperour and empress, who had honoured the performance with their presence, sent the fair *bénéficiaire* a diamond and emerald clasp, worth twenty-five thousand roubles.

Saving time.—A clergyman, who had considerable of a farm, as was generally the case in our forefather's days, went out to see one of his labourers, who was ploughing in the field, and he found him sitting upon his plough, resting his team. "John," said he, "would it not be a good plan for you to have a stub scythe here and be hubbing a few bushes while the oxen are resting?" John, with acountenance which might have well become the divine himself, instantly returned—"Would it not be well, sir, for you to have a swingling-board in the pulpit, and when they are singing, to swingle a little flax?" The reverend gentleman turned on his heel, laughed heartily, and said no more about hubbing bushes.

Shakspeare.—If Shakspeare were stripped of all the bombast in his passions, and dressed in the most vulgar words, we should find the beauties of his thoughts remaining; if his embroideries were burnt down, there would still be silver at the bottom of the melting pot: but I fear, (at least let me fear it for myself,) that we who are his sounding words have nothing of his thought, but are all outside; there is not so much as a dwarf in our giant's clothes.

Bulwer.—Bulwer's new play, in five acts, was read at Covent Garden theatre. Report speaks highly of it as a dramatick production; it is called *Richelieu; or, The Proud Brother*. Macready will personate *Richelieu*, and the part of *Proud Brother* will be sustained by Miss H. Faucit. It is of great length, finely drawn, and could not have fallen into better hands. The second week of February is fixed for its representation.

Family physician.—In Burmah when a young woman is taken very ill, her parents agree with the physician: that if he cures the patient he may have her for his trouble, but if she dies under his medicines, he is to pay them her value. It is stated that successful physicians have very large families of females, who have become their property in this manner.

Precocious genius.—"Marm, mayn't I go and play horse to day." "No, child, you must stay in the house." "Now, look here, marm, if you don't let me, I'll go and catch the measles—I know a big boy that's got 'em prime!"

From grave to gay.—A young man residing in Bury St. Edmunds was married on the morning of Friday week, acted as a bearer at a funeral in the afternoon, and played the violin for a quadrille party on the evening of the same day.

Robespierre.—A biography of Robespierre, which appeared in an Irish paper, concludes in the following manner: "This extraordinary man left no children behind him except his brother, who was killed at the same time."

Mrs. Cruse.—This lady who, in her day, was rather a celebrated actor in the provinces, applied for pecuniary assistance to an actor, more famed for his wit than his charity. His reply was a cross one, simply saying he was not a Cruse-ader.

Billingsgate.—The Chinese have a Billingsgate of their own. A traveller says that on hearing a terrible altercation, he asked his interpreter what was the cause of it. "They wanshee too muchee dollaree for the fishee," was the reply.

French literature.—An opulent and spirited bookseller at Paris has just contracted with Victor Hugo for the privilege of publishing his works during a term of ten years; the price paid for his literary lease being twelve thousand pounds.

Pun.—"Sir," said a man defending rather a notorious character, "I assure you it is pure innocence." "I quite agree with you," replied the other, "it is pure in-no-sense."

Irish-latin pun.—A gentleman in company asked his friend for a potato, and on its being sent, his friend said, "I have sent you a nice *mealy* one." "Thank you," said the other, "you could not have sent me a *melior*!"

An eccentrick physician.—A poor woman went to an eminent but eccentrick surgeon, to inquire what was the proper treatment for some bodily wound—"Put on a cataplasm," was the answer. "But, doctor, it's for a child." Then put on a kittenplasm.'

Balaam's ass.—Bishop Burnet, who stammered, directed his chaplain to examine a young man. The first question was, "why did Balaam's ass speak?" "Because his master had an *impediment* in his speech," replied the young candidate

Publick documents.—When George the First or Second got into a heat with his minister, and insisted on being shown the document relating to a certain subject the next morning, the minister obeyed, and when the king rose he saw three large wagons full of papers neatly tied with red tapes, parked beneath his window.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

*C. L. B. is informed that we have been unable to discover among our numerous manuscripts the paper to which he alludes.—"The Promise" is very pretty, and we do not see how the "Mary" to whom it is addressed could resist such an appeal.—"The Land of my Dreams" is quite beautiful. We hope to find a place for it soon.—Dramaticus is once more informed that we are not in the secrets of the green-room; but we have heard that Mr. Willis's play is to be produced soon after the close of the opera performances.—We have never seen the work alluded to by E. X.—We cannot give Scrutator any information with regard to the Signora A. V., but believe that his intimations are entirely gratuitous.—A friend in London writes us, that he caused the plate number of the Mirror containing the story of the "Favourite Maid of Honour" to be presented to the queen, and that she expressed herself very much amused and gratified by the same. Her majesty is now among our "constant readers: Let us hear no more slanders upon her good taste or good sense.—"Tag" must try again.—We cannot make use of the communications of L. Y. T., * *, O. P., and Lara.—Many other articles on hand shall receive the earliest attention.*

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1839.

New-York and its prospects.—No better proof need be required of the renewed prosperity of our noble city than is to be seen in the innumerable improvements now going on in every direction—in the laying out of new streets—the erection of new blocks of houses—the contemplated formation of spacious squares—the enlargement of wharves and piers—and the general appearance of business and activity, which pervades the entire metropolis. Around Union-Place new blocks of houses, capacious and stately, are springing up with surprising celerity. At the corner of Broadway and Eighth-street, a beautiful square, extending to the Bowery, and occupying some acres of ground, is soon to be enclosed. On the East River, the wharves from Coffee-House Slip to Corlaer's Hook are to be enlarged and improved in a manner that will much enhance the value of property in that direction. It is proposed to extend Broadway some miles beyond Union-Place—a proposition, which must convey an imposing idea of the rapid *filling-up* of the gigantick outline of New-York. As the business of the city creeps (we should rather say *strides*) farther up Broadway, the fashion and wealth of the city is retreating nearer to the centre of the island, and Fourteenth-street will doubtless be considered the heart rather than the extremity of the town in the course of a few years. Indeed but few of our own citizens are aware of the innumerable improvements now going on—and no one can make the circuit of the city without astonishment at the rapidity of its growth, and the increasing development of its unrivalled advantages and inestimable resources.

International Copyright.—We are glad to see that an intelligent portion of the press in this country is directing publick attention, more and more, to the importance of establishing an international system of copyright between this country and England. Among the able auxiliaries in behalf of the cause, of American and British authors, we perceive, with pleasure, that the "Corsair" has promised to show, both by argument and example, the absurdity and unfairness of the present system of plunder and rapine. The advantages of the establishment of an international copyright between the United States would be mutual. Hitherto American authors have been enabled to sell their manuscripts in England as well as here, but the retaliatory and just legislation of the mother country, recently adopted, has shut the door upon our writers, unless our government may consent to make the benefit of copyright reciprocal. The works of Messrs. Cooper, and Irving, and Willis, and Bird, may now be preyed upon and mutilated by every penny publisher in the Strand, and the authors can obtain neither sympathy nor redress for the injury to their reputations and their pockets. "Do as you would be done by, before you raise a murmur of complaint," the British authors will say with unanswerable truth. "Protect us against the republishing 'corsairs' of New-York and Philadelphia, and we will see that no one infringes on your interests here." Surely, as things now exist, an American author could not muster the assurance to utter a complaint, if, after an expensive edition of his work had been published by Mr. Bentley or Mr Murray, he should learn that Mr. Cleave, of Shoe-lane, had put forth an edition at a shilling a volume. This subject is daily becoming one of more importance. American authors, notwithstanding the depressing competition of an army of unpaid English writers, are growing in stature and in strength. In looking over a late number of the London Athenæum, we were struck by the fact, that in an advertisement of ten works in the press by Mr. Bentley, six were by American authors! We are glad to see that Mr. Clay perseveres manfully to carry through this important measure of an international copyright. His very able report on the subject shows that he is a perfect master of its details, and we really trust that his appeals to the justice and good sense of congress will not be without their effect. The honour of the country, and the interests of our infant literature, demand that the system of crowding out all native productions, by a flood of trashy novels, and biographies of English manufacture, propagating English prejudices and English opinions, should be done away with, and that native authors should be admitted to equal privileges with those of foreign countries. "A fair field and no favour," is all that is claimed for both parties

Speedy travelling.—An instance was mentioned to us the other day strongly illustrative of the wonderful rapidity of communication produced by the establishment of steam navigation. A gentleman was in Calais, London, Liverpool, New-York, Washington, and Cincinnati in the course of the same month of February—a period of twenty-eight days! We shall not be surprised soon to hear that Puck's achievement of putting "a girdle round about the earth in twenty minutes" has actually been accomplished by Mrs. Trollope, Miss Martineau or some other old woman with a propensity for travelling and for writing books.

Shakspeare's will.—From Charles Knight's new and beautiful edition of Shakspeare, we learn the will of the immortal bard is still preserved in Doctors' Commons. The fervent admirer of the bard must needs behold the last stroke of his inspired pen with a feeling of respect approaching to awe. His name is signed in three places: his hand trembled at the first, when he came to the second, the pause occasioned by lassitude or anguish would appear to be perceptible, from the tremulous breaks in the writing; when his name was to be signed for the last time, his energies appear to have been subdued—the name is almost indistinct, and the eye which guided the hand in its melancholy office seems to have been filmed. The orthography used by Shakspeare in this instance, of course, prescribes the mode in which his name is to be spelt; yet many learned commentators have erroneously used the *e* final with regard to the first syllable of the word. The way in which his name was *pronounced* during his life may be learned from an inspection of this will. The notary (who had been called hastily to the performance of his duty) had no opportunity of correction, and he spelt the name of his immortal client from the recollection of accustomed orthoepy alone, *Shack*speare.

New Opera by Mozart.—Quite a sensation has been produced in the musical world by the announcement of the discovery of a new opera by Mozart. The Gazette Musicale gives a full account of it. It seems that Mozart invariably wrote down a rapid sketch of his work, inserting the voice-parts nearly entire, with only an outline of the accompaniment, upon two staves, with a few initial letters here and there, indicating for what instruments particular parts were intended. In 1799, Mozart's widow sold all her late husband's manuscripts to M. Andre, aulick councillor and chapel-master to Prince Esterhazy. He has recently found among them the sketch, nearly complete, of an Italian opera called Zaide. He has made it out, and from it completed a full score of the opera. It will be immediately published at Offenbach, the instrumental parts being arranged for the pianoforte. Of course the internal testimony will be sufficient to decide whether the piece is actually by Mozart.

Language without oaths.—It is a singular fact that the North American Indians cannot swear in their vernacular tongue. Their language furnishes no oaths It is appositely asked—are the Indians so prone to truth, so averse from falsehood, that the invention of oaths was unnecessary or impossible? Probably this was the case until they became corrupted by our example. Their simple promises must have been to them as sacred and inviolable as the most solemn abjurations are to us. Never resorting to serious appeals to heaven or the Great Spirit for the confirmation of their statements, profane oaths, as a matter of course, did not follow.

Mademoselle Rachel.—This young lady, who has not yet attained her eighteenth year, is boldly pronounced by the Parisian criticks the first tragick actress of the age. She attracts immense audiences every night she performs, and has been especially distinguished by the patronage of the royal family. Two years ago Mademoiselle Rachel was a poor, half-frozen child, who sang in the streets for the miserable pittance which the charity or kindness of passing strangers might throw to her. Now she is all the rage, and all the new patterns, shawls and fashions, for the coming season, are to be *à la Rachel*.

Living in the West.—It has been a rare season for sportsmen in the West. Wild turkies, partridges, venison, and all the varieties of wild game have been so abundant in the Wisconsin, that they have ceased to be a luxury. Pickerel, pike, and perch, are also caught in great abundance in the rivers. The peltries brought in by the Indians and hunters exceed in quantity that of any former winter for some years past.

Musick in New-York.—The taste for musick was never so satisfactorily exemplified in this city as it has been during the present season. Not to speak of the brilliant success which has attended the opera at the National, the numerous concerts which have taken place have been remarkably successful and well attended. This speaks volumes in behalf of our population.

Life of Matthews.—We must admit that the life of Charles Matthews by his widow, is one of the most entertaining biographies we have ever read. But it is most singular that no mention is made throughout of the comedian's visit to the United States! Had young Matthews's failure anything to do with this remarkable omission? Matthews's trip to America certainly constituted no insignificant part of his histrionick career.

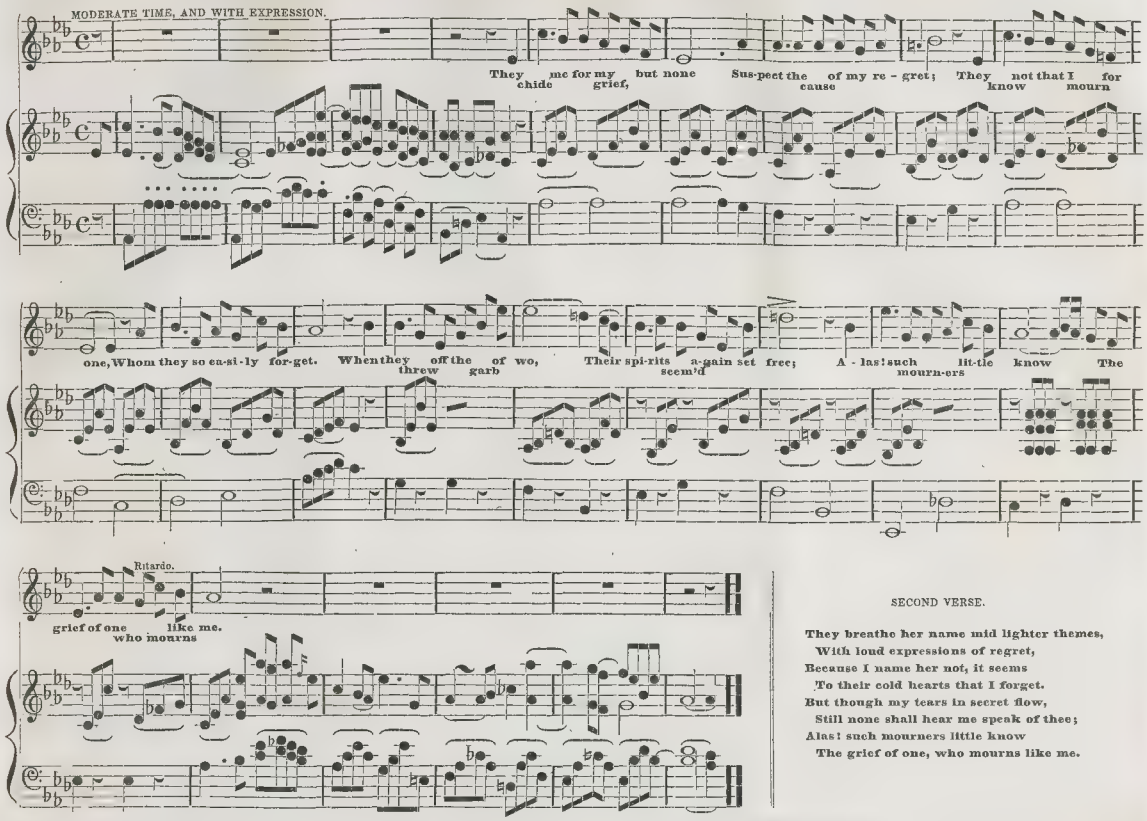
Theatrical.—The opera at the National continues to prove attractive. It is rumoured that Wallack is to appear in several new parts before the close of the season. The publick are anxious to see him. At the Park Mr. Hamblin has been very successful in Rienzi; and other show pieces. Miss Clifton and Miss Tree are to appear early in the spring. We learn there is no truth in the report that Charles Kean has been engaged to appear at the National.

Original communications.—We commend to the attention of our readers the very amusing sketch on our fourth page, by the author of "Yankee Notions"—a work of great original merit and exquisite humour. We are promised a series of sketches from the same pen. The beautiful poem on our first page by Mr. Lister, the distinguished novelist, has never before appeared in print. Mr. John Neal's graphick and characteristick story of "Animal Magnetism" will be concluded in our next.

"*Life in New-York.*"—We were in errour last week in stating, that this work, which gives promise of an abundant harvest of fun, was, in the language of the prospectus, to appear "now and then." It is to be issued regularly on the fifteenth of every month.

THEY CHIDE ME FOR MY GRIEF.

THE POETRY BY T. HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.—MUSICK ARRANGED BY HENRY RUSSELL, BY WHOM THIS SONG IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO WILLIAM V. BOYLE, ESQ. OF PHILADELPHIA.



SECOND VERSE.

They breathe her name mid lighter themes,
With loud expressions of regret,
Because I name her not, it seems
To their cold hearts that I forget.
But though my tears in secret flow,
Still none shall hear me speak of thee;
Alas! such mourners little know
The grief of one, who mourns like me.

LINES

Accompanying a trifle to a friend on the point of sailing for Europe.

BY A. ALLAN.

In days of yore—if legends truly tell—
When earth was subject to the genii's spell,
Man oft was gifted with some potent charm
To conquer fate, and demon pow'r disarm:
Some wondrous talisman, whose virtues rare
Could sway the rulers of the earth and air;
Could bend all nature to his sov'reign will,
Uprouse the tempest, or its raging still.
Would I might such a gift on thee bestow!
To lay the winds when they too fiercely blow;
To smooth the roughness of thy ocean path
When foam-crowned billows lift their heads in wrath,
And th' insatiate storm-fiend sweeping by
Enwraps in awful flames the frowning sky.
When with poised dart, impatient at delay,
Death seems to hover o'er his trembling prey.
But science now may seek such gifts in vain,
Their virtue lost when ceased the genii reign.
Though fain to shield thee from each treach'rous gale,
No charm have I to guide a prosp'rous sail;
Yet may this trifle with a wizard pow'r
Awaken mem'ry in each lonely hour,
Recalling thought to dwell again with me
While bounds thy bark upon a distant sea,
For 'twill remind thee—when old ocean raves,
Or moonbeams smile upon the sleeping waves—
In joy or grief, in sunshine or in storm,
The heart thou leavest, still beats true and warm:
Or else resolved to the insensate clay,
Has sent its spirit forth to cheer thy way.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"*Life of the Cardinal de Cheverus, archbishop of Bordeaux. By the Rev. J. Huen Doubourg, ex-professor of theology. Translated from the French by Robert M. Walsh. Philadelphia: Hooker and Claxton.*"—In presenting this volume to the publick, the translator says, he "would flatter himself with the belief that he is conferring upon them no inconsiderable benefit. 'What is the most useful study?' was the question once asked of a sage—'The life of a good man,' he replied:—'What is the next?'—'The life of a bad man.' This is the life of a good man in the purest and loftiest sense of the word." Mr. Walsh has executed his task with commendable fidelity, and his additions are interesting and valuable. The translation is at the same time elegant and literal—it being rather a transfusion into pure English, than an idiomatick *traduction*.

"*The Bubbles of Canada, by the author of Sam Slick, The Clockmaker, etc. Lea and Blanchard.*—The reputation of Judge Haliburton will secure to this work a large sale, though it seems calculated rather for the meridian of England than the United States. The author here drops his Yankee dialect, and shows himself master of a pure and vigorous English style.

THE MONTHLY PERIODICALS.

The "*Knickerbocker.*"—We are gratified to learn that the proprietors of this excellent magazine have secured the services of Mr. Washington Irving, who will henceforth contribute regularly to its pages. He is unquestionably the most valuable auxiliary in the United States, and we congratulate our worthy neighbour on his good fortune. Mr. Irving is unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries as a writer of English undefiled, and he is perhaps the only one whose productions, during the existing prevalence of the "Boz mania," could command a degree of attention, and enhance the already extended reputation of the Knickerbocker, which magazine we wish abundant success.

The "*Southern Literary Messenger*" for March has appeared with its usual punctuality. It is, like is predecessors, excellent. Mr. White is indefatigable in his efforts to elevate the character of our national periodical literature, and his work always comes to us stored with contributions from many of the best writers in the country. Its typographical appearance is superiour, and altogether this magazine is an honour to the country.

The "*Hesperian, or Western Monthly Magazine,*" edited by W. C. Gallagher, one of the most gifted minstrels of the West, is a journal worthy of a more intimate introduction to the readers of the Atlantick cities. It is conducted with extraordinary ability and care, and the tone of its criticisms is generous and discriminating. The original papers are distinguished for the manliness, vigour and independence, which characterize the inhabitants of the Great Valley of the Mississippi, where, within a few years, a number of "bright particular stars" have appeared in the literary firmament. We hope that the people of the west will not permit this excellent work to languish for want of an adequate support.

"*The Museum, and Monthly Magazine.*" This work is under the management of Mr. N. C. Brooks, the accomplished author of "Scriptural Anthology," and many popular poems. An excellent corps of contributors supply the literary papers of the Museum; and the engraved portraits of distinguished authors, with which it is occasionally embellished, add much to its sterling attractions.

"The "*United States Magazine and Democratick Review*" continues to be sustained with its customary spirit. Bryant and Nathaniel Hawthorn are constant contributors to this work, and we are glad to learn that it enjoys a widely extended and rapidly increasing circulation. This journal, in its politicks, is enlisted under the banners of the present administration, and it labours with unrivalled ability in the cause.

"*The National Magazine and Republican Review*" is the title of a new monthly magazine, which has just reached its third number, published in Washington by Messrs. Fulton and Smith, and edited by Henry J. Brent. It is partly devoted to politicks, in which it is professedly whig and democratick: Its original papers are very able, and we perceive that Mr Caleb Cushing (a host in himself) is one of the principal contributors. Mr. Brent, the editor, is well known to us as an experienced and forcible writer, and we heartily commend his work to publick attention.

The "*Ladies' Companion*" of this city, conducted by Mr. Snowden and Mrs. Stephens, bids fair to eclipse all its competitors in the extent of its circulation. It is beautifully printed, and every number is enriched with a fine engraving on steel. It has an excellent list of contributors.

The "*Lady's Book,*" published in Philadelphia by our friend E. L. Godey, is one of the most attractive miscellanies of the day. It is edited by Mrs. S. J. Hale and Miss Leslie, and filled with contributions from many of the most distinguished writers of this country and Great Britain. Mr. Israel Post is the agent for this city.

"*The Baltimore Monument.*"—One of the best conducted magazines in the country. We learn that its circulation is increasing.

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VOLUME SIXTEEN. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1839. NUMBER THIRTY-EIGHT.

For the New-York Mirror

EGO.

I HAVE heard that while Jove was preparing my clay,
In his mansion of ether above,
On an errand of mischief there happened that way
That frolicksome elf, little Love.

Old Zeus had mixed up, with a good deal of pains,
Whatsoever he'd picked up by chance;
There was some commonsense, and a trifle of brains,
And a wonderful deal of romance.

He had not yet finished when Love, with a bowl
Of poison he'd made for his darts,
Which was seasoned with sighs of a passionate soul,
And distilled from the blood of warm hearts,

Comes tripping along, with a glee-dimpled face,
And mischievous, mirth-beaming eyes,
And swinging his goblet, draws nigh to the place
Where my bardship in embryo lies.

Now Jove, be it known, had but rough-cast the form,
When Cupid came by with his bowl;
And had, just before polishing, put in a warm
And quite a respectable soul

When Love, finding out what the god was about,
Stole silently up to the clay,
And poured every drop of his goblet clean out,
Ere Jove could command him to stay!

Like the flash of the levin, the bright ruby tide
Darted quick through each quivering vein,
And the soul, which the current of passion had dyed,
Hath never recovered the stain!

C. D. M. L.

ORIGINAL TALES.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

BY JOHN NEAL.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.—CONCLUDED.

The Catastrophe.

"WHO did that! who was it!—Oh, it was you, was it, sair!—you are the *per-pe-trator*, hey!" drawled Mr. George Dilworth Carey.

"Ethan Crawford! will you bear that," said Josh the driver.

"Bear what—hey? Tell you what 'tis, youngster—a joke's a joke—but I am a *leetle* apt to be ryled, if anybody goes too far—what was that he called me, hey?" addressing himself to Josh.

Josh, whispered something to him in reply; and up he marched to the young collegian, who threw himself into a boxing attitude, and hinted to him to keep off, or the presence of the ladies should be no further protection for him!"

Ethan stopped, just as he had put forth his mighty hand to clutch him by the shoulder, and stood staring at him, as a huge mastiff might be supposed to stare at a lap-dog, for showing his teeth behind a lady's pocket-handkerchief.

"I say though, mister—if it 'twant for the ladies now, I'd jest turn you inside out, in less than two snaps of a rattlesnake's tail—if there's anything I can't bear, its bein' called names."

"*Names!*—who called you names?"

"Who called me names!—why you, to be sure—didn't he Josh? names too that's agin the law for one gentleman to use to another—aint it squire?"

"What names have I called you, hey?"

"Why you called me a *traitor*."

"A *traitor!*"

"Yes, and a *puppy*—didn't he Josh?"

Josh nodded assent—the collegian stared, and so did we—but, as for Julia, who appeared greatly alarmed but a moment before, she burst out a laughing

"No, no, Mr. Crawford—no, no, cousin George—it's all a mistake!" and then she laughed again, louder than before—"he called you the *per-pe-trator*—pronouncing it very slowly and emphatically, as you did—not puppy-traitor."

"Well, what's the difference, I should like to know?—I never larnt much o' grammar, an' don't pretend to know much about pronounceation—hurraw there! hurraw! what are ye laughin' at, now?"

The laugh stopped—the misunderstanding was explained—the collegian got himself into a perpendicular once more—they shook hands together; and the overgrown mastiff left the room with a good-natured growl, just as the racket stopped overhead, and Miss Helen appeared at the door with the captured glove in her hand, saying, "the owner was found!"

All eyes were turned upon her; and I looked at the professor, to see how he would bear so complete a refutation of his theory; he must have understood me, for he shook his head, and smiled.

"So, then, Miss Farrier—it was your glove," said I.

"No, sir—but the lady is here."

"Not *here!*" rejoined the professor, taking a survey of the whole room, as he spoke so.

"Why no—not exactly *here;* but she has been here a good while, and is now in the next room."

"Would you have me to understand, Miss Farrier, that the owner of that glove has been here—*here*, in this very room—since we have been here. Allow me to say that I am *sure* she has not."

"Perhaps you know the lady, sir?"

"No, I do not; nor have I any reason to believe that I ever saw her in my life."

"Upon my word, sir—if what I have been told is true—if there is no joke in the story, I mean—it is beyond all comparison the most extraordinary coincidence—would you like to see the lady, sir, and judge for yourself?"

Before the professor could reply, up started Julia; and all the women rushed together, crying "yes! yes! by all means! we are dying to see her!"

"Hush! hush!—the lady has been greatly fatigued this afternoon, by a long ride on horseback; and if I can persuade her to come, you must pledge your faith, not to let her know that she has been the subject of our conversation. She has heard nothing of the story yet—she only knows that one glove has been picked up, and that the finder is here, waiting for his reward."

To this, we plighted our faith, betaking ourselves to different parts of the room, and pretending to be very busy, when the door opened slowly and quietly, and Miss Farrier appeared, with a—what shall I say?—with an apparition at her elbow!—the living original of the portraiture, drawn by the professor!—the very *spirit of the glove!*

I was thunderstruck—Julia and Mr. George Dilworth Carey, appeared overwhelmed with amazement—and the professor himself, astonished, though he tried to conceal it. Wonderful!—even to the very shape! the stature! the large blue eyes, the abundant hair, of brown in the shadow, and gold in the sun!

Still apprehending there must be some trick, or collusion, or mistake, I went up to the lady, and begging to be presented, offered her the glove.

She took it, with a sweet smile, just as I heard her name, and saw Miss Farrier puzzled and trying to recollect mine.

"Shaw," whispered somebody at my back.

"Fiddle-de-dee! no such thing—the celebrated Mr. O'Fudge, aint it, sir?" said Miss Julia. I bowed, and tried to laugh, just as the professor walked up, and was introduced to Miss Farnsworth. I saw in a moment they were strangers, perfect strangers. "Pray," said he, "will you permit me to ask you, Miss Farnsworth, how it happened that you lost both your gloves, and both so near together, yet on different parts of the road?"

The very question I was about to ask! but he did it with such a courtly air—with such a gentlemanly self-possession—that I felt no surprise at the readiness and gentleness of her reply.

"Why, sir, to tell you the truth," said she, colouring to the eyes, "we were on our return from the Notch to Littleton. Being on horseback, I had put on a pair of old gloves, which did very well at the time; but my brother having intimated to me that we should probably have to stop here to escape the shower, I began looking for these, which I had put into the pocket of my saddle, when we started. One was not to be found—yet, I had seen it, on pulling out my handkerchief, just before we entered the Notch—and so, and so—I declare I am half-ashamed to acknowledge the truth."

"Never mind, Harriet; you see now, if you'd a taken my advice, you'd a been the mistress of both gloves now," said a young man at the window, who had entered the room with her. It was evidently the brother, she had mentioned.

"It might be silly, Edward—but I am not quite sure that I shouldn't do the very same thing again under similar circumstances."

"Oh, I dare say! that's just like you, Harriet!"

"And pray," said I, "what *was* the reason?"

"Why, sir, the glove was no longer of any use to me—nor would the one I had lost be of any use to the finder: so, looking about me, I found a good place to drop it, where it could not fail to be seen—hoping, the same person who found the first, might be lucky enough to find the other."—I saw a smile settling about the professor's mouth here.

"One question more, if you please—I wish to satisfy two or three unbelievers, who are not far off," said I.

"Unbelievers!"

The professor interfered, greatly to my relief, and explained, by saying, "will you permit us to ask you, Miss Farnsworth, if you mended that glove yourself? and whether, looking earnestly into her eyes, whether you are in the habit of wearing always the same colour, and of buying more than one pair at a time?"

"Why, sir—colouring and smiling—your questions are odd enough perhaps, to justify a refusal, but"—her brother joined us here, as if anxious to know what all this meant—"but, they shall be answered. Yes, I did mend that glove myself"—the professor nodded at me—"but I do not always wear the same colour, nor do I often buy more than one pair at a time." I nodded to the professor, and Julia turned away with a disappointed look, and the collegian drew a very long breath. But the professor himself did not appear at all disconcerted—not even when the mother interrupted us, by saying, that she "never heard of anybody so foolish, as to *lay in* more than one pair o' gloves at a time."

"Law, ma!" said Julia.

"Not if she hadn't more'n one pair o' hands," added Ethan; looking over my shoulder.

"But," continued Miss Farnsworth, "I always do wear gloves as near that colour as I can get them; and, so does my sister, and we always buy them together!"

"Enough!" said the professor—"enough! and now, ladies and gentlemen, I hope you are satisfied!" and off he marched to the window.

"Why, the man is a witch, I declare," said Julia. "Upon my word, mother, I shouldn't feel safe to sleep under the same roof with him!—goody gracious!—look! look! what's that!"

All eyes were turned toward him, and then! by Jupiter! you never heard such a screaming in all your very life! nor ever such a scampering! There sat Julia, terrour-struck, speechless, and motionless! and there sat the professor, looking at her, with a little green snake, showing its wicked eyes, just over his velvet collar, and among his hair!

In less than half a minute, there wasn't such a thing as a woman to be seen or heard of in all the lower part of the house!

Confoundedly vexed at the man's thoughtlessness, I left the room also, and went up stairs to my chamber, and had been there at least an hour, I should think, watching the new moon at the window, driving her chariot of pearl over the mountain top, and—

"Athwart the starry wilderness of heaven;"

watching and wondering at the difference between her pale passionless fire, and that of the overshadowed sky, when the long smothered glories of the storm broke forth, and the waters flashed—

"Like sheets of fire, in their descent
Through midnight's parting firmament!"

I had forgotten where I was, and what I was, when a tap at my door, startled me, broad awake. On opening it, I found Mr. Fitch there, so agitated, he could hardly speak. "Pray, sir," said he, "are you a doctor!" "No, sir—but step in, if you please, and tell me what's the matter."

"Poor Julia!—haven't you heard her scream?—the poor child 'll go distracted, if something ain't done for her—what can be done, sir?—do tell me—there! there!—didn't you hear that, sir?"

I thought I did hear a far-off a strange sort of a cry—but was not quite sure, and begged him to be calm—proposing to call up the professor.

"Hang the professor! the fellow's bewitched her, I believe—she can talk of nothin' else but him, and see nothin' else, but the bear and the snake—the dirty beast!"

"Nevertheless, my dear, sir—nevertheless, I am satisfied, that he is the only creature about us worth consulting; and you'd better let me call him up."

"Mr. Fitch! Mr. Fitch! where are you!" cried the wife.

"Here, my love!" answered Mr. Fitch, who hurried away on tiptoe, signing to me not to betray him. The doors being open now, I heard a scream, that thrilled through and through me—people were hurrying to and fro all over the house—and while I was trying to find the professor's room, he joined me at the top of the stairs. "What's all this uproar?" said he—"is the house afire?"

I told him what the matter was, and asked him if he was a physician. "No sir," was the reply—"not by profession—that is, I am not a regular practitioner; but if you will do me the favour to see the father and mother of that poor child—how could I be so forgetful!—I don't wonder the poor thing was half-frightened to death. I never shall forgive myself!"—for the first time he showed a little emotion—"but go to the father and mother, I entreat you, and say to them, that if they will permit me to be with her, for half an hour at furthest, I will undertake to relieve the sufferer. There, there!—go—go—and I will be ready for you in three minutes."

I went, and after a short consultation together, it was agreed

that he should be permitted to see her. Julia was lifted up in the bed—propped by pillows—and supported by her mother. It was evident that her head was disturbed—she was a little wandering, at times—and I withdrew to the furthest part of the room, though requested by the mother not to leave her.

The professor entered softly—made a motion to have the lights removed further off—went up to the bed—breathed upon his hands—looked at her a moment, and I saw her tremble, though her eyes were shut—seated himself on the side of the bed—took both of her hands into his—I thought I saw a shudder pass over her pale, beautiful face, at the touch—placing his two thumbs, so that the balls touched hers; held them in that position for five minutes or so; then withdrew them, to my unspeakable relief I admit, for I watched every motion, with intense anxiety, and was really alarmed at the expression of her face, when he touched her. Having done this, he placed the tips of his fingers upon her forehead, all the fingers of both hands, as if setting so many seals there; and having remained motionless and breathless for a minute or two, drew them away slowly and gracefully—ay, gracefully!—and without touching her, except once or twice upon her shoulders, and then followed the outline of her body, down to the very extremity of her feet, always, however, at a distance of three or four inches from the bed-clothes This he continued, till I saw the countenance of the poor sufferer change; and, after a few minutes, the colour came to her lips, and she breathed more freely. The father looked at me, as if hardly knowing what to think; and the mother never took her eyes off the fingers of the operator; and as for myself, I hardly know what I thought, or believed, or saw, till poor Julia opened her eyes, and smiling faintly, though she saw the professor, shut them again, declaring as she did so, that she was very sleepy; upon which the professor, signified to the parents, that she might be indulged, and making a sign to me, to follow, crept out of the room as he had crept in, without being heard.

I followed—but not to sleep, and as I shut my door, I heard the following conversation, which appeared to be carried on just below, and within half-a-dozen feet of me:

"Why that are Injunn 's no more to be compared to him, I tell you, than a toad wants a tail—every bit an' grain, as the nigger said."

"What Injunn are you talkin' about?"

"Why that are feller that met old Major Nye in the woods once, an' axed him if he'd seen a *leetle, old, lame, white man*, with a *long gun*, an' a dog with a *bob-tail*: an' when the major said yes, an' axed him what 's to pay, the Injunn up an' told him, how't somebody 'd ben a steatin' his venison. 'Did you see him?' says the major, says he. 'No,' says the Injunn. 'How was you able to describe him then, as you did, hey?' 'Why,' says the Injunn, 'I knowed he was *leetle*, 'cause he couldn't reach the venison, without rolling up a stone to stand on—I knowed he was *old*, 'cause his tracks wasn't reg'lar—I knowed he was *lame*, 'cause he always stepped short with one foot—I knowed he was a *white man*, 'cause he turned up his toes—I knowed his gun was *long*, 'cause he rested it agin a tree, and scratched the bark a leetle—and I knowed the dog had a *bob-tail*, 'cause he squat down in the dust.'"

"Wal, if that don't beat all nater', Josh! do you believe it, hey?"

"Believe it! why that aint nothin' to what this chap can do—I tell you what I seed myself; and what I *see*, I *know*—he jest looked into a woman's glove then, an' he up an' told what her name was—where she lived—how old she was—how much she was worth—and how many children she was goin' to have—read it right off to her like a book—an' when they came to ask her, she said, 'twas all true. What do ye think o' that?"

"Think o' that—I think she ought to ben ashamed of herself."

"Haw, haw, haw! That's jiss like you, wife!"

"Well now, it's my opinion, that you are ben made a fool of, Josh. Don't you remember the story we had in last year's almanack?"

"What story?"

"About a doctor that went to see a sick man. 'Open your mouth,' says he—'let's see your tongue—what are you ben eatin' of?' 'Nothin', says the man. 'Nothin'! don't tell me!—you've ben eatin' oysters.' And sure enough—so he had. And when he got home, the young chap that steddied with him, axed him how he knew he'd ben eatin' oysters, 'why,' says he, 'you fool you! didn't I see the shells under the bed?' Now, that's my way of accountin' for what this chap's done—he knows the gal, as well as you do."

"And better too, I hope," said the husband.

"Ah! but you've forgotten the best part o' the story," said another voice—(I would take my bible oath, 'twas the professor's.) "The young chap that steddied with the doctor, went round next day to see the patient himself. 'Open your mouth,' says he: 'let's see your tongue!—What are you ben eatin' of to-day?' 'Nothin,' says the man.' 'Nothin'! don't tell me! you've ben eatin' a hoss!' 'A *hoss!*' 'To be sure you have; don't I see the saddle an' bridle under the bed?'"

A short hurried whispering followed this, and I heard a woman's voice vowing she wouldn't sleep under that roof another night while he was there, for all the world. "To tell you the truth, Josh, I believe that are gal there that he's ben bewitchin', (I heard her father say so,) I believe she's moren half right—in what she said about him."

"And who does she say he is?"

"*The wandering Jew!*" answered the voice of the professor close at her elbow.

"Waugh!" screamed the woman; "waugh, waugh, waugh! let's be off, Josh!"

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Not being able to sleep, I lay awake wondering half the night if the mysterious operation I had been a witness to, where pain had literally been rebuked in my very presence, and great suffering relieved by a touch, was not, in fact, a case of *animal magnetism*; and if so, who was the extraordinary man? and what was he? and how had he managed to overcome the loathing and abhorrence of that beautiful child after having so frightened and shocked her? Was it sympathy? was it a strange and awful power vouchsafed to the few and the faithful? or was it only an effect of the imagination? What I saw I believe—account for it as I may. And therefore, * * * when I awoke, as I did, very early, having determined to proceed forthwith to Lyttleton, and go down by the Connecticut river, through the most beautiful parts of New-Hampshire, the first thing I saw on looking out of my window, was poor Julia and the professor whispering together at the door! It was very strange! and before I had recovered from my surprise, I saw him stoop down and kiss her forehead, put a paper into her hands, not unlike those I had seen stuffed away in her bonnet the day before, and vanish. I held my breath for a moment and then began rubbing my eyes. At this instant she looked up, and just as if nothing unusual had happened, call out—"Ah, George, is that you! Good morning to you, and good morning to you, Mr. O'Fudge!" I haven't another word to say. The clearest case of *animal magnetism*, was it not?

ORIGINAL TRANSLATIONS.

THE ATELIER OF DANTAN.

From a Parisian Journal.

More than once, doubtless, on one of those tiresome days when the whole of Paris is enveloped in a thick fog, which pitilessly forbids entrance to the feeblest ray of the sun—more than once, rendered melancholy by the dullness of the sky, and loathing alike labour and pleasure, you have thrown far from you the book, whose pages you have no longer the force to turn, or the pen that burdened your fingers; after which, to avoid the spleen which began to crash your heart between its leaden hands, you have plunged into the midst of the streets of Paris, that the noise and uproar might stun you, and distract your reflection from your disease, the saddest of all—ennui. But unluckily, on these foggy days, the streets of Paris present distraction but slightly agreeable. Elbowed by the crowd, blinded by the umbrellas, and splashed by the cabriolets, the poor lounger's only resource is the *passages*—and yet hardly do the *passages* offer even a slight attraction, unless you happen to be a determined smoker; for in the year of grace and tobacco, 1837, some time elapses before you can recognise yourself in the midst of this cloudy atmosphere formed by the cigars. Happy are you should your steps have guided you towards the *passage Choiseul*, or *passage des Panoramas*; for, when you have at length pierced the curious group who are constantly stationed before the windows of Sasse's shop or Jeanne's, when you have at last acquired a little room among the ranks of the loungers, spleen, rain and tobacco combined, soon disappear from your memory! At the sight of all these little plaster puppets who grimace before you in every manner—at the view of this grotesque museum—you at first begin to smile, then as your memory gradually recalls the names of these personages, your grin augments, and when you at last discover the head of a friend who presents himself to you in such a ludicrous manner, with his pale visage behind the panes of the shopman, you burst into a fit of laughter, without fear of losing your reputation for sanity, for none of the bystanders are more seriously inclined. Is there that person, even the most splenetick Englishman of the three kingdoms, who has not found his brow unwrinkle when regarding the casts of Dantan? The appearance of a new caricature by Dantan causes a real revolution in the *passage des Panoramas*, and on that day, provided you are on an affair of importance, it will be more expedient to take the *rue Neuve Vivienne* or *rue Montmartre* than to endeavour to force a passage through the curious who block up the entrance to Sasse's shop.

Moreover Dantan is at present the sole provider of the Parisian loungers. The display of the lithograph sellers consists of drawings discoloured by time. Bellangé sharpens no longer his lively crayon, Granville is becoming idle; those old troopers of Charlet that were wont to be so agreeable, speak no more. The caricature is dead, it has been buried with poor Mayeux, of jovial memory.

The name of Dantan has become, in the space of a few months, as popular as that of Charlet, the Béranger of lithography. The casts of Dantan are the delight of all Paris. There is not a single person who has not stopped, at least once, before those figures so full of buffoonery; and when you have had one look, you are not satisfied with the twentieth.

The broker who sets out for the *Bourse*, the little clerk who retakes the path to his office, the actor who is coming from rehearsal—all, in fine, station themselves before this museum of grotesque figures, and more than one rendezvous has been let slip because you had the imprudence to take the *passage des panoramas*, and the still greater imprudence of stopping there a single moment. No matter at what hour of the day or evening, one is sure to find an assemblage of Cockneys (*subintellige*. Parisian,) before the casts of Dantan From the moment that the milkwomen arrive with their white merchandise, so that when the keeper of the *passage* comes to extinguish the gas burners, and makes the grate creak on its hinges, the shop of Sasse is besieged by the curious in triple ranks. In this group one is always sure to find some benevolent interpreter who explains the riddles engraved on the base of the little busts, and who names the personages to the provincials who take Arnal for Rossini and Lepeintre *jeune* for Horace Vernet. While the spectators give all their attention, and open their eyes without taking care to close their pockets, the industrious, who operate in the handkerchief or snuff-box line, select their victims, and *pluck the ducks without making them quack*. Gody, the inspector of police, is also a great amateur of the busts of Dantan; he comes to view them many hours every day, and rarely returns to the prefecture unaccompanied by one of those curious gentlemen who have such a strong desire to acquaint themselves with the contents of their neighbour's pockets.

It is inconceivable how many complaints at the chamber of correctional police commence in these words: "As I was looking at Dantan's caricatures this gentleman here stole my purse." They ought to establish a line of omnibuses between the *passage des Panoramas* and the *Palais de Justice*, for these two points of Paris are in constant relation. Dantan is, unwittingly, the accomplice of the greater part of the Parisian thieves, and should they at any time steal his purse, he may well complain of so black an ingratitude.

If a few little statues placed behind the shop-keeper's window are sufficient to excite the hilarity of the publick—judge what would be the effect of the view of Dantan's *atelier*, that is, a hall in which all these grotesque figures have given each other rendezvous, a hall which is the congress general of all the most comick heads that the spirit of Callot himself could ever have conceived If you desire it, I will introduce you into Dantan's *atelier*, and you shall pass in review, before you, the curious society that partake his dwelling. The tenants are numerous, but live without difficulty, and have but one defect, that of being rather frail; but we must not expect too much from great men in plaster.

In the upper part of the *Faubourg Montmartre*, there exists an imitation of those constructions, that adorn the most elegant quarters of the principal cities of England; several houses built with luxury, decorated with taste, surround a kind of place with trees and different ornaments in the middle. The name of the little isolated quarter, if one can so call it, situated as it is in the midst of houses that surround it on all sides—is the *cité d'Orléans*.

This charming abode of the *Faubourg Montmartre* yields in no respect, as to elegance, to the most celebrated squares of London. The *cité d'Orléans*, whose tranquillity is troubled by nothing except the murmuring of a little *jet d'eau*, as it suffers its drops to fall sparkling in the sun, seems as it were the oasis of the desert thrown into the midst of the noisy streets of Paris. The *cité d'Orléans* is inhabited by two very dissimilar aristocracies; by the aristocracy of wealth, and that of talent; by the millionaire and by the artist. The first has fled there that he may sleep in peace, and the second that he may watch in silence.

It is in the *cité d'Orleans* that Dantan has established that sprightly *atelier*, which every week beholds the production of one of those busts that all Paris welcomes with a burst of laughter. Behold us at number six; let us take this little staircase, mount a few steps, and stop at the second floor, for here, on our right, is Dantan's *atelier*.

We have rung, it is needless to name to you this young man who appears before us in his artist's costume; in a very plain dressing-gown, with the indespensable Greek cap, short, thin, pale, and slightly marked with the smallpox, you have immediately recognised Dantan, who has placed himself among the first in his grotesque gallery, and who has modelled himself in plaster, preserving an astonishing resemblance, yet with a singular exaggeration of the defects of his countenance. Dantan, who caricatures all his friends, has set the example of stoicism, in executing himself with the best possible grace; his bust is even modelled in different sizes, and, but a short time ago, he allowed his face to be used for those little toys that serve for pincushions.

Let us begin our visit with the workshop. A little clay and a morsel of wood constitute the entire apparatus of Dantan's *atelier*. All the faces in the world, yours as well as the others, are enclosed in this little ball of clay; in an instant, with the aid of a few touches of his wand, the Prometheus of the caricature causes a human figure to issue from this shapeless clay, and what a figure! Jupiter could never have had the courage to fix Dantan on a rock. That monarch of the gods, usually in such ill humour, would have felt his dark eyebrow unwrinkle on beholding the work of the sculptor; the dwellers in Olympus, who were in truth very dull courtiers, would have shaken with unextinguishable laughter; and Aphrodite, of mirthful memory, would have requested Dantan to undertake the execution of her beloved spouse Vulcan, adorned with his peculiar attributes.

Besides his workshop, whose walls are decorated with all the objects of art that are usually met with in the *ateliers* of painters and sculptors, Dantan possesses a large hall, which truly deserves the name of museum of grotesque figures. It is there that are assembled all the products of the artist's capricious and wanton imagination. Fancy a hall entirely garnished with all the works that have been produced by Dantan for the last six years. Before you, on right and left, appear the grimacing faces of all those who have a name either in literature or the arts; and as the shelves by which the *atelier* is surrounded have no more room for the new-comers, a table has been placed in the middle of the apartment, and this table is already invaded by a new army of grotesque figures. It would require another Homer to enumerate the battalions, who, ranged in three ranks, completely surround the hall, and seem as numerous as the soldiers of the haughty Agamemnon. In the fantastical assemblage in which these various heads are united, you discover a peer of England by the side of Alcide Tousez; the fiery Daniel O'Connel displays his fist to Frederick Robert Macaire, who regards him with a stoical air, coolly leaning upon his cane; and the singer, Martin, whose head issues from a bearskin, dances to the harmony of Figaro Lablache, who can hardly reach his mandoline, such an obstacle does his tumulous abdomen present!

Nothing can be more amusing than to see Dantan take his interpreter's wand to indicate to us the different personages who compose his *Salon de Curtius*. This forest of hair, which falls wavering even to the floor, and which hardly allows you to perceive the piano, before which the musician is seated, represents a celebrated pianist. It is unnecessary to name to you this bug who wears the cross of honour, and who struggles in a lamp; you have recognized the celebrated prefect who, in his youth, played such capital tricks on the Parisian grocers, and who, as a sign of divine punishment, was afterwards devoured by bugs. By the side of the prefect is *Tuti le Talocheur*, who appears to us under the guise of Achard of the *Palais Royal*, and Panseron the composer; this one seems to have been weeping to obtain a nose, his own not being perceptible to the naked eye, while that, on the other side, has been gratified by the Creator and Dantan, with a mouth which permits him to bite both his ears at once; this gentleman, who opens his stomach so courageously, is the doctor who has lately invented a new process for embalming the body, and, as you perceive, is making the first essay upon himself; here are the two celebrated rivals of the *contre danse*, Musard, decorated with his grotesque hat; and Julien, perched upon a heap of bells and cannons. M. Comte has been conjuring himself, and his head appears to us out of the goblet. These Siamese twins are the directors of the *théâtre Italien*. There is a celebrated restaurateur, who has placed himself in a saucepan, and is cooking himself together with turnips and carrots; and at last, in this enormous stomach, supported by diminutive legs, and crowned with that large face, you have recognized the inseparable companion of Arnal, the fat Lepeintre *jeune*, the *papa Damoiseau*, who presents us with *his civilities!*

As to the rest, you may judge of the variety of Dantan's collection, when you reflect that for the last six years, no fortnight has elapsed without a new original coming to place himself among his colleagues, who would laughingly shout him welcome, were they not of plaster.

It was towards the close of the year 1830 that Dantan commenced his sprightly career. He was already among our most distinguished young sculptors, when the whim seized him of making the caricature of the painter Lépaule, so often ridiculed by his comrades on account of his short stature and enormous mustaches. The frizzled head of Lépaule was joined to the body of a little mouse, and you are aware what a singular figure this coalition has produced. The cast had the greatest success, and a few days after, in the saloons of the Duchess D'O——, Dantan was requested to undertake that of Ciceri, two hundred copies of which were subscribed for in advance by those present. A week had not elapsed before the long visage of Ciceri, supported by a brush, made its appearance greeted by a tremendous shout of laughter. From that day, fifty artists requested Dantan to execute them, and in a short time Lasse's windows were garnished with all these droll faces, with whom you are acquainted. At this same time, Dantan could not refrain from executing in plaster the profile of Bouginier, which for some months was traced on all the walls of Paris. Thanks to Dantan, Bouginier's nose was known even in Italy; the artist was then in company with other artists making an excursion to Rome, and whenever any stragglers remained behind, Dantan traced the face of Bouginier on the monuments of all the cities that he had traversed, in order to indicate to them the road to be taken to rejoin the main party. By the aid of this indication, those in retard recognized the road taken by their friends, and Bouginier served as a guide-post the whole of the route from Paris to Rome.

So numerous at present is Dantan's collection, that the shortest method would be to name those that are not, than those who are included in it. And yet it is necessary to mention, in order that Dantan's character be well understood, that he never has made the caricature of any person to whom it would have afforded pain, and above all, never has he felt inclined to humour the passions of the day by caricaturing political personages, who might physically afford opportunity, but whose character and position should shield them from the pleasantries of the *atelier*.

This discretion is the more laudable in Dantan, as his caricatures would not fail to be highly profitable to him, for he has proved in his voyage to England, that he is as capable of executing political men as artists. Several members of the Houses of Lords and Commons have been produced by him in the most original manner, and are, perhaps, the most remarkable casts in the whole of his gallery.

Dantan is well aware of the chagrin that may be afterwards experienced by those who are thus caricatured, that it is frequently with great reluctance that he yields to the demands made upon him. He refused the repeated solicitations of M. Veron, ex-director of the Opera, unless he would authorize him in writing. The bust once completed, that which Dantan foresaw occurred; the director repented his request, and desired that he might not be exposed behind the panes of Sarse. The cunning Dantan had wonderfully fulfilled the request of the demander, and, although nothing appeared but a cravat surmounted by a hat, every one recognized M. Veron.

It is especially towards the female artists that Dantan displays the greatest gallantry, and the fear of their future regret causes his resistance to all their solicitations. But once only, and after many months besieging, he yielded and made the bust of a celebrated cantatrice; but, even in this instance, it was plain that Dantan yielded with great regret, and he disfigured as slightly as possible the charming features of Madame Malibran. And when the sad news from Manchester announced to Paris the loss suffered by the arts, on that day, Dantan, for perhaps the first time in his life, entered his *atelier* without reciprocating the smile of all these casts, and then, having with great difficulty found the bust he sought, so full of tears were his eyes, having at last discerned it, he shivered it as his feet. Afterwards, to replace the cast in which the charming features grimaced, he chiseled a marble bust which revived the beautiful and melancholy features of Madame Malibran, a bust which deserves a place above her tomb.

Dantan, whose caricatures have rendered him so quickly celebrated, would undoubtedly have become so by his more serious works. A large number of busts in marble, of great merit and well appreciated, have already issued from his *atelier*. The exhibitions of the Louvre have frequently borne testimony to the genius of Dantan, and given him an enviable rank among the most distinguished of our young sculptors.

VARIETIES.

A CHAPTER ON EYES, LIPS, CHEEKS, ETC.—Lips are delicious things, certainly—says an English writer—blessings of many agreeable concomitants, such as smiles, sweet words, and those never-to-be-sufficiently-appreciated intensities denominated kisses. They are emotion's dwelling-place, and passion's—their breathing giveth vitality to affections of all sorts, a friend's, a parent's, a sister's, a brother's, a lover's, a mistress's. Eternal praise to lips, therefore, to lips in general, and especially to the couple we hold dearest. Cheeks are equally divine—be they the unsophisticated ruddy ones of the early-walking milkmaid, or the more soft and sweeter-hued cheeks of one of Beauty's more fanciful hand-maidens. Excessively to be wished-to-be-kissed are cheeks. Chins, which lovers in novels, by the way, very seldom appear to think about, chins are beautiful things, and generally have more expression in them than we are inclined to give them credit for possessing. If our readers are inclined to differ with us, we beg them to remember Lady ——'s chin, with the dimple on one side of it—that warm little cradle in which Cupid seems smiling and reposing, or frolicking in all the merriment of his little godship's quicksilver fancy. It is a very curious thing, we beg leave to observe, that chins are the only things which Love *pinches*. Cheeks, lips, foreheads, and eyes, Love *kisses*—but, if he takes a fancy to a chin, it is very remarkable that he evinces his regard for it by taking it between his fingers, pinching it, and thus shaking it up and down. This, however, is strictly digressive. Foreheads are glorious things—Intellect's titlepages. Written on them are the name and nature of the human books which lie within them. They are, withal, of themselves, most beautiful, in form god-like. Of noses it is impossible to speak so definitely, seeing that they differ. The word nose, indeed, conjures up no abstract image. *What* nose, is the mind's instant inquiry. Aquiline? Snub? Roman? Heavenward, alias turn-up? Large, or small? European Cupid appears to hold a nose in very little estimation; entertaining the opinion, as he perhaps does, that it was only given us to *make up* the face—just as an artist, when he perceives that his design wants something or another, and yet cannot definitely decide what it is—he puts a temple or a large tree in the middle of it to make up the picture. Teeth, especially when the lips that cover them often smile, are beautiful things—and ears, *most* especially when it is not denied us to whisper into them, are meritorious: but, reader, are not *eyes* the finest things Nature ever devised. Eyes! we believe everybody knows and feels that they are so. They are the only things which always talk to us. Lips are often silent, but among other agreeable characteristicks, are perpetually social. Neither is their companionship with us to be impeded with facility. The most watchful of *petite comedie* guardians or fathers cannot disturb the ocular communion but by the most unjustifiable means. There we sat, at the theatre the other night, in the dress circle, O. P. with the Lady C. D. on the P. S.—the whole pit was between us, we were in the company of some thousands, and yet, by the assistance of our opera-glasses, notwithstanding she was supported by her father and mother, we managed to carry on as pretty and pleasant conversation, as though we were within half a yard of each other. If all tutors had as much command over their *pupils* as lovers have, what a learned and worthy nation we should be. The latter, however, are never from under the *lash*, which, perhaps, accounts for their obedience. And so with this piece of wilful jocosity let us end this most brief ebullition of innocent volatility.

CONTENTMENT.—In Vienna, a magnificent house was built by a nobleman, on the front of which is a stone with this inscription: "This house was erected by Count D. to be given to the first man who can prove that he is really contented." One day a stranger knocked at the gate, and desired to speak with the master. "I am come," said he, to take possession of this house, as I find you have built it in order to bestow it upon the man who is really contented. Now, I am in that state, of which I am willing to make oath; you will, therefore please, sir, to give me immediate possession." The count did not interrupt him till he had finished his speech, when he replied, "You are quite right, sir, with respect to my intentions; but, as I do not discover the least pretension you have to the character of a contented man, I beg you will retire. If you were quite contented, you would not want my house!"

FRENCH AND ENGLISH TRAVELLING.—A recent French writer, describing the state of travelling in France and in England, says:—"In France the postillions are frequently drunk, always dirty, and the most coarse intractable people in the world. In England the contrast is most striking; both men and cattle are always well dressed; the drivers with white cravats, good rockets, and well-napped great-coats; their horses harnessed as if for some grand ceremony. In France, a postillion takes care, first of his own safety, and then that of his horses: to him the safety of the traveller is a matter of supererogation. In England the traveller commands the driver, in France he obeys him.

OVER-AFFECTION FOR ANIMALS.—The attachment of some French ladies to their lap-dogs amounts, in some instances, to infatuation. I have heard of a lap-dog biting a piece out of a male visiter's leg; her mistress thus expressed her compassion:—"Poor little dear creature! I hope it will not make him sick!"

RETORT.—A known coward boasted of a wound he had received in front. One present observed, "You were more fortunate than Lot's wife; she was killed for looking behind her, when *she fled!*"

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us:—"The following lines were written as a penance for admiring too much the beautiful stanzas commencing, "Pour not the voice of grief," by Robert Morris, published some time since in the New-York Mirror.

STANZAS.

When sadness wakes the chords
  Oblivion soothed to rest,
When hopeless thoughts and bitter words
  Contend within the breast,
And lips desponding say,
  "Would we had died when young!
The trusted good, the worship'd clay,
  Has left us!" Spirit stung,
We prove as plain as murmuring may,
A broken reed has been our stay!"

An envied lot is theirs,
  The early called away—
Bright seraphs, freed from pain and cares,
  "Ere sin had wrought decay."
But do we well to pine,
  Because we linger on?
Oh teach us, Source of light divine!
  To say, "Thy will be done!"
When years and griefs around us cling,
Thy power disarms the tyrant's sting!

Oh train the rifled flower!
  Its petals are of gold!
Through ceaseless time, with brightening power,
  Its beauties will unfold.
What gain we if we prove
  The truth of that sad thought,
That youth and joy and hope and love,
  Earth's glories! all are naught!
If man seek not his heavenly goal,
The blissful haven of the soul!

Time holds his blighting way
  O'er all the things of earth!
Bright visions which we frame to-day
  Have faded in their birth!
Yet shed no fruitless tears,
  But on, sad spirit, on!
Unfading joy, through endless years,
  By living faith is won!
Oh! wake no more the withering strain,
That tells us life and hope are vain! ELLISE.

TASTE NOT CONFINED TO THE WEALTHY.

Taste, if it mean anything but a paltry connoisseurship, must mean a general susceptibility to truth and nobleness; a sense to discern, and a heart to love and reverence all beauty, order, and goodness, wheresoever or in whatsoever forms or accompaniments they are to be seen. This surely implies, as its chief condition, not any given external rank or situation, but a finely-gifted mind, purified into harmony with itself, into keenness and justness of vision: above all, kindled into love and generous admiration. Is culture of this sort found exclusively among the higher ranks? We believe it proceeds less from without than within, in every rank. The charms of nature, the majesty of man, the infinite loveliness of truth and virtue, are not hidden from the eyes of the poor; but from the eye of the vain, the corrupted, the self-seeking, be he poor or rich. In old ages, the humble minstrel, a mendicant, and lord of nothing but his harp and his own free soul, had intimations of these glories; while to the proud baron in his barbaric halls they were unknown.

THE FOUNDERS OF SCHOOLS AND THEIR FOLLOWERS.

If we go on to review the many volumes which have been, as Southey expresses it, "cast upon the waters," we shall find that, with a very few exceptions, the founders of an original style only have lived. The "*Imitatores servum pecus*" have either leaked and foundered after a time, or else have been so crank and top-heavy, that they capsized before they were well launched. There is Milton sailing about like a gorgeous Spanish galleon, deep in the water, and leaving a luminous track as he ploughs the waves of oblivion, which vainly ripples about his huge sides. What English blank-verse epick of those that have followed in his wake, is now sea-worthy? There is Butler, like a contraband cutter, daringly dashing over the billows; there is Prior, an elegant yatch; and Dryden, a very fine ship; and Young, like Rowland Hill's floating Methodist-Chapel. As for Shakspeare, to whom can we compare him but to the celebrated "Vanderdecken, the Flying Dutchman," who sails when he pleases miraculously against the wind? Now these names are all founders of schools, of which their country had not before seen their like: in fact, sufficient in itself to unsettle one's notions of the mechanical nature of poetry.

ENVY.

Envy is a displeasure for some supposed advantage in another. The object of this passion is something more desirable; and although excellency, precisely considered, cannot occasion dislike, yet excellency misplaced may. The envious believes himself eclipsed by the lustre of his neighbour; that which is good in itself becomes an evil to him, and makes him wish it either removed or extinguished. Envy, like a cold poison, benumbs and stupifies; and thus, as if conscious of its own impotence, it folds its arms in despair, and sits cursing in a corner. When it conquers, it is commonly in the dark, by treachery and undermining, by calumny and detraction. Envy is no less foolish than detestable; it is a vice which they say keeps no holiday, but is always working upon its own disquiet.

CONSTANCY.

The constant man looks up to heaven in full hope, even when it is darkened; as flowers, that open with the sun, close not, though he be hid by clouds.

EXTRACTS FROM ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS.

DYING FOR HIM.

FOURTH NOTICE OF N. P. WILLIS'S COMEDY.

THE following is the last part of the first scene in the *fourth Act*. Lords and others are assembled to witness the marriage of Tortesa with the noble daughter of Count Falcone. Enter Tortesa.

* * * * * * * *

Tortesa. Good-day, my lords!
First Lord. Good-day!
Second Lord. The sun
Smiles on you, signor! 'Tis a happy omen,
They say, to wed in sunshine.
Tortesa. Why, I think
The sun's not displeased that I should wed.
First Lord. We're happy, sir, to have you one of us.
Tortesa. What have I been till now? I was a man
Before I saw your faces. Where's the change?
Have I a tail since? Am I grown a monkey?

(*Lords whisper together and walk from him.*)

On for a mint to coin the world again,
And melt the mark of gentlemen from clowns.
It puts me out of patience. Here's a fellow,
That by much rubbing against better men,
Has, like a penny in a Jew's close pocket,
Stolen the colour of a worthier coin,
And thinks he rings like sterling currency!
Yet look! He cannot phrase you a good-morrow,
Or say he's sad or glad at anything
But close beneath it, rank as verdigris,
Lies an insulting rudeness! He was "happy"
That I should *now* be one of them. Now!—*now!*—
As if, till now, I'd been a dunghill grub,
And was but just turned butterfly!

(*A lady advances to him.*)

Lady. Fair sir!
I must take leave to say, were you my brother,
You've made the choice that would have pleased me best.
Your bride's as good as fair!
Tortesa. I thank you, madam!
To be your friend, she *should be* "good and fair."

(*Lady bows and passes on.*)

How like a drop of oil upon the sea
Falls the apt word of woman! So! her "brother!"
Why, there could be no contumely there!
I might, *for all I look*, have been her brother,
Else her first thought had never coupled us!
I'll pluck some self-contentment out of that!

The assembled guests are thrown into consternation with the sudden intelligence that the bride is dead. The bearer of the news relates the particulars, and states that the monk who was to have married them, is preparing to bear her, in her bridal dress, to lie in state in the Falcone chapel. The guests prepare to go to the chapel, when Tortesa confronts them at the door.

Tortesa. Hold!
Let no one try to pass!
First Lord. What mean you, sir?
Tortesa. To keep you here till you have got your story
Pat to the tongue—the truth on't, and no more!
Lady. Have you a doubt the bride is dead, good signor!
Tortesa. A palace, see you, has a tricky air!
When I am told a tradesman's daughter's dead,
I know the coffin holds an honest corse,
Sped in sad earnest, to eternity!
But were I stranger in the streets to-day,
And heard that an ambitious usurer,
With lands and money having bought a lady,
High-born and free, she died before the bridal,
I would lay odds with him that told me of it,
She'd rise again—before the resurrection!
So stand back all! If I'm to fill to-day
The pricking ears of Florence with a lie,
The bridal guests shall tell the tale so truly,
And mournfully, from eyesight of the corse,
That e'en the shrewdest listener shall believe,
And I myself have no misgiving of it.
Look where they come!

(*Monk enters followed by bearers with the body. Count Falcone and others following. Tortesa advances.*)

Tortesa. What's this you bear away!
Monk. Follow our steps, my son, but stay us not!
Tortesa. If thereon lie the lady Isabella,
I ask to see her face before she pass!
Monk. Stand from the path, I say—it cannot be!
Tortesa. What right have you to take me for a stone?
See what you do! I stand, a bridegroom, here!
A minute since the joyous musick playing
That promised me a fair and blushing bride.
The flow'rs are fragrant and the guests made welcome;
And while my heart beats at the op'ning door,
And eagerly I look to see her come—
There enters, in her stead, a cover'd corse!
And when I ask to look upon her face—
One look—before my bride's gone for ever—
You find it in your hearts to say me nay!
Shame! Shame!
Count Falcone. (*Sternly.*) Lead on!
Tortesa. My lord, by covenant—
By contract writ and seal'd—by value render'd—
By her own promise—nay, by all save taking,
This body's mine! I'll have it set down here,
And wait my pleasure! See it done, my lord!
Or I will, for you!
Monk. (*To the bearers.*) Set the body down!
Tortesa. Come hither all! Nay, father, look not black!
If o'er the azure temper of this blade
There come no mist, when laid upon her lips,
I'll do a penance for irreverence,
And fill your sack with penitential gold!
Look well!

(*He holds his sword blade to Isabella's lips, and after watching it breathlessly for a moment, drops on his knee beside the bier.*)

She's dead indeed! Lead on!

* * * * * * * * * * *

Without betraying too much of the plot, we may give part of a scene in the fifth act. Isabella, the morning after her supposed death, is in the house of her lover, the poor painter Angelo. Her portrait (during the painting of which they had become enamoured) nearly finished, stands on the easel, and he is near it with his pencil and palette.

Angelo. Hear me, sweet!
Isabella. No! we'll keep a holiday,
And waste the hours in love and idleness!
You shall not paint to-day, dear Angelo!
Angelo. But listen!
Isabella. No! I'm jealous of my picture—
For all you give to that, is stol'n from me!
I like not half a look, that turns away
Without an answer from the eyes it met!
I care not you should see my lips' bright colour,
Yet wait not for the breath that floats between!
Angelo. Wilt listen!
Isabella. Listen? yes, a thousand years!
But there's a pencil in those restless fingers
That you've a trick of touching to your lips,
And while you talk,—my hand would do as well!
And if it's the same tale you told before,
Of certain vigils you forgot to keep,
Look deep into my eyes till it is done,—
For, like the childrens' lady-in-the-well,
I only hark because you're looking in!
Will you talk thus to me?
Angelo. Come night, I will!
But close upon thy voice, sweet Isabella!
There sinks a boding whisper in mine ear
That tells of sudden parting. If 'tis false,
We shall have still a life-time for our love,
But if 'tis true, oh think, that, in my picture,
Will lie the footprint of an angel gone!
Let me but make it clearer!
Isabella. Now, by heaven!
I think thou lov'st the picture, and not me!
So different am I, that, did I think
To lose thee presently by death or parting,
For thy least look, or word, or slightest motion—
Nay—for so little breath as makes a sigh—
I would not take, to have it pass untreasured,
The empire of a star!

Angelo, who while she was speaking, has made some rapid touches upon the canvass, dashes his pencil to the ground.

Angelo. My picture's finished!
Break, oh enchanted pencil! thou wilt never
On earth again, do miracle so fair!
On Isabella! as the dusky ore
Waits for the lightning's flash to turn to gold,
As the dull vapour waits for Hesperus,
Then falls in dew-drops and reflects a star,
So waited I that fire upon thy lips
To make my master-piece complete in beauty!
Isabella. This is ambition where I looked for love!—
The fancy flattering where the heart should murmur!
I think you have no heart!
Angelo Your feet are on it!
The heart is ever lowly with the fortunes,
While the proud mind sits level with a king!
I gave you long ago both heart and soul—
But only one has dared to speak to you!
Yet, if astonishment will cure the dumb,
Give it a kiss
Isabella. (*Smiling.*) Lo! where it speaks at last!

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DOMESTICK CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM JOHN SMITH.

Smithville, Down East, in the state of Maine,
March 1st, 1839.

DEAR GINERAL MORRIS—I got your very perlite letter last night. The same post brought it that brought your last Mirror, that had cousin Debby's letter in it. About cousin Debby's letter, where she hinges so hard against me in it, I shouldn't troubled you to take any notice on't, for I don't think she's worth a minding, hadn't it been for the very perlite request in your letter to me, that I should write some more letters to you and let you print 'em in your Mirror But I feel it my duty now to clear up my character to you a little in respect of truth and verassity, because some parts of Debby's letter seems to go almost head-foremost right against some parts of mine. So to set this matter to rights in short meter, gineral, I must say that cousin Debby, although she's in the main a very good sort of a gal, yet when anything nettles her considerable, she will stretch the stockin' a little, that's a fact. And that isn't her worst failin'; for a few years past she's been a good deal given to breaking up matches. So that the young folks, when they take a notion to have any courting goin on, jest about as lives die as to have Debby get hold on't, for they know she won't rest day or night till she's turn'd the whole business topsy-turvy, and poured all the fat in the fire

But that's neither here nor there. I ain't agoin' to talk to you about Debby, nor no sich nonsense, but come right down to matters of more importance, that you spoke about in your letter.

I was a good deal struck up to find that you and the New-York folks didn't know any more about Smithville; and couldn't even tell what state it was in. It is a very noted place, and has been a good many years. It turned out more soldiers to go down to Portland in the last war, than any town of its size in the state. And didn't you never hear how high politix run in our town when Adams and Crawford was up for president, and I and Ichabod Smith was run for the legislater, and how we voted till ten o'clock at night, tie and tie, and no choice, and then had a knock down and put the candles out, and adjourned till next day? You must have heard about it, and had it in the papers there tu, for it was all the talk about here for months. Not know anything about Smithville! Seems to me 'tain't possible. Why, we've been represented in the legislater ever since our state was separated from old Massachusetts. I've been there two winters myself; and though I say it myself, I suppose I held as good a rank as most any of 'em there, unless it was a few that was called leading members. I was appointed on the committee on accounts and on the committee on dividing towns, and the speaker used to most always stop and speak to me as he was going out of the house after we was adjourned. I can't see how it is possible that New-York shouldn't know a good deal about Smithville; more especially as it jines Downingville, and Downingville is known by everybody in New-York and all over the country. And moreover, Downingville is only a child, as it were, of Smithville; for they was both one town at first, and Smithville was the mother town, and Downingville was set off from Smithville in the year 1811, the year before the last war broke out. I don't mean this new war that's going on down here to the north-eastern boundary, but what's always been called the *last* war.

It seems strange that Downingville should be known more than Smithville—that the child should get ahead of the mother—though I know it seems to be a kind of a law of nater, that children should out-do their parents, and make more noise in the world than their parents ever did. I'm considerable ahead of what my father ever was; he never had a squire's commission, nor never was a representative to the legislater. And then here's our state of Maine—you know she's the daughter of old Massachusetts—well, she's getting up in the world faster than ever her mother did, and is running ahead of her like smoke. She's got so big she won't take an insult from the biggest nation in the world. If Great Britain plagues her a little about cutting down some of her pine logs, by the gracious! she don't stop to ask no questions, but flies right in her face, tooth and nail, and tells Great Britain if she wants to fight, she's the boy for her. Now old Massachusetts never would a dared to done that in the world. She would a looked over her shoulder and hollered to Uncle Sam to come and help her, as hard as she could scream, before she would struck a blow. But somehow or other I believe children do have more spunk than their parents after all. Their dander seems to start quicker. There's my son John—you let anybody insult him or me or any of the family, and he's into 'em in a minute. A rigiment wouldn't stop him. I should like to give you an account of some of his tantrums if I had time, although he isn't seventeen years old till the fifth of next May.

I was glad to find you and the New-York folks thought so much of my 'tother letter, and wants me to write again; though I feel a little kind of streaked about writin' letters for you to print in your Mirror along side of them are fine pieces that you have from men of great larning. Though I don't know as I have any need to be ashamed of my larning, for all Debby hinges as though 'twasn't as good as hern. She may know more than I do about needle-work and grammar and these fine arts; but when you come down to the solid branches, sich as ciphering, suing folks, doing town business, and working politix, she's no more than a baby to me; I can wind her round my finger in every one of 'em in two minutes.

You say you want me to tell you all about Smithville and Smithville folks, where our ancestors come from, and how long they've lived here, and how we've got along and built our town up and made sich a smart place of it, and give you my views about matters and things in general. Now that, according to my notion, gineral, is pretty considerable of a broad question, especially the matters and things in general; for I find there is a good many things in this world; and I guess there's some that your New-Yorkers hain't thought of yet. But I'm kind of puzzled to know whereabouts I better begin. I don't know whether I better begin at the root of the matter and trace it all out in rotation, as grandmother does when she goes over the Smith tree, that Debby told you about in her letter, or whether I better begin at the top and so work down along, as they say the freemasons do when they build their chimblies. Sometimes I've a good mind to begin right in amongst the matters and things in general, which, I take it, means *animal magnetism*. But I see Mr. John Neal is writing for you on that subject, and has got along as far as the "Notch of the White Hills" and "the gloves." But I don't know as there would be any harm in having two hands at the same job, and as there's matters and things enough in the world to last two of us considerable time, I don't know but I might as well, and I believe I will, write a little about animal magnetism tu. I think I should like to write along side of John Neal, he goes ahead so much like a steam-engine.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

Smithfield Burying-ground —The Apparition.

It was a bright moonshiny night, as you will see one in a hundred—'twas in the latter part of September, and the weather was jest about warm enough to be comfortable. 'Twas a Sunday night—I had my go-to-meeting clothes on, and had been over to see Sally Newbegin, she that's now my dear wife, at this very blessed moment.—I didn't marry a Smith, but a Newbegin—I took a fancy to that

name, because grandmother used to say, when one got marrie they always had to begin the world *anew*; and I thought if I could marry a Newbegin, my world would be already pretty well begun. And Sally was a fine gal, though I say it. And I had to get up pretty early and set up pretty late to together, for most all the young fellers in Smithville and near about a score from Downingville was after her, one while. But Sally never staid with any of 'em but me, for she always took a liking to me ever since we went to schoo together.

Well, this night we sot talking in the fore-room till the old brass clock struck twelve, and then I told Sally that I *must* go. She said she didn't believe but what the clock was too fast. So I sot down again a minute, or I didn't think it was a bit more than ten minutes, when the plaguy old clock struck one. I sprung and catched my hat, and bid Sally good night, and started for home as fast as I could go. I had to go nearly two miles; and about half a mile before I got home I had to *go* by the burying-ground, that was close by the road. 'Twas a very lonesome sort of a place. There was thick woods on 'tother side of the road, and 'twas nearly half a mile to any house. When I got along in sight of the burying-ground, I naturally begun to think over who was buried there; and about one that was always supposed to be murdered—for a good many folks have always thought there's been one murder committed in Smithville—and then I thought how aunt Jane was once frightened most out of her senses coming along by the burying-ground between daylight and dark, and always stood to it she see an apparition. I always used to laugh at her about it, and have made her as mad as fire a hundred times whenever she sot out to tell the story; for I didn't believe nothin' about ghosts and apparitions; and aunt Jane would always turn round to me when she got through the story, and say, "well there, John, I hope if you live you'll see an apparition."

I felt as if I'd done wrong in hurting aunt Jane's feelings so many times, for she's a clever creatur as ever lived; and then the thought come over me as I got along within about twenty rods of the corner of the burying-ground, "what if aunt Jane's wish should come true?" My flesh kind of crawled a little, but I wouldn't mind it—apparitions wasn't nothin but old women's whims—I clinched my hands a little tighter and walked along—and begun to whistle a little; not very loud, but a low tune, jest to show that I wasn't afraid. The dark shadows of the woods begun to fall across the road, for the moon had got down some ways behind the trees. It seemed as if the place was dreadful still; and I felt my flesh crawl again. I stopped whistling—the place was so still I couldn't whistle—when all at once I heard a most *terrible groan*. My hair ris right up, and I thought my heart would a jumped out of my mouth. It wasn't so loud a groan as some, but a low, distressed, awful sound, sich as I never heard before in my life. I stopped short, for I couldn't move a step one way nor 'tother; my feet seemed to grow to the ground. The groan come agin, and the shudders run over me like a streak of lightning. The sound seemed to be a little ways ahead of me, and as I looked along, about a half dozen rods, I see a white thing, about as long as a coffin, laying across the road. I couldn't feel no skeerder than I was before, but the sweat began to pour off of me like rain. The groan come agin, and I was sure it come from the white thing across the road. It looked about as large as a man, and white enough to be a winding-sheet wrapped round it.

I begun to feel it was possible there might be sich things as apparitions, and I felt like death to think I had hurt aunt Jane's feelings so much about it. It didn't move any, but laid still and groaned. I thought at first I would speak to it; but I couldn't muster courage enough. What could I do? My courage never failed before—I went back a few steps, keeping my face all the time towards the apparition; for I couldn't help feeling convinced now, that *'twas* an apparition. I could go home another way, by going round nearly three miles—but what good would that do? apparitions could go faster than I could. I went back a few steps farther, without taking my eyes off of it—It didn't follow me, but laid still in the same place. I begun to feel my courage come a little—I never was a coward. But I didn't know what to do—I couldn't go forward, and I wouldn't go back. I picked up a little round stone, about as large as a hen's egg, and threw it towards the apparition—not hard, but rolled it along on the ground, jest far enough to hit it easy. In a moment it sprung up on eend and fell down again, twice; and groaned louder than ever. But I minded, both times it fell, it didn't fall towards me, but from me. After a minute or two, I thought I'd try that motion again. I threw another stone. The apparition sprung up on its feet jest as it did before, and fell down again, with its head from me. At this my courage begun to come a little more, and I ventured to go along a few steps nearer, once in a while throwing a stone. The apparition seemed to be afraid of me, and every time I threw a stone, it would seem to jump about its length from me. At last it got along to a place where the moonshine come down between the trees on to it, and I got up within about two rods of it, and all at once my heart was as light as a feather—It was nothing but uncle John Smith's old hog, that had got his fore feet both up through his yoke, and was half-choked to death, and could only spring up on his hind feet and groan. A fiddle-stick take your apparitions, said I, and I went whistling half the way home, determined to hecter aunt Jane about her apparitions harder than ever.

In respect of your invitation, gineral, for me to come to New-York and make a visit, there's nothing would suit me better, for I've always wanted to see that are place, and if I can bring my business about so as to make it convenient, I think I shall do it. I remain your sincere friend,

JOHN SMITH, ESQUIRE.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

INFELICITOUS NAMES.

BY WILLIAM COX.

(Concluded from our last number.)

YET am I sensible that I am the victim of a wide-spread and deeply-rooted injustice. My reason tells me that this feeling against and in favour of particular names and sounds is nothing more than the effects of whim, fancy, prejudice, habit, association.

Had there come over to England five hundred years ago, some marauding Norman baron, y'clept Sir Reginald de Swipes, probably at this time Swipes might have been a gallant, high-sounding title, and they would have substituted some other abbreviation for small-ale.

Would that it had been so!

But it is principally the poets, romance writers, and other fictionists that have created and kept alive this delusion concerning names. In their works they have annexed certain virtues and certain vices; certain graces and certain vulgarities, to certain classes of names, and these names have in consequence, and by long continuance in such courses, become habitually and conventionally either virtuous or vicious; graceful or vulgar. Other sort of writers retain a few intermediate ones, of an equivocal character, to suit the half-and-half folks and the repentant sinners; but there is no mistaking the two extremes. Take up ten novels, and in nine out of the ten, if your eye lights on a Beverley, a Mortimer, or a Stanley, be sure that all sorts of brave, noble, generous, and high-spirited qualities and properties appertain to these gentlemen. If you see mention made of a Ruthven or a Markham, ten to one but the former is the dark, designing, diabolical villain of the piece. And the latter his confederate, agent, or tool; and if there is a Potts or a Snubbs, the inference to be drawn is obvious.

There is even an arbitrary classification, though not so marked, of the pretty names of the heroines. If you see any Fannies, Marias, Ellens, or Jessies, reckon with confidence on their being soft, sensitive, pensive, meek, mild, engaging, blue-eyed damsels—victims or intended victims. And if there be an Augusta, an Eleanor, a Caroline, or a Lady Jane, you may safely predict that they are high-souled, high-principled, proud, lofty, black-eyed, black-haired, high-born dames—amiable or otherwise, as it may chance to suit. Indeed, so well understood has this sort of thing become, that any one tolerably conversant with such matters, glancing through a novel or reading the characters of a new play, can, without hesitation, pick out the hero and heroine, the doating father, the avaricious guardian, the fop, the scoundrel, the lawyer, merely by the name. Should my unfortunate one appear in any new piece, it would signify, as plainly as if there were a stage direction appended to it, "a low fellow," or "waiter at a pot-house."

It is too bad. Much unhappiness has been caused in the actual world by such absurd distinctions.

What, let me ask, is the use of any man possessing the habits, manners, feelings, and education of a gentleman, should he unfortunately happen to be called Muggs or Suggs?

Our elder and more vigorous novelists did not countenance this unfairness, but called their heroes Jones, and Pickle, and Random—Andrews, and Adams, and Humphrey Clinker; but their puny successors fairly swamped them. They never thought of human nature or actual life; but were all for nobility, gentility, and noble or villanous-looking impersonations of the virtues and the vices.

Much preferable was the open and direct system of the dramatists of the olden time. They plainly by the name intended to shadow forth the habits, disposition, and employment of the man. When they called a fellow "Swash-buckler," you knew what you had to expect from him. The very name of Sir Epicure Mammon is the character half-sketched; and when Wart, Fribble, Mouldy, and Bullcalf appear upon the stage, their titles give force and significance to replies which the business of the scene necessarily renders too brief to give a clear idea of their characters. But those names did no harm in common every-day life. They were attached to individuals, not to classes. They appertained to a particular character in a particular play, and there the matter begun and ended. There was not two Sir Epicure Mammons, or two Sir Frivolous Fashions; nor any settled rule which marked out Howard as being synonymous with gallantry and good-looks, or affixed the stigma of baseness and vulgarity upon Dawson and Scout.

It was very unhandsome in my Lord Byron, because he happened to be blessed with a noble and chivalrous name himself, to sneer at those less fortunately circumstanced—

"Oh Cottle! Amos Cottle! What a name?"

Suppose it had so happened that he had himself been called Cottle, instead of Byron, as the saying is—"how could he have helped it?" Would he, on that account, have shut up all the woes and misanthropy, real and imaginary, in the breast of a Cottle, which found such ready vent from the bosom of a Byron? Would the

"Fare thee well! and if for ever"

not have been written; and would Childe Harold have travelled through Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor without saying anything about it?

If so, let us be thankful he was a Byron, and not a Cottle.

Still it was unfair to attack poor Amos on that ground. He might have abused his poetry, but ought to have spared his name. It was not the man's fault; it was like lampooning a personal deformity.

But it was not Byron alone; Canning, who was a statesman and a legislator; and ought to have known better, has a fling both at him and his relative—

"It was not the Cottle who Alfred* made famous,
But Joseph of Bristol, the brother of Amos."

Shame—shame!

But Amos and myself are alike the victims of an absurd prejudice.

I will put one more case, in order to show its manifest injustice. What can be finer than those lines in Childe Harold, Canto III, Stanza twenty-nine, on the Field of Waterloo.

"Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine;
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
And partly that bright names will hallow song;
And his was of the bravest, and when shower'd
The death-bolts deadliest thinn'd files along,
Even where the thickest of war's tempest lower'd,
They reached no nobler breast than mine, young, gallant Howard!"

But suppose the young man had been called Muggins? He would have fought and fallen just as bravely, just as nobly—but what in that case would have become of his lordship's love, admiration, and sense of retributive justice. The poor fellow would have died if not "unhonoured," at least "unsung;" for Muggins rhymes not to anything I know of except Huggins, and both are peculiarly inapplicable for poetical purposes, according to our present ideas. His lordship would not have run the risk of setting the critcks a sneering and the publick a laughing, and Muggins would have died unknown.

On what slight causes does our chance of immortality depend.

Now Swipes rhymes to many things, but they are all of the same low and ignoble character—"wipes," "snipes," "pipes," and so on.

No, it is—I feel it is—impossible to raise or dignify it.

But my feelings again get the better of me.

It is much to be wondered how such names, together with hosts of everyday occurrence, ever get a footing in the world. We can account for many very easily.

The Robsons and the Hobsons, the Tomsons and the Bensons, the Harrisons and the Collinsons, the Johnsons and the Jacksons, are all plainly enough the sons of Rob, Hob, Tom, Ben, Harry, Colin, John and Jack. Of these there is an infinite variety.

So also the Smiths, the Glovers, the Dyers, the Carpenters, the Taylors, the Masons, clearly originate with persons following mechanical and laborious occupations and handicrafts in the olden time.

The Clerks and the Penmens are equally obvious. So are the Archers and the Bowmens. Likewise the Cooks.

Neither would it puzzle a conjurer to account for the numerous family of the colours—the Blacks, Whites, Browns, Greens, Scarlets, etc.

The Blackbirds, Nightingales, Goldfinches, Swans, Peacocks, Ducks, Drakes, Hawks, etc, might have arisen from their being attached before there was any regular forms of baptism, to individuals on account of their tuneful, ostentatious, uncleanly, or rapacious habits, and have descended to their offspring.

The Bulls, Calfs, Hoggs, Pigs, and other bestial titles for christian men, may have had their origin in the real or fancied resemblances, in qualities or disposition of the remote progenitors of the present race of Bulls, Calfs, Hoggs, and Pigs, to the qualities and dispositions of those several animals.

The Bacons must have been a collateral branch of the Hoggs.

The numerous families of the Lions and the Lambs, which are the occasion of so many beautiful newspaper jokes when one of each kind lie down together, must have appertained to the meek and warlike in past ages.

The Fishes must anciently have been a maritime tribe—good swimmers

The Fishers were probably a rapacious and cunning set, who used the Hooks and Hookers to plunder and destroy the Fishes.

The Norths, Wests, Souths, and Easts must have emigrated from those points, and the Snows, Hails, and Rains, have been in some way connected with the elements, whose names they bear.

The Hills, the Dales, the Rocks, the Cliffs, the Lakes, the Woods, the Greenwoods, the Forests, and the Mountains, must formerly have been Hal-o'-th-Hill, Dan-o'-th-Dale, Rob-o'-th-Rock, Clem-o'-th-Cliff, and so on, to distinguish them from other Hals, Dans, Robs, or Clems, and the distinction has settled upon their descendants.

The Towers, Hill-houses, Hardcastles, were doubtless very formidable and impregnable gentlemen formerly.

The Graces and Well-beloveds smack of a recent and puritanical derivation. They do not much abound. Neither are there many Saints.

Without much difficulty also may such *outre* titles as Sheepshanks, Longfellow, Heavysides, Ramsbottom, etc., be accounted for.

I abstain from any observations on the origin of such names as the Cravens and the Cowards. Their present possessors may be as brave as lions. Besides, it does not become any one circumstanced as I am to make illiberal or unpleasant reflections.

All these and many others are obvious or probable, but what I want to know is, how such unaccountable and unseemly titles as Muggs, Wiggins, Jubb, Clutterbuck, Sniggs, Snooks, Higginbottom, and a host of others, too numerous to mention, first found their way into the world. Who invented them? Who propagated them? Above all—who was the first Swipes? Are such titles Teutonick, Sclanonick, or Celtick? Had they their origin in the Scandinavian forests, or among the fogs of Jutland? Do they belong to the aboriginal Britons, or did any of them come from Saxony with Hengist and Horsa? Had Tagan Pomerania to do with them? Did the Romans find them on the British islands? Does Cæsar in his Commentaries make any mention of a person of the name of Clutterbuck; or, to go farther back, did the Phœnicians on their landing find any painted savage rejoicing in the name of Swipes; or did they import the perpetuator of that abomination?

* He wrote a foolish epick, of which Alfred the Great was the hero.

Riddles! mysteries! now are ye to be solved? In the words of Ossian—"dark clouds roll before my sight." Prosaically speaking, I cannot tell anything about the matter. But nothing is more certain than that they (the names) must have had a beginning.

Some of them seem to have been created for the express purpose of leading people into the sin of punning. The old clerical name of Goodenough, for instance, handed down to posterity by the epigram committed on the occasion of the celebrated doctor of that name, preaching before the House of Lords—

> "'Twas well-enough that Goodenough
> Before the House should preach,
> For sure-enough right had-enough
> Were those he'd got to teach."

What a temptation for witticisms of an inferior description, more especially as the poor gentleman happened to be a clergyman. He often would be annoyed in his day by his friends wishing they were Goodenough like him, or his enemies calling at once his goodness and his identity in question by insinuating that Goodenough was not Goodenough.

Small, Stout, Long, and Short have been of infinite comfort from time immemorial, to those who could not muster the skeleton of a joke in any other way.

Some names, such as Shrimp, Snipe, Chicken, have a henpecked sound. But the most obnoxious I know of in this respect, is Gotobed. Think of the effect of a lady addressing her spouse by this title in anything but the mildest of tones, especially before company. Yet there was a Mr. Gotobed, a party in a duel, which "came off" in England lately and which terminated fatally. What had such a man to do with sanguinary proceedings? Nothing could make him appear heroical in the publick eye. The valiant Gotobed!

It is an old adage that

> "Company in distress
> Makes the trouble the less,"

and I sometimes find a melancholy pleasure and a sad relief in perusing the Directory and noting down the large proportion of incongruous and infelicitous names which it contains, and I at times succeed in reasoning myself into a state of comparative resignation with my lot. But no sooner do I dress myself and go back among my fellow-creatures, than some incident occurs which shakes my nerves, suffuses me with blushes, and perfectly drives me to despair.

For instance, I meet my friend Tom Dashwood. Tom is a rattling, vivacious, good-hearted fellow, but he has a most unpleasant way of speaking intolerably loud in the street.

"Well, Swipes!" he bawls, "how are you?"

People look.

"Pretty well, Tom," I reply, in a mild undertone, in the hope that he may pitch his note by mine. In vain.

The world may think very little of my name, but Tom seems to have a particular fancy for it, and interlards his conversation with—"Well, Swipes!" "I tell you what, Swipes!" "Swipes, my boy! what do you think?" etc.

At last I shake him by the hand, bid him good morning, and fancy myself clear of him. Vain hope. I have not proceeded ten yards when there comes upon my ear the horrid sound—

"Swipes!"

Some young ladies are passing. I pretend not to hear.

"Swipes! Swipes! I say!"

The young ladies look.

An officious urchin pulls me by the coat—"Gentleman calling of *you*, sir."

I again turn round, and Tom bawls out, at the top of his voice—

"Swipes, will you go to the fancy-ball to-night?"

Swipes and a fancy-ball! What a combination!

The ladies look at me and then at each other. A succession of oblique glances ensue—a whisper—a titter—a visible effort *not* to laugh.

Torture! Such things are of perpetual occurrence.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

THE CITY OF FIRES.

New-York may be appropriately termed, *par excellence*, the "City of Fires!" No other metropolis can exhibit so imposing an array of conflagrations—nor can any compete with it in the rapidity with which they are extinguished. To one unaccustomed to such displays, the speed with which a sea of flame is annihilated is little less than miraculous. You are horrour-struck at viewing erections of the most combustible description exposed to the combined action of vast sheets of flame, and a raging wind, and before you have time to reflect on the property likely to be destroyed, the exposure to be endured, and the lives placed in jeopardy—behold! the destructive element is conquered—its crimson tongues, which hissed defiance, are silenced, and the languid struggles of the palsied flames, exhibit the impotence of the dying Gladiator. Although I have become so far identified with the city by a residence from childhood, that its sights and sounds are incorporated with my earliest recollections; yet even in me the occurrence of an imposing fire at night creates no little excitement and interest. First, the slow-measured chimes of the great bell on the City-Hall come booming over the roofs of the houses, insinuating themselves into your ear in the dead watches of the night, when your senses are locked in oblivion; and if you are a heavy sleeper, and the mammoth sentinel fails to arouse you, there are brazen tongues of lesser note which, one by one, swell the nocturnal chorus until the most deeply magnetized slumberer is startled by their rude summons. But if fatigue and lassitude cause you to turn sluggishly on your side, and endeavour, by burying yourself under the coverlets, to shut out the discordant notes; lay not the flattering unction to your soul that success has crowned your exertions. Lo! from beneath your casement the cry of Fire! Fire!! Fire!!! is screamed with sufficient force and energy to frighten you from your propriety—and, as if that was not enough, the ponderous engine rattles along the pavement with such vehemence, that your very bed trembles beneath you—the relentless chief shouts through his trumpet with appalling vigour—the watchman strikes the side-walk with his well-seasoned club, the echo from which reverberates with fearful distinctness; the ragged followers of the camp, hammer at your street-door until you are doubtful whether your own house is not on fire; and at length, what with alarm and vexation, you are fain to submit to your fate by leaping on the floor, and raising the sash to take an observation.

If the night is dark, that optical illusion which has led many a poor wight to follow the light of a city fire, until it seemed, like the fountains of Tantalus, to recede from his approach, causes you to hastily array yourself in suitable apparel to encounter the night air; and a moment finds you among the moving mass—shouting Fire! at the top of your voice, determined if compelled to the encounter to demean yourself like a well-bred citizen, by extending to your neighbours the same interesting information, which the amiable rabble lavished on you. And now the scene really becomes exciting—the rolling engines have imparted to you a portion of the ardour which animates their leather-capped propellers; you forget that street after street has been passed, since you emerged from your door; your walk insensibly increases to a trot, your trot to a gallop—until nearly exhausted, you are confronted by the curling flames.

If you are deeply interested in the stock of a Fire Insurance Company, your first reflection leads you to ponder on the risks taken in that locality—if in the jobbing trade, your memory reverts, with surprising facility, to the debtor side of your ledger, to ascertain whether the names of the sufferers are therein recorded; and, if exempt from the calamities incident to either position, you look, with that placid composure, on the scene, which ancient and modern philosophers have ever exhibited when dwelling on the mishaps of their particular friends! But soon the enthusiasm of the less sober portion of the crowd communicates itself to your inner man; you view, with thrilling interest, the movements of yonder fireman, who has ascended to the peak of the roof of an elevated building, the interiour of which is in flames; you hold your breath, as he quits the falling rafters to perch, like an eagle, on the brick or stone abutment which trembles beneath his weight, and are dizzy with gazing on his form, now blackened with smoke, now crimson with flame; until your alarm is converted into admiration as you see him grasp the pipe and shout, with perfect self-possession, "play away, number eight!" But soon the sounds rapidly increase in breadth and volume. Engine after engine rolls along, until scores are stationed around the scene of action; the foremen and assistant foremen direct the course of their machines from point to point; the junior members of the brotherhood fly with the speed of thought from front to rear, and rear to front, displaying all the impetuosity of youth, with all the irregularity of inexperience. The well-disciplined senior with anxious, but collected countenance directs his efforts with precision and force. The more timid of the unhoused sufferers rush along in wild alarm, while the self-possessed gather up the fragments, snatched from the devouring element, and are occupied in transporting them to a place of safety. But a huge column of flame and smoke now pierces the heavens, and the crash of falling timbers, and masses of brick and stone, is heard high above the din. The well-trained fireman has just quitted his perilous station on the wall, and covered with cinders, ashes, and mortar, appears unhurt among his comrades.

And now look about you, if a lover of the picturesque, and view a scene worthy of the delineation of a Hogarth. Stretch as far as the eye can reach on either hand, the motly crowd are illuminated by the ocean of flame which rolls and darts from side to side, as if lashing itself into fury, preparatory to a final struggle. Here may be seen standing out in bold relief the haggard lineaments of Vice—the bloated face and distended eye-balls of Dissipation—the fierce glance of Passion—the clouded visage of Anxiety—the wrinkled brow of Care—the furrowed cheek of Grief—the withered form of Disease—the tattered garb of Penury. Yonder stands the pampered favourite of Wealth jostled by the beggar who was but now spurned from his door; virtue and vice, male and female—all conditions, sexes, colours and ranks, are here mingled in temporary fellowship—every feature exposed, and every form distinct in the glare of this artificial day.

But the scene appears not alone to the eye. Every emotion which agitates the human breast here finds a voice. The wild cry of terrour, the boisterous shout of merriment, the reckless glee of boyhood, the feeble wail of infancy, the agonizing shriek of suffering, the rude rebuke of austerity, the alluring accents of deceit, the stern mandates of authority, are all blended in strange discord.

The wily courtezan is playing her insinuating tale into the charmed ear of some country dupe; the curious searcher after hidden secrets accost each by-stander, in turn, to ascertain the cause of the conflagration, the names of the sufferers, and the amount of loss; the mechanick whispers to his fellow that it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good; the thirsty wine-bibber seeks a convenient tavern; the lark out on a "spree" jeers and elbows every one he meets, until some "ugly customer" lays him sprawling in the gutter: the engineer issues his orders through his speaking-trumpet—the crackling flames chronicle the progress of events; the sufferer laments his fate, and all the opposite and varied feeling of the throng burst audibly on the ear of the listener.

But ere long the raging element wanes before the powerful efforts of the firemen; the gaping crowd, one by one, steal away to their several places of residence; the successful pick-pocket bears off his ill-gotten wealth to enjoy a night of debauchery, and on the morrow becomes the tenant of a prison; and, before you are aware, the multitude have vanished, and you are comparatively *alone*.

Such is the New-York fire. That there is a certain wild excitement connected with the discharge of the duties of a fireman cannot be doubted. It arouses the energies of the enthusiastick, and appeals to the pride of the daring. A New-York fireman is indeed a study. The class to which it belongs is *unique*. Every true member of the department is an enthusiast. His engine is to him, what Bucephalus was to Alexander. By no meaner hand must its rapid course be steered. He will do battle with a giant who questions the superiority of his machine. What! any other engine overflow "the saucy number eight?" The assertion is monstrous! not to be endured—blood can scarcely wash out the insult!

Sleeping with one eye open, he is ever ready for an alarm. The first tap of the bell arouses him from slumber, and ere it has "tolled thrice," he has sped on his way. Compensation, in any shape, he spurns.

He is a jolly volunteer, rescuing life and property from destruction for the love he bears the human race. A utilitarian in precept and practice, the drone receives no countenance from him. He scorns timidity, but sluggishness is his abhorrence. A philanthropist in its most enlarged sense; neither friendship nor enmity quickens or retards his movements. *Onward!* is his motto, and he lives up to its exactions.

Like a true patriot, he has enlisted for the campaign, and will not pause till the enemy is routed. View yon ancient relick of the department. He is an exempt fireman. Unable to compete with his youthful successors, his soul is, nevertheless in the contest. Hovering around the scene, he cheers the active and rebukes the sluggard. He remembers the days of his glory, and sighs to think they will never return. The heart of the true fireman is open as the day to melting charity.

For the widow or orphan of a deceased brother, his purse is ever ready. Like all brave men, he is courteous to the fair, and the Adonis of a ball-room will not hand a lady to her station in the cotillion with more genuine grace than that with which he escorts the alarmed female sufferer to a place of security. Personal hazard is with him a plaything. He sports with danger and laughs at peril. Although, occasionally, the hero of his own tale, yet he is no egotist. He attracts your attention to the scenes in which his own prowess is conspicuous; yet the whole is related as a matter of course, and not events to excite either wonder or admiration. The victor is in an hundred fights, yet, like the throne-dispensor of Europe, he met his Waterloo at the great fire of December 1835.

Deserted by his natural ally, and assailed by adverse elements, he was fain to resign his watery sceptre to the powers of the ice king. But, unlike the Corsican conqueror, no St. Helena chains his energies, and the defeat of the hour has been amply avenged. Obedience to orders is his cardinal duty; but attachment, not fear, prompts the ready compliance. He serves his chief with the fidelity due to a trusty comrade rather than a haughty superiour.

The rallying cry of the leader is "*come!*" and he follows—for the dangers he braves have been encountered by his chief. Rocked as it were in the cradle of excitement, his feelings are proverbially ardent, but the hostility of the moment finds no lodgment in his breast: with due reparation ceases all remembrance of wrong. The romantick attachment to his machine may be observed in the beauty of its decorations. The elaborate polish of the brass work, and the elegant painting on the barrel are tokens of his regard. To sum up all, the New-York fireman is a generous friend, a good citizen, and a disinterested philanthropist. May the fountain of his happiness be exhaustless as his benevolence.—*Madiseonian.*

THE KING AND THE TROUBADOUR.

Every reader of history knows that King Réne was fonder of musick and poetry than of the arts of war and politicks. In the early part of his reign, before he had become utterly helpless and contemptible by his neglect of affairs of state, his majesty, while listening to the musical voice of his daughter Margaret, was informed by an officer of his court that a wandering minstrel desired access to his royal presence, in order that he might exhibit his skill in the joyous science. King Réne, at all times too much interested in love and musick, rejoiced that another novelty would regale his ears with some romantick ditty of chivalry and love: he commanded that the wanderer should be welcomed, and his wants provided for, and that in the evening he should be permitted to exercise his skill in the presence of the royal musician and his court. The king's commands were obeyed, and the stranger was hospitably attended to by the officers of the royal household.

Evening came, and King Réne took his seat in his hall, with his daughter by his side: Margaret was not more than seventeen, yet her appearance exhibited more marks of thought than is common to females of that tender age. The fact was that there was a dormant spirit of ambition in the lady which only wanted bringing out. The frivolties of her father's court were as distasteful to her as her own indifference to his favourite pursuits was to the king. She would occasionally, to please the king, exhibit her own skill, which was by no means small, in his favourite pursuits; but she delighted more in listening to the histories of actual war and politicks, than to stories of wandering knights and faithful damsels, which were the joy of her father's heart. The minstrel entered the hall, and was brought to the footstool of the king. He was a fair-haired youth of twenty, with light blue eyes, and a mild expression of countenance. To King Réne's inquiries he answered that he was of England, and that, attracted by the fame of the sovereign before whom he stood, he had wandered thus far in the hope of obtaining the highest reward to which a minstrel could aspire—the approbation of King Réne.

The king bade him exhibit his skill in his profession, and promised favour and promotion if he proved worthy. The youthful wanderer obeyed, and sung one of those interminable ditties to us moderns unknown, and which, if attempted, would not be listened to; but, at the time of which we speak, nothing was more common than for the lovers of musick to listen with patience to a lay of eight hours!

King Réne was delighted with the youth's performance, and, for a wonder, his youthful daughter exhibited the same pleasure. The theme of his song was, that a youthful king, disdaining to marry as mere policy or chance directed, wandered from his native kingdom, through various realms, to seek a wife such as his youthful fancy had pictured: how he had at length found a princess of such rare and excellent beauty, that his heart was captivated—how, in the capacity of minstrel, this wandering king had wooed and won the daughter of the king of France.

The English minstrel was taken into high favour by King Réne; he remained for weeks at his castle, and, during that time, had gained favour in the eyes of Réne's household by his disinterestedness—the king's profuse gifts to himself he distributed among his officers.

One evening the king was seated in his hall, expecting the appearance of his favourite, but he appeared not! The king was in terrour lest some harm had befallen the young Englishman. The castle was searched; at least a chamberlain returned in breathless haste, and communicated something to the king, who immediately arose and accompanied the chamberlain to the gardens of the palace. In a bower was found the minstrel fast asleep; on a seat by his side was the Princess Margaret, anxiously watching him! King Réne was romantick, but not quite such a fool as to rejoice that a daughter of his should love a wandering minstrel. He awoke the youth, and bitterly reproached his daughter with her unworthy attachment. The youth remained silent for awhile, at last he spoke, and, in the most dignified manner, requested an audience of the king. There was something so noble in his manner that he king complied.

Reader, the wandering minstrel was Henry of England! And the romance of their love may account for the intensity of devotion with which the high-souled Margaret regarded her layro and unfortunate husband, notwithstanding his weaknesses and follies.

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

Effects of gambling.—A letter from Beraun, in Bohemia, addressed to the *Droit*, mentions a melancholy instance of the effects of a passion for gambling. The Count de Gravellaksky, descended from one of the richest families in Bohemia, about two years ago came into possession, in his twenty-fifth year, of his fortune, amounting to fifteen millions of francs. He soon afterwards lost at play, in Milan, one million two hundred and fifty thousand francs, and subsequently at Vienna, two millions of francs, and at Prague, seven hundred and fifty thousand francs. These severe reproofs did not check his career. He became deeply in debt, and at length sold not only his alienable domains, but the life-interest in those settled on his descendants. He was at length reduced to the utmost distress; but so strong did his infatuated reliance upon the goddess of chance remain, that, in the hope of recovering her favours, he issued several forged bills of exchange, and raised money on them. Among these were some on the house of Messrs. Klalenheim and Co., of Beraun, which he discounted at Gratz. By a chance, one of the partners came to Gratz, and hearing of these acceptances, informed the holders of the fraud. The count was arrested and imprisoned, but made his escape, and reached Beraun under a false name, and in the assumed character of a journeyman cabinetmaker. He was, however, soon discovered, and confined in the dungeon of the prison, where, on going the following morning to conduct him back to Gratz, the officers of justice found him dead, the unfortunate count having strangled himself with his cravat.

Strange tale.—Lord T—— being out of town, his house was left in charge of a female servant. The plate was lodged at his banker's. A letter came to say that his lordship would be in town on such a day, and desiring that the plate might be got ready the evening before. The servant took the letter to my lord's brother, who said there was no doubt of the hand-writing. The banker expressed the same certainty, and immediately delivered the plate The servant being apprehensive of thieves, spoke to their butcher, who lent her a stout dog, which was shut up in the room with the plate. Next morning a man was found dead in the room, his throat being torn out by the dog; and upon examination, it proved to be my lord's brother. The matter was carefully hushed, and a report spread that he was gone abroad.

Vegetable origins.—Turnips and carrots are thought indigenous roots of France. Our cauliflowers came from Cyprus; our artichokes from Sicily; lettuce from Cos, a name corrupted into *Gauze*; shallots, or eschallots, from Ascalon. I have been reading on the subject, and was struck with the numerous ideas on commerce and civilization which may arise from a dinner. Will you have a dessert from memory? The cherry and filbert are from Pontus, the citron from Media, the chestnut from Castana in Asia Minor, the peach and the walnut from Persia, the plum from Syria, the pomegranate from Cyprus, the quince from Cydon, the olive and fig from Greece, as are the best apples and pears, though also found wild in France, and even here. The apricot is from Armenia

Fontenelle.—Wit, or even what the French term *esprit*, seems little compatable with feeling. Fontenelle was a great egotist, and thought of nothing but himself. One of his old acquaintances went one day to see him at his country house, and said he had come to eat a bit of dinner. "What shall we have? Do you like 'sparagus?" said Fontenelle. "If you please; but with oil." "Oh! I prefer them with sauce." "But sauce disagrees with me," replied the guest. "Well, well, we shall have them with oil." Fontenelle then went out to give his orders; but on his return found his poor acquaintance dead of an apoplexy. Running to the head of the stairs, he called out, "Cook! dress the 'sparagus with sauce."

Fish in fashion.—When fashions are worn out at Paris, the milliners send the antiquated articles to the north, that is, to Sweden or Russia. A vessel deeply laden with such merchandise was run down in the channel of St. Petersburgh. Next day a salmon was caught in the Neva, dressed in a white satin petticoat; and in the same net were found two large cod, with muslin handkerchiefs around their necks. The sharks and porpoises were observed in gowns of the latest taste; and hardly was there a fish that did not display some of the freshest Parisian fashions that had never visited the North.

Sentiment.—What is called sentimental writing, though it be understood to appeal solely to the heart, may be the product of a bad one. One would imagine that Sterne had been a man of a very tender heart—yet I know, from indubitable authority, that his mother, who kept a school, having run in debt, on account of an extravagant daughter, would have rotted in jail, if the parents of her scholars had not raised a subscription for her. Her son had too much sentiment to have any feeling. A dead ass was more important to him than a living mother.

The biter bit.—A noble lord a short time ago applied to a pawnbroker to lend him one thousand guineas on his wife's jewels, for which he had paid four thousand. "Take the articles to pieces," said his lordship, "number the stones, and put false ones in their place, my lady will not distinguish them." "You are too late, my lord," said the pawnbroker; "your lady has stolen a march upon you; these stones are false, I bought the diamonds of her ladyship a twelvemonth ago."

Mr. James W. Wallack.—The company of the National theatre has united in a subscription for the presentation of a salver, a pitcher, and two cups, to the talented and estimable lessee, James W. Wallack. The whole affair was conducted by Messrs. Mitchell and Williams, with consumate tact and great delicacy—so much so, that the gift itself was considerably enhanced by the manner of representation.

London novelties.—A barber in Fenchurch-street has manufactured some wigs which he styles "the acme of kalltrichoplashma." A baker up in a narrow street in Fleet-street has prepared some vivificaceous biscuits; and a hatter in Leicester-square has invented a nightcap which he designates by the classical name of a caputgereredormitor.

A good idea.—In Connecticut they find a use for almost everything. An old lady in that state is collecting all the political papers she can lay her hands on, to make soap of. She says they are a "despot sight better than ashes—they are most as good as clear *lie*."

Advantage of poverty in early life.—An English judge being asked what contributed most to success at the bar, replied, "Some succeed by great talent, some by high connexions, some by a miracle, but the majority by commencing without a shilling.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Union-Green," not "Union-Square," *is the name of the enclosure at the head of Broadway.—Fifty new houses are to be erected at New-Brighton this spring.*—"Omnibuses," not "busses," and "steamboats," not "steamers." *Our correspondent is wrong. We are gratified to learn that Placide* will not *leave the Park theatre at the close of the present season. He is the Corinthian column of the Park, and his place could not be supplied.*—"Nautilus" *informs us that the India-rubber life-preserver, used by Mr. Thomson, on leaving the wreck of the packet ship Pennsylvania, was purchased of Mr. Smith, in Chatham-street. Everybody, going to sea, should possess one of these "invaluable contrivances," as a down east editor terms them.—We conclude in this number the admirable sketch by John Neal; one of the most original, peculiar and racy productions ever published in this or any other periodical.—"The firemen of New-York," are in error as to the authorship of the graphick and beautiful paper copied from the Madisonian into the Mirror of to-day. It is from the pen of one of the most intelligent and estimable of* our own *citizens. It must be apparent to the most casual reader that it emanated from the pen of a New-Yorker.—Our acknowledgments are due to the author of the admirable translations from the Spanish of Iriarte. They shall appear.—We make one selection from the numerous songs of* "Frank." *The following is very neatly turned:*

I.

Oh this love, this love!
I once the passion slighted—
But hearts that truly love,
Must break or be united!
Oh this love, this love!

II.

When first he came to woo,
I little cared about him;
But soon I felt as though
I could not live without him!
Oh this love, this love!

III.

He brought to me a ring—
My hand asked of my mother:
I could not have the thought
That he should wed another!
Oh this love, this love!

IV.

And now I'm all his own!
In all his joys I mingle!
I envy not the queen,
For she, poor thing, is single!
Oh this love, this love!

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1839.

Rights of authors and publishers.—A memorable instance of the oppressive operation of the existing copyright system upon the interests of American authors has recently occurred in London. An edition of the writings of Washington, with a Life by Jarod Sparks, was published by Mr. Campbell of Regent-street—Mr. Sparks enjoying an interest in the profits. No sooner was the edition given to the publick than Mr. Colburn, the well-known publisher, issued a smaller and cheaper edition, embracing the "life" and notes by Mr. Sparks, but omitting the documents of inferior interest. Hereupon Campbell came out with an appeal to the publick, complaining of Colburn's attempt to deprive Mr Sparks "of that pecuniary return to which his labours so justly entitled him!" The reply of Colburn is a complete justification of himself and a severe but just rebuke upon the depredatory practice of American booksellers and re-publishers, whose piratical example he had merely followed: "The most amusing part of Mr. Campbell's exposition is the difficulty he is in 'to decide upon what code of honour Mr. Spark's name has been so unceremoniously appropriated by Mr. Colburn to his own private benefit,' forgetting, or seeming to forget, that Mr. Colburn is merely following the 'code of honour' established, and acted upon for so many years by the American booksellers, who reprint almost all his new publications the moment they cross the Atlantick." What American, who is in the habit of purchasing the unauthorized reprints of the works of British authors, can be so inconsistent as to find fault with Mr. Colburn's retaliatory course? We are sure that Mr. Sparks will admit that, by the law of reciprocity, Mr. Colburn is fully justified. This case we look upon but as the commencement of a system of depredation by London publishers, which must either lead to the overthrow of the interests of American authors, or to the speedy adoption of an international copy-right law. We trust that Mr. Colburn and the London publishers will be consistent in their course of retaliation. Let them not make fish of one author and flesh of another. They have the same right to pirate the works of Messrs. Irving and Cooper, that they have those of Mr. Sparks—and they undoubtedly will do it, now that all legal restrictions are removed by parliamentary legislation. We hope that they will do it, so that American authors may be *forced* into a championship and defence of their peculiar interests in this question, to which they have hitherto manifested a strange and suicidal indifference.

The season.—A milder and more genial winter than that which is just closing upon us has rarely been experienced in "these latitudes." There have been few days when the weather has not been sufficiently alluring to bring out in Broadway the beauty of the city. The snow that has fallen has been trifling compared with that of former seasons, and the atmosphere, with trifling exceptions, has been "frosty but kindly." Whether these "gentle winter days" have been but the precursors of a severe and chilly spring, time will show. But thus far the season has been remarkable, both for its mildness and its salubrity. May its promise be fulfilled

Portrait of Charles Dickens.—A fine lithographick portrait of the far-famed Boz has been executed and published by Mr. E. Brown, jun. of this city. It is from the excellent design by Lawrence, and is equal in every respect to the London engraving. We cannot speak as to the fidelity of the likeness.

Original letter of Franklin.—The Boston Transcript gives the following characteristick letter of Benjamin Franklin, which it believes to have never before been published. The original is in the possession of a venerable gentleman of Boston, who numbers fourscore and four years. It is conclusively against the often-asserted declaration that Franklin was inclined to infidelity. We should be glad to know if the town of Franklin ever received the books, and if they were the foundation of a parochial library:

"Passy, March, 18, 1785.

"My dear friend—My nephew, Mr. Williams, will have the honour of delivering you this line. It is to request from you a list of a few good books, to the value of about twenty-five pounds, such as are most proper to inculcate principles of sound religion, and just government. A new town in the state of Massachusetts having done me the honour of naming itself after me, and proposing to build a steeple to their meeting-house if I would give them a bell, I have advised the sparing themselves the expense of a steeple at present, and they would accept books instead of a bell, *sense being preferable to sound*. These are, therefore, intended as the commencement of a little parochial library for the use of a society of intelligent respectable farmers, such as our country people generally consist of. Besides your own works, I would only mention, on recommendation of my sister, 'Stennet's Discourses on Personal Religion,' which may be one book of the number, if you know it, and approve of it. With the highest esteem and respect, I am ever, my dear friend, yours most affectionately, B. FRANKLIN.

"Rev. Dr. Price."

Poetry and Steam.—In an interesting paper in the Musical World, entitled "Words for Composers," Leigh Hunt says:—Beautiful, truly, is it to see what noble poets we have had in these latter days, and with what abundant glory they have refuted the idle fears of an extinction of imagination in consequence of the progress of science! Fancy steam putting out the stars! or the wheels of the very printing-press running over and crushing all the hearts, doves, and loves in Christendom! for till you did that, how were you to *put out* POETRY! Why the printing-press and the steam-carriage are themselves poetry—forms, made visible, of the aspirations of the mind of men; and they shake accordingly the souls of those who behold them. See the rotatory mystery working in the printing-room—the unaccountable and intangible god, Fire, giving it force against the old negative deity, Time. See the huge, black, many-wheeled giant, the steam-carriage, smoking over the country like some mammoth of a centipede, and swallowing up that other ancient obstacle, Space—and Time with him! and then suppress, if you can, those very thoughts of human good, and eternity, and the might and beauty of the universe, which it is the most poetical office of poetry to keep alive and burning.

A Parisian club-house.—The French are becoming as much attached to the domesticity of clubs as the English—a new one under the name of *Le Cercle des Deux Mondes*, has just been opened. The Court Journal says, if Crockford saw it he would die with jealousy. It is really a splendid affair, being the Hotel Farina, Rue Richelieu, formerly in the occupation of Lomleur, the restaurateur. It is furnished in a manner worthy the palace of a mighty sovereign—it is positively gorgeous in its magnificence; silk, velvet, marble, gold, and silver, in every imaginable shape, and for every conceivable purpose, are scattered through some twenty *salons* with unexampled profusion. There is a splendid library of three thousand volumes, a glorious cellar of wine, and the department of the *cuisine* absolutely perfection—the stoves, etc., having been fitted up under the direction of an English engineer. Verily our friends here are progressing in the knowledge of the comfortable as well as the *magnifique*.

French dramatists.—The Paris correspondent of the American gives the following account of Victor Hugo and Scribe:—"Hugo is a man of the middle size, in height and frame; of regular features and pensive aspect; his manners are not marked, otherwise than by a degree of reserve and taciturnity; he appears to be about forty years of age; he goes little into general society. *Scribe*, the most prolifick of the comick authors, (called the greatest of the *cupidities*, from his love of gain,) resembles him in stature, but has a stronger countenance and the air of fifty; he frequents clubs and committees more than the saloons, and laments or affects to lament his single and solitary state in his dwelling. Both are bachelors. Scribe's self-complacency betrays itself more in his seat at the *Academie Francaise*, where he has been pointed out to me, than anywhere else.

Coincidence.—A correspondent points out a resemblance between a story in a late number of the Mirror, entitled "The Cobbler of Brusa," and the tale of the "Water Carrier" in Captain Maryatt's "Pasha of Many Tales." As the "Cobbler of Brusa" was originally published in the "Token and Atlantick Souvenir" a year before the publication of the "Pasha of Many Tales," our correspondent will at once perceive that the American author cannot be held responsible for the coincidence, if any exist. Neither is it probable that Captain Maryatt was indebted to any other source than oral tradition for his story. The author of the "Cobbler of Brusa" has never perused a line of the "Pasha of Many Tales," from which our correspondent somewhat ungraciously accuses him of borrowing.

Rumours of war.—Theatricals have already begun to feel the effect of the agitation of the question of war with Great Britain. It will be time enough when the blast of war "blows in our ears" to imitate "the action of the tiger." In the meanwhile would not a conciliatory though firm tone and demeanour be more appropriate than the Bobadil flourishes, which are cut by a portion of our press? It is not probable that the "sober second thoughts" either of England or the United States will be much in favour of hostilities.

NIGHT CLOSED AROUND THE CONQUEROR'S WAY.

THE POETRY BY THOMAS MOORE—THE MUSICK ARRANGED BY SIR JOHN STEVENSON.

WITH SOLEMNITY.

Night closed a-round the con-quer-or's way, And light-ning show'd the dis-tant hill, Where

those who lost that dread-ful day, Stood few and faint, but fear-less still! The sol-dier's hope, the pa-triot's zeal For e-ver dimm'd, for e-ver cross;—Oh!

who shall say what he-roes feel, When all but life and ho-nour's lost!

Dim.

SECOND VERSE.—The last and hour of freedom's dream,
And valour's task, moved slowly by,
While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
Should rise, and give them light to die!

There is a world, where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

Original.

I MIND me of the happy hours,
We pass'd in friendship's holy tie,
As fleet, alas! as summer flowers
That blossom but to fade and die.
Yet like the flowers, those happy days
Leave incense on my memory yet,
As perfume lingers round the vase,
In which the fragrant blossoms set.

And will thy soul respond to mine,
The spirit-breathings thither sent,
In language mute though all divine,
With heavenly magick seeming blent;
As in the forest's deepest shade
Is heard the murmuring of the dove,
At nature's holy altar made
For sympathy and holy love.

A. M'M.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"*Riches without Wings; or, the Cleveland Family.*"—This is the rich title of a rich little book, recently published by Mr. Light, at No. 126 Fulton-street, in this city, and at No. 1 Cornhill, Boston. The first edition was exhausted in three or four weeks, and the second is now having a rapid sale. It must be set down, therefore, as a decided favourite with the publick. We think, too, the instance affords another proof of the correctness of publick taste; for we regard this little book as one of the most interesting and valuable of the class to which it belongs, that have appeared for a long time. Its leading title indicates in some degree the character of the book, its object being to show what sort of riches may be attained in this world, that are not wont to take to themselves wings and fly away. It accordingly contrasts riches of *character*, combining physical, moral, and mental culture, with riches of which mere *money* is the measure. The author has woven a very interesting story as the medium of her illustrations, in which characters are delineated with graphick distinctness, and true personal worth exhibited in so pleasing a dress as to command the interest and win the esteem of the reader. The book belongs to that class which we always welcome with pleasure, and wish we had more of them—that class which brings the powerful aid of imaginative writing of the simple but elevated taste of meliorating the character and condition of society. The author is Mrs. Seba Smith, the wife of the former editor of the Portland Courier, who, perhaps, many of our readers and of New-England need yet to be told, is the original author of the genuine Downing Letters, which appeared a few years since in the Portland Courier.

"*My Niece; or, the Stranger's Grave. New-York. Edward Walker*, No. 112 *Fulton-street.*"—This is a reprint of one of the most interesting and beautiful works for the young to be found. The publisher deserves much praise for the admirable style in which the volume is put forth. Its typography is unexceptionably neat, and the embossed muslin binding is very elegant. We cheerfully commend this work to the attention of parents.

"*The Gentle Boy.*"—An edition of this beautiful "thrice-told tale," by Nathaniel Hawthorne, with an illustrative outline engraving, after the style of Retzch, has been published by Messrs. Wiley and Putnam, of this city. The design is worthy of all the commendation so gracefully bestowed on it by the author, in his preface.

"*La France Litteraire.*"—This is the title of an excellent periodical in the French language published twice a month in this city. The selections are made in good taste, being by the most distinguished writers of Paris.

NEW MUSICK.

Hewitt and Jaques, No. 239 Broadway, have just published the following ballads, waltzes, etc.:—"Gather ye Rose-buds," a beautiful ballad, by Herrick—Musick by Phillips. "Beauty, Wit, and Gold," by T. H. Bayly—Musick by Knight. "Charter Oak, Charter Oak, ancient and fair!" words by Mrs. Sigourney—Musick by Henry Russell. "My beautiful Pierre," the words by Ione—Musick by John H. Hewitt. This is a delightful little ballad, of surpassing sweetness, and we have no doubt will become a great favourite with all lovers of musick. We give the first verse:

"My mother doth bid me forget thee,—
Ah! mother is aged and cold;
She sayeth I ne'er should regret thee;
But time maketh worldly the old.
Ah! what though she urge me to leave thee,
To wed with the frosty and sere,
This heart tells me ne'er to deceive thee,
My beautiful, beautiful Pierre!"

He has, also, published several very excellent Waltzes, by Strauss, which were performed by his band, at the ball given in honour of Victoria's coronation.

MISCELLANY.

RIDDLE.—The French delight to try the *esprit* of children by a kind of riddles. For example: A man has a little boat, in which he must carry, from one side of a river to the other, a wolf, a goat, and a cabbage, and must not carry more than one of these at once. Which shall he take first, without the risk that, during one of his navigations, the wolf may devour the goat, or the goat the cabbage? Suppose he carry the wolf, the cabbage is lost—if the cabbage, the goat is devoured—if the goat, the embarrassment is equal; for he must risk his goat, or his cabbage, on the other side of the river. The answer is:—He must take the goat first, the wolf will not touch the cabbage; in the second passage he carries the cabbage, and brings back the goat; in the third he transports the wolf, which may again be safely left with the cabbage. He concludes with returning for the goat.

OLD OBLIGATION.—The duke of Roquelaure was one of those who, as Madame Sevigne says, "abuse the privilege that the men have to be ugly." Accidentally finding at court a very ugly country gentleman, who had a suit to offer, the duke presented him to the king, and urged his request, saying he was under the highest obligations to the gentleman. The king granted the request; then asked Roquelaure what were those great obligations. "Ah! sir, if it were not for him, I should be the very ugliest man in your dominions." This sally excited the royal smile, while the gentleman, with plain good sense, affected not to hear it.

THE CAUSE OF STAMMERING.—"It must now, I apprehend, be granted, that stammering does not depend on malformation or deficiency of structure in either the larynx or the mouth, but that it is produced by a modification of the influence transmitted from the brain; and it is on this principle that the rational and only correct method of curing a difficulty of speech can rest."

ROAD TO THE RED SEA.—We learn by letters from Alexandria, that eight hundred Europeans crossed the isthmus of Suez last year, on their passage to and from India: and that a regular coach conveyance will be soon established between the shores of the Levant and the nearest points for embarkation on the borders of the Red Sea.

RATHER PREMATURE.—A peasant being at confession, accused himself of having stolen some hay. The father confessor asked him how many bundles he had taken from the stack. "That is of no consequence," replied the peasant; "you may set it down a wagon load, for my wife and I are going to fetch the remainder very soon."

VALUE OF AN OATH.—A Norman was telling another a great absurdity as a matter of fact. "You are jesting," said the hearer. "Not I, on the faith of a christian." "Will you wager?" "No, I wont wager; but I am ready to swear it."

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ORIGINAL FAIRY TALES.

GOODY GRACIOUS! AND THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

BY JOHN NEAL.

Once there was a little bit of a thing—not more than so high—and her name was Ruth Page; but they called her Teenty Tawnty, for she was the daintiest little creature you ever saw, with the smoothest hair and the brightest face; and then she was always playing about and always happy; and so the people that lived in that part of the country, when they heard her laughing and singing al. by herself, at peep of day, like little birds after a shower, and saw her running about in the edge of the wood after tulips and butterflies; or tumbling head-over-heels in the long rich grass by the river-side, with her little pet lamb, or her two white pigeons, always under her feet; or listening to the wild-bees in the apple-blossoms, with her sweet mouth "all in a tremble," and her happy eyes brimful of sunshine—they used to say that she was no child at all, or no child of earth, but a Fairy-gift, and that she must have been dropped into her mother's lap, like a handful of flowers, when she was half asleep; and so they wouldn't call her Ruth Page—no indeed, that they wouldn't! but they called her little Teenty Tawnty, or the Little Fairy, and they used to bring her Fairy Tales to read, till she couldn't bear to read anything else, and wanted to be a Fairy herself.

Well and so—one day, when she was out in the sweet-smelling woods, all alone by herself, singing "where are you going, my pretty maid! my pretty maid!" and watching the gold-jackets and the blue dragon-flies, and the sweet pond lilies, and the bright-eyed glossy eels, and the little crimson-spotted fish, as they "coiled and swam," and darted hither and thither, like "flashes of golden fire," and then huddled together, all of a sudden, just underneath the green turf where she sat, as if they saw something, and were half frightened to death, and were trying to hide in the shadow; well and so—as she sat there, with her little naked feet hanging over and almost touching the water, singing to herself, "my face is my fortune, sir, she said! sir, she said!" and looking down into a deep sunshiny spot, and holding the soft smooth hair away from her face with both hands, and trying to count the dear little fish, before they got over their fright, all at once she began to think of the Water-Fairies, and how cool and pleasant it must be to live in these deep sunshiny hollows, with green turf all about you, the blossoming trees and the blue skies overhead, the bright gravel underneath your feet, like powdered stars, and thousands of beautiful fish for playfellows! all spotted with gold and crimson, or winged with rose-leaves, and striped with faint purple and burnished silver, like the shells and flowers of the deep sea, where the moonlight buds and blossoms for ever and ever; and then she thought if she could only just reach over, and dip one of her little fat rosy feet into the smooth shining water—just once—only once—it would be *so* pleasant! and she should be *so* happy! and then, if she could but manage to scare the fishes a little—a very little—that would be such glorious fun, too—wouldn't it, you!

Well and so—she kept stooping and stooping, and stretching and stretching, and singing to herself all the while "sir, she said! sir, she said! I'm going a milking, sir, she said!" till just as she was ready to tumble in, head-first, something jumped out of the bushes behind her, almost touching her as it passed, and went plump into the deepest part of the pool! saying, *once! once!* with a heavy booming sound, like the tolling of a great bell under water, and afar off.

"Goody gracious! what's that!" screamed little Ruth Page, and then, the very next moment she began to laugh and jump, and clap her hands, to see what a scampering there was among the poor silly fish, and all for nothing! said Ruth, for out came a great good-natured bull-frog, with an eye like a bird, and a big bell-mouth, and a back all frosted over with precious stones, and dripping with sunshine, and there he sat looking at her awhile, as if he wanted to frighten her away, and then he opened his great lubberly mouth at her, and bellowed out, *once! once!* and vanished.

"Luddy tuddy! who cares for you!" said little Ruth; and so, having got over her fright, she began to creep to the edge of the bank once more, and look down into the deep water, to see what had become of the little fish that were so plentiful there, and so happy but a few minutes before. But they were all gone, and the water was as still as death; and while she sat looking into it, and waiting for them to come back, and wondering why they should be so frightened at nothing but a bull-frog, which they must have seen a thousand times, the poor little simpletons! and thinking she should like to catch one of the smallest, and carry it home to her little baby brother, all at once a soft shadow fell upon the water, and the scented wind blew her smooth hair all into her eyes, and as she put up both hands in a hurry to pull it away, she heard something like a whisper close to her ear, saying, *twice! twice!*—and just then, the trailing branch of a tree swept over the turf, and filled the whole air with a storm of blossoms, and she heard the same low whisper repeated close at her ear, saying, *twice! twice!* and then she happened to look down into the water—and what do you think she saw there!

"Goody gracious! mamma!—is that you!" said poor little Ruth, and up she jumped, screaming louder than ever, and looking all about her, and calling, "mamma! mamma! I see you, mamma! you needn't hide, mamma!" But no mamma was to be found.

"Well! if that isn't the strangest thing!" said little Ruth, at last, after listening a few minutes, on looking all round everywhere, and up into the trees, and away off down the river path and then toward the house—"If I didn't think I saw my dear good mamma's face in the water, as plain as day, and if I didn't hear something whisper in my ear and say, *twice! twice!*"—and then she stopped and held her breath and listened again—"if I didn't hear it, as plain as I ever heard anything in my life, then my name isn't Ruth Page, that's all, nor Teenty Tawnty neither!" and then she stopped, and began to feel very unhappy and sorrowful, for she remembered how her mother had cautioned her never to go near the river, nor into the woods alone, and how she had promised her mother many and many a time never to do so, never, never! And then the tears came into her eyes, and she began to wish herself away from the haunted spot, where she could kneel down and say her prayers; and then she looked up to the sky, and then down into the still water, and then she thought she would just go and take one more peep, only one, just to see if the dear little fishes had got over their fright, and then she would run home to her mother, and tell her how forgetful she had been, and how naughty, and ask her to give her something that would make her remember her promises. Poor thing! little did she know how deep the water was, nor how wonderfully she had escaped! once, once! twice, twice! and still she ventured a third time!

Well and so—don't you think, she crept along, crept along to the very edge of the green slippery turf, on her hands and knees, half trembling with fear, and half laughing to think of that droll-looking fat fellow, with the big bell-mouth, and the yellow breeches, and the grass-green military jacket, turned up with buff and embroidered with gems, and the bright golden eye, that had so frightened her before, and wondering in her little heart if he would show himself again; and singing all the while, as she crept nearer and nearer, "nobody asked you, sir, she said! sir, she said! nobody asked you, sir, she said!" till at last she had got near enough to look over, and see the little fishes there tumbling about by dozens, and playing bo-peep among the flowers that grew underneath the bank, and were multiplied by thousands in the clear water—when, all at once, she felt the turf giving way, and she put out her arms and screamed for her mother!—Goody gracious! how she did scream! and then something answered from the flowing waters underneath, and from the flowering trees overhead, with a mournful sweet sound, like wailing afar off, *thrice! thrice!* and the flashing waters swelled up, saying, *thrice! thrice!* and the flowering branch of the tree swept over the turf, and the sound was the same, *thrice! thrice!* and in she went, headlong, into the deepest part of the pool! screaming with terrour, and calling on her mother to the last—poor mother!

Well and so—when she came to herself, where do you think she was? why, she was lying out in the warm summer air, on a green bank, all tufted with cowslips, and violets, and clover blossoms, with a plenty of strawberries, underneath her feet, and the bluest water you ever saw all round her, murmuring like the rose-lipped sea-shells; and the air was full of singing birds, and there was a little old woman looking at her, with the funniest cap, and a withered face, not bigger than you may see when you look at the baby through the big end of a spy-glass—the cap was a morning-glory, and it was tied underneath the chin, with bleached cobweb, and the streamers and bows were just like the colours you see in a soap-bubble

"Goody gracious! where am I now?" said little Ruth.

"Yes, my dear, that's my name," said the little old woman, dropping a low courtesy, and then spinning round two or three times, and squatting down suddenly, so as to make what you call a cheese

"Why, you don't mean to say that's your real name!" whispered little Ruth.

"To be sure it is! just as much as—and pray my little creature, what's your name?"

"Mine! oh, my name is Ruth Page, *only* Ruth Page," and up she jumped, and spun round among the strawberries and flowers, and tried to make a courtesy like the little old woman, and then they both burst out a-laughing together.

"Well!" said Goody Gracious, "you're a nice, good-natured, funny little thing, I'll say that for you, as ever I happened to meet with; but haven't you another and a prettier name, hey?"

"Why sometimes they call me Little Teenty-Tawnty," said Ruth.

"Fiddle-de-dee, I don't like that name any better than the other; we must give you a new name," said the little old woman; "but first tell me—and she grew very serious, and her little sharp eyes changed colour—first, tell me how you happen to be here, in the very heart of Fairy-land, with nobody to take care of you, and not so much as a wasp, or a bumble-bee, to watch over you, when you sleep?"

"Indeed, and indeed, ma'm, I don't know," said little Ruth; "all I do know is, that I have been very naughty, and that I am drowned, and that I shall never see my poor dear mamma any more!" And then she up and told the whole story to the little old woman, crying bitterly all the while.

"Don't take on so, my little dear, don't, don't!" said Goody Gracious, and out she whipped, what appeared to Ruth, nothing but a rumpled leaf of the tiger-lily, and wiped her eyes with it. "Be a good child, and after a trial of three days in Fairy-land, if you want to go back to your mother, you shall go, and you may carry with you a token to her, that you have told the truth."

"Oh! bless your dear little oldfashioned face!" cried Ruth—"oh, bless you! bless you! only give me a token, that will make me always remember what I have promised my poor dear mother, and I shall be so happy! and I won't ask for anything else."

"What, neither for humming-birds, nor gold-fish, nor butterflies, nor diamonds, nor pearls, nor anything you have been wishing for so long, ever since you were able to read about Fairy-land."

"No, ma'm—just give me a ring of wheat straw, or a brooch from the ruby beetle, if you like, and I shall be satisfied."

"Be it so—but before I change you to a fairy, you must make choice of what you want to see in Fairy-land for three days running; for at the end of that time, I shall change you back again, so that if you are of the same mind then, you may go back to your mother, and if not, you will stay with us for ever and ever."

"For ever and ever!" said Ruth—and she trembled—please ma'm, I should like to go now, if it's all the same to you."

"No!—I take this flower"—and as she spoke, she stooped down, and pulled up a forget-me-not by the roots, and breathed upon it, and it blossomed all over; "take this root," said she, "and plant it somewhere, and tend it well, and at any time after three days, if you get tired of being here, all you have to do, will be just to pull it up out of the earth, and wish yourself at home, and you will find yourself there in a moment, in your own little bed!"

"Goody gracious! you don't say so!"

"But I do say so."

"I declare, I've a good mind to try!"

"What, pull it up before you have planted it! No, no, my dear. It must be left out three-score and twelve hours, and be watered with the dews and the starlight of the South Sea, where you are now, thousands and thousands of miles from your own dear country; but there is one thing I would have you know, before you plant the flower."

"If you please, ma'm," said little Ruth.

"It is given to you, my dear, to help you correct your faults—you mean to do right, and you try pretty hard, but you are *so* forgetful, you say!"

"Yes, ma'm."

"Well, now, but so long as you tend this plant with care, and water it every day at the same hour—every day, mind you, and at the same hour—you will be growing better."

Ruth was overjoyed.

"But," continued the fairy, "if you neglect it for a single day, it will begin to drop and wither, the leaves will change, and some of the blossoms will drop off, and your mother will begin to feel unhappy and low-spirited."

"Oh, yes, but I never shall, ma'm!—never, *never!*"

"Don't be too sure! and if you neglect it for two whole days running, all the flowers will drop off but one, and your mother will take to her bed, and nobody but you will know what ails her."

Poor Ruth began to tremble, and the tears came in her eyes.

"But," continued the fairy, "*but*, if you should neglect it for three days running, my poor child, but for three days running, the last flower will drop off, and your mother will die of a broken heart."

"Oh, mercy! mercy!" cried poor little Ruth. "Oh, take it! take it! I wouldn't have it for the world!" and she flung it down upon the loose earth, and shook her little fingers, just as if something had stung her.

"It is too late now. See, my dear! it has already taken root, and now there is no help for it. Remember! your mother's health, happiness, and life, depend upon that flower. Watch it well! And now—daughter of earth!"—and as she spoke, she stooped, and pulled up a whole handful of violets, dripping with summer rain, and repeating the words—Daughter of earth, away!—Rosebud appear!" shook the moisture all over her; and instantly the dear child found

herself afloat in the air, with pinions of purple gauze, bedropped with gold, with millions of little fairies all about her, swarming like butterflies and blossoms, after a pleasant rain, and welcoming their sister Rosebud to Fairy-land.

"Well," thought Rosebud—we must call her Rosebud now—"well! if this being a little fairy isn't one of the pleasantest things! and then she recollected that she had only three days to stay there and see the sights, and she looked round her to ask if there was anybody near to help her, and take charge of her, and tell her what to do, and where to go."

"Daughter!" said a sweet voice that she knew, though it appeared to come out and steal up from the leaves of another morning-glory. "Daughter!"

"Mother!" said Rosebud.

"You may have your choice to-day of these three things—a butterfly-hunt, a wedding, or a play."

"Oh, a wedding! a wedding!" said Rosebud. "Oh, I have always wanted to see a wedding!"

"Be it so," said the voice, and instantly a sweet wind arose, and lifted her up, and swept her, and thousands more like her, over the blue deep, so swiftly, that nothing could be seen but a mist of sparkles here and there, till they all found themselves on the sea-shore, at the mouth of a deep sparry cave, all hung about with the richest moss, and lighted with pearls in clusters, and with little patches of glow-worms, and carpeted with the wings of butterflies. In the midst, were a multitude of little fairies, hovering and floating over a throne of spider-net ivory, on which lay the bride, with a veil of starlight, interwoven with the breath of roses, covering her from head to foot, and falling over the couch, like sunshine playing on clear water.

By-and-by, a faint, strange murmuring, was heard afar off, like the ringing of lilly-bells, to the touch of the honey-bees, growing louder and louder, and coming nearer and nearer every moment. Rosebud turned toward the sea with all the other fairies, and held her breath; and after a few moments, a fleet of little ships, with the most delicate purple and azure sails, so thin you could see the sky through them, came tilting along, over the sea, as if they were alive—and so they were—and drew up as if in order of battle, just before the mouth of the cave; and then a silver trumpet sounded on the shore, and a swarm of hornets appeared, whizzing and whirring all about the cave; and then there was another trumpet, and another, about as loud as you may hear from a caged blue-bottle—and compliments were interchanged, and a salute fired, which frightened the little lady-fairies into all sorts of shapes, and made the little bride-fairy jump up, and ask if her time had come, though to tell you the truth, the noise didn't appear much more terrible to Rosebud, than her little brother's pop gun; and then, a sort of barge, not unlike the blossom of a sweet-pea in shape, was manned from the largest of the fleet, and when it touched the bright sparkling sand, out leaped a little prince of a fellow, with a bunch of white feathers in his hat, plucked from the moth-millar, a sword like the finest cambrick-needle, belted about his waist, and the most unimpeachable small clothes. This turned out to be the bridegroom, and after a few more flourishes, and not a little pulling and hauling among the bridesmaids, the bride and the bridegroom stood up together, and looked silly and sheepish, as if butter wouldn't melt in their mouths, and after listening awhile to an old droning beetle without hearing a word, he said—they bowed and curtsied, and made some sort of a reply, nobody could guess what—and then forth stepped the master of ceremonies, a priggish looking grass-hopper, with straw-coloured tights, and a fashionable coat, single-breasted, and so quakerish, it set poor little Rosebud a laughing, in spite of all she could do, every time she looked at his legs—and *then!* out ran the ten thousand trumpeting bumble-bees—and the katydid grew noisier than ever, and the cricket chirriped for joy, and the bridegroom touched the bride's cheek, and pointed slily toward a little heap of newly-gathered roses and violets, piled up afar off, in a shadowy part of the cave, just underneath a trailing canopy of changeable moss; the bride blushed, and the fairies tittered, and little Rosebud turned away, and wished herself at home, and instantly the bride and the bridegroom vanished! and the ships and the fairies! and the lights and the musick! and Rosebud found herself standing face to face with the little withered old woman, who was looking mournfully at the drooping forget-me-not. The tears came into her eyes, and for the first time, since the flower took root, for the very first time, she began to think of her mother, and of her promise to the fairy, and she stooped down in an agony of terrour, and shame, and self-reproach, to see how it fared with her forgetfulness. Alas! it had already begun to droop and wither, and the leaves were changing colour, and the blossoms were dropping off, and she knew that her mother was beginning to suffer.

"Oh that I had never seen the hateful flower!" cried Rosebud; and then instantly recollecting herself, she dropped upon her knees and kissed it, and wept upon it, and the flower seemed refreshed by her tears, and when she stood up and looked into the face of the good little fairy, and saw her lips tremble and the colour change in her sweet mournful eyes, she felt as if she never should be happy again.

"Daughter of earth! child of the air!" said the Fairy, "two more days remain to thee. What wouldst thou have!"

"Oh nothing! nothing! Let me but go back to my dear, dear mother, and I shall be so happy!"

"That cannot be. These trials are to prepare thee for thy return to her. Be patient, and take thy choice of these three things, a battle, a coronation, or a ball."

"Goody gracious! how I *should* like to see a coronation!" cried Rosebud, and then she recollected herself, and blushed and curtsied, and said, "if you please, m'am."

"Call me mother, my dear—in Fairy-land. I am your mother."

"Well, mother," said Rosebud, the tears starting into her eyes, and her heart swelling, as she determined never to call her mamma, no, never! "Well, mother, if you please, I would rather stay here and watch the flower—I don't want to see anything more in Fairy-land; I've had enough o' such things to last me as long as I live. But oh, if I should happen to fall asleep!"

"If you should, my dear, you will wake in season; but take your choice."

"Thank you, mother, but I choose to stay here."

At these words the Fairy vanished, and Rosebud was left alone, looking at the dear little flower, which seemed to grow fresher and fresher, and more and more beautiful every minute, and wondering whether it would be so with her dear mamma; and then she fell to thinking about her home, and how much trouble she had given her mother, and how much better she would always be after she had got back to her once more—and then she fell asleep, and slept so soundly, that she did not wake till the sun was up, and it was time to water the flower. At first she was terribly frightened; but when she remembered what the Fairy told her, she began to feel comfortable, and lest something might happen, she took a little sea-shell that lay there, and running down to the water, dipped it up full, and was on her way back, thinking how happy her poor dear mamma would feel if she could only know *what* it was, and *who* it was that made her so much better, when she heard the strangest and sweetest noises all about her in the air, as if the whole sky was full of the happiest and merriest creatures! and when she looked up, lo! there was a broad glitter to be seen, as if the whole population of Fairy-land were passing right over her head, making a sort of path like that you see at sunrise along the blue deep when the waters are motionless and smooth and clear.

"Well," said she, looking up, "I *do* wonder where they are going so fast"—and then she stopped—"and I do think they might be civil enough just to let a body know; I dare say 'tis the coronation, or the butterfly hunt, or the battle, or the—oh, how I should like to be there!"

No sooner was the wish uttered, than she found herself seated in a high gallery, as delicately carved as the ivory fans of the east; with diamonds and ostrich-feathers all about and below her, and a prodigious crowd assembled in the open air—with the lists, opened—a trumpet sounding—and scores of knights armed cap-a-pie, and mounted on dragonflies, waiting for the charge. All eyes were upon her, and everybody about was whispering her name, and she never felt half so happy in her life, and she was just beginning to compare the delicate embroidery of her wings with that of her next neighbour, a sweet little fairy who sat looking through her fingers at a youthful champion below, and pouting and pouting, as if she wanted everybody to know that he had jilted her, when she happened to see a little forget-me-not embroidered on his beaver: and she instantly recollected her promise, and cried out, "Oh, mamma! mamma!" and wished herself back again, where she might sit by the flower and watch over it, and never leave it, never! till her three days of trial were ended.

In a moment, before she could speak a word, or even make a bow to the nice little boy-fairy who had just handed her up her glove on the point of a lance like a sunbeam, she found herself seated by the flower. Poor little thing! It was too late! Every blossom had fallen off but one, and that looked unhealthy, and trembled when she breathed upon it. She thought of her mamma, and fancied she could see them carrying her up to bed, and all the doctors there, and nobody able to tell what ailed her; and she threw herself all along upon the grass, and wished all the fairies at the bottom of the Red Sea, and herself with them! And when she looked up, what do you think she saw! and where do you think she was! why, she was at the bottom of the Red Sea, and all the wonders of the Red Sea were about her—chariots and chariot-wheels and the skeletons of war-horses, and mounted warriours, with heaps of glittering armour, and jewels of silver and jewels of gold, and banner and shield and spear, with millions and millions of little sea fairies, and Robin Goodfellows, and giants and dwarfs, and the funniest-looking monsters you ever heard of; and the waters were all bright with fairy lamps that were alive, and with ribands that were alive, and with changeable flowers that swam about and whispered to each other in a language of their own; and there were great heaps of pearl washed up into drifts and ridges, and a pile of the strangest-looking old-fashioned furniture, of gold and ivory, and little mermaids, with their dolls not longer than your finger, with live fishes for tails, jumping about and playing hide-and-seek with the sun-spots and star-flashes, and the striped water-snakes of the Indian seas, the most brilliant and beautiful of all the creatures that live there.

And while she was looking about her and wondering at all she saw, she happened to think once more of the *forget me-not*, and to wish herself back again! At that instant she heard a great heavy bell booming and tolling—she knew it was tolling—and she knew she was too late—and she knew that her mother was dead of a broken heart—and she fell upon her face, and stretched forth her hands with a shriek, and prayed God to forgive her! and allow her to see her mother once more—only once more!

"Why, what ails the child!" whispered somebody that seemed to be stooping over her.

It was her mother's voice! and poor Ruth was afraid to look up lest it should all vanish for ever.

"Upon my word, Sarah," said another voice—it was her father's; "upon my word, Sarah, I do not know but the poor little creature's thoughts appear to have undergone another change. I have heard nothing to-day of the forget-me-not which troubled her so the first week, have you?"

"She has mentioned it but once to-day, and then she shuddered; but perhaps we had better keep it in the glass till we see whether it will bear to be transplanted, for she seems to have set her little heart upon having that flower live; I wish I knew why?"

"Do you indeed, mamma?" whispered poor Ruth, still without looking up; well, then, I will tell you. That flower was given me by a Fairy to make me remember my promises to you, my poor dead mamma, and so long as I water that every day at the same hour, so long I shall be growing better and better, and my poor dear mamma—boo-hoo! boo-hoo!" and the little thing began to cry as if she would break her heart.

"Why, this is stranger than all," said the father. "I can't help thinking the poor child would be rational enough now, if she hadn't read so many fairy books; but what a mercy it was, my dear Sarah, and how shall we ever be thankful enough, that you happened to be down there when she fell into the water."

"Ah!" Ruth Page began to hold her breath and listen with the strangest feelings.

"Yes, Robert, but I declare to you I am frightened, whenever I think of the risk I ran by letting her fall in, head first, as I did."

Poor Ruth began to lift her head by little and little, and to feel about, and pinch herself to see if she was really awake, or only dreaming.

"And then, too, just think of this terrible fever, and the strange, wild poetry she has been talking, day after day, about Fairy-land."

"Poetry! Fudge, Robert, fudge!"

Ruth looked up, full of amazement and joy, and whispered—"Fudge, father, fudge!" and the very next words that fell from her trembling lips as she sat looking at her mother, and pointing at a little bunch of forget-me-nots in full flower, that her mother had kept for her in a glass by the window, were these—"Oh, mother! dearest mother! what a terrible dream I have had!"

"Hush, my love, hush! and go to sleep, and we will talk this matter over when you are able to bear it."

"Goody gracious, mamma!"

"There she goes again!" cried the father; "now we shall have another fit!"

"Hush, hush, my love! you must go to sleep now, and not talk any more."

"Well, kiss me, mamma, and let me have your hand to go to sleep with, and I'll try."

Her mother kissed the dear little thing, and took her hand in hers and laid her cheek upon the pillow, and in less than five minutes she was sound asleep, and breathing as she hadn't breathed before since she had been fished out of the water, nearly three weeks before, on her way to Fairy-land.

GAIETIES AND GRAVITIES.

SEMINOLE ANECDOTE.

The intrepid bravery and tender affections of one of these Indians are strikingly verified in the following anecdote. Having taken refuge for some time in the city of San Augustine, and got the name of Peter, he moved his residence to St. Anastasia's Island, which makes the harbour of the city, employed as a hunter by Mr. Fish, an English gentleman, who owned that island, and who gave it celebrity by the culture of the sweet orange. Peter being absent, a party of his enemies crossed the river, surprised his habitation, and murdered his wife and two children. On his return he did not hesitate a moment on the course to pursue; he fastened up his house containing the dead, repaired to Mr Fish's dwelling near by, to borrow a gun that Mr. Fish had made with a large bore, expressly for shooting ducks in large flocks. In this Peter put an uncommon load of buck-shot, and getting into his canoe proceeded up the river, about six miles to a creek on the main, as though instinct had pointed out to him the way they went. He had ascended the creek, when a distant smoke curling above the forest, apprised him of an Indian camp. He landed, and taking his course through the woods of a hostile country, discovered four Indian men sitting on a log side by side, the fifth near by employed in cooking; he circled round so as to bring the four in range, crept up close, fired, threw down his gun and rushed up with his tomahawk. The report, the fall of four Indians, and Peter's presence, armed with such a weapon, were so sudden and impressive, that the one who was cooking neither attempted defence or flight, but became an easy prey to his vengeance. By this time he found that one of the fallen was but wounded, and was endeavouring to reach his arms, but Peter had the advantage in being already armed. On searching he found the scalps of his wife and children stretched and hung out to dry, which he brought off, with several articles of property they had stolen, some of their arms, and the scalps of the five Indians he had killed, the greatest of all trophies, in his conception; returned home and buried his wife and children the same evening; and literally pined to death over their grave. This anecdote I had from Mr. Fish, who pointed out to me poor Peter's grave.—*St. Augustine Herald.*

LITERARY PATRONAGE.

Patronage of authors is an antiquated fashion, and at present means nothing. It is still repeated by rote among a few young or ignorant writers, as an echo dies away by degrees into an unmeaning sound. The publick favour is deemed a sufficient recompense. Nothing, for instance, can be more unjust than that an author, who has professedly written for the general taste, and has in consequence derived great emoluments from his works, should have a pension; while another, who has confined his toil to mathematicks, or other abstruse pursuits, confessedly useful and highly meritorious, but not adapted to much sale, goes wholly unrewarded. This case evinces that a pension is a mere piece of vain-glory in the government, which desires to have it recorded that such and such an eminent writer was pensioned.

VANITAS! VANITATUM VANITAS!

From the German of Goethe.

I've set my heart upon nothing, you see;
Hurrah!
And so the world goes well with me.
Hurrah!
And who has a mind to be fellow of mine,
Hurrah!
Why, let him take hold and help me drain
These mouldy lees of wine.

I set my heart at first upon wealth;
Hurrah!
And bartered away my peace and health;
But, ah!
The slippery change went about like air,
And when I had clutched me a handful here,
Away it went there.

I set my heart upon woman next;
Hurrah!
For her sweet sake was oft perplexed;
But, ah!
The false one looked for a daintier lot,
The constant one wearied me out and out,
The best was not easily got.

I set my heart upon travels grand,
Hurrah!
And spurned our plain old Fatherland;
But, ah!
Naught seemed to be just the thing it should,
Most comfortless beds and indifferent food,
My tastes misunderstood.

I set my heart upon sounding fame;
Hurrah!
And lo! I'm eclipsed by some upstart's name;
And, ah!
When in publick life I loomed quite high,
The folks that passed me would look awry!
Their very worst friend was I.

And then I set my heart upon war;
Hurrah!
We gained some battles with eclat.
Hurrah!
We troubled the foe with sword and flame,
(And some of our friends fared quite the same.)
I lost a leg for fame.

Now I've set my heart upon nothing, you see;
Hurrah!
And the whole wide world belongs to me.
Hurrah!
The feast begins to run low, no doubt;
But at the old cask we'll have one good bout.
Come, drink the lees all out!

JUDGE LYNCH OUTWITTED.

Some years ago, Judge Lynch claimed a broad jurisdiction, in and about the vicinity of T——, Florida. He took cognizance of all matters, and punished all offences, which were not otherwise provided for by law. No informality, or lack of proof positive, screened the culprit from the infliction of his summary mode of punishment. If an individual, by any indiscretion or impropriety of conduct, rendered himself obnoxious, Judge Lynch was sure to apply the corrective. The publick constituted the judge's grand jury, and just so sure as an individual excited the publick voice against him, just so sure he was compelled to undergo the sentence of the judge, without the benefit of clergy.

I forget who was the first *rail-rode* man in Florida, but I well recollect that not a few passengers were conveyed out of the corporate limits of T——, on a single *rail*, that being the punishment in ordinary cases. But I have not forgot the first time that the judge's sentence could not be executed, and when his executive officers met with a resistance which they could not overcome.

John Rodgers was given to drink, and when under the influence of the brain-stealer, was, in his own estimation, the most unfortunate man living. Naturally a quiet, well-disposed fellow; when intoxicated he became noisy, quarrelsome, and disagreeable. On that day, he had indulged to excess, and had got into numerous quarrels, in one of which he fired a horse-pistol on a small boy, who returned the compliment by peppering him with a full charge of shot, from a fowlingpiece. The distance between the parties, however, prevented any serious damage being done, and but for the great disproportion in the size and age of the antagonists, the duel between John Rodgers and the race-rider, would have passed off without notice. It soon became a town-talk, however, and as John went staggering through the streets, swearing vengeance, and exhibiting his wounds—his right arm and hand having received several of the shot—his conduct tended much to increase the excitement against him. Judge Lynch was not slow to make a decision in the case, and before dark it was currently given out that John Rodgers was to be ridden upon a rail that night.

Now, of all other men, perhaps John Rodgers had the greatest aversion to "*sittin' on a rail.*" He would rather have died than suffer such an indignity; and immediately on receiving this intelligence, he resolved that he would not be caught "*sleepin' bery sound.*" He then took another large drink, and after clearing his throat, exclaimed in a whining tone of voice:

"*Ride me on a rail!*—Why I'll be shot, if I'd be rid on a rail, for five thousand dollars"

"Well you'd better put out, then," said the gentleman of the *bar*, as he set back the bottle and popped the "pic." into the drawer. "Judge Lynch has said it."

"Well, now I'm not a gwain to be served no such trick," said John. "Judge Lynch be hanged"

John sauntered out, crying and muttering to himself, "I'll blow 'em all to——, if they come a projectin' about this child."

He then stepped into a store, and purchased three pounds of powder, which he tied up in a silk pocket-handkerchief. As it grew towards dark, John, with his handerchief under his arm, walked into a confectionary, kept by a good old Frenchman, and purchased a few cigars; lighted one of them, and commenced smoking. Already the officers of the high court of Judge Lynch were in pursuit of him, and as he saw them gather round the door, he began to puff away at his cigar and mutter curses against "The whole infernal pack of 'em."

"Yes," said he, "you come tryin' that are, and you'll get waked up worse than ever you was afore—biast nation seize your picters. You jest fool with this child—that's all—and if I don't blow you to kingdom come—you see if I don't."

The crowd, which had assembled round the door, now gradually entered the room, and as they did so, John began to flourish his cigar and cry:

"Jest you tetch, now. If you lay your hands on me, I'll send you whirlin', if this here powder's good for any thin'. I don't care for myself—I'd rather be blowed through the roof of this here store, than be *rid on a rail*—a confounded sight."

This last speech had attracted the attention of the old Frenchman, who began to look very uneasy.

"Ha, what dat you shall say!—blow off de roof from my house!"

"Lay hold of him," said the judge, who generally attended the execution of his sentences in person; "lay hold of him, fellows!"

"Stand off! Stand off!" exclaimed John, at the top of his voice, as he held up the powder in one hand and the cigar in the other. "Do you see this 'ere cigar, and this 'ere powder? Jest you lay your hands on me, and I'll tetch 'em together. If I don't now, dad burn me."

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the old Frenchman. "Go out of my house, sair—begone with your poodre and your cigar—what le diable!—will you blow all up my property?"

"Well, let 'em let me alone then. I'll blow all hands up and myself, too, before I'll be *rid on a rail.*"

"Gather him up, gentlemen," said the judge; "the sentence of the law must be executed."

The crowd, which had now increased in number, gradually drew round the besieged Rodgers, and the end of the rail was seen entering the door.

"Here goes, then!" exclaimed Rodgers, drawing the cigar from his mouth, and applying it close to the handkerchief. There was a sudden rush to the doors, and a confusion of voices crying out, "Stop! stop!"—"Don't! don't!"—above all of which might be heard the old Frenchman crying out, "Murdare! murdare!"

"Well," said Rodgers, as the crowd dispersed, "I'd just as lieve be killed, as *rid on a rail.*"

"I tell you one, two, several times, to begone vid your poodre magazine, and your cigar. Will you leave my house, sare?"

But Rodgers could neither be persuaded nor driven from his position against the wall, until the old man had prevailed upon the Lynch party to withdraw to some distance from his door. He then left the house, much to the relief of the old Frenchman; but ever as the crowd approached, he would prepare to apply the match. At one time they approached with more than usual determination, and when they had got quite near, one was heard to say—"Bring the rail!"

"You try it," said John, "and if you don't get into a hornet's nest, it'll be becase fire wont burr powder, now mind."

The circle began cautiously to close round him, but as John knocked the ashes from his cigar, at the same time producing a few sparks, preparatory to touching it to the powder, he was again suddenly left alone. The individual who had worried himself considerably, by carrying the rail, in his sudden retreat dashed it to the ground, and exclaiming, "*Non comatible in statu combustibus!*" abandoned the attempt—the rest of the *posse* soon imitated his example, leaving Rodgers triumphant.

Thus Judge Lynch, for the first time, witnessed the most utter contempt of his authority, and the most determined defiance of his power.

The following morning found John Rodgers a sober man, and from that time forth, he was never seen within the jurisdiction of Judge Lynch, of T——, Florida.—*Augusta Mirror.*

A WITTY AUCTIONEER AND AN OLD CLOCK.

The Christian Register of Boston publishes with just commendation the annexed speech of an auctioneer unnamed, who had the selling of the clock of the "old brick meating-house" in Boston. To be sure, the Courier of that city throws some doubt upon the authenticity of this speech, in which case we have only to apply the Italian saying, *Si non é véro é bèn trovato.*

A VENERABLE RELICK.

The clock which for many years hung in the interior of the "old brick" meeting-house, in this city, after various fortunes lately fell, into the hands of the auctioneer. At the time of the sale, the auctioneer actually delivered the following speech, which we have been permitted to publish. We venture to affirm, that a more appropriate and witty speech never fell from the lips of the most celebrated orators at *vendues:*

"Here is the relick of the early days of our country's annals, a remnant saved; antique of its kind, and venerable for every association connected with its history—the old church clock—bearing a mark of patriarchal longevity in the date, that speaks it one hundred and eighteen years of age. Yet, while it has ticked and struck off the thousands and tens of thousands, who have looked on its calm face, into eternity, it is still in good time, and going! going! Though its existence was begun in the land of kings, moved by the spirit of our pious fathers, it followed them to the land of pilgrims, and was consecrated to serve in the house of God, whom they came hither to worship as the children of his kingdom, and not as spiritual slaves to earthly despotism. This sober, ever-going clock, came over in the days of caution and sanity. It came when a *sea voyage* was a serious thing, and *religion* a serious thing, and a *church clock* a serious thing. It counted the moments, while the minister of God was preaching, and his hearers listening of eternity. It echoed his text, 'Take heed how ye hear.' Then was there real clock-work and order in men's minds and principles. Vanity did not then stare this venerable monitor in the face, and study the while how to display its plumage. Avarice did not dare, under its measured 'click,' to be planning in the temple how to lay up goods for many years. Nor was pride then puffed up by the breath of its own nostrils, while this minute-hand was showing its duration cut shorter at the beat of every pulse. Now, who will let this venerable memento of those days be desecrated? Who will not wish to possess himself of it, as a relick of the age of simplicity and godly sincerity? Look at its aged but unwrinkled face. It is calm; for it has not to answer for the sermons it has heard. Look at it, ye degenerate sons of New-England! Do ye not seem to see the shade go back on the dial-plate to the days of your fathers, and to hear the voices of those aged servants of God, who went from their preaching to their reward? I would speak more, but the hour is come. To whom shall it be sold?"

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

"All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold, excepting his wife's harp. That, he said, was too closely associated with the idea of herself: it belonged to the story of their loves: for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listened to the melting tones of her voice.—*Washington Irving's Sketch Book.*

THE TREASURED HARP.

Go, leave that harp! Twined round its strings
There's many a magick spell!
Leave that untouched! the strain it brings
This heart remembers well.

Let that remain! all else beside
Go scatter to the wind!
The chords that won my home a bride
No other home shall find.

It hath a power, though all unstrung
It lies neglected now;
And from her hands 'twill ne'er be wrung,
Till death these limbs shall bow!

It hath no price since that sweet hour
She tuned it first, and played
Love's evening hymn within the bower
Her youthful fingers made.

A spirit like a summer's night
Hangs o'er that cherished lyre,
And whispers of the calm moonlight
Are trembling from the wire.

Still on mine ear her young voice falls,
Still floats that melody;
On each loved haunt its musick calls—
Go! leave that harp and me!

DESULTORY READINGS.

To what strange and unexpected circumstances is the success in life of some men owing! On the side of Mount St. Angelò, in the kingdom of Naples, is a little castle, perched on a rock like an eagle's nest. This nest is the residence of a nabob. He was a common sailor of Castellamare, who was thrown, in consequence of his adventurous disposition, on the shores of Hindoostan, where, assisted by the recollections of his youth, he hit upon the means of making a large fortune. It is the usage of the wood-cutters of Mount St. Angelo, to attach their faggots to a long cable, and thus make them slide down from the top of the mountain to the water-side. Our adventurer, at a critical moment, recommended a similar mode of transporting his cannon to a rajah in whose service he had engaged. The experiment was completely successful; a brilliant victory was the result, and a crore of rupees rewarded the ingenuity of the Italian.

Friendship, the wine of life, should, like a well-stocked cellar, be continually renewed; and it is consolatory to think, that although we can seldom add what will equal the generous first growth of our youth, yet friendship becomes insensibly old in much less time than is commonly imagined, and not many years are required to make it mellow and pleasant. Warmth will, no doubt, make a very considerable difference; men of affectionate temper and bright fancy, will coalesce a great deal sooner than those who are dull and cold.

When I see leaves drop from the trees in the beginning of autumn, says Warwick, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. While the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarm in abundance; but in the winter of my need they leave me naked. He is a happy man who hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friend.

Pleasure is a rose, near which there ever grows the thorn of evil. It is wisdom's work so carefully to cull the rose as to avoid the thorn, and let its rich perfume exhale to heaven, in grateful adoration of Him who gave the rose to blow.

Among the writers of all ages, some deserve fame, and have it; others neither have nor deserve it; some have it, not deserving; others though deserving, yet totally miss it, or have it not equal to their deserts.

A young clergyman having, in the hearing of Dr. Parr, stated that he would believe nothing he could not understand. "Then, young man," said the doctor, "your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."

Two citizens courting the daughter of Themistocles, he preferred the worthy man to the rich one, and assigned this reason: "I had rather she should have a man without money, than money without a man."

Archimedes being asked to go and hear a person who imitated the nightingale to perfection, answered, "I have heard the nightingale herself."

When Simonides offered to teach Themistocles the art of memory, he answered—"Ah, rather teach me the art of forgetting; for I often remember what I would not, and cannot forget what I would."

When Charles Lamb visited the Litchfield cathedral, his guide informed him that three men once dined upon the top of the steeple. "They must have been very sharp set," said Lamb

Lamb one night wanted to demonstrate, after the manner of Swift, that the Man-t-chou Tartars were cannibals, and that the Chinese were identical with the Celtes (Sell Teas.)

The sparkle of a gratified wife's eye will go further than a ton of anthracite—it warms the *heart.*

The only difference between one man and another is whether he governs his passions or his passions him.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM JOHN SMITH.

THE WAR IN OUR DISPUTED TERRITORY.—THE DRAFTING AT SMITHVILLE.

Smithville, Down East, in the state of Maine,
March 8, 1839.

Dear General Morris.—I was going to give you a kind of a history of our folks and our town, going away back to the beginning, and so coming down along in course, but we have been in sich a flustration here about the war for a week past, that I can't think of anything else, nor write about anything else, till the flurry is over. My son John has gone down to the boundary war, along with the rest of 'em, and we feel bad enough about it, I can tell you. He's too young to go, I know; he's a mere striplin' of a boy yet; as I told you in my 'tother letter, he won't be seventeen years old, till the fifth day of next May, if he should live to see it. But the poor boy may never live to see that day now; for he's taken his life in his hands, and gone to fight for his country like a man and a hero, live or die. It was a tryin' time to us, General; it was a tryin' time—but I may as well tell you the story, and then you'll know.

After we heard the British had taken our land agent, and carried him off to New-Brumzick, we begun to look out for a squall. It was about dark, when the post brought the papers that had the account of it; so arter supper, we all went into grandfather's to talk the matter over. For grandfather knows more about sich matters than anybody else in Smithville—he was out three years in the revolution, and was in the battle of Lexington before he listed, and had the fore-finger of his right hand shot off in the battle of Bunker-hill, jest as he was pulling trigger, and aiming at a British officer that was hurrying up the hill, and driving his soldiers up like a fury. But grandfather always says he didn't lose his shot by it; for when he found that finger was gone, and wouldn't pull, he tried the next finger, and the old gun went without losing his aim, and the British officer fell; and he always believed it was his shot brought him down. Though grandfather is eighty-five years old now, and is so lame that he can't walk about much, yet his mind holds out remarkably, and he can talk about these things as smart as ever he could. His house stands right aside of mine, only fur enough apart for a long shed between 'em, and he used to live in the same house with me, or rather I lived in the same house with him, till I had so many children, and my family got so large, 'twas rather worrisome to the old gentleman, and we was rather scant of room, so I built another house, and moved into it, and got cousin Debby to live with the old folks, and take care of them.

So, as I said afore, arter supper we took the papers, and went into grandfather's, and I sot down and read it all over to him, how a parcell of the British come over into our disputed territory, and went to cutting down our timber like smoke, so as to steal it, and carry it off in the spring when the rivers open, away down to New-Brumzick; and how our new governour, Mr. Fairfield, as soon as he heard about it, sent Mr. McIntire, the land agent, and a hundred and fifty men to put a stop to that stealin' busness, and ketch the fellers if he could, and bring 'em off; and how Mr. McIntire took his men, and marched away off down there into the woods, ever so fur, into our disputed territory, and got all ready, and was jest a going to ketch the fellers, and bring 'em off up to Augusta, when the thieving chaps turned about, and *ketched him*, and put him on a sled, and hauled him off away down to Fredericton, in New-Brumzick, and put him in jail.

When I got along so fur, grandfather couldn't hold still no longer—he struck his staff down on the floor, jest as if it had been a training-gun, and, says he.

"John, there 'll be trouble; you may depend upon 't there 'll be trouble. If our people will stand that, they ain't made of sich kind of stuff as the old revolution folks was made of, nor nothing like it. In them days, if the British had a took one of our men, and hauled him off to Fredericton, and put him in jail, every man in the old Bay State, and every boy too, that was big enough to carry a gun, would a shouldered it, and marched to New-Brumzick, and Fredericton jail would a been stripped down in no time, and Mr. McIntire brought home agin."

Says I, "father, you mistake"—I most always call the old gentleman father, since my father died, and he's always been a sort of father to all of us, and to everybody in Smithville, from oldest to youngest—says I, "father, you mistake; your revolution folks couldn't a brought Mr. McIntire home again, for he was not there in them days—it's Mr. McIntire that's in jail now."

"Yes, they would," said the old gentleman, rising out of his chair, and striking his staff down on the floor harder than he did afore; "they'd a gone after Mr. McIntire, or any other man living, that had American blood in his veins, and they'd a brought him back, if they'd had to fit their way through forty New-Brumzicks for him. Aint the people waking up about it no-where? aint they going down to give them New-Brumzicks a thrashing?"

I looked at my son John, and I see his face was all of a blaze; and he looked as if he was jest a going to burst out.

Says I, "John, my boy, what's the matter?"

His face grew redder, and the tears come into his eyes, and he struck his fists together, hard enough to crack a walnut

"By king," says he, "father, I wish I was old enough to train; I want to go down there, and help give them are British what they deserve."

"By the memory of George Washington!" said my grandfather, "I wish I was young enough to train; I should like to shoulder my gun agin, and go and teach them New-Brumzickers better manners. But what are they doing to Augusta? Aint there no stir about it yet?"

Says I, "we'll read on and see." So I looked over the papers a little more, and found the governour had ordered ten thousand of the militia to be drafted to go down and keep the British out of our disputed territory, and prevent their stealing our pine timber.

"That looks something like it," said my grandfather; "that's a little like the spunk of old seventy-six. The British 'll have to let our disputed territory alone now, or else they 'll have to come to the scratch for it. I wish I was twenty years younger, I'd go down as a volunteer."

"I wish I was only two years older," said my son John, "then I should stan' a chance to be drafted; and if I wasn't drafted, I'd go, whether or no."

At that my wife and grandmother both fetched a heavy sigh. Grandmother said she thought father had been through wars enough in his day to rest in his old age, and let sich things alone. My wife, she wiped her eyes, for they was full of tears, and begged John not to talk so, for he was too young ever to think of sich things. And then she turned to grandfather, and asked him if he really thought there was going to be any war.

"Yes," said grandfather, "jest as true as the sun will rise to-morrow, there'll be a war, and that pretty soon tu, unless the New-Brumzickers back out, and give up Mr. McIntire, and let the timber on our disputed territory alone. The orders will be up here, to draft the militia within two days, and I shouldn't be surprised, if they should be called out before to-morrow morning."

At that my wife and the gals had a pretty considerable of a crying spell.

After we'd talked the matter all over, we went home, and went to bed; but we did n't any of us rest very well. My wife she sighed herself to sleep arter awhile; and I heard my son John, arter he got to sleep, muttering about guns and the British, and declaring he would go. I had jest got into a drowse about midnight, when I heard a heavy knock at the door. I sprung out of bed, and went and looked out of the window, and asked who was there.

"Sargent Johnson," was the reply. "We've got to stan' a draft to-night. The governour's orders got here about an hour ago. We're sending round, to warn our company, to meet up here, to Mr. Wilson's tavern, at two o'clock this morning; it's near about one now, and the captain wants Squire Smith to come over and help see about making the draft. He wants to get through with it as soon as he can, so them that's drafted may be getting ready, for they've got to set out to Bangor at eight o'clock this morning."

I told him I would come right over; and so I lit a candle and dressed myself as quick as I could, and come out into the kitchen to put on my boots, and who should I find there but my son John, all dressed, and his cap on, ready for a start. He had heard what had been said, and it put the fidgets right into him.

Says he, "father, I want to go over and see 'em draft." I told him he better be abed and asleep by half. But he said he couldn't sleep; and I found the boy was so arnest to go, that I finally told him he might.

We hadn't more than got dressed, before we heard the drum beat, over to Mr. Wilson's tavern; so we started off and went over. When we got there, they had a fire in the large hall, and the company was most all there. The captain had got a bowl and some black beans and white beans all ready, and he wanted me to draw for them, so they might all feel satisfied there was no partiality. There was one sargent to be drafted, and we drew him first; and it fell to Sargent Johnson. He stood it like a man; I didn't see as he trembled or turned pale a bit. He looked a little redder if anything, and kind of bit his lip, as he took his gun and marched into the middle of the floor, and turned round and looked at the company, and says he,

"I'm ready to go and fight for our country to the last drop of my blood, but what we'll make the British back out of our disputed territory, and stop their thieving."

The company gave three cheers for Sargent Johnson, and then we went to drafting the privates. There was sixty in the company, and ten was to be drafted. So they took fifty white beans and ten black ones, and put 'em into the bowl, and held it up, so nobody couldn't look into it, and I was to draw 'em out as the orderly sargent called out the names. So when we got ready to begin, the sargent sung out,

"William Jones——"

I put my hand into the bowl and drawed, and sung out,

"White bean."

"Peter Livermore," cried the sargent.

Peter Livermore started, as if he'd had a shock from an electrical machine; his legs shook a little, and he looked in the face as if he felt rather bad. I put my hand in and drawed, and sung out,

"White bean."

Peter looked better in a minute. He's a great tall six-foot chap, and looks as if he could almost whip a regiment of common fellers himself; and although he's something of a brag, it's generally thought, when you come right up to the pinch of the game, he's a little cowardly. Peter stretched his head back, and straddled his legs a little wider, and looked round on the company, and says he,

"I swow, I thought I should a been drafted, and I almost wish I had. It would a been fun alive to a gone down there, and had a brush long with them are New-Brumzickers. My old fowling-piece would a made day-light shine through fifty of 'em in half an hour's fighting. I swow I'm disappointed—I was in hopes I should been drafted."

The company knew Peter too well to mind much what he said; they only laughed a little, and the sargent went on, and called out,

"John Smith, the third."

I drawed to it, and says I,

"White bean."

The sargent called out again,

"John Smith, the seventh."

That was the oldest son of uncle John Smith, the blacksmith, a smart boy, about twenty-three years old. Somehow, as soon as I heard his name, I kind of felt as if he was going to be drafted; and I put in my hand and drawed, and sure enough, I sung out,

"Black bean."

John shouldered his gun in a minute, and marched out into the middle of the floor, and took his stand beside Sargent Johnson. He looked so resolute, and marched so quick, that the company at once give three cheers for John Smith the seventh.

"John Sanborn," cried the sargent.

"White bean," said I.

"Ichabod Downing," said the sargent.

I drawed, and answered the same as before,

"White bean."

"Jeremiah Cole," called out the sargent.

"Black bean," said I; "black bean for Jerry."

After waiting a minute, the captain called out, "where's Jerry Cole? Is n't Jerry here?"

"Yes, setting down behind here on a bench," answered a half a dozen at once.

"Come, Jerry, come forward," said the captain, "let us see your spunk."

By-and-by, Jerry come creeping out from behind the company, and tried to get across the floor; but his face was as white as a cloth, and he shook and trembled so he could n't scarcely walk. He let his gun fall on the floor, and sot down in a chair that stood by the side of the room, and boo-hoo'd out a crying like a baby. "Well done," said the captain, "there's spunk for you." "What's the matter, Jerry? can't you go?"

"Boo-hoo," said Jerry, "I aint well at all—I'm very sick, captain; I don't think I could go any way in the world."

"Well, well," said the captain, leave your gun, and you may run home as fast as you can go and see your mother, and we'll get somebody else to go in your room."

At that, Jerry darted out of the door, and pulled foot for home, like a streak of lightning.

"Where's Peter Livermore," said the captain; "he may take Jerry's place, being he was disappointed at not being drafted." And he called Peter, and told him to take Jerry's gun, and stand up in the floor with the drafts. Peter coloured as red as you ever see, and begun to sweat. At last, says he,

"Captain, I don't see how I can go any way in the world, my family's out of wood and meal, and a good many other things, and I couldn't leave home."

"Oh," says the captain, "we'll take care of your family while you are gone, Peter. Come, take the gun; don't stop to parley."

"But, captain," said Peter, the sweat beginning to roll off of his face, "if I'd been drafted, captain, I'd a gone with the greatest pleasure in the world, and shouldn't wanted no better fun. But somehow or other, it seems to me like presumption, to go to throwing myself into danger, when it wasn't my lot to go. I shouldn't like to go, captain, without I was drafted."

"Well, well," said the captain, "you needn't go; we want no cowards to go. But who is there here, among the spectators, or among the men whose names have been called, that isn't afraid to take Jerry's gun and fill Jerry's place. If there's any one here that's willing to go, let him come forward."

At that my son John sprung like a young tiger, and seized Jerry's gun, and jumped into the middle of the floor and stood up by the side of Sargent Johnson, and shouldered his gun with so much eagerness and looked so fierce and determined, although nothing but a striplin' of a boy, that the whole company burst out in three tremendous cheers for John Smith, the tenth—that's what he's numbered; we go accordin' to numbers in the village. The captain asked me if I was willing he should go. I never was so tried in my life. For my own part, bein' the boy was so brave and wanted to go so much, I should a said yes. But then I knew it would almost kill his mother. So, what to do I didn't know. But I found the boy had got his mind so fixed upon going, that if he didn't go it would about kill him. So, on the whole, I told the captain yes, he might put his name down.

Then we went on with the drafting again and got all through without any more trouble, and got ready to go home about three o'clock. The captain told them that was drafted, that they must all be ready to march at eight o'clock in the morning, and they must be in front of the tavern at that hour, and start together for Bangor. My son John and I then went home, and made up a fire and routed the folks all out, and told 'em John was listed, and got to start at eight o'clock, to fight for our disputed territory. Sich an outcry as there was for about a half an hour, I guess you never heard. My wife couldn't a cried harder if John had been shot dead there before her feet, though she didn't make much noise about it; for she always cries to herself. The older gals, they cried considerable louder; and some of the younger children, that didn't hardly understand what the trouble was about, sot in and screamed as loud as they could bawl

At last, says I, "there's no use in this noise and fuss; the boy's got to go, and he's got to be off at eight o'clock tu, and the sooner we set ourselves to work to get him ready, the better. That seemed to wake 'em up a little. My wife went to work and picked up his

clothes, and she and the gals sot down and mended his shirts and stockins, and fried up a parcell of dough-nuts for him to put in his knapsack, and got him all fixed up and breakfast ready about six o'clock. We hadn't waked up old grandfather in the night bein' he's so old; but in the morning we let him know about it, and he wanted my son John to come in and see him before he went; so we went into the old gentleman's room.

"Now John, my boy," said the old gentleman, "I feel proud to hear sich a good report of you. You'd a made a good soldier in the days of the revolution. 'Twas such boys as you that drove the British from Lexinton, and mowed 'em down on Bunker Hill. You'll feel a little queer at first when you see the enemy coming up to you with their guns pinted right at you; and, brave as you are, you'll feel a little streaked. But you mustn't mind it; as soon as they've fired once, you wont feel any more of it, and wont keer no more about 'em than you would about a flock of sheep. But don't be in a hurry to fire—mind that—don't be in a hurry to fire—they told us at Bunker Hill not to fire till the enemy got up so near we could see the whites of their eyes. And 'twas a good rule; for by that means we let 'em get up so near, that when we did fire, we mowed 'em down like a field of clover, I can tell you. Be a good boy, John, and don't quit our disputed territory as long as there is any dispute about it."

By this time we see 'em begin to gather in the road up by the tavern, and I told John it was time to be off; so he took his gun, and his knapsack, which was pretty well stuffed, for each of the children had put in a dough-nut or an apple, or a piece of cake, after their mother had crammed in as much as she thought he could carry, and then he marched away like a soldier up to the tavern. When they started they had to come down again by our house and go up over a rise of land 'tother way about half a mile before they got out of sight. So we all stood out in a row along by the side of the road to see 'em as they went by. Grandfather got out as far as the door-step and stood leaning on his staff, and grandmother stood behind him with her specs on, looking over his shoulder; and the rest of us, with the children and cousin Debby and all, went clear out to the side of the road. Pretty soon they come along by, Sargent Johnson at the head, and the rest marching two and two. When they got along against us, little Ned run up and tucked another great apple into John's pocket, and my wife called out to him, "Now do pray be careful, Johnny, and not get shot."

Then grandfather raised his trembling voice, and says he,

"Now John, my boy, remember and don't be in a hurry to fire"

And the children called out all together, "good-by, John, good-by, John," each repeating it over, three or four times. John looked round and nodded once, when his mother called out to him, but the rest of the time he held his head up straight and marched like a soldier. We stood and watched 'em till they got clear to the top of the hill and was jest a going out of sight, when all to once John stepped out one side, where we could see him, and let his old gun blaze away into the air, and in a minute more they were out of sight

"Ah," said old grandfather, "that sounds like Bunker Hill; that boy'll do the business for them New-Brunzickers, if they don't let our disputed territory alone."

We feel dreadful lonesome, Gineral, since John went away. It seems as if our family is most all gone now he's gone. If you should hear anything about his fighting down there to our disputed territory, I wish you would put it in your paper, for we shall feel dreadful anxious till we hear from him. So I remain your friend and subscriber, JOHN SMITH, ESQUIRE.

SELECT DRAMATICK CRITICISM.

CROLY'S CATILINE.

Among the dramatick productions of the age there is not one to which we should assign a higher rank than to Croly's noble tragedy of Catiline We are surprised that it is not more frequently produced upon the stage, for the character of the great conspirator in this play affords opportunities for the display of tragick powers, in our opinion unsurpassed, whether we regard the startling energy and beauty of the language or the dramatick force of the action. To be sure there are many passages, which it would be necessary to retrench, to adapt the piece to the stage; but this could be easily accomplished so as to do no serious injury to the dramatick effect of the tragedy. We wish that Mr. Wallack or Mr. Forrest would make the experiment, and give us an adequate personation of Catiline. It is truly a glorious part, and it would task the powers of either of those distinguished actors, to do it justice

There are faults in Catiline, but they are those which would be recognized only by the classical student. In the first place the truth of history is violated, far beyond what is justified either by any sane theory of the art, or by the example of any who are entitled to be classed among its legitimate masters. Liberties with *time* are almost always necessary to the poet who dramatizes an historical action, and with them rightly taken no critick will quarrel. Liberties with *place* and *scene* are, in like manner, to a certain extent fair. But there is a plain rule which we at least can never consent to lose sight of; and this is, that the writer who weaves either drama or romance from the materials of history, *must* keep these materials in all essential particulars sacred; and from this rule Mr. Croly has in our opinion very unwisely departed.

The supposed ignorance of the spectator is, we maintain, the only ground on which the dramatist who violates history can hope to escape condemnation. No man who *knows* what happened at any particular period of time, can endure to see it misrepresented. Every violation of fact is to his mind a pain. He cannot sit out a tragedy full of such violations, without having at least a very great part of the pleasure, which the poet's genius might naturally have excited within him, neutralized. Would any man have dared to bring a falsified account of Catiline's conspiracy—an account falsified in any important particular whatever—before the eyes of an intelligent Roman assembly? The answer is plain. We see in the volume before us the clearest evidence that Mr. Croly is a very accomplished scholar, and the more we reflect on it, we are the more astonished that he should have ventured upon such liberties as he has taken with such a well-known story. The *Marianism* of Catiline—his imaginary wife—the imaginary daughter of Marius—his Hamilcar—his Aspasia, and many things besides, were all perfectly needless. But with these exceptions we do not hesitate to say, that we consider Catiline the most brilliant tragedy that has in our time been added to the stock of the British drama.

It was a bold adventure for Mr. Croly to think of presenting anew, in a dramatick form, what Lord Orford so properly calls, in his memoirs, "the most brilliant episode in the history of Rome." Several of the chief masters of the art had already exerted all their genius on the story of Catiline; and yet none of them had been in any true sense of the word successful; and nobody ever dreamed of anything, when the name of this great conspirator was mentioned, but the unrivalled orations of Cicero, and the equally unrivalled narrative of Sallust. Nobody ever thought of the Catiline of Crebillon but as a miserable failure; that of Voltaire is better, but still bad; and Ben Jonson's tragedy, rich as it is in learning and rich in masterly declamation, is cold in its stateliness and undramatick, in the midst both of historical truth and of poetical ornament.

In the whole management of Croly's Catiline—in the structure of the plot—in the exposition, which is alike clear, natural, and powerful—in the dialogue, above all, which is throughout full of true dramatick vigour, we see, if we ever have seen them, the proofs of the author's dramatick vocation Perhaps we never read any first tragedy, by any dramatist whatever, abounding so much in happy dramatick situations. It would be ridiculous to enter into anything like an analysis of a tragedy on the story of Catiline; we shall therefore merely quote a few passages, to justify what we have said in Mr. Croly's praise, as a master of dramatick dialogue, and a bold and elegant writer.

Hamilcar, a Carthaginian hostage in Rome, of royal blood and ambition, is introduced alone in a grove near the city, meditating on the degradation of his country and himself, when Cethegus breaks in upon his solitude. These two men had been feasting together the same evening, at the mansion of Catiline, their common friend; but the Moor had left the banqueters early, because their mirthfulness did not suit the state of his spirits. Their mirth, it is true, had been but hollow; for that day Cicero had been elected consul, and the proud Catiline defeated in the object of his long ambition. It is thus that the two haughty and discontented spirits commune:

Hamilcar. Hark! Who disturbs the night? [*He listens.*
Cethegus's voice!
One of those drunkards—a hot-headed fool;
Senseless, and brave as his own sword.
Hallo! [*He calls.*
I'll try what mischief's in his mettle now. [*Cethegus comes in.*
Ceth. Ho! prince of darkness—emperour of the Nile—
Star-gazer!—you are welcome to them all;
Rome is no place for you! put on your wings,
And perch upon the moon! You left us all
Just in our glory.
Ham. 'Twas a noble set!
Ceth. Rome has none better;—all patrician blood,
Glowing with cyprus wine—wild as young stags—
Bold as bay'd boars—haughty as battle steeds—
Keen as flesh'd hounds—fire-eyed as mounting hawks.
Ham. 'Twill be a glorious day that lets them soar.
How was't with Catiline?
Ceth. He seem'd to feel
The fiercest joy of all; pledged the whole room
In brimming goblets; talk'd a round of things,
Lofty and rambling as in ecstacy;
Laugh'd, till his very laughter check'd our mirth
And all gazed on him; then, as if surprised,
Marking the silence, mutter'd some excuse,
And sank in reverie; then, wild again,
Talk'd, drank and laugh'd—the first of bacchanals!
Ham. That looks like madness. (*Aside.*) He has been abused:
The consulate was his by right.
Ceth. By right?
Ay, or by wrong! had I been Catiline,
I should have knock'd out Cicero's brains.
Ham. (*Advancing to him*) Speak low;
The trees in Rome are spies. It may be done.
The great patricians hate him, though some few
Lacquey his steps. If Catiline were roused
To draw the sword, this talker would be left
Bare as his pedigree.
Ceth. (*In surprise*) Raise war in Rome?
Ham. No,—but take down the consul's haughtiness;
Make the patricians what they ought to be,
Rome's masters, and restore the forfeitures
Now in plebeian hands.
Ceth Show me but that;
And I am his, or yours, or any man's.
My fortune's on my back; the usurers
Have my last acre in their harpy hands.
Ham You must have Catiline, for he has all
That make such causes thrive—a mighty name,
One that the youth will cling to; a bold tongue—
A bolder heart—a soldier's skill in arms—
A towering and deep-rooted strength of soul,
That, like the oak, may shake in summer's wind,
But, stript by winter, stands immoveable.
Ceth. He's a tried soldier?
Ham. A most gallant one?
Ceth. You've seen him in the field?
Ham. Ay, fifty times,—
I' the thickest fight; where all was blood and steel;
Plunging through steeds unrider'd, gory men
Mad with their wounds, through lances thick as hail,
As if he took the ranks for idle waves!
Now seen, the battle's wonder; now below,
Mowing his desperate way, till, with wild shrieks,
The throng roll'd back, and Catiline sprang out
Red from the greaves to the helm!
Ceth. He shall be ours!
Then, Rome is full of malcontents; the land
Cumber'd with remnants of the war; the slaves
Will crowd to his first signal; in his house
He has the banner that the Marian troops
Still worship like a god;—but he will call
The act conspiracy.
Ham. Jove save us all!
Ceth. How now, Hamilcar?
Ham. (*Going*) Fare you well, my lord. [*He suddenly returns.*
Conspiracy! Is not the man undone?
All over bankrupt, broken right and left—
Within this week he'll be without a rood,
A roof, a bed, a robe, a meal to eat!
Conspiracy! He's levell'd;—on the earth!
His last denarius hung upon this day,
And now you have him. This day has dissolved
His last allegiance. Go—you'll find him now
Tormented, like the hound that bays the moon,
Foaming to see the pomp beyond his reach.
Ceth. He has forsworn the world!
Ham. 'Tis laughable.
Ceth If he draw back!
Ham. Draw back! You'd find him flame.
Go to the banquet, ere they all break up;
Yet *should* he chill,—provoke him—stir dispute—
Seize on his hasty word. The revellers there
Will take it for command; and thus his name
Be mixed with tumult, till the lion snared
Is forced to battle.
Ceth. Then, to Catiline!
I may be king or consul yet.
Ham. Away! (*Cethegus goes.*)
The hour of blood's at hand. (*Draws his dagger.*)
Be thou my god!
Away, bold fool! O, Rome!, those are thy men!
Ay—you shall have a crown,—a crown of straw;
Chains for your sceptre; for your honours stripes;
And for your kingly court a maniack's cell;
Where you and your compeers may howl to th' night,
And rave rebellion.

We have indicated by italicks two or three of what we think the finest things in this scene; but as a whole it is superb. The description of Catiline's behaviour at the debauch—the image of the oak, that "*strept by winter*, stands immoveable"—the beginning of the last speech of Hamilcar, "Be thou my god"—but above all the magnificent description of Catiline in battle, "Red from the greaves to the helm"—will not sink in comparison with the most poweful passages in Shakspeare. These extracts must be accepted by our readers as a sufficient specimen of the two first acts, in which the conspiracy is gradually worked up and discovered by the patriotick consul

The third act closes with a scene of very great art, and of great power. Indeed out of Shakspeare we remember nothing equal to it in these respects. It is the scene, in which Cicero is bearded by Catiline in the Senate-house, after the whole of the guilty machinations have been discovered, through the weakness (so far the truth of history is adhered to) of a woman and a mistress, the famous night of the famous "Quousque tandem abuterere, Catilina," etc.

The Senate-house.—*The Temple of Jupiter Stator. The senate, at night; a consul in the chair;* Cicero *on the floor, concluding his speech.*

Cic. Our long dispute must close. Take one proof more
Of this rebellion.—Lucius Catiline
Has been commanded to attend the senate.
He dares not come. I now demand your votes!—
Is he condemned to exile?

Catiline *comes in hastily, and flings himself on the bench; all the senators go over to the other side.*

Cic. (*Turning to Catiline.*) Here I repeat the charge, to gods and men.
Of treasons manifold;—that, but this day,
He has received despatches from the rebels,
That he has leagued with deputies from Gaul
To seize the province; nay, has levied troops,
And raised his rebel standard:—that but now
A meeting of conspirators was held
Under his roof, with mystick rites, and oaths,
Pledged round the body of a murder'd slave.
To these he has *no* answer
Cat. (*Rising calmly*) Conscript fathers!
I do not rise to waste the night in words;
Let that plebeian talk; 'tis not *my* trade;
But *here* I stand for right. Let him show *proofs*,
For Roman right; though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there,
Cling to your master; judges, Romans,—*slaves!*
His charge is false;—I dare him to his *proofs*.
You have my answer now! I must be gone.
Cis. Bring back the helmet of this Gaulish king

(*The lictors return with the helmet and axe*)

These, as I told you, were this evening seized
Within his house—You know them, Catiline?
Cat. The axe and helmet of the Allobroges! (*Aside.*)
Know them! What crimination's there! What tongue
Lives in that helm to charge me! Cicero—
Go search my house, you may find twenty such;
All fairly struck from brows of barbarous kings,

When you and yours were plotting here in Rome.
I say, go search my house. And is this all?
I scorn to tell you by what chance they came.
Where have I levied troops, tampered with slaves,
Bribed fool or villain, to embark his neck
In this rebellion? Let my actions speak.

Cic. (*Interrupting him.*) Deeds shall convince you! Has the traitor done!

Cat. But this I will avow, that I *have* scorn'd,
And still *do* scorn, to hide my sense of wrong:
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honour on me,—turning out
The Roman from his birthright; and for what? (*Looking round him.*)
To fling your offices to every slave;
Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb;
And having wound their loathsome track to the top
Of this huge mouldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler man below.

Cic. This is his answer! Must I bring more proofs?
Fathers, you know there lives not one of us,
But lives in peril of his midnight sword,
Lists of proscription have been handed round,
In which your general properties are made
Your murderers' hire.

Bring in the prisoners.

[*The lictors return with Cethegus, and others.*

Cat. (*Startled.*) Cethegus! (*Aside.*)

Cic. Fathers! those stains to their high name and blood,
Came to my house to murder me; and came
Suborn'd by *him.*

Cat. (*Scornfully.*) Cethegus!
Did *you* say this?

Ceth. Not I—I went to kill
A prating, proud plebeian, whom those fools
Palm'd on the consulship.

Cic. And sent by whom?

Ceth. By none.—By nothing but my zeal to purge
The senate of yourself, most *learned* Cicero!

[*A cry is heard without:* More prisoners! the Allobroges!" *An officer enters, with letters for Cicero; who, after glancing at them, sends them round the Senate. Catiline is strongly perturbed. The Allobroges come in, chained.*

Cic. Fathers of Rome! If man can be convinced
By proof, as clear as day-light, there it stands!

[*Pointing to the prisoners.*

Those men have been arrested at the gates,
Bearing despatches to raise war in Gaul
Look on these letters! Here's a deep-laid plot
To wreck the provinces: a solemn league,
Made with all form and circumstance. The time
Is desperate,—all the slaves are up;—Rome shakes!—
The heavens alone can tell how near our graves
We stand ev'n here!—The name of Catiline
Is foremost in the league. He was their king.
Tried and convicted traitor! Go from Rome!

Cat. (*Haughtily rising.*) Come, consecrated lictors! From your thrones; [*To the Senate.*
Fling down your sceptres:—take the rod and axe,
And make the murder as you make the law.

Cic (*Interrupting him.*) Give up the record of his banishment. (*To an officer.*)

[*The officer gives it to the Consul in the chair.*

Cat. (*Indignantly.*) Banish'd from Rome! What's banish'd, but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?
"Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?

[*With growing violence.*

Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banish'd?—I thank you for't. It breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour—
But *now* my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords;
I scorn to count what feelings, wither'd hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you: here, I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face.
Your Consul's merciful.—For this all thanks.
He *dares* not touch a hair of Catiline.

(*The Consul reads.*) "Lucius Sergius Catiline: by the decree of the Senate, you are declared an enemy and an alien to the state, and banished from the territory of the Commonwealth."

The Con. Lictors, drive the traitor from the temple!

Cat. (*Furious.*) "Traitor!" I go—but I *return.* This—trial!
Here I devote your Senate! I've had wrongs
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinew strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrows!—This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions.—Look to your hearths, my lords!
For there henceforth shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus!—all shames and crimes!
Wan treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like Night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave!

[*The Senators rise in tumult and cry out,*

Go, enemy and parricide, from Rome!

Cat. It shall be so!—[*Going. He suddenly returns.*
When Catiline comes again,
Your grandeur shall be base, and clowns shall sit
In scorn upon those chairs;—your palaces
Shall see the soldier's revels, and your wealth
Shall go to deck his harlot and his horse.
Then Cicero, and his tools, shall pay me blood—
Vengeance for every drop of my boy's veins;—
And such of you, as cannot find the grace
To die with swords in your right hands, shall feel
The life, life worse than death, of trampled slaves!

[*The Senators cry out,*

Go, enemy and parricide, from Rome!

Cic. Expel him, lictors! Clear the Senate-house!

[*They surround him.*

Cat. (*Struggling through them.*) I go—but not to leap the gulf alone.
I go—but when I come—"*twill be the burst*
Of ocean in the earthquake—rolling back
In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well!—
You build my funeral-pile, but your best blood
Shall quench its flame. Back, slaves! (*To the lictors*)—I will *return!*

[*He rushes through the portal; the scene closes.*

We have no room to quote from the concluding scenes of this remarkable and strangely neglected tragedy, but the reader may rest assured that the terrible catastrophe is terribly represented. Catiline, breathing blood, madness, pride, scorn, wrath—everything but hope, dies in the midst of the camp which he has scaled; and when the curtain drops upon him, the imagination of the reader—we had almost said the spectator—remains behind it, while memory recalls the awful description of the dead Catiline in Sallust,—"Catilina verò longe a suis inter hostium cadavera repertus est, et paululum etiam spirans; ferociamque animi quam habuerat vivus in vultu retinens."

The rapidity and vigour of the dialogue and the action—the strength with which the characters are conceived, and the ease and simplicity with which they are developed—the extraordinary beauty and energy of the language—the Shakspearian vividness of the metaphors—and the unflagging spirit with which the interest is kept up from the beginning to the end—these are the prominent merits of Croly's Catiline. On the whole, there can be no doubt that this, whether considered as a poem or as a drama, is a splendid performance, and one which must make the name of Croly immortal. Without very minute criticism indeed, and very copious quotations, we could scarcely hope to make our readers agree in all the praise we have bestowed on it. Let them read the tragedy for themselves, and we shall be satisfied to abide by their judgment.*

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

A WIFE'S REVENGE.

The city of King Bladud has been amused for some time past by the gaieties of the lady of a lately created baronet.

She is separated from him, and accuses him of deeds and words hardly consistent with a state of connubial felicity. It is said that a scolding wife and a smoky chimney are two of the greatest plagues flesh is heir to; but it is, nevertheless, possible for a philosopher to bear them with tolerable equanimity. When, however, an attack is made upon a man's purse, it is a very different thing; his patience forsakes him then, if ever. In the very clever novel of "Marriage" is introduced a scene in which a Major Dougias has to submit to the infliction of the sarcastick attacks of an old virago upon his family, himself, and everything belonging to him. This he does with admirable patience, until the old lady sneers at his skill in the sports of the field, when his good temper fails him altogether. Now we think that an attack upon the purse can be borne worse that even this. In the present case the lady is of that opinion, for her method of revenge is, if possible, to ruin her lord and master by her great extravagance. All her talents are exerted to attain this end. Her ingenuity is taxed to the utmost in this very amiable pursuit. Every extravagant freak that either she or her companions, (we can't say friends,) if it involve expense, and don't require prompt payment, is put into immediate execution; no whim can possibly come amiss to her; she pursues her headlong course with a vigour, energy, and *enjouement*, which is particularly amusing to the looker-on, as it is understood that her *cara-sposa* is rather susceptible when his pockets are touched. How long she can continue to carry on this game it is impossible to calculate, but undoubtedly, if it continue much longer, the embarrassments of the gentlemen will be serious indeed. How he will extricate himself from his very unpleasant predicament is a matter of much speculation. Unfortunately for him, there is no divorce for pecuniary peccadilloes, and there is no other apparent speck on Lady ——'s conduct. There was a rumour that he intended to pursue the same course as that of a certain police magistrate, who at once amused and disgusted the town by his indelicacy. But it seems to us that such a course would be of very little use, as by the exercise of a little ingenuity on the lady's part the precaution might be set at naught. If a tradesman were to commence an action for the recovery of the value of necessaries supplied to the wife, it would be no defence to allege (we apprehend) that the husband had already provided or paid for such necessaries; for how could John Nokes know that his neighbour, Thomas Stiles, had accommodated the lady with the necessaries of life—so that, in fact, the lady might obtain credit for enormous amounts, and yet never exceed an apparently moderate sum. The remedy we should suggest to Monsieur *Mari* is that he should take back the lady to his arms and heart. We have heard nothing alleged against either party; to render such a course improper. The gentleman should recollect that the treatment the lady experienced at the hands of her friends, in her youthful days, was so cruel and unjust, that it is impossible that the general tone of her moral feeling may have been wounded without being depraved, and this should be considered as some excuse. Both parties are miserable apart—they cannot be more so under the same roof, and it seems to us that the lady's conduct proceeds from piqued affection more than anything else. Surely, by the interference of judicious friends, the matter might be accommodated, and the accomplishment of our proposition would give us great pleasure.

* Can it be possible that Croly's sublime tragedy has never found a publisher in this country? And this, while an inane and trashy novel by a whining English boarding-school girl, put forth under the patronage of Lady A. or Lord B., is sure of being promptly re-published by the caterers for the intellectual tastes of the people of the United States?—Ed. N. Y. Mirror.

THE BELL OF THE BALL.

"Arbiter es formæ."—*Ovid.*

"Only think on my desolate state,
On an illness so mal-à-propos!
Mrs. Grampus has given a fête,
And *I* was unable to go:
Dear Charlotte, to ease my despair,
Tell me all about Muggiesham-hall,
Say who were the favourites there,
Who shone as the belle of the ball?"

"Mrs. Grampus in finery blazed,
To eclipse every beauty she strove:
The old colonel exclaimed, as he gazed,
'A prodigious fine woman, by Jove!'
But, oh heavens! what an arm, what a fist,
Her bulk all the loves would appal;
With her face like the sun in a mist,
She was not the belle of the ball.

"Lady Elinor moved like a queen,
A model of dignified grace;
Sure never more beauties were seen,
Than illumine her elegant face;
The ringlets which float round her head,
Her friends a warm auburn miscall;
But Sir Harry pronounced they were red,
She was not the belle of the ball.

"It was pretty Miss Malkin's *début*,
With her manners so gentle and mild;
And her eye of ethereal blue,
She looked like Simplicity's child:
But she danced not—perhaps she was shy;
But wherefore sit wrapp'd in a shawl?
Some thought her a little awry,
So she was not the belle of the ball

"Lavinia was playful and gay,
And tripped like some lass on the green;
'She's a nymph, she's a sylph, she's a fay!'
Cried that stupid old Major Macqueen;
But mute she should ever remain,
When she speaks, 'tis a horrible squall;
With a voice like a peacock in pain,
She was not the belle of the ball.

"Round the rich pretty widow from Leeds
All the officers throng'd as a prize;
In flirting she always succeeds,
Though there's something quite odd in her eyes;
Miss Muddlethorp ventured to hint,
That on objects obliquely they fall;
'Twould be cruel to call it a squint—
But she was not the belle of the ball.

"Lady Lucy bore triumphs away,
Her charms might an anchoret warm;
The mazurka was made to display
All the grace of her delicate form;
On her cheek the fresh bud of the rose
Seemed destined each heart to inthrall;
But, alas! it encroached on her nose,
And she was not the belle of the ball

"All applauded Miss Lancaster's taste,
She was dress'd with such exquisite skill;
Every ringlet with science was placed,
Every look had its mission to kill.
Her complexion is fair as the snow,
But perhaps she's a little too tall;
I should think about ten years ago
That she shone as the belle of the ball.

"Then the petticoat pedant, Miss Pope,
Tried to mingle deep learning with love;
Not aware that 'tis useless to hope
That the owl can combine with the dove;
While she danced, in imperious tone
She descanted on Spurzheim and Gall;
She might be as blue as the Rhone,
But she was not the bell of the ball

"Never was so enchanting a night,
Each partner soft nothings could say;
The hours fled on wings of delight,
And I sigh'd at the dawning of day:
You remember Augustus Dalmaine,
Whose taste is acknowledged by all?
Well, *he* said—but you'll think me so vain—
He said *I* was the belle of the ball."

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

Over-affection for animals.—A lady kept a malicious ape, which bit one of her women so cruelly in the arm, that her life was in danger. The lady chid her ape, and told him not to bite so deep in the future. The maid lost her arm; and the marchioness dismissed her with a vague promise of a provision. The marquis blaming this inhumanity, the lady answered, with great coolness, "What would you have me do with the girl! She has lost an arm"

The first step.—*Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coute:* "The first step is the only difficulty." This proverb was oddly applied by a lady, who, hearing a canon in the company say that St. Piat, after his head was cut off, walked two entire leagues with it in his hand "Yes, madam, two entire leagues" "I firmly believe it," answered the lady; "on such an occasion *the first step is the only difficulty.*"

A gentleman.—Gentility is neither in birth, manner, nor fashion, but in mind. A high sense of honour, a determination never to take a mean advantage of another, an adherence to truth, delicacy and politeness towards those with whom you may have dealings, are the essential and distinguished characters of a gentleman.

Mr. Peel.—A foreigner perambulating the streets of London, would have strong reason to believe that Mr. Peel was one of the most odious and unpopular ministers that ever existed In almost every book-shop window is to be seen a placard on paper, thus ominously inscribed: "*Peel's Criminal Acts.*"

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

Amusements of war.—When Louis XIV. besieged Lille, the Count de Brouai, governour of the place, was so polite as to send a supply of ice every morning for the king's dessert. Louis said one day to the gentleman who brought it, "I am much obliged to M. de Brouai for his ice, but I wish he would send it in larger portions." The Spaniard answered, without hesitation, "Sire, he thinks the siege will be long, and he is afraid the ice may be exhausted." When the messenger was going, the duke de Charrost, captain of the guards, called out, "Tell Brouai not to follow the example of the governour of Douai, who yielded like a rascal." The king turned round, laughing, and said, "Charrost, are you mad!" "How, sir!" answered he; "Brouai is my cousin." In the Memoires de Grammont, you will find similar examples of the *amusements* of war. You remember that when Philip of Macedon vanquished the Athenians, in a pitched battle, they sent next morning to demand their baggage; the king laughed, and ordered it to be returned, saying, "I do believe the Athenians think we did not fight in earnest."

Vesuvius.—Extract of a letter from Naples, dated the fifth of January:—"Early in the morning of New-Year's day, we were awakened by a violent explosion like the report of cannon, and soon discovered that it was an eruption of Vesuvius. In half an hour afterwards a dense cloud of smoke and ashes covered Naples, having the same effect, from the electrical fluid issuing from it, as generally precedes a summer storm. Apprehensions were entertained for the city; but the wind changed and carried the cinders towards the shore at Portici. The eruption ceased in the evening, but the detonations re-commenced on the second, and continued throughout the day. The earth was constantly tremulous under our feet. In the evening Vesuvius was all on fire, and the lava flowed down into the plain between Portici and Torre del Greco, committing great ravages. On the third, the mountain became more quiet, and in the evening was not so much inflamed as on the preceding night, but sent out continual flashes, which is a phenomenon extremely rare. Since yesterday it has been at rest. If the eruption had continued as it began, we should have seen a renewal of what happened in 1822, when, during three days, Naples was covered with cinders, and candles had to be lighted at mid-day."

Causes of conjugal quarrel.—For Pope's exquisite good sense, take the following, which is a master-piece:—"Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together but mere vanity—a secret insisting upon what they think their dignity or merit, and inward expectation of such an over-measure of deference and regard as answers to their own extravagant false scale, and which nobody can pay, because none but themselves can tell readily to what pitch it amounts to." Thousands of houses would be happy to-morrow if this passage were written in letters of gold over the mantelpiece, and the offenders could have the courage to apply it to themselves.

Heroes.—It were well if there were fewer heroes; for I scarcely ever heard of any but did more mischief than good. These overgrown mortals commonly use their will with their right hand, and their reason with their left. Their pride is their title, and their power puts them in possession. Their pomp is furnished from rapine, and their scarlet is dyed with human blood. If wrecks, and ruins, and desolation of kingdoms, are marks of greatness, why do not we worship a tempest, and erect a statue to the plague? A panegyrick upon an earthquake is every jot as reasonable as upon such conquests as these.

A compliment.—A Frenchman who had learned English, wished to be particularly polite, and never neglected an opportunity of saying something pretty. One evening he observed to Lady R., whose dress was fawn-coloured, and that of her daughter pink—"Milady, your daughter is the *pink* of beauty." "Ah, monsieur, you Frenchmen always flatter." "No, madam, I only do speak the truth, and what all the world will allow, that your daughter is the *pink*, and your ladyship the *drab* of fashion!" It was with great difficulty the Frenchman could be made to comprehend his *sottise*.

Commercial enterprise.—During the domination of Bonaparte, sugar, coffee, tobacco, cotton-twist, etc., were sent by sea from London to Salonica, (in European Turkey,) whence these goods were carried on horses and mules, across Servin and Hungary, into the whole of Germany, and even into France: so that goods were consumed at Calais, coming from England, only seven leagues distant, which goods had made a circuit equivalent, as far as expense went, to a voyage twice round the world!

Incredible fact.—The Abbé Regnier, secretary of the French Academy, was collecting in his hat from each member a contribution for a certain purpose. The president Roses, one of the forty, was a great miser, but had paid his quota; which the abbé not perceiving, he presented the hat a second time. Roses, as was to be expected, said he had already paid. "I believe it," answered Regnier, "though I did not see it." "And I," added Fontenelle, who was beside him, "I saw it, but I do not believe it."

Disagreeable people.—Some persons are of so teazing and fidgety a turn of mind, that they do not give you a moment's rest. Everything goes wrong with them. They complain of a head-ache or the weather. They take up a book, and lay it down again—venture an opinion, and retract it before they have half done—offer to serve you, and prevent some one else from doing it. If you dine with them at a tavern, in order to be more at your ease, the fish is too little done—the sauce is not the right one, they ask for a sort which they think is not to be had, or if it is, after some trouble, procured, do not touch it; they give the waiter fifty contradictory orders, and are restless and sit on thorns the whole of dinner-time.

Arab women.—The Arab women on the banks of the Nile, add to delicacy of form and natural elegance, a striking simplicity of dress. The poorest wear nothing but a long blue chemise, with a veil of the same colour—one corner of which veil they hold in their mouths when they meet any men, especially Europeans. A large mask of black taffeta covers the faces of the richer females, leaving nothing to be seen but the eyes and forehead. Ear-rings, several necklaces of shells or paste, intermingled with amulets of silver or of polished copper, bracelets, various and multiplied; the chin, the hands, and a part of the arms tatooed with blue, the eye-lashes tinged with black—such are the particulars which complete the dress of an Arab female, and which, notwithstanding their apparent fantasticalness, produce an original and graceful *ensemble*.

Domestick turn.—Many women think they are domestick, if they stay at home to entertain company; while their husbands think they are as little domestick at home, as abroad.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

An esteemed friend requests to know, if we would be pleased to insert in the Mirror, "a case or two in medical jurisprudence." We "should be pleased" to receive any communication from the writer. From among the innumerable verses sent us upon the subject of the troubles in Maine, we select the following, from the pen of a young lady, residing in Williamsport, Penn.:

"We cannot tamely submit to be driven from our territory."—*Gov. Fairfield.*

Soft murmur bright New-England's rills—
Proud wave her forests green—
Fair are our northern hills, and fair
Each vale that lies between.
For murmuring stream, for waving wood,
For mountain, and for dell,
Our fathers freely poured their blood—
Our fathers bravely fell.
Yes! these were bought with purple streams
From many a noble vein;
And where those men unflinching stood,
Their sons must stand again.
Unfurl your banners, and go forth!
Ye sons of patriots dead;
And fight ye as your sires have fought—
Bleed as your sires have bled.
Rush onward! with the trumpet's note,
And drum's deep roll go forth!
Help to defend from ruthless power
Your brethren of the north.
Fling forth! *fling* forth, the stripes and stars,
The banner of the brave—
Till high, upon Aroostook's stream,
Columbia's flag shall wave
With gleaming sword, and cannon's roar,
Go teach each daring son,
The lesson which was taught his sire,
When freedom's land was won.

The reader will find, on the fourth page, a capital letter from our old friend, John Smith, Esq., *respecting the difficulties in Maine. These are the most graphick, and really the best Yankee papers we have ever seen, or expect to see, let who will write them. The epistles of* "Major Jack Downing," *from the same pen, notwithstanding their cleverness, were not so much to our taste as those of* "John Smith, Esq." *Their author has struck at a new line in literature, more piquant, racy, and original, than that adopted by "Box." We take him none the less for being "native here, and to the manor born;" for we are among those who can appreciate a good production, even before it has received the commendation of foreign criticks. We believe the author of these papers to be one of the cleverest men of the day, and think those who read them will coincide with us in this opinion. The letter published in to-day's Mirror we recommend to that wag of American artists,* Mount, *as a fit subject for the display of his peculiar talent.*

Notices of the Knickerbocker, the Corsair, the Spirit of the Times, and the Baltimore Museum, are necessarily deferred till the next number—also, some new songs by J. B. Phillips—stanzas by Mrs. Elliet—and a variety of other matter. The crowd of communications is so great upon us, that we begin to feel, like the rest of the papers in our neighbourhood, disposed to enlarge our dimensions.—John Neal has excelled himself in his story of "Goody Gracious." It is one of the best hits he ever made. Read it.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1839.

The Soaking Mountain in the Mississippi.—The Louisville News-Letter (one of the ablest weekly journals in the United States) has the following remarks upon the engraving of the Soaking Mountain in a late number of the Mirror:—"In design and execution it cannot be commended too highly, while its truthfulness to nature is quite striking enough to recall the spot to the mind of one who has ever visited it. The 'Soaking Mountain,' or, as the French voyagers have termed it, '*La Montaigne qui se trempe a l'eau*,' which is represented by this engraving, is indeed one of the most celebrated spots in the magnificent scenery of the upper Mississippi. It is situated about one hundred miles above Fort Crawford, at Prairie du Chien, and its altitude has been variously estimated at from two to five hundred feet. At all events it is the loftiest eminence above the mouth of the Wisconsin. It is washed upon all sides by the waters of the river, and from this circumstance, perhaps, arose the tradition of the Indians, that upon a certain day in each year it sinks a little into the earth. The French voyagers, in their wisdom, have discarded the superstition, and thought proper to term it, 'the mountain which soaks in the water,' though the change of the word 'sinks' into 'soaks' is an arbitrary proceeding altogether; for if anything, there is less reason to suppose the latter than the former. The base of the eminence is composed entirely of solid rock corresponding with the adjoining bluffs; and this constitutes one of its most remarkable features, since there are but two other islands of a similar character between this point on the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. One of these is the celebrated 'Grand Tower,' below St. Louis. All the other islands are composed merely of alluvial deposits of sand, though often covered with lofty trees and luxuriant vegetation, while this seems a portion of the bluffs themselves, cut off by the stream, and formed into a rocky, lofty island. Whether it was cut off from the eastern bank or the western, is not easy to determine, though from the latter it is five miles distant. It is about a mile in circumference, and the main channel of the river is here more than a mile wide. The view from the summit must be magnificent. By the Indians of the present day, it is called '*Monnay Chonkahah*,' or Bluff in the Water; and, as a manito, it is resorted to with offerings at the opening of the wild-geese season each year, in order to propitiate the Wakon for success in the hunt. But, whatever may be said relative to the name, or the situation of this celebrated scene, it is itself one of the most beautiful our eyes ever rested upon; and most faithfully have its beauties been delineated by the pencil and the burine of the artist. The painter could not have selected a happier hour, too, for his effort, than he has done. It is the soft season of sunset, of the Indian summer. A golden haze rests upon the distant hill-tops, and in calm quietude is slumbering on the gliding waters: the banks are fringed with the rich emerald of aquatick trees and evergreens—the smoke curls gracefully upwards from the summits of the cone-like, skin lodges of the Sioux Indians upon the shore; while some of the tribe are bathing in the river, and others are dragging their bark canoes to the land. We repeat, that the engraving is an admirable one, and we are gratified that another beautiful scene in the far wilderness west has been redeemed from its primitive oblivion."

A caution to pedestrians.—The following advice from the Picayune will answer as well for the meridian of New-York as of New-Orleans. It cannot fail to be peculiarly interesting to house-wives, who are particular as to the neatness of their domestick arrangements:—"It is sometimes very muddy in this city, and, therefore, some rule ought to be adopted for entering a house at such a time. The following, if not a good one, is very generally practised upon. Avoid mats and scrapers; none but people whom nobody knows use those things. The entry and stair-carpets, especially if they are very costly, will get a good deal of mud off of your boots by the time you reach the drawing-room, particularly if you dig your feet well into them every step you go, which you ought to do; because it makes people think that rich carpets are every-day things to you at home. And should any mud still stick to your boots after you have reached the drawing-room, you may easily get rid of it upon the hearth-rug, by a little dexterity in handling your legs while forking your locks before the chimney-glass."

The Scott and Ballantyne Controversy.—By the following extract from a letter dated February third, published in the Pennsylvanian, it will be seen that the war of words in reference to the respective characters of Scott and Ballantyne, is likely to go on with unabated asperity. We should much regret any development, which might lead to any diminution of our reverence for the memory of Scott: "The pamphlet lately published by Ballantyne's executors has led to the announcement of an answer to it, under the title of, "The Ballantyne Humbug Handled," which, it is expected, will be an attempt to defend Sir Walter Scott and his biographer, Lockhart, from the charges brought against them by the executors of James Ballantyne. This will lead the executors to publish *documents* hitherto kept back from feelings of delicacy, which have not been appreciated by Lockhart. The publick will obtain authentick materials for judging for themselves of Sir Walter Scott's conduct."

"*Miss Martineau's Morals and Manners.*"—The last Quarterly Review contains an admirable critique upon Miss Martineau's "Morals and Manners." It pronounces with great justice her last literary perpetration, "'How to Observe,' the very foolishest and most unfeminine farrage we have ever met of apocryphal anecdotes, promiscuous facts and jumbled ideas—picked at random (or at least which might be so) out of the Penny Magazine and such like repositories. We should not have thought it worth while to take even this contemptuous notice of it, but that, wherever, throughout the volume, we have been able to detect a meaning, it is a mischievous one; and if it really be, as is said, the precursor of a course of *Martineau morality*, the sooner the publick are warned against such at once stupid and impudent impostors the better."

Married and single.—Blackwood says, "that the fact of matrimony or bachelorship is written so legibly in a man's appearance, that no ingenuity can conceal it. On the tops of coaches, in the coffee-rooms of inns, nay, in pews at church, there is some inexplicable instinct that tells us whether an individual (name, fortune, circumstances, totally unknown) be or be not a married man. Whether it is a certain subdued look, such as that which characterizes the lions in a menagerie, and distinguishes them from the lords of the desert, we cannot tell; but that the truth is so, we positively affirm." This philosophy reminds us of a stanza in Holmes's address to a certain portrait, which excited his commiseration, in a gallery of paintings.

"I know thou hast a wife at home,
I know thou hast a child,
By that *subdued domestick smile*
Upon thy features mild."

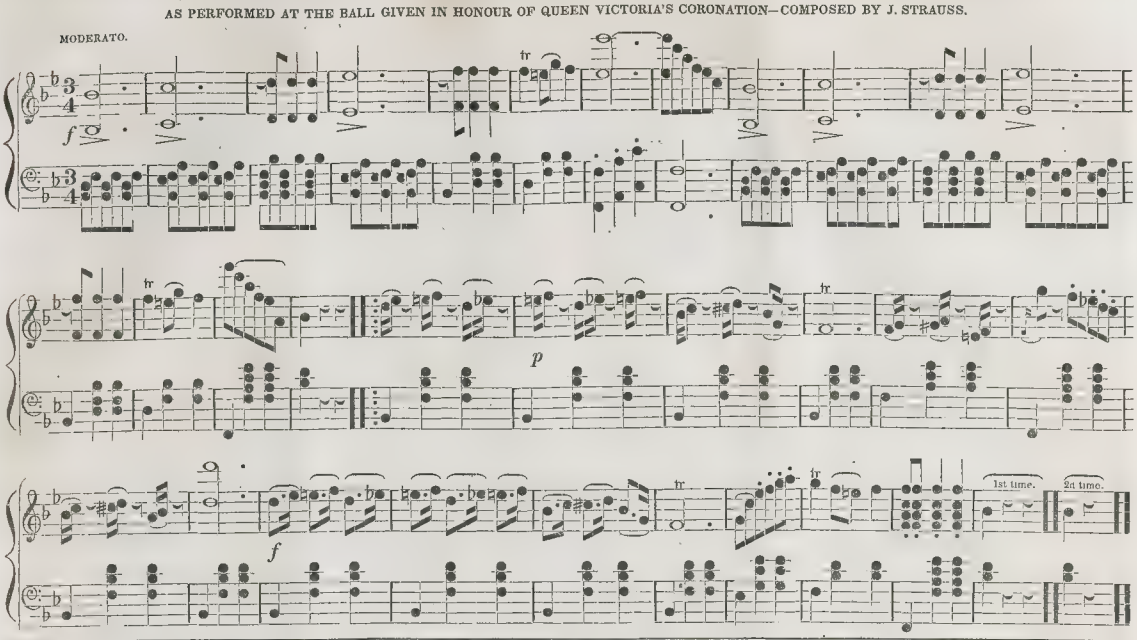
Euphonious names.—The Gazette objects with reason to such mellifluous names as the following, which occur in the geography of Maine:—"Aboljacknagsick river, Katachicwas lake, Katepskonegan lake, Ambijijis lake, Chigalapsagas falls, Paugukamus Portage, Sowadnehunk river, Umbazookshus river, Caucamgomack river, Pongnongamook lake, Merimpticeek river, Wapahenbengen river, Beamshenungamook lake, Appmocjeenegamock lake, etc. etc." The Gazette says: "All the dentists, we doubt not, will be in favour of retaining these names, especially the last one. People living on the banks of that lovely lake will of course be obliged to have their jaw-teeth renewed every year."

Alarming.—A memorial has been presented to the legislature of Pennsylvania, praying that a tax may be laid on all single gentlemen over the age of twenty-five years. The proposition has, we learn, produced immense excitement among the Benedicts of the Keystone state, who regard it as an insidious attempt to dragoon them into matrimony. A tax of the kind suggested would, in the opinion of some of the wisest legislators of antiquity, be just and philosophical. We hope that the *imposition* will be effected.

Ion and Romeo.—Miss Ellen Tree recently played Romeo at the Camp-street theatre, New-Orleans, to Mrs. Barrett's Juliet. The performance was very successful. It must have been so, if equal in any degree to the Ion of Miss Tree; and we should think that the talent which could give so much effect to the one character could do ample justice to the other.

THE CUMBERLAND WALTZ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE BALL GIVEN IN HONOUR OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S CORONATION—COMPOSED BY J. STRAUSS.



STANZAS FOR MUSICK.

Original.

BY T. H. LISTER, AUTHOR OF GRANBY, ETC.

You told me once my smile had power
To chase your cares away,
To shed o'er misery's darkest hour
The cheering gleam of day;
That I was all—your life—your light—
That, absent from my view,
You droop'd, as flowers at fall of night,
And I believed it true.

You told me once my accents fell
Like musick on your ear,
That you were bound, as by a spell,
If I were only near;
That every purpose of your heart
From me its being drew,
From me it never could depart—
And I believed it true.

You told me once, what memory loves
With fond regret to trace,
While o'er past scenes it wildly roves,
Which time shall ne'er efface;
But naught repining thoughts avail
And vainly now I rue,
That you e'er told a flattering tale,
And I believed it true.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"*A Book of the Passions, by G. P. R. James, illustrated with sixteen splendid engravings. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.*" The illustrations to this volume are of a very superb and interesting character; and the typography of the work is extremely beautiful. The tales are by James; and this fact is enough to commend them to general perusal. They are in the usual chaste and agreeable style of the author, and typify with masterly power the passions of "remorse, jealousy, revenge, love, despair and hatred." To those in search of an appropriate gift, or *gage d'amitié*, we can with confidence commend this elegant and attractive work.

"*Merchants' Magazine and Commercial Review.*"—The Mercantile Library Association of Boston, have passed a unanimous resolution expressive of their determination to unite with their sister society in this city in patronizing our friend Freeman Hunt's forthcoming periodical. The large number of our oldest and most respectable mercantile houses that have extended to the undertaking the sanction of their names and patronage, is pretty conclusive evidence of the estimation of Mr. Hunt's project, which was conceive not only novel, but practicable. The favourable auspices under which the work will make its appearance, united with the energy and efficiency of the enterprising proprietor, must secure its entire success.

"*The Southron.*"—This is the title of a new monthly magazine recently commenced at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, by Mr. R. A. Eaton. The first number has just reached us, and it is full of promise. The "salutatory" address is manly and well written, and there is much ability manifest in the whole "getting-up" (the phrase is a vile one, but a convenient) of the work. Among the contributors we see the names of A. B Meek, Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, H. W. Hilliard, Professor Barnard, Wm. R. Smith, A. A. Muller, and several other writers favourably known to the publick.

MUSICK.

This has been a musical winter. What with Miss Shirreff, Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Seguin, and Messrs. Wilson, Seguin and De-Begnis in opera at the National, and the concerts of Russell, Horn, Davis, Schlessinger, Scharfenburgh, King, Maroncelli and the different charitable societies, the lovers of sweet sounds have had abundant opportunity for gratification. These concerts have been generally well attended—especially that given at the Apollo, by Davis, whose masterly performances on the flute have rendered him a universal favourite. Much as we object to unaccompanied instrumental performances at these entertainments—such as overtures on the pianoforte "played by four hands," which not unfrequently occupy half an hour—(an eternity on such occasions)—"grand fantasias" on the violin, hautboy, trumpet, etc. which, with very few exceptions, are "grand bores"—we should nevertheless think a concert incomplete without the flute of Davis. The *soirées* of Horn have been graced by the fashion and beauty of the town They are the most *recherché* and delightful things of the kind ever given in this country. They are classically beautiful, and are well calculated to refine and elevate the musical taste of the city. At the last *soirée*, Mr. J. P. Knight, the composer of the popular melody, "She wore a wreath of roses," sang a beautiful little song entitled, "In the days when we went gipsying," arranged by himself. It is a gem. Mrs. Horn sang a French air, called "Where zephyr dwells," the effect of which was electrical. It was loudly encored. Horn sang a number of songs in his own peculiar and chaste manner. "My Boyhood's Home," was sung by Mr. Horn, jun. in a style at once impressive and beautiful. The other performers, Mrs. Strong, Miss Pearson, Messrs. Rogers, Bassett and Maynard, were in excellent voice, and gave universal satisfaction. Mr. Scharfenburgh, a young artist of much promise, presided at the pianoforte. Mr. U. C .Hill, whose performances are always listened to with pleasure, acted as leader, and Mr. Clarkson proved himself a thorough master of the violoncello. The next concert will take place on Thursday week, at the Lyceum, on which occasion a grand entertainment will be given. We hope to see the room crowded.

MISCELLANY.

Bowery theatre.—The re-construction of the Bowery theatre, is proceeding at a rapid rate, and will, doubtless, be completed within the specified time. It will be the most spacious and commodious structure of the kind in the country.

Concealed weapons.—We are glad to perceive, that the legislature of Alabama have passed a severe law against the carrying of secret weapons, dirks, daggers, bowie knives, Mississippi toothpicks, etc. The practice is an infamous and dastardly one, and it has too long been a stain upon society in the west.

Spirit of the Yankee ladies.—The Boston Atlas publishes an extract from a lady "down east," (somewhere in the neighbourhood of Smithvile, we suspect,) which should be enough to inspire our Broadway daughters with true martial rage, and send them off armed to the teeth to *Mad*-awaska, to die in the defence of so brave a dame. The lady writes: "It is to some a gloomy time, and some people are almost crazy. Mothers are burying their children—*in imagination*—and weeping over them already as dead, while others are more firm, and exclaim:

> 'Then forward and fear not, thy battle-cry be,
> In glory return, or return not to me.'

I believe I have a little of the spirit of Seventy-six in me still, and were I a man, would most heartily, nothwithstanding my peace-principles, buckle on the knapsack, and march forth boldly to meet the foe. Had I time, I would inflict upon you a political letter, and tell you how some people are hoping that there may be a war, in order that they may become a Cæsar or a Napoleon; how some tremble lest they should show their heels to the foe, and how in the night we dream of battles, sieges, conquering armies, and certain victory; how we are waked by the notes of a bugle, or the distant sounds of the drum, and think for a moment that the enemy is upon us. Ludicrous things I might mention, and things horrible, but have not time. Suffice it to say, that since my recollection, there never has been so much excitement here, and instead of diminishing, it only rages more and more." Who, after witnessing the spirit of this daughter of Maine, will not be disposed to exclaim, "hurrah for our side!" Or, who will excuse himself from joining in our admiration, by quoting Philip Van Artevelde's sentimental libel on the sex:

> "What's finest still, finds favour in their eyes,
> What's noisiest keeps the entrance of their ears,
> The noise and blaze of arms delight them most,
> Wit too, and wisdom, that's admired of all
> They can admire *the glory, not the thing*
> Wherefore it is, that I would fain possess,
> If any, that which David wept, a love
> Passing the love of women!"

Spanish etiquette.—The etiquette of the Spanish court was the most severe in Europe. One of their kings even fell a victim to it Philip III being newly recovered from a dangerous malady, was sitting near a chimney, in which was so large a fire of wood, that he was almost stifled. Etiquette did not permit him to rise, nor a common domestick to enter. At length the Marquis de Pobar, chamberlain, came in, but etiquette forbade his interference, and the Duke of Usseda, master of the household, was sent for. He was gone out; and the flame increased, while the king bore it patiently, rather than violate his dignity. But his blood was so heated, that next morning an erysipelas of the head appeared, and a relapse of the fever soon carried him off.

Labour.—Let it not be forgotten that labour is the true source of wealth and the noblest foundation of honour. The idle and unproductive are the cancerous excrescences on the surface of society.

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NEW-YORK MIRROR,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Embellished with Fine Engravings, and Musick arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

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NARRATIVE
OF THE
LOSS OF THE FORFARSHIRE STEAMER.

THE ENGRAVING BY ANDERSON.

"Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims, shuddering, roll their eyes
In wild despair; while yet another stroke
With deep convulsion rends the solid oak,
Till, like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn, her frame divides
And crashing, spreads in ruin o'er the tides."

THE Forfarshire steamer, a vessel of about three hundred tons burthen, under the command of Mr. John Humble, formerly master of the Neptune, sailed from Hull, on her voyage to Dundee, on the evening of Wednesday, the fifth of September, 1838, about half-past six o'clock, along with the Pegasus and Innisfail, for Leith, with a valuable cargo of bale goods and sheet iron; and having on board about twenty-two cabin and nineteen steerage passengers, as nearly as could be ascertained, Captain Humble and his wife, ten seamen, four firemen, two engineers, two coal trimmers, and two stewards.

Previous to leaving Hull, the boilers had been examined, and a small leak closed up! but when off Flambro' Head the leakage reappeared and continued for about six hours, not, however, to much extent, as the pumps were able to keep the vessel quite dry. The engine-man, Allan Stewart, who furnished these particulars, also states that he had frequently seen the boiler as bad as it was on this occasion. The fireman, Daniel Donovan, however, represents the leakage as considerable, so much so, that two of the fires were extinguished; but they were re-lighted after the boilers had been partially repaired. The progress of the vessel was of course retarded, and three steam-vessels passed her before she had proceeded far. The unusual bustle on board the Forfarshire, in consequence of the state of the boilers, attracted the notice of several of the passengers. and Mrs. Dawson, a steerage passenger, who is one of the survivors, states, that even before the vessel left Hull, so strong was her impression, from indications on board, that "all was not right," that if her husband, who is a glassman, had come down to the packet on time, she would have returned with him on shore.

In this inefficient state the vessel, with above sixty individuals on board, was sent out and proceeded on her voyage, and passed through the "Fairway," between the Fern Islands and the land, about six o'clock on Thursday evening. She entered Berwick bay about eight o'clock the same evening, the sea running high, and the wind blowing strong from the north. From the motion of the vessel the leak increased to such a degree, that the firemen could not keep the fires burning. Two men were then employed to pump water into the boilers, but it escaped through the leak as fast as they pumped it in. About ten o'clock she bore up off St. Abb's Head, the storm still raging with unabated fury. The engines soon after became entirely useless, and the engine-man reported that they would not work. There being great danger of drifting ashore, the sails were hoisted fore and aft, and the vessel got about in order to get her before the wind, and keep her off the land. No attempt was made to anchor. The vessel soon became unmanageable, and the tide setting strong to the south, she proceeded in that direction. It rained heavily during the whole time, and the fog was so dense, that it became impossible to tell the situation of the vessel. At length breakers were discovered close to leeward, and the Fern Lights, which about the same period became visible, relieved all doubt as to the imminent peril of all on board. An attempt was made to run the vessel between the Fern Islands, but she refused to answer the helm, and at three o'clock on Friday morning, she struck with tremendous force against the outer or Longstone Island

A portion of the crew, intent only on self-preservation, had lowered the larboard-quarter boat down, and left the ship, amongst whom was the first mate, James Duncan. The stroke of the vessel on the rock was regarded as the signal of death. The master lost all self-possession; and his wife, who was on board with him, sought in cries of anguish and despair the protection which, alas! he could not extend. The cries of females on deck, mingled with the roaring of the ocean, and the screams of the wild-fowl disturbed from their resting-places; while the men, clinging to the vessel, awaited in silence their inevitable fate. Most of the cabin-passengers were below, and many of them asleep in their berths. As soon as the vessel struck, the steward ran down and gave an alarm; but one passenger only, namely Mr. Ruthven Ritchie, of Hill of Ruthven, Perthshire, was saved. On being awoke he arose instantly, and seizing his trousers rushed upon deck; from whence, observing the sailors leaping into the boat, he, with an extraordinary effort by means of a rope, swung himself into it, and was thus miraculously preserved. The uncle and aunt of this gentleman made a desperate effort to get into the boat just as it was leaving the wreck, and, in endeavouring to leap on board they fell into the sea and perished in his sight. He had nothing on all the time he was in the boat, but a shirt and a pair of trousers; and his employment whilst in it, was bailing out the water with a pair of shoes for a "howskelly." The escape of the boat was remarkable. There was only one outlet by which it could escape being dashed by the breakers on the island, and that outlet was taken without the parties being aware of it. The boat's crew passed through the mighty current uninjured, and, after being exposed in an open boat all night, were picked up about eight o'clock on Saturday morning by a Montrose sloop, and carried into Shields. Mr. Ritchie had fortunately some sovereigns in the pockets of his trousers, which he brought out of the cabin, and these enabled him to procure clothes soon after being landed. The following is a list of the crew and passengers brought into Shields; John Matson, second mate; James Hill, Alexander Murray, Robert Fox, Allan Stewart, engineer; James Hall, coal trimmer; David Grant, Ruthven Ritchie, farmer; and James Duncan, first mate Mr. Ritchie proceeded to Bamburgh, to inquire the fate of his fellow-passengers, and thence he went to Edinburgh, on his way home, to communicate the melancholy intelligence to his friends. The mate and some others of the crew reached Dundee, on Tuesday following.

The vessel struck aft the paddle-boxes; and not above three minutes after the few survivors had rushed upon deck, a second shock separated her into two parts—the stern, quarter-deck, and cabin, being instantly carried away with all upon them through a tremendous current called the Piper Gut, which is dangerous even in temperate weather, running between the Islands at the rapidity of six miles an hour, and in tempestuous weather becomes terrifick; whilst the fore-part of the vessel remained fast on the rock. The captain stuck to the wreck, till washed overboard, with his wife in his arms, and both were drowned.

The situation of the few passengers who remained on the fore-part of the vessel was perilous in the extreme. Placed on a small rock surrounded by the sea, which threatened to engulf them, and their companions having but just before been swept away from them, they were clinging to life whilst all hope of relief was sinking within them, and crying for help, whilst the tempestuous billows drowned their feeble shrieks, and defied their puny efforts to escape. Their cries, however, were not unheard. Their shouts of distress fell upon the ear of Miss Grace Horsley Darling, who, with her father, Mr. W. Darling, occupies the outer Fern Lighthouse. She awakened her parent, and at daybreak he launched his boat, and prepared to proceed to their rescue. The state of the tide and of the weather was such as to render any attempt to reach the wreck extremely dangerous: and the old man, who had never before known the quailings of fear, was loath in such a tremendous gale to rush, as he considered, on certain death. After watching the wreck for some time, they discovered, from some movement, that living beings were still clinging to it, and the gallant female, who partook of her father's generous sympathy, as she acknowledged the relationship of flesh and blood, with matchless intrepidity seized the oar and entered the boat. This was enough—the noble parent followed, and, with the assistance of the fair sailor, conducted the frail skiff over the foaming billows, to the spot where the wreck appeared. By a dangerous and desperate effort, the father was landed on the rock, and to preserve the frail coble from being dashed to pieces, it was rapidly rowed back among the awful abyss of waters, and kept afloat by the skilfulness and dexterity of this noble-minded young woman. At length the whole of the survivors, consisting of five of the crew and four of the deck passengers, were taken from the wreck, and conveyed to the lighthouse, where the same tender hand administered to their wants, and, anxiously, for three days and three nights, waited on the sufferers, and soothed their afflictions. By the assistance of the crew they were enabled to bring the coble and its burthen to the Longstone Island. It is impossible to speak in too high terms of this unparalleled act of humanity, bravery, and disinterestedness. This perilous achievement—unexampled in the feats of female fortitude—was witnessed by the survivors in silent wonder. The main land could not be reached, from the state of the weather, till Sunday, and, during this time, the attentions of the heroine were indefatigable.

The names of the individuals saved from the wreck of the Forfarshire, by Mr. Darling and his daughter, are—John Kidd, fireman, of Dundee; Jonathan Ticket, cook, of Hull; John Macqueen, coal-trimmer, Dundee; John Tullock, carpenter, Dundee; and John Nicholson, fireman, Dundee; of the crew. D. Donovan, fireman and free passenger, of Dundee; James Keeley, weaver, Dundee; Thomas Buchanan, baker, Dundee; and Mrs. Dawson, bound to Dundee, passengers. The entire number saved is eighteen of whom thirteen belonged to the vessel, and five were passengers. The remainder on board perished.

The wreck of the steamer was seen from North Sunderland, on the morning of the wreck, about six o'clock, when signals were hoisted and guns fired immediately, but men could not be found to go off in the life-boat. After some delay seven persons volunteered their services, and set out in a four-oared coble. The boat shipped several seas in the course of her perilous voyage, and on their way they spoke a steam-vessel of London, going north, and requested the captain to proceed to the wreck, offering at the same time to pilot the vessel, as they could easily have done to within a few yards of the lee of the rock in seven fathoms water. The captain, however, declined, and the men in the coble, after much exertion, succeeded in reaching the wreck. They found three bodies, one of them dressed in black, apparently about forty years of age, who, from papers found on his person, is supposed to be the Rev. John Robb, of Dunkeld. The other two were brother and sister, the boy eleven and the girl eight years of age, the children of Mrs. Dawson, who was saved by the exertions of Mr. Darling and his daughter. They also took a quantity of copper and some light articles which would soon have been washed away. The storm raged with unabated fury, and, in attempting to return, they were compelled to put in at Longstone light-house, which they reached with much difficulty, where they were obliged to remain two days and two nights, in a temporary building, the waves occasionally bursting in, and obliging them to seek shelter in the light-house tower, which was occupied by Mr. and Miss Darling, and the persons they had saved from the wreck. They made another attempt to reach North Sunderland on Sunday, but they were obliged to run in at Beadnel, where they remained till the following day. They visited the wreck on Monday, and found the body of an Irishman, named John Gallehcr, who lately resided at Dundee. The names of the brave and meritorious individuals who ventured their lives from North Sunderland, are as follows:—William Robinson, James Robinson, Michael Robinson, William Swain, Brooks Darling, (brother to Miss Darling,) Thomas Cuthbertson, and Robert Knox. They behaved most gallantly.

The wreck was discovered from Bamburgh castle early on Friday morning, when a signal was immediately hoisted, and the alarm-gun fired along the shore, to apprise the fishermen of the calamity. The life-boat could not be launched from the extremely boisterous state of the weather, but everything was done that could be devised; and Mr. Smeddle, the principal agent, Mr. Hamilton, and others attached to the castle, were most indefatigable in their exertions.

On the following Monday the four bodies were brought to the castle, and on the next day an inquest was held before Stephen Reed, Esq., in the absence of T. A. Russell, Esq, when, after a patient investigation, the coroner summed up, and the jury returned a verdict to the following effect:—Wrecked on board the Forfarshire steam-packet, by the imperfections of the boilers, and culpable negligence of the captain not putting back to port. Deodand on the vessel, one hundred pounds, being one half of the estimated value of that part of the vessel and machinery left upon the rock.

One of the most heart-rending circumstances connected with this melancholy event occurred during the night, when the survivors were on the rock. The vessel became a total wreck in less than a quarter of an hour after she struck; and those that were fortunate enough to get on the rock suffered severely from the cold, and from the heavy seas which washed over them at intervals. Their clothes were mostly torn off, and from continued exertions they were reduced to a state of complete exhaustion. The most agonizing spectacle was that of Mrs. Dawson, with her two children, a boy and a girl, eight and eleven years of age, firmly grasped in each hand. there she held them in the agonies of despair, long after the buffetings of the waves, which drove them to and fro, and deprived them of existence. She is severely injured, and remains at Bamburgh,

unable to proceed homewards. Donavan is also much hurt; and he states that he lay for three hours holding on by a spike nail.

It is impossible to tell with certainty the number of those who have suffered, inasmuch as no entries were made when the passengers embarked. One of the survivers states the number at forty-two, and another at forty-seven. As only five are known to be saved, the probable loss of life will be between thirty-seven and forty-two passengers; and the master and his wife, and seven of the crew, will make the total loss between forty-six and fifty-one persons. The following are the names of some of the sufferers:

Captain Humble and his wife; the Rev. John Robb, Dunkeld; Mr. Bell, factor to Lord Kinnoul; Mrs. Allison, Peasholme-house, York, with son and grandson; Miss Martin, of No. 28 St. James's-street, Aberdeen, and one child. This lady had considerable property on her person; it is said about three hundred sovereigns, in some part of her dress. Mr. and Mrs. Allen, and one child, said to be last from Russia; Mr. Robert Allison, of Dundee; Mr. John and Mr. William Grant, of Louth, Lincolnshire; Mr. Paston and a friend; Mr. Scott, of Dundee, and his son, about seven years of age; Mr. Brown and Mr. M'Cloud; Mr. Arnett and two friends; Mrs. Patrick, of Hull, wife to Captain Patrick, of the Clara.

There are among the sufferers three gentlemen belonging to Perth, one to Fife, and one to St. Petersburgh. A female steerage passenger lost two children: one was drowned, and the other died in her arms. Among the persons brought to the spot from a distance, was one gentleman who had lost his wife, son, and grandsons, another his mother and brother.

The only part of the vessel which remained, consisted of the forecastle, part of the engine, paddle-wheels, anchor, cable, foremast, and rigging. One of the boilers were washed to sea, while the other two were thrown on the rocks broken. The engine, which was one hundred and eighty horse power, was greatly damaged. A quantity of new boiler plate was found among the wreck. A part is sunk a little to the south of Hawker's rock, and, as it is supposed, the bodies of several persons who have not been found are in it, a rope has been attached to it, for the purpose of raising it, in order to satisfy the anxiety of their surviving friends. The cargo is stated to have been very valuable, having been insured to the amount of four thousand pounds; but only three boxes of soap have been discovered. Parts of the wreck have been thrown on shore at Hauxley, Amble, Hartley, and other parts of the coast of Northumberland. The stern of the vessel, with the name, a hair-covered trunk, and a corded box, were seen on Monday, the tenth of September, from the deck of a London merchant steam-vessel, floating off Seaham. The stern was also seen, near the same place, from the City of Edinburgh steamer, the day before. The brig Williams, Captain Blythe, of Sunderland, from Hamburgh, when about five miles from the land, off Hartlepool, on the same day, fell in with a quantity of wreck, which is supposed to have belonged to the Forfarshire Among other materials was the poop of a vessel, together with a box about fifteen feet long, and two and a half feet square, containing a quantity of new machinery. The search is still going on for the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers, and the property of the vessel; and every assistance is rendered by the agents at Bamburgh castle, as well as by the fishermen and revenue-officers on the coast.

The Forfarshire was a new vessel, having been little more than two years at sea. She first sailed from Dundee in May, 1836; she sailed weekly between Dundee and Hull, and had engines of one hundred and twenty or two hundred horse power. The captain (Mr. John Humble) belonged to Shields, and served his apprenticeship to the sea, in one of the collier sloops trading between that place and Newcastle. The first steamer he was in, was a small tug-boat, which belonged to Shields, called the Tarset; he afterwards commanded another steamer, called the Neptune, which sailed between Hull and Newcastle. He also was sometime mate of the Eclipse, the Newcastle and Leith boat already mentioned.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

FORTUNE'S FROLICKS.

A NUMBER of years ago, there came to reside in the city of Bath a worthy elderly gentleman and his wife; she was nervous, and he was gouty. Having no children, they had begun to languish in the country; but now they had the pleasure of thinking that the lady's nerves would be strengthened; and that the celebrated waters, combined with the celebrated doctors, would, without fail, dislodge the gout. Leaving part of their establishments at Hillberry Lodge, they only brought with them their trusty, thrifty housekeeper, Mrs. Deacon, who had been almost from time immemorial in the family, and had the interest of her master and mistress at heart. After being comfortably settled at Bath, both of the invalids began to find the change of air beneficial to them, and with plenty of money they did not want for society—Mr. Hillberry being exceedingly hospitable and fond of good living, of which the gout bore excellent testimony

If matters went on placidly above stairs, it was more than could be said for the lower regions. "War to the knife" had been declared between Mrs. Deacon and every succeeding cook, for in the space of a month she had engaged and turned off three. The waste and extravagance of the Bath cooks was almost beyond belief. The pounds of butter that disappeared in a twinkling, the knots of sugar, the heads of cloves and nutmegs, was enough to drive a saint distracted, and there were nothing but murmurs and complaints from day to day. The gold earrings and lace veils gave proof positive as to what purpose their plunder was devoted, and Miss Deacon believed, that if there was one set of people above another that deserved condign punishment, it was the cooks of Bath. The worthy old couple were much annoyed by this long-continued warfare and the bitter complaints of the housekeeper, and they both agreed, that, were it not for the cooks, Bath would have been without a fault, and they were almost afraid to meet Mrs. Deacon in the morning with her list of grievances, and her schemes for bringing about a reform. At length, after a dreadful blow-up between Mrs. Deacon and Molly, the former wrought up to the highest pitch, and on the point of boiling over, she came to announce to her master and mistress that another Bath cook was out of the question, and that next morning she intended going off to Bristol, to see if she could find a girl there that would suit her purpose. Leave was asked and obtained, and away drove Mrs Deacon in the coach, and in due time was set down at the abode of an old friend of hers, the wife of a confectioner, and into her ear did Mrs. Deacon pour her many grievances. Mrs. Carey not only sympathised with the afflicted housekeeper, but set on foot inquiries for a cleanly, good-tempered, active girl, who would do as she was desired; and at length the wished-for person was found in Barbara, or she was better known by the cognomen of Baby; her station in life was nothing higher than that of cleaning out the market every Saturday, where the old woman with whom she lived kept a stall. By common consent, Barbara was pronounced a good steady girl, of whom no one knew any ill—hard-working, and of a most civil obliging temper, Mrs. Deacon was as pleased as possible at the favourable account given of Baby; so that when a fat, fair, fresh-coloured damsel, with blue eyes and light auburn hair, presented herself to the housekeeper, she was perfectly satisfied. No earrings, no curls dangling from each side of her face, but with tresses braided, and a neat mob-cap, dark gown, and snow-white handkerchief and apron. An arrangement was soon made, and Mrs. Deacon left Bristol in triumph with her treasure, bidding defiance to the cooks of Bath, from this time hence.

Mrs. Deacon was determined to make Baby a first-rate cook, and, fortunately, she had good materials to work upon, for, although Barbara was at first astounded at the variety of saucepans, stew-pans, pots, and kettles, of every shape and dimension, yet, by dint of attention, under Mrs. Deacon's management, she never required to be twice told the same thing. The harmony that reigned above and below was quite delightful to the old couple—no complaints of the insolence and extravagance of servants. Barbara was a treasure above all price. Four months after Barbara had entered her new service the old lady was taken ill; she required constant attendance, and as she was occasionally rather fretful, Mrs. Deacon did not feel herself equal to sitting up night after night. Barbara, who felt grateful to her benefactress, tendered her services, when she made herself so useful, that the old lady preferred her to Deacon. Barbara was never sleepy; she was never seen with a frown upon her face, no matter how unreasonable her mistress might be; she never bounced about the room as the housemaid did, but walked in so cautious a manner that her step was not heard. In spite, however, of the celebrity of the Bath doctors, the old lady died, recommending Barbara to the care of the old gentleman, and in her will leaving her faithful attendant a handsome present. Such proofs of regard were enough to have raised a little envy on the part of Mrs. Deacon, had not Barbara borne her prosperity in the meekest manner possible, and still continued her plain simple style of dress and modest demeanour.

Mrs. Deacon, soon after the death of her mistress, fell into bad health, and her native air was recommended to her, and she set off for Devonshire, leaving Barbara to take care of her master, whose gout had been rather troublesome; but Barbara was so gentle in wrapping up his gouty foot, and so well adjusted his velvet shoe without giving him pain, that he began to consider Barbara as great a treasure as his wife had done. And he thought within himself, what would become of me if Barbara should leave me, or, for instance, if she should marry?—and now, I think of it, I suspect the grocer's foreman is looking after her. Barbara is very good-looking and sweet-tempered. Thus did the old gentleman cogitate, day after day, upon the possibility of Barbara leaving him, until at length he determined to make Barbara his own by the firmest ties; and, to the astonishment of the damsel, he proposed to marry her. She had no particular attachment to any one, and they soon settled the affair, to the amazement of all Bath, which was quite in an uproar upon the occasion. If he had been a poor man, nobody would have given themselves any concern about him; but for the rich Mr. Hillberry to degrade himself, was scandalous.

Barbara was as good a wife as she had been a servant, and conducted herself so much to the satisfaction of her husband, that, at his death, which took place some years after, he left all his wealth to his widow, who had in a short time admirers and lovers even amongst the nobility. One of those who had been among the first to blame old Hillberry for marrying Baby, actually proposed for her hand; but she replied, "That she knew they only wanted her money; but that, when she did marry, it should be to a man who would esteem and be kind to her." Barbara kept her word. She made a rational second choice, and enjoyed all the happiness her good conduct deserved.

JOB DODGE—OR THE STORMY DAY.

It was a half-drizzling, half-stormy day in the middle of November—just such a day as puts nervous people in a bad humour with themselves and everybody else. Job Dodge sat brooding over the fire immediately after breakfast. His wife addressed him as follows:—"Mr. Dodge, can't you mend that front-door latch to-day?" "No," was the answer. "Well, can't you mend the handle of the water-pail?" "No." "Well, can't you fix a handle to the mop?" "No." "Well, can't you put up some pins for the clothes, in our chamber?" "No." "Well, can't you fix that north window, so that the rain and snow won't drive in?" "No—no—no!" answered the husband, sharply. He then took his hat, and was on the point of leaving the house, when his wife, knowing that he was going to the tavern, where he would meet some of his wet-day companions, asked him kindly to stop a moment. She then got her bonnet and cloak, and said to her husband, "you are going to the tavern; with your leave I will go with you." The husband stared. "Yes," said the wife, "I may as well go as you; if you go and waste the day, and tipple at the tavern, why shall not I do the same?" Job felt the reproof. He shut the door; hung up his hat; got the hammer and nails; did all his wife had requested, and sat down by his fire at night, a better and happier man.

SINGULAR FEAT.—In July, 1776, a man having laid a wager that he would cross the Thames in a butcher's tray, without any other assistance than his hands, set out from Somerset stairs, and reached the Surrey shore in safety; he had on a cork jacket, in case of any accident. It is said that there were fourteen thousand pounds depending on this feat, and that upwards of seventy boats full of spectators were present.

ORIGINAL APOLOGUES.

FABLES FOR AUTHORS.

From the Spanish of Tomas de Yrarte.

THE NATURALIST AND THE LIZARDS.

Two lizards in an orchard lying,
A learned naturalist espying,
Spite of their vile externals, he
Their inmost structure needs must see.
He cut the smallest of the two,
And look'd with microscopick view;
Wrote it all down—then cut again—
Now plied the knife, and now the pen.
His brother vertuosi stare—
Some wonder at, some blame his care.
The business o'er, and wearied now,
He lets the captive sister go;
Round her at home the lizards crowd,
While she with talk and vaunting loud
Tells how all day the doctor stood,
And cut the flesh and weighed the blood.
"I saw it all! and yet—how quaint!
They call us insignificant,
Yea, mean! We, who within us bear
Things worth e'en human toil and care;
Things worth the labours of the pen;—
Be not too humble, brothers, then!
Let envious tongues say what they will,
We are a wondrous people still!"

Would you not have bad authors vain,
From criticising trash refrain!

TEA AND SAGE.

As Tea, the mandarin, from China came,
He met with Goody Sage—a journeying there;
"Whither, my lord?" says she. "To Europe, dame,
Where they appreciate my virtues rare.
And whither you?"—"To China! There they know
How to prize me. At home I've naught but scorn!
Alas! the only spot one's worth to show
Is any place except where one is born!"

Thus Spaniards on Boileau or Tasso doat,
Who know not in what tongue Garcilasso wrote!

THE GOAT AND THE HORSE.

A goat one day enraptured stood,
To hear a skilful fiddler play;
Then in her joy addressed a horse,
Who likewise listened to the lay.
"Know, that such harmony is made
From the intestines, sir, of goats!
And thus (oh wondrous bliss to come!)
Mine may awake such charming notes!"
"The sounds are sweet," the horse replied,
In a somewhat less lofty strain;
"Yet where were they without the hairs
Plucked from my tail with care and pain?
The musick gives me pleasure, sure;
But what, I pray, will be *your* gain,
When only after you are dead,
You, sir, can aid so sweet a strain?"

So all bad writers, more or less,
Doomed through their lives unprized to be,
Despite the world—their comfort take,
Appealing to posterity!

THE BEE AND THE CUCKOO.

Thus to the cuckoo said the bee:
"Have done with your monotony!
No bird had e'er a harsher tone—
And such an everlasting one!"
"Marry!" the cuckoo cried—"and you
Variety to talk of, too!
Your honey all of hue the same—
Your endless hexagons—you claim,
Since math'maticians praise your skill,
To abuse all others at your will!"
"Not so," the bee replied, "not so!
Want of variety, you know,
Is never blamed, in things of use;
But works meant only to amuse,
If *they* have no variety,
Are poor enough, as all must see!"

THE VIPER AND THE LEECH.

The viper to the leech observed one day,
"Both of us sting—and yet, I know not why,
You are a favourite and a friend, they say,
While me they strive to kill, or from me fly."
"True, we both sting," the little leech replies;
"But mine gives life unto the sick; and yours
Death, even to the healthiest man, ensures."

In this, and this alone, the difference lies,
'Twixt criticks who behold with good and evil eyes!

VARIETIES.

MY DARK-EYED ZULETTE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

MAID of Evora! my dark-eyed Zulette!
In my long hours of sorrow without thee,
I never found one that could make me forget
The charm that is ever about thee:
On the beautiful maids of my country I gaze,
But they wake but a passing emotion;
Oh! thou hadst the love of my happiest days,
The first fruits of my young heart's devotion.

Maid of Evora! my dark-eyed Zulette!
In the dreams of my slumber united,
I meet thee again, where so often we met,
When my spirit was gay and unblighted;
When beneath the sweet shade of the orange we roved,
And the fountain of Inez* shone brightly
In the beams of the moon, that to look on I loved,
As it guided my steps to thee nightly.

Maid of Evora! my dark-eyed Zulette!
Is thy heart still as faithful as ever
To the joy that we felt when in secret we met,
And the pangs that it cost us to sever?
When I watched thy sweet looks, as I saw thee depart,
When thy last fond adieu had been spoken,
Had I thought 'twas thy last, ah! surely my heart
In the grief of that moment had broken.

BLANCHE OF ROSSBERG.

There was no sound but the sigh of the night-wind in the deserted streets of Gottingen; the cry of the reveller had ceased; the night-guard had sought shelter in his cot; nothing disturbed the silence of the hour but the bay of the distant wolf-hound, and the fitful bursts of the blast, as it stirred the sickly flame of many an expiring lamp, or swept with restless moans the gloomy buildings of the city.

"'Tis a cold and cheerless night, Sir Alwyn; and, by our Lady! it were well to have tarried longer in the hostelry. Holy Saint Eifwold, how the wind blows!"

"Lead on, good father, lead on, for the love of heaven! Poor, poor Blanche! In her illness she forgets me not. Count Rossberg's daughter—my patron's child—forgets not on her death-bed the humble Alwyn. But thou saidst not she was dying, father?"

"I said even so; but I said but what I heard. St. Bertha, I have neither shriven nor seen the damsel. Sister Ulrica prayed the abbess that you might be brought; for, sleeping or waking, the maiden, since her illness, has done little else but murmur your name."

Alwyn struck his hand to his forehead; then suddenly grasping the arm of his companion, again exclaimed, "But thou sayest not she is dying, father?"

"Shrine of the Virgin!" cried the monk; "I have told ye twenty times. Holy St. Peter! Dost thou think men quit their cells to go fools' errands on such nights as these?"

Alwyn only replied by quickening his pace; and after proceeding for some time in silence, they at length reached the outer gate of the convent, and he was soon conducted by his guide into the entrance-hall of the building. Here the youth—having declined the courteous offer of the monk to visit the refectory—after waiting impatiently for some minutes, was approached by a lay-sister, bearing a small silver lamp, who silently conducted him through several narrow but lofty passages, until she came to a small door, which she cautiously opened, and, turning round to the youth, beckoned him to follow her.

Alwyn entered the apartment; and his companion, making a motion of silence, approached a couch, upon which a young and lovely girl reposed, as if in sleep. Long ringlets of silken auburn fell over her neck and bosom; one beautiful arm hung from the couch, the small white hand holding a crucifix of ivory; her face was pale, her lips, though half apart, were motionless; and so noiselessly she breathed, that the lay-sister bent for a moment over her, as if to ascertain that the spirit of the sick maiden had not passed away.

The fair sleeper slowly opened her eyes —"How fares the Lady Blanche?" inquired the lay-sister.

"Better, kind sister; the sleep has refreshed me. Thou hast been a kind nurse, Ulrica But I shall soon trouble thee no longer."

"Say not so, sweetest Blanche. Thine eye has lost much of its restless lustre, and the blue veins on your brow tell no longer of death. Blessed Virgin be praised! Thou wilt live to be the Countess of Rossberg, and present me with thy bridal chaplet."

"Blanche! dearest Blanche!" said another voice near the couch; and young Alwyn, kneeling beside it, pressed her hand to his lips. His long dark locks hid the tears that were starting to his eyelids; but the maiden felt them fall fast and warm upon her arm.

"Alwyn! Can it be! Alwyn, how, in the name of heaven, came ye hither? Ulrica!"

"Ulrica is gone, sweet Blanche. 'Twas a kind monk conducted me to the convent. Thou art not sorry I am come, my Blanche?"

"No, no, no! I had thought never to have seen thee or my father more. 'Tis a sad thing, Alwyn, to feel approaching death, and think of those that love us."

"Nay, but death approacheth not Blanche of Rossberg. Thou wilt live to gladden thy father's heart, and that of the foundling Alwyn, who, ere he seeks this waxen hand, will win with his sword a name worthy of the daughter of Count Rossberg to share, or die for it. Oh! how I love you, Blanche!" continued the youth, as he covered her little hand with kisses.

Here a low and mournful sigh seemed to proceed from a distant part of the chamber, and was instantly followed by a loud burst of the moaning blast.

Alwyn turned to the direction of the sound. "'Twas but the wind," said he, in answer to an inquiring look of the maiden. "'Twas but the wind, sweet Blanche—even now methought it stirred the tapestry. In sooth it is a stormy night!"

"How palely the taper burns! Dost thou think, Alwyn, it was but the wind that sighed?"

"Nay, doubt it not. Thou wilt give me a lock of this golden hair to wear as thy love-token on my crest," said the youth, as he played with the silken ringlets of the maiden. "Dost love me, Blanche?"

"Dearest Alwyn!"

Here a sigh, deeper and more sorrowful than the first, was heard in the apartment.

"What see'st thou, Alwyn, that you gaze so fearfully?"

Alwyn replied not, for a weight of ice was at his heart, and his tongue clove to his mouth. Beside him stood a figure arrayed in the habit of the grave, regarding him with a fixed and mournful look. The features seemed to be familiar to him, as of one whose face he had gazed upon in infancy; but the cold and sorrowful eye froze the blood in his veins, his limbs trembled under him, and, powerless in mind and body, he sank heavily to the floor!

Loud was the bay of the hound, and merry the ring of the hunting horn, as a noble company of knights and gallants rode in the woods of Rossberg, their fiery steeds champing on the bit, and their boar spears glittering in the morning sun. Two horsemen rode at some distance from the rest of the party, and seemed to be in deep converse—the one a tall and powerful man, somewhat past the meridian of life, and the other a graceful youth, apparently about three or four and twenty. Both were superbly mounted—their habits proclaimed them to be of good degree, and they seemed by their martial air as if they knew right well how to couch the lance and rein the war-horse.

"Now, by mine honour, Count Rossberg," said the younger huntsman, "thy fair Blanche is the only gift I would ask twice of thee. I have won my spurs with her love-token on my crest, and, although my birth is hid in obscurity, yet as a knight of the empire——"

"Sir Alwyn of Eginhart," replied the other, "is fitting mate for the noblest maiden in Germany."

"Nay, that thou hast said before; and if I knew not the Count Rossberg better, I might think it were but said in mockery. Why then forbid our union? None will ever love thy Blanche more devotedly than I, and mayhap, Count Rossberg, there are none whom she will love so well."

"Alwyn it may not be. But think not that I deem the less of thee on that account. In boyhood you watched my sick pillow; thy sword in manhood has shielded me in strife; and, by St. Mary! thy quarrel should be mine. But think no more of Blanche: we will find thee as fair and as noble a bride. Hark! hark! Alwyn—they have roused a boar!" and the Count at the words struck spurs to his steed, and dashed forward to the chase.

"Ay!" cried the youth bitterly, as he curbed his chafing steed, that snorted and trembled with eagerness to follow. "Ay! he says he loves me, but Count Rossberg is too proud to wed his daughter to a foundling, although that foundling took knighthood at a prince's hand, and on a stricken field. But he shall not vaunt it thus. By the laws of chivalry the maiden is mine: and if I resign her, may my spurs be hacked from my heel! She shall now learn the result of this second appeal she so prayed me to make." So saying, the youth turned from the chase, and rode slowly towards the castle.

Night came on cheerless, and without a star. The wind moaned amid the tall forest trees, blending with the dull roar of the distant Rhine—the cottage light was extinguished in the valley, and the watch-dog was silent on the hill—every object was shrouded in gloom, and every sound was desolate.

"Cheer thee! fair Blanche. Heed not the rugged pathway, for thy steed is fleet and sure. Ah! now we can see the lights of the Abbey!"

"Alwyn, heard you not aught as we rode along?"

"Nay, nay, Blanche, I heard but the night wind," replied Alwyn, a slight shudder passing over his frame.

"Methought twice that I heard a sigh as we rode in the gloom of the forest"

"On! on! sweetest Blanche." cried Alwyn as he urged the steeds towards the Abbey.

Blanche of Rossberg was kneeling before the altar—her hand was in that of Sir Alwyn's—the holy covenant had been made, and the priest was pronouncing his benediction, when the thunder of horse-hoofs was heard in the court-yard, followed by the sound of jingling spurs and clanking arms, as Count Rossberg, attended by a train of men at arms, entered the building. He approached the altar, and stood for a moment gazing on the young couple, who had both started to their feet—Blanche still holding the hand of Sir Alwyn; but her blue eyes suffused with tears, while he, on the contrary, regarded the intruders with a haughty and determined look.

Count Rossberg looked not on them in anger. His features wore an expression of melancholy, and he continued for some time silent, leaning on his heavy sword, as if the prey to inflating emotions. At length he said—

"Alwyn of Eginhart, I expected not this from you."

"Count Rossberg," replied the other, "this is no time for reproaches—perchance I may have some to make as well as thee—nor is the foot of the altar a fitting place to bandy angry words. Thy daughter, Blanche, is now my wife."

"Rash boy!" said the count mournfully—"*She is thy sister!*"

A shriek of agony burst from the lips of the maiden—startling the silence of the long cold aisles, and echoing amid the lofty arches of the building—so thrilling, and full of wo, that the monks stood aghast as if petrified, and the stout limbs of the startled retainers trembled beneath their mail. Count Rossberg caught his fainting daughter in his arms, and Alwyn, covering his face with his hands, leaned against the rails of the altar.

In the forest of Rossberg there is a clear fountain, surrounded by the ruins of an ancient hermitage, at some distance from two green mounds, between which is a cross of rudely-sculptured stone The fountain springs where once had stood an humble altar, and, regarding it, there are many traditions; but, as-tears for Blanche of Rossberg have often dewed the spot, the waters have long been held sacred of "The Hermit's Well"

DISTINCTION WITH AND WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.—Distinction *with* a difference: "I have no objection," said a leveller, "that the ranks below me should be preserved just as they are now, but I wish to have none above me; and this is my notion of a fair and perfect equality." An instance of the distinction *without* a difference was offered by the Irishman who, having legs of different sizes, ordered his boots to be made accordingly. His directions were obeyed: but, as he had the smallest boot on his largest leg, he exclaimed, petulantly: "Confound the fellow! I ordered him to make one larger than the other; and, instead of that, he has made one smaller than the other."

* A fountain in Portugal, called "the Tears of Inez," in compliment to the beautiful and ill-fated Inez de Castro.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

LAUREL-HILL CEMETERY.

BY A. M'MAHIN.

"Here the long concourse from the murmuring town,
With funeral pace, and slow, shall enter in:
To lay the loved in tranquil silence down,
No more to suffer, and no more to sin."—*W. G. Clark.*

SWEET garden of the sacred dead!
A bright, romantick spot,
Where flowers their softest fragrance shed,
Around each silent sleeper's head,
And love forsaketh not;—

But rears with tender hand the vine,
With buds of varied hue;
The crocus and the eglantine,
That fondly round each other twine,
And drink the glittering dew.

Methinks less bitter were the grief,
To part with those we love—
To sleep where waves the vermeil leaf,
Of flowrets ever bright and brief,
That scent the balmy grove.

Affection's moistened eye would trace,
Beneath the lotus shade,
The loved and lost one's resting-place—
A brief but dear and hallow'd space,
In pleasing garb array'd.

With faith and hope beyond the skies
Where saints eternal sing,
The dust thus urn'd—and spirit free,
"Oh grave where is thy victory,
Oh death where is thy sting."

ANTIQUITIES OF CARTHAGE.

Sir Grenville Temple has employed six months in executing excavations in the neighbourhood of the site of Carthage, and his labours have been rewarded by a variety of interesting discoveries. In the ruins of the temple of Juno Cœlestis, at Ganatti, the protecting divinity of Carthage, he found seven hundred coins, different articles of glass, and earthenware utensils. But the most remarkable and unexpected of his discoveries has been that of a villa on the sea-shore, and fifteen feet under ground. Eight chambers have been entirely cleared, and their form and decorations prove that the house belonged to some distinguished personage. The walls are painted, and the vestibule is paved in superb mosaick, in the same style as those of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and representing a variety of objects, such as marine divinities of both sexes, fishes of different species, marine plants, a vessel with women dancing on the deck, and surrounded by martial advisers, lions, horses, leopards, tigers, zebras, bears, gazelles, herons, and other birds. In the different chambers were found several human skeletons, supposed to be the remains of warriours killed during the storming of the villa. In another house Sir Grenville Temple has also discovered various interesting mosaicks, representing gladiators combating wild animals in the arena, with the name of each combatant written over his head. In another part, are represented horse-races, and men breaking in young horses.

RECOLLECTIONS OF YOUTH

No one of ordinary reflection can have passed Shakspeare's fourth division of life, without having felt the fondness innate of recurring to the season of boyhood, when hope with her gaudy day-dreams seemed the living personification of truth. Although that period in event may seem the least important in life; and although we may have lived to see the vapour-cloud palaces, glittering with dew-drops, reared by our youthful imaginations, melt away before the noontide sun of manhood, still we cannot fail to observe and feel the mighty influence of those halcyon days upon our characters—those halcyon days! which, as we recede from them, grow dearer and dearer, and, in their influence, stronger and stronger. Hence, we never see an old man leaning upon his staff in the pleasant sunshine, or smoking his pipe by the cheerful fire in the long winter evening, who, if speaking of the present, does not take occasion to praise the past.

ITALIAN AUTHORS.

The misfortunes of nearly all the great Italian authors were remarkable. Ariosto lived in beggarly indigence. Tasso died in extreme want—Segni and Varchi were prohibited from publishing their laborious histories—Machiavel was a martyr to the Medici faction—Guicciardini suffered voluntary banishment, that he might not see Cosmo the first-destroy the liberty of the Florentine Republick—Galileo suffered the worst of persecutions, and Dante and Petrarch composed their works in exile. The human heart feels an honourable pride when we reflect on the dangers and difficulties these great men had to contend with, to think that dungeons, banishment, and poverty, were too feeble to repress their genius, bursting through the gloom of a benighted age; and it is ennobling to reflect that their names are immortal, while those of the tyrants who oppressed them are comparatively unknown, or if remembered, remembered only for the infamy attached to them.

REMORSE.

Let not the guilty man who may now be enjoying the pleasant sunshine of prosperity, flatter himself that he shall escape a self-inflicted punishment for guilt. When adversity comes, remorse, with its poisonous fangs, begins to gnaw at the heart of its victim.

MUSICK.

Of all the arts musick is the most divine. Vice derives but little aid from it, for even in the vicious it awakens noble sentiments. Happily it has not the power to express the passions.

Original.

THEODORE'S MESSENGER.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

I.

"Go, my messenger-dove—how I envy your flight
You on Anna will gaze ere you slumber to-night."
Thus Theodore cried, as he fastened the string,
And his letter lay hid 'neath its delicate wing.

II.

Away flew the bird, like a shaft from a bow,
Poor Theodore thought that its progress was slow;
From his casement at length he sank back with a sigh,
"But to-morrow," he said, "I shall read her reply."

III.

Oh, slow pass'd the day, and more slow pass'd the night,
He eagerly watch'd for the first ray of light;
His dove is returned, he has loosen'd the string—
His letter untouch'd still lies under its wing!

IV.

His courser is urged over mountain and heath,
Her silence is caused but by danger or death;
Her cottage he sees, but no Anna is there—
In the castle she dwells *—she is bride to the heir!*

FROM CORRESPONDENTS ABROAD.

THE LATE MR. SNEER.

BY WILLIAM COX.

The late Mr. Sneer obtained a considerable reputation simply by taking away the reputation of other people.

How so?

Mr. Sneer was a critick of the first water, and he tomahawked authors with more than Indian gusto. One of the shelves of his bookcase was filled with volumes which he had, or thought he had, been instrumental in damning. These he used to contemplate with immense satisfaction. He called them his literary scalps.

He was the identical gentleman (whatever may be said to the contrary) who wrote the celebrated review of Byron's "Hours of Idleness." He it was that called the "Lyrical Ballads" nursery rhymes—that said Bulwer was well enough for boarding-schools and Boz for pot-houses. He was not to be taken in like the rest of the world, by these pretenders to literature. It was also he who had the merit of discovering that Scott was no poet, but a mere "romancer in rhyme;" and it was he also that invariably pointed out the visible "falling-off" in the several Waverley novels, as they successively appeared.

When the above authors, in spite of his zealous endeavours, got into undisguised favour with the silly good-natured world, he gave in a little, and sometimes even perceived particles of promise scattered over their pages, but he was never the man to commit himself by downright, hearty praise. It appeared weak, foolish, and indiscriminating. Besides, he held that it always looked a great deal better to be dissatisfied with a book than satisfied; and for this reason: if satisfied, you see no further than other people who appreciate and enjoy it; but if dissatisfied, it shows that it takes something infinitely superiour to what that book contains to satisfy you. Sneer invariably acted upon this maxim; upon which simple, good-natured people looked at him admiringly, and said—"Mr. Sneer was not to be put off with anything."

Sneer had no great quantity of acumen, but he had a plentiful stock of ill-nature, which answered the purpose quite as well—for what tells better or flies faster than an ill-natured remark. String a dozen or two of such remarks together, add a little malice, a sprinkling of untruths, and a few grains of flippancy as a substitute for wit, and you have the promise of many a searching, bitter, brilliant article at once. Sneer dealt very much in searching, bitter, brilliant articles.

He was not quick at discovering beauties—indeed, this was a necessary consequence of his system. He had quickness enough to perceive that peevishness and fastidiousness were often mistaken for taste; that a reputation for refinement of mind was frequently raised on no better superstructure than unsoundness of stomach; and that a person with deranged biliary organs was much more acute in discovering blemishes than those whose internal concerns went on naturally and harmoniously. Accordingly, he "pooh'd!" and "pish'd," and found such an immensity of fault with all sorts of authors, artists, actors, architects, and so on, that every one said he *must* be a man of very superiour judgment indeed. This was also his own opinion.

Sneer professed a superabundance of reverence and admiration for the ancients. Not that he studied them, or in fact knew much about them, but their names had an imposing effect, and were of great use wherewith to knock down the moderns. Besides, he had no temptation to sneer at them, for what is the use of sneering at those who are insensible to your sneers. It would have been a wasteful expenditure of gall. No—it was your young, unfledged authors that he particularly delighted to anatomize. They had not received the stamp of the world's approbation, and of course were perfectly defenceless and unprotected. They had to look up to criticks instead of looking down upon them, and Sneer was not one of your easy, good-natured folks (like Charles Lamb, and a few others,) who let down the dignity of the critical vocation in an unseemly manner, by putting themselves on a level with their author, nay, sometimes, with foolish frankness, partially admitting their own inferiority by unreserved admiration, and hearty commendation, and acting rather as friendly assistants than as dogmatical censors. No one could lay the folly of good-nature to Sneer's charge, and it was capital fun to see how he would belabour a modest and timorous aspirant to fame or approbation, and knock his castles down about his ears. True, it gave him great pain to do so, (he said it did himself, and doubtless he would know,) but still, he added, "his sense of duty to the publick compelled him to give an honest and candid opinion," and he often magnanimously added, for he was great upon this theme, "that through good report and evil report—despite whatever imputations might be cast upon his motives—and at whatever expense of personal feeling, he would still—unawed, unbiassed, undeterred—continue zealously, faithfully, fearlessly and steadfastly, to discharge *that* duty to *that* publick."

A signal immolation generally followed or accompanied one of those spirited declarations.

Sneer pretty well understood all the means from "faint praise" to foaming vituperation, by which a clever man or a promising book could be brought into disrepute. He always took high ground at the outset, giving the reader to understand that he (Sneer) was immensely superiour to the poor devil whose performance he had condescended to notice. This being settled, he would proceed to select the worst passages, which he placed in the worst light, and he then set to work to point out with great unction the "beauties" of the author. After this he would make extracts, not bad in themselves when read in their proper place, but rendered foolish and ludicrous by being placed in strange juxtaposition, or by being brought to bear upon each other in an incongruous manner. The reader having by these means been pretty well disposed to consider the author a fool, Sneer would then show the triumph of his art by venturing to give a really good specimen of the work. Supposing it to be of a light or humorous character, the reader, despite his half-formed prejudices, would be perhaps agreeably surprised and carried away to what he read, until his hearty laugh would be checked by Sneer's comment at the end—"And this is wit and humour! or at least what passes for such now-a-days! Shades of Sheridan, Smollett, Fielding"—upon which it would suddenly strike the reader that he had been unconsciously betrayed into a very unseemly fit of admiration, and on re-perusing the passage he would find it exceedingly flat and foolish!—There is no withstanding those invocations of the shades.

Sometimes he would select a simple and tender passage which he would much commend, earnestly recommending it to mothers as being perfectly harmless, and well adapted to infantile capacities. Or he would take one of a grave, stately and ambitious character, after the reading of which he would be seized with a fit of extreme humility—lament his incapacity to accompany the author in his eagle flights—express his confident belief that there must be *some* meaning in the said passage, or the gifted author would never have written it; but, at the same time profess his utter inability to find it out, which he would attribute to his being so much in the habit of reading the works of Milton, Pope, Dryden, Goldsmith, and other inferiour spirits.

Occasionally he would hold out encouraging hopes. He would admit that the age of miracles had ceased, and that therefore nothing was to be hoped for on that score; but then he would contend that progressive improvement was the condition of humanity, and the grand characteristick of our species; and from these premises he would deduce grounds for believing that if the author could only be prevailed upon to utterly discard his present loose, flatulent, and vicious style, to learn humility, and to study carefully and zealously the best masters, it was not impossible but that he might, in after years, produce something not *quite* contemptible.

At other times he would administer excruciating advice. If he knew the work under review to be the production of an elderly gentleman—the fruits of the patient labour of anxious years—he would then presume that it was only a school-boy indiscretion—a juvenile effervescence, which the good sense of manhood, and acquaintance with the world, would prevent again being repeated. At the same time, he would add a well-meant hint to the parents, guardians, or friends of the (presumed) youth, to nip such follies in the bud, otherwise they might have a tendency to render the young man ridiculous, and perhaps spoil a very excellent and efficient clerk or linen-draper.

Did a work of ability exhibit an occasional grammatical errour, he would then feelingly lament the want of a national system of education—admit that the "schoolmaster was undoubtedly abroad"—but at the same time express his surprise at the extreme dexterity of some people in keeping so thoroughly out of his way. Perhaps he would add the price of Lindley Murray's Grammar, and where it was to be had, with a word or two in favour of night or adult schools.

Another of Sneer's peculiar qualifications was the adroit manner in which he could detect a theft. In this respect he was a perfect literary Hays; indeed, he rather exceeded that gentleman, for he could see a plagiarism direct where an ordinary person perhaps could not trace the most distant resemblance in either sentiment or expression.

In short, if Mr. Sneer was not an accomplished critick (which supposes rather a different class of qualities) he was what is termed an exceedingly formidable one. If he was not much beloved, he was a good deal feared, and that suited his temper and disposition better.

Mr. Sneer's death was characteristick. It was occasioned by the brilliant success of a work he had taken uncommon pains to crush. This prayed upon his spirits, and affected his liver—(some people hinted that he never had a heart)—the bile overflowed its proper bounds, pervaded his whole system, brought on a bilious fever, and carried him off just as the fourth edition of the hated work was advertised. The deceased left a very numerous family.

Original.

THE FAIRIES' SONG.

BY MISS JANE TAYLOR.

I.

Hark! for the beetle winds his horn,
The dew-drop glitters on the thorn;
Now let us to the daisied lawn,
Dancing along.

II.

From acorn cells we spring to view,
In robes of moonshine tinged with blue;
And pearly bands of evening dew
Bound in our hair.

III.

And now we form the magick ring,
And merrily dance and merrily sing;
A fairy's dance is a pretty thing,
In the moonshine.

IV.

But ere the dawn returns again,
We wind along the wooded lane,
And glow-worm torches light the train,
All the way home.

FROM CORRESPONDENTS AT HOME.

LETTER FROM JOHN SMITH.

Smithville, Down East, in the state of Maine, March 19, 1839.

Dear General.—I've jest got a letter from our son John, and as I 'spose you haint heard nothin' from him yet, since he went down to fight for our disputed territory. I thought I would set down and write a line or two, and send you John's letter, all but a few lines he writ to his marm and the children, which don't seem to have much to do about the war.

I 'spose you might get the news from our disputed territory by the way of Smithville, about as quick as any way, for the post from Houlton, on the upper road, comes right by here. I got John's letter last night, jist before bed-time. I went in and read it over to old grandfather; and the old gentleman was so rejoiced about it, he couldn't hardly sleep a wink all night. But I mustn't write any more myself; if I do, I shan't have room to give you all John's letter; and I want to give it to you in his own words; for accordin' to my notion, although he's but a stripplin' of a boy yet, and wont be seventeen years old till the fifth day of next May, yet, accordin' to my notion, he writes remarkable well. He went to school to cousin Debby in his younger days, and since that, I've teached him the solid branches myself. But John writes as follers:

Our Disputed Territory, pretty near the Line, March the 13th, 1839.

Dear Father—I take my pen in hand to let you know that I'm as hearty as a bear, and hope these few lines will find you, and mother, and grandfather, and cousin Debby, and all the children, enjoying the same blessing. We stood our march remarkable well, and are all alive, and safe and sound as a whistle. And Sargent Johnson makes a most capital officer. He's jest sich a man as is wanted down here—there's no skeering him, I can tell you. He'd fight against bears, and wild-cats, and the British, and thunder and lightnin', and anything else, that should set out to meddle with our disputed territory. And he's taken a master-liking to me too, and says if he has any hard fighting to do, although I'm the youngest in the company, he shall always choose me first for his right-hand man. He says I had more pluck at the drafting than any one in the whole company, and he should rather have me by his side in battle, than any three of the rest of 'em. But maybe you'd like to hear something about our march down here, and so on.

For the first four or five hours, we marched rather too fast, and got pretty nigh tuckered out, for we was all so arnest to get down there before the first battle come on, that we almost run half the time. At last, about one o'clock, Billy Wiggins—you know what a short-legged little fat chunk of a thing he is—he begun to lag behind a good deal, and puffed and sweat as bad as our colt when we plough alone with him. At last, as I said afore, about one o'clock, Billy Wiggins, who had got away a good many rods behind us, stopt short in the middle of the road, and called out to Sargent Johnson as loud as he could holler, and says he,

"It's no use; I can't run like a hoss all day, and without a mouthful to eat to. I'm half starved now, and as tired as a dog. I say, Sargent Johnson, we must stop and rest a little while, and have something to eat, or I can't keep up with you no longer, and it's no use to try."

At that, Sargent Johnson ordered us to halt till Billy come up. So the poor feller come puffing along up to us, and rubbing his arm across his forhead to wipe the sweat off; and the sargent told him, bein' it was past one o'clock, we'd halt, and have some refreshments. There was a house a little ways ahead of us, and a plenty of wood piled round the door-way, that would make good seats for us to set down on; so we marched along up to it, and halted, and sot down on the wood-pile, and took off our knapsacks, and got out our victuals, and begun to eat our dinner. Presently, the old gentleman of the house looked out of the window, and see us, and he opened the door, and come right out to us, without any hat on, and says he,

"My boys, are you going down to fight for our disputed territory?"

Sargent Johnson told him, that was jest exactly what we was up to.

"That's right," said the old gentleman, "and you look like brave fellers too. Our company started off yesterday, and one of my boys has gone with it. I hope you'll be able to get there about as soon as they do, so that our side may be strong-handed before the first fight comes on."

Sargent Johnson told him, we was determined to be there before the first battle come on if possible, and meant to have a hand in't too.

"Ah, you're the boys for me," said the old gentleman; "if I was a few years younger, and wasn't quite so lame, I believe I should go with you. Did you ever hear anything so impudent as 'twas for them British to carry off our land agent as they did! and then to be stealin' logs on our disputed territory—why, it makes my blood bile when I think of it. But, come, don't set out here on the wood-pile; come, go into the house, and eat your dinners, and you shall have as much of my cider as you can drink."

We thanked him, and told him we didn't keer if we did. So we went in, and had a good drink of cider with our victuals, and sot and rested ourselves nearly an hour, and then marched along again We took it a little slower in the afternoon, so that Billy Wiggins made out to keep up with us pretty well.

We got to Augusta about sunset; and jest as we was marching along by the State-house, which is a very fine building, more than as big again as our barn, and all made of hewed stone, and stands up on a little hill pretty near the road; so, jest as we got along against the State-house, the Legislater was adjourned, and the folks was all coming out in a heap, right down towards the road.

"Halt," cried Sargent Johnson, all to once. "Left face; front, dress; rear rank close to the front; heads up."

Then he run along and whispered to us, and says he, "Now, boys, we'll give 'em a solute; and I want you should do it manfashion. Now you mind and have your guns well-shouldered, and be very careful to mind the word of command, and all shoot to once. You must mind and pint your guns high, so as to go over everybody's heads, for you know there's balls in 'em—and these aint the British folks that we are going to fire at now, remember that. I shall give the word of command, *make ready, take aim, fire*—and when you hear the word fire, you must pull trigger all to once, and blaze away like thunder."

We all told him we would, and he went along, and took his stand at the head of the company. We'd all kept our guns well loaded during the day, for fear what might happen, and we shouldered 'em as the sargent told us, and got all fixed, and stood with stiff upper lips, and all ready to fire. Jest as the main body of the legislater-folks and the people got along down within about two rods of the road where we stood, Sargent Johnson hollered out with a good loud military voice,

"Make ready——"

Crack! went Billy Wiggins' gun—smoke, powder, wad, and everything blazing into the air. I never see anybody so struck up as Sargent Johnson was—he coloured as red as a blaze, and looked as if he would a bit Billy Wiggins' head off. But when he see the rest of us held on, and didn't pull, he plucked up courage again, and give the rest of the word of command.

"Take aim—Fire—"

In a moment we all pulled, pretty near together tu, and if we didn't give 'em a real stunder, I wont guess again. Some of the people jumped, and some squat, like geese going into a barn door. But when they found nobody wasn't killed, they come along down to the road, and inquired of Sargent Johnson what town we come from, and shook hands with us, and seemed to be very glad to see us, and said they was glad we'd got along; for things looked terrible squally down to our disputed territory, and the sooner we could get there the better.

Bime by Governour Fairfield come out of the State-house, and come along down to the road, and says he,

"My brave fellow-soldiers, I'm glad to see you; what town do you come from?"

Sargent Johnson told him we was the Smithville detachment, and was on our way down to our disputed territory, and if he had any commands to send that way, we should be happy to carry 'em. The governour's a little piece of a man to look at; but they say he's got grit enough aboard for two common-sized men. He said he had no particular commands to send by us, only he wanted us to get down there as quick as we possibly could, and report ourselves to Colonel Jarvis, and he would take command of us, and tell us what to do. And, says he, "I want you to tell Jarvis to hold on down there like a dog to a root, and not give up an inch to them British chaps; if he wants more men, only send word to me, and he shall have 'em by regiments, as many as he wants. But tell him never to give up an inch; if Sir John Harvey frets—let him fret. But above all, tell Jarvis to *hold on to the logs*, live or die. And now, my brave fellers," said the governour, "it's too late for you to go any further to-night; you shall have a chance to sleep in one of the lobbies of the State-house, and I'll see that you have victuals and drink provided for you; and I want you to be under way again by sunrise in the morning, whether I am up or not."

So we bid the governour good night, and he sent a man to show us the way into the State-house, and to bring us what we wanted to eat and drink. And we fared well, too, I can tell you—a plenty of bread and meat, and hot coffee, and a basket of apples. We helped ourselves, you may depend, as though we hadn't had anything to eat for a month. The legislater-folks came back in crowds and flocked round the door, and a great many of 'em come in and talked with us about the war down in our disputed territory. They all said the land was ourn, every inch of it, and we must stick to it and not give up a single tree; for the legislater was determined to stand by us and would vote to pay all the expenses. After they'd all cleared out, we laid down and took a nap. And about an hour before sunrise I got up and looked out, and see 'twas all broad daylight; so I went and touched Sargent Johnson and told him 'twas time to be stirring. He sprung on his feet quicker than if he'd been shot, and says he, "Where? where? where be they? I'm ready for 'em. Give me my gun! give me my sword! Stand by, boys, I'll go ahead! Where be they?"

And then he begun to rub his eyes, and looked round and see me, and says he—

"Oh, John, is it you? I believe I was dreaming. I thought the enemy was jest a breaking into our camp, and I was going to send daylight through 'em about the quickest." And then he looked out of the window, and says he, "By zounds! it's morning; come, John, call 'em up, and let us have a bite of something to eat and be agoing."

So I roused them all out, and we got some breakfast, and got all ready to start a little before sunrise. We found out where the governour boarded, and Sargent Johson said he meant to give him a salute as we went by, if he *wasn't* up. So when we got along against the house, he give the word to fire, and we blazed away like a clap of thunder. In a minute the governour come running to the window in his shirt sleeves, and he opened the window and looked out, and says he—

"That's you, my brave fellers, you are the sort for me. I never shall be afraid of the British while I have sich fellow-soldiers as you are. Tell Jarvis to stick to the old line; we'll have the line of '83, come what will. And don't forget to tell Jarvis to mind and *hold on to the logs*."

He wished us a speedy march, and shot down the window, and we jogged along.

It's no use for me to try to tell you all about the everlasting great long road we had to go over to get down here; for there's more mountains, and hills, and woods, and rivers, and ponds, and brooks, and snow-banks, and swamps, than you could shake a stick at for a month. Our disputed territory is a terrible long ways off, and there's no end to it when you get there. We didn't stop to Houlton, for our orders was to go right down into the midst of it, and report ourselves to Colonel Jarvis. So we inquired the way along and found Colonel Jarvis and his men was gone on to Fitzherbert's farm, down close to the line, and was building up a fortification. We marched along till we come clear in sight of the farm, and could see the men to work.

"Now," says Sargent Johnson, "now, my boys, is the time to show your best. See that your guns are well loaded, and march up to the camp like heroes."

We stopped and examined our guns to see if they was well loaded, and as Billy Wiggins was fumbling over his lock to see if the priming was good, somehow or other he let her go; and he had a monstrous heavy charge in, and she roared away through the woods like a harrycane. At that, Sargent Johnson almost swore, and said he wished Billy Wiggins had staid to home. But he told us to shoulder our guns and march up quick-step towards the camp. So we marched along, and in a minute or two we see a terrible mustering round the camp. They come out as thick as bees and begun to form into a line, and went to loading their guns as fast as they could make their hands fly. And a little, small, brisk man seemed to be taking the command, and placing the men this way and that, and making his bright sword fly about like a streak of lightning. Sargent Johnson told us to halt; for we begun to feel a little blue all to once. We didn't know but we had missed our road and got over the line, and that might be a camp of the British. So Sargent Johnson thought it was best to stop and reconnoitre a little.

Bime by we see one chap from the camp running towards the woods as hard as he could spring.

"'Tis the British," said Sargent Johnson, "'tis the British; and they are afrid of us; see how that feller runs!"

But in a minute we heard the brisk little man, that had the command, bawl out after him to stop, and he swung his sword round as if he'd take his head off. The feller looked over his shoulder, but kept along. At that the commander kecht up a gun and called again, and says he, "If you don't come right back, I'll put a ball through your heart in a minute." That stopt the feller, and he come back again and took his place in the ranks.

"There's spunk there," said Sargent Johnson, "let 'em belong to which side of the line they will. If I knew they was British, we'd face 'em and give 'em battle at once. But I should hate to fire at 'em till we know, for fear they might belong to our side."

We was a little staggered for a while to know what was best to do. As near as we could see what they was about at the camp, they was busy to work getting ready to fight us. And as there was only eleven of us, and there seemed to be some hundreds of them, we thought it was best for us to be on the look out, and see that they didn't get the advantage of us. Sargent Johnson said he didn't see how we could have missed the road, and he couldn't hardly believe yet, but what they belonged to our side. So says he—

"If there's any one of you that dares to go up with a flag of truce, I think we better send up and have a fair understanding with 'em before we begin to fight."

None of the rest of 'em started, so I told the sargent I was the boy for him to send on that arc arrant. And says he—

"That's you, John, I knew before I spoke, you was the man for it. So get ready."

But come to look round we couldn't find anything to make a flag of truce of; for Sargent Johnson said it must be white, and we hadn't one of us got a white handkerchief or any sich thing; so we seemed to be kind of stuck. At last, says I, "You needn't bother about that. There's more ways to kill a cat than one." So I tore off a good large square piece of my shirt and tied it on to the end of my gun, and says I—

"Sargent, I'm ready."

After he told me what to say, I shouldered my gun and marched up towards the camp with my flag of truce flying. The camp stood up on a rising ground about a quarter of a mile from our company, and their soldiers was all out and formed in a line three or four deep. But I marched right straight up to 'em; and when I got up within a few rods, the commanding officer come along out with his sword in his hand and met me. Says I—

"Who commands these troops?"

"Colonel Jarvis," says he.

"I want to see him," says I.

"I'm the man," says he.

"Well, sir," says I, "you are the very man we've been looking for all day."

"Well, sir," says he, "I'm ready for you, let you want what you will. But is Sir John Harvey any where about here? If he is, you may go back and tell him we don't want any of his flags of truce, and no parleying about it; for we are determined to hold on to the land, every inch of it, and the logs too, if we have to die in the last ditch, and he may help himself if he can."

"But," says I, "my dear sir, you are mistaken; we aint Sir John Harvey's folks by a jug full. We are the Smithville detachment, under command of Sargent Johnson, and have come down to join your forces."

"Ah, ha!" says the colonel, "that alters the case." So he run back and told his men how 'twas, and they set up three tremendous cheers that made the woods ring again.

As soon as our company heard that, they come running up the hill like a flock of sheep, and Sargent Johnson and the colonel was so glad to see each other, that they shook hands so hard, I didn't know but they would have pulled one another's hands off. The colonel took us right into the camp and give us some dinner, and said "he was most confounded glad we'd got along, for he'd been expecting a brush with the British a number of days."

We haint had much chance to look about here yet, but when we do, I'll write again. You needn't be consarned about our giving up any of our disputed territory, for our troops is all as fairce as tigers about it, and Colonel Jarvis, though he's a little, small, thin man, he's jest as smart as a steel-trap.

Give my love to all the folks, and I remain your loving son, JOHN.

Dear General, my son's letter is so long, I haven't got time to add another word. Yours, JOHN SMITH, ESQUIRE.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATIONS.

From the German of J. G. Herder

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

TELL me, ye graceful daughters of the rough, dark earth, who gave you your beautiful forms? for truly, by delicate fingers were you fashioned. What little Genii rise out of your cups? what delights feel ye, when Goddesses move softly over your leaves! Tell me, peaceful flowers, how they divided the joyous work, and how they rejoiced together, when they had woven your fine texture, and adorned you in manifold ways! But in silence, lovely creations, ye enjoy your being. Well, then! the teaching *fable* shall relate to me what your lips conceal.

When as yet the Earth was a desolate and naked rock, behold! a friendly band of Nymphs prepared the virgin soil, and good Genii were ready to embellish it with flowers. In various ways, they laboured together. Soon, under the snow, and in the low grass, modest *Humility* formed the hidden *Violet*. *Hope* stepped along behind her, and filled with cooling fragrance the little cups of the refreshing *Hyacinth*. Afterwards came a haughty, glittering choir of many-coloured beauties: the *Tulip* reared her head; the *Narcissus* glanced around with languishing eyes.

Many other Goddesses and Nymphs employed themselves also in adorning the Earth, and rejoiced over its beautiful appearance.

And behold! when many of their creations had faded, and the renown thereof and the joy of the creators had passed away, thus spake Venus to her Graces—"Why tarry ye, sisters of Grace? rise! and weave ye also from your charms a mortal, visible flower." They went down to Earth, and Aglaia, the Grace of *Innocence*, formed the *Lily*; Thalia and Euphrosyne fashioned, with sisterly hand, the flower of *Joy* and *Love*, the virgin *Rose*.

Many flowers of the field and garden envied one another; the Lily and Rose envied none, and were envied by all. In sisterly friendship they bloom together on one field, and heighten each other's charms, for sisterly Graces have fashioned and united them.

Maiden! on your cheeks bloom *Lilies* and *Roses!* may their tutelary Goddesses, *Innocence*, *Joy* and *Love*, united and inseparable, dwell there also.

THE HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.

Deep in the midnight, before the spring-feast on which the first born sons of the human race were to bring a thank-offering to the Creator, their mother was visited by a wonderful dream. The white roses that her youngest son had planted around his altar, were transformed to full red roses, which as yet she had never seen. She was about to gather them, but they fell to pieces at her touch. On the

altar upon which heretofore only milk was offered, lay now a bleeding lamb. Weeping voices were lifted up all around, and a sound of despair was in them; and anon, all was lost in sweet tones, in tones which she had never heard before.

Then a beautiful meadow was spread out before her—more beautiful even than the paradise of her youth; and, upon it, kept his flock a white-robed shepherd, in the form of her son. The red roses were around his hair; and in his hand was the harp from which those sweet tones proceeded. He turned lovingly towards her, he was about to approach her—and vanished. The dream vanished with him.

Awaking, she observed how red the morning light appeared, and went with heavy heart to the feast-offering.

The brothers brought their offerings; the parents went home. At evening the younger son returned not. Anxiously his mother sought him. She found his flock scattered and drooping. Himself lay bleeding on the altar; the roses were dyed with his blood; the wailings of Cain resounded from a neighbouring cavern.

Insensible, the mother sank upon the body of her son, when, for the second time, the vision appeared. Her son was that shepherd, whom she saw yonder, in a new paradise. The red roses were around his hair; tones of melody sounded from his harp, and thus he sang to her—"Look up; towards heaven, to the stars, weeping mother, look up. See yonder that glittering chariot; it conveys to other meadows, to a more beautiful paradise than thou sawest in Eden, where the rose of Innocence blooms unstained, and all sighs are lost in sweet tones."

The vision disappeared; strengthened in spirit, Eve stood up by the pale corse of her son. And in the morning, when she had bedewed him with her tears, and crowned him with the roses from his altar, the father and mother buried him near the altar of his God, as the first rosy light appeared. But often she sat on his grave at midnight, and looked up towards heaven, to that high chariot of stars, and sought her lost shepherd there. U. V. W.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

INKLINGS OF IDEAS.

HISTORY OF EVENTS THAT NEVER HAPPENED.

D'Israeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," has a chapter on this subject. He mentions but two such events. Livy alludes to Alexander's projected invasion of Italy, and then giving loose to his imagination, descants beautifully upon what would have been the probable consequence, if he had put his design into execution.

After the Saracens had been expelled from Spain, Eude, a discontented noble, formed a conspiracy, which was timely discovered, to re-admit them and subvert the Spanish empire. If he had succeeded, many who now kneel in a church, would be prostrating themselves in a mosque.

Another and better example might be given. In 1637, Cromwell was on board a vessel to emigrate to America, when he was stayed by order of council. If he *had* come, the royal cause triumphing in the struggle that ensued, the king's prerogative would have swallowed up the rights of the people, and the English constitution would not exhibit, as it now does, an almost perfect model. We may easily imagine, too, what a different character a man of Cromwell's vast and restless genius would have given to this country. Instead of offering to the world a lesson of liberty, America would, in all probability, be groaning at this moment under the yoke of a despot.

OF PERSONS ONE WOULD LIKE TO SEE.

Under this head, there is a very beautiful essay in "Hazlitt's Remains," reporting a conversation between Wordsworth, Lamb and others. They, however, only specifying particular individuals, said nothing as to the *kind* of persons they would like to see. If I were to attempt to define those whom I would call up,

"Heroes I should ne'er
Have seen else of this side of the dim shore," etc.

I would say that it was not those who were simply great, and distinguished only by the magnifying of those qualities they possess in common with the rest of the world, as Newton, Locke, etc.; but those who were marked by some eccentricity, some pleasant obliquity of character, who were unlike everybody else. That I may illustrate what I mean: Dr. Johnson and Coleridge were, perhaps, more celebrated than any two men that ever lived for their conversational powers. Now, I wouldn't trouble myself to talk with the former, while I would give the world to *hear* the latter preach, as Lamb designated his inspired outpourings. The difference is this: Dr. Johnson simply excelled in *what* he said, aided by no adventitious or extrinsick circumstances; Coleridge not only charmed by the matter, but much more by the *manner*, the swelling, rich and intonated voice, the wild, bright eye, the rapt air, and, above all, the thrilling topicks on which he was wont to *discourse*.

THE RHINE AND THE HUDSON.

One thing showing the strength of the principle of association is, that we always transfer our idea of the social, literary and scientifick inferiority of a new country, to its physical gifts likewise. I once heard a fellow say when he saw the Mississippi, "Not so bad for a new country!" recognising involuntary, the superiority of long settled states over those newly colonized, in all that relates to man or his works, and carrying over the same feeling to the works of God.

General opinion as to the comparative beauty of the scenery upon the Rhine and Hudson, affords another exemplification of this strange confusion of things. I have no doubt but that, really and intrinsically, one is as good as the other; but the Hudson is yet new, while antiquity and poetry have united to hallow the Rhine. The traveller on the latter recollects that two thousand years ago Cæsar battled upon its banks, that the castles frowning over its precipices were each the scene of some heroick deeds, some desperate and long-endured siege; and that the plains stretching out on either side, have flowed with the blood of thousands of brave men. On the contrary, there are none of these associations connected with the Hudson, and in consequence it occupies, and will continue to occupy, only a secondary place in the eye of the world. H.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

A number of ladies request that the inclosed may be inserted in the Mirror, for the benefit of its numerous female readers. It was published many years since, but a copy of it cannot be found except in bound volumes, and it is presumed this (which has been sent from Virginia) is the only one north of the Potomack. We think the advice excellent;—followed, it will contribute to the happiness of WOMAN.

ADVICE OF A FATHER TO HIS ONLY DAUGHTER,

Written immediately after her marriage.

BY PATRICK HENRY.

My dear daughter—You have just entered into that state which is replete with happiness or misery. The issue depends upon that prudent, amiable, uniform conduct, which wisdom and virtue so strongly recommend, on the one hand, or on that imprudence which a want of reflection or passion may prompt on the other.

You are allied to a man of honour, of talents, and of an open, generous disposition. You have, therefore, in your power, all the essential ingredients of domestick happiness: it cannot be marred, if you now reflect upon that system of conduct which you ought invariably to pursue—if you now see clearly, the path from which you will resolve never to deviate. Our conduct is often the result of whim or caprice, often such as will give us many a pang, unless we see, beforehand, what is always the most praiseworthy, and the most essential to happiness.

The first maxim which you should impress deeply upon your mind, is, never to attempt to control your husband by opposition, by displeasure, or any other mark of anger. A man of sense, of prudence, of warm feelings, cannot, and will not, bear an opposition of any kind, which is attended with an angry look or expression. The current of his affections is suddenly stopped; his attachment is weakened; he begins to feel a mortification the most pungent; he is belittled even in his own eyes; and be assured, the wife who once excites those sentiments in the breast of a husband, will never regain the high ground which she might and ought to have retained. When he marries her, if he be a good man, he expects from her smiles, not frowns; he expects to find in her one who is not to control him—not to take from him the freedom of acting as his own judgment shall direct, but one who will place such confidence in him, as to believe that his prudence is his best guide. Little things, what in reality are mere trifles in themselves, often produce bickerings, and even quarrels. Never permit them to be a subject of dispute; yield them with pleasure, with a smile of affection. Be assured that one difference outweighs them all a thousand, or ten thousand times. A difference with your husband ought to be considered as the greatest calamity—as one that is to be most studiously guarded against; it is a demon which must never be permitted to enter a habitation where all should be peace, unimpaired confidence, and heartfelt affection. Besides, what can a woman gain by her opposition or her indifference? Nothing. But she loses everything; she loses her husband's respect for her virtues, she loses his love, and with that, all prospect of future happiness. She creates her own misery, and then utters idle and silly complaints, but utters them in vain. The love of a husband can be retained only by the high opinion which he entertains of his wife's goodness of her heart, of amiable disposition, of the sweetness of her temper, of her prudence, of her devotion to him. Let nothing upon any occasion ever lessen that opinion. On the contrary, it should augment every day: he should have much more reason to admire her for those excellent qualities, which will cast a lustre over a virtuous woman, when her personal attractions are no more.

Has your husband staid out longer than you expected? When he returns receive him as the partner of your heart. Has he disappointed you in something you expected, whether of ornament, or furniture, or of any conveniency? Never evince discontent; receive his apology with cheerfulness. Does he, when you are housekeeper, invite company without informing you of it, or bring home with him a friend? Whatever may be your repast, however scanty it may be, however impossible it may be to add to it, receive them with a pleasing countenance, adorn your table with cheerfulness, give to your husband and to your company a hearty welcome; it will more than compensate for every other deficiency: it will evince love for your husband, good sense in yourself, and that politeness of manners, which acts as the most powerful charm! It will give to the plainest fare a zest superiour to all that luxury can boast. Never be discontented on any occasion of this nature.

In the next place, as your husband's success in his profession will depend upon his popularity, and as the manners of a wife have no little influence in extending or lessening the respect and esteem of others for her husband, you should take care to be affable and polite to the poorest as well as the richest. A reserved haughtiness is a sure indication of a weak mind and an unfeeling heart

With respect to your servants, teach them to respect and love you, while you expect from them a reasonable discharge of their respective duties. Never tease yourself, or them, by scolding; it has no other effect than to render them discontented and impertinent. Admonish them with a calm firmness.

Cultivate your mind by the perusal of those books which instruct while they amuse. Do not devote much of your time to novels; there are a few which may be useful and improving in giving a higher tone to our moral sensibility; but they tend to vitiate the taste, and to produce a disrelish for substantial intellectual food. Most plays are of the same cast; they are not friendly to the delicacy which is one of the ornaments of the female character. History, geography, poetry, moral essays, biography, travels, sermons, and other well-written religious productions, will not fail to enlarge your understanding, to render you a more agreeable companion, and to exalt your virtue. A woman devoid of rational ideas of religion, has no security for her virtue; it is sacrificed to her passions, whose voice, not that of God, is her only governing principle. Besides, in those hours of calamity to which families must be exposed, where will she find support, if it be not in her just reflections upon that all-ruling Providence which governs the universe, whether inanimate or animate

Mutual politeness between the most intimate friends, is essential to that harmony, which should never be once broken or interrupted. How important then is it between man and wife! The more warm the attachment, the less will either party bear to be slighted, or treated with the smallest degree of rudeness or inattention. This politeness, then, if it be not in itself a virtue, is at least the means of giving to real goodness a new lustre; it is the means of preventing discontent, and even quarrels; it is the oil of intercourse, it removes asperities, and gives to everything a smooth, an even, and a pleasing movement.

I will only add, that matrimonial happiness does not depend upon wealth; no, it is not to be found in wealth; but in minds properly tempered and united to our respective situations. Competency is necessary; all beyond that point, is ideal. Do not suppose, however, that I would not advise your husband to augment his property by all honest and commendable means. I would wish to see him actively engaged in such a pursuit, because engagement, a sedulous employment, in obtaining some laudable end, is essential to happiness. In the attainment of a fortune, by honourable means, and particularly by professional exertion, a man derives particular satisfaction, in self-applause, as well as from the increasing estimation in which he is held by those around him.

In the management of your domestick concerns, let prudence and wise economy prevail. Let neatness, order, and judgment be seen in all your different departments. Unite liberality with a just frugality; always reserve something for the hand of charity; and never let your door be closed to the voice of suffering humanity. Your servants, in particular, will have the strongest claim upon your charity; let them be well fed, well clothed, nursed in sickness, and never let them be unjustly treated.

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

The heroine of Shakspeare's "Measure for Measure." There is nothing highly heroical in this drama excepting Isabel. I remember being once coy (says Campbell) in my admiration of this seemingly cold heroine, but better reflection has taught me to think otherwise. What would become of the human race, if the pride of woman in her purity were capable of compromise? Adieu to all domestick affections! The dishonouring of the sex is introducing death into the source of life. This thought never struck me more forcibly than in reading the scene in Whetstone's play, in which Cassandra comes, disguised as a boy, to the house of Promos, in order to purchase her brother's life by the surrender of her virtue, and with the hope promised to her by Promos that he will skin over her shame by marrying her: a hope that deepens her degradation. I said to myself, thanks to Shakspeare that Isabella would have seen a thousand brothers perish, sooner than have submitted to such a shame.

Epitaph on Shakspeare.—The following epitaph on Shakspeare was written in 1616, by an unknown author:

Renowned Spenser, lye a thought more nighe
To learned Chaucer; and rare Beaumont, lye
A little nearer Spenser, to make roome
For Shakspear in your three-fold, four-fold tombe;
To lodge all four in one bed make a shift
Until doom's day, for nardly will a fifthe
Between this day and that, by fate be slaine
For whom your curtaines may be drawn againe.

A narrow escape.—A few days ago a notary of Dijon, in Burgundy, was proceeding to Genlis with a sum of four hundred pounds, when, near Faverney, a woman, who appeared much fatigued, begged that he would give her a lift. He consenting, she handed him a basket, and was about to step into the vehicle, when he suspected his companion to be a man in female attire. He had the presence of mind to drop his whip, requesting the pretended lady to pick it up for him. In the meantime the notary galloped off in double quick time, and on reaching his home was not a little surprised to find that the basket contained a pair of loaded pistols and a dagger.

Use of disappointment.—A story is told of a Scotch nobleman who, in order to break his daughters of too ardent a pursuit of pleasure, would allow them to accept of an invitation to a ball—dress for it—order his equipage to the door, but just as the expectant girls were about to step into the carriage, would suddenly remand it to the coach-house, order the young ladies to lay aside their ball dresses, resume their common habiliments, and return to the quiet avocation of the family.

Fashion in dress.—The English correspondent of the New-York Star, has the following remarks upon the outer decorations of the English ladies:—"A decided novelty in fashion has been introduced at Paris. It is called a *Chatelaine*. A thick hook of gold, such as our grandmothers wore in the girdle to hold keys, a watch, etc, is placed in the hair—this is the *chatelaine*. The only qualifications are, it must be old and massive.

Gipsies.—The number of this extraordinary race in Europe, Asia and Africa, is calculated to amount to seven hundred thousand. In America they have been hitherto unknown, though a small number are said to have emigrated to that quarter recently Throughout the world they speak the same kind of gibberish, which is very similar to the language of Hindostan, to which country their origin has, on that account, been assigned.

Evading the question.—"Shant I see you hum from singin' skull to-night, Jerushy?" "No, you shant du no such thing. I don't want you nor your company, Reuben."—"Praps you didn't exactly understand what I said?" "Yes, I did. You asked me if you might'nt see me hum."—"Wy, no, I didn't—I only asked you *how your marm was!*"

Housewifery. An ancient art, said to have been fashionable among young girls and wives; now entirely out of use, or practised only by the lower orders.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"THE RUINS OF ATHENS, TITANIA'S BANQUET, A MASK, AND OTHER POEMS. By G. Hill. Boston: Otis, Broaders and Co.

WE are surprised that these very beautiful poems have not excited a more general attention, than they appear to have received from the press. The only explanation we can devise for this apparent neglect is, that the press have not been very generally favoured with copies. "The Ruins of Athens," the longest poem in this elegantly printed volume, was, as we learn from the preface, begun at Piræus in 1838. It is written in the Spenserian stanza, and contains many passages of uncommon beauty and power. The following is not an unfavourable specimen of its tone:

> "The morn is up—with cold and dewy eye
> Peeps, like a vestal from her cloister, forth,
> In blushing brightness; the gray peaks on high
> Lift her old altars in the clear, blue north:
> The clouds ascend, on light winds borne, that come
> Laden with fragrance; and from each high place,
> Where every god in turn has found a home,
> Nature sends up her incense, and her face
> Unveils to Him whose shrine and dwelling are all space."

Of the lyrical pieces we prefer the lines "To the memory of a friend," and those entitled "Early Spring." "Leila," and "The Time is gone," remind us a little too much of Pinckney; and the verses to an old coin are evidently suggested by Horace Smith's famous verses to an old mummy. There is enough, however, in this volume to satisfy any one that Mr. Hill is a true poet, and we commend his volume to the favourable regards of the publick.

"CONVERSATIONS ON NATURE AND ART." Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

We are not partial to the conversational mode, in books, of imparting knowledge; but the work before us is so cleverly executed, that we must, in this instance, dispense with our usual objections. It embraces a variety of information, useful in the daily commerce of society or business, and treats in an intelligent manner of the arts and sciences, printing, libraries, manuscripts, botany and horticulture, manufactures, food, classes of mankind, with many other branches, all of practical utility. Numerous wood-cuts embellish the volume, the appropriate motto to which is:—"*Je n'studie pas devenir savant, mais pour me rendre meilleur.*"

"THE PRINCE AND THE PEDLER, OR THE SIEGE OF BRISTOL." By the author of "The Heiress," "The Merchant's Daughter," etc. New-York: Harper and Brothers.

One of the best, most interesting and most unexceptionable historical novels that we have read since "Scott's last." The author is, we believe, a lady. She has displayed rare powers of description, and an artist-like faculty of sketching character in these volumes. Not the slightest recommendation of the book is, that it illustrates with laborious fidelity a period of English history but little known.

"NICHOLAS NICKLEBY."—Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

MESSRS. Lea and Blanchard have published the eleventh number of this excellent and amusing work by Dickens. The interest is sustained with wonderful ability, and there is no flagging in the humour and pathos of the narrative. The characters of Mantalini, Squeers, Ralph Nickleby and Smike, are portrayed in a masterly style.

WORKS IN THE PRESS

A new novel of intense interest, founded on events that occurred in this city some few years since, is in the press of the Messrs. Harper. It is from the pen of one of those many men of genius in this country, who, notwithstanding the cares and perplexities of an active commercial life, find sufficient leisure for the exercise of their talents in the pursuit of letters; and it not unfrequently happens that these *amateur* productions excel in freshness, originality, and fidelity to nature, even the more laboured compositions of those who make authorship a business. In this country, however, there are but few professional authors. Paulding—the racy, inimitable Paulding—is a thorough man of business.—So is the bright-hearted, cheerful Halleck, as the books of John Jacob Astor will abundantly testify.—So is Bryant, whose muse breathes the very soul of solitude and communion with nature.—So is Sprague, whose drafts upon the "Celestial Nine," never return protested.—So is Wetmore, the Alcæus among our country's bards.—So is Worth, whose verses ring like the sterling ore—and so are a number of others we could mention. But particularly so is the author of the forthcoming novel, the publication of which is looked for with much curiosity. Those who have seen the manuscript, speak of it in terms of unqualified commendation.

Dunlap's History of the State of New-York, is in press, and will be published in the course of a few months.

Colman has in press two new works, by Mr. Willis. The first of these is, the "Letters from under a Bridge," and the other, a collection of miscellaneous "Tales of Many Lands."

Lea and Blanchard have announced a number of literary novelties as forthcoming, which we shall notice more particularly hereafter.

MRS. LEWER'S REPUBLICATIONS.

The valuable reprints of the British magazines and reviews continue to be issued from the establishment at the corner of Broadway and Pine-street, with unabated promptitude. The late numbers of Bentley's and Blackwood's magazines have been unusually attractive. There is, by the way, in the February number of Blackwood quite an unjustifiable attack upon Barry Cornwall. The critick, with an evident affectation of disdain, exclaims—"Ben Jonson by Barry Cornwall! This is really too much. The most masculine of intellects *edited* by the most effeminate—one of the greatest of England's poets patronized by one of her smallest poetasters. An eagle heralded by a wren! or is it absolutely a tom-tit" Wilson here overshoots his mark. If Barry Cornwall is a poetaster, the author of the "Isle of Palms" is no better. Cornwall's English songs and Dramatick Scenes will last while a taste for poetry and musick shall survive.

NEW-YORK TRADE SALE.—The twenty-ninth New-York trade sale of books, stereotype plates, etc., took place on Monday, the twenty-fifth, at No. 196 Broadway. The catalogue occupies one hundred and eight large octavo pages, and it is enough to frighten a reader of ordinarily capacious digestion, to peruse it.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are indebted to J. T. I. for his curious exposition. The coincidence he points out is indeed too decided to be accidental. With regard to the leading incidents in the three stories, which bear such a family-likeness, they are doubtless traditional and of Arabick origin. In the "Cobbler of Brusa," this fact was intimated in the prefix which designated it "A Turkish Legend." But the resemblance between "Yusuf, the Water-carrier," and "Basan, the blacksmith," is so remarkable, that Captain M must either have written both, or appropriated the language and ideas of another with a degree of coolness, worthy of the author of the speech at the Cincinnati dinner.—C. H. B.'s interesting communication shall appear. Thanks for the same.—H. H. R. is accepted. A very beautiful poem by Lone is on file.—The communications from B. A. E. shall be inserted with much pleasure.—The author of the very-spirited translations from the Spanish of Yriarte, which appear in our paper of to-day, will accept our very best thanks. We commend these fables to the especial attention of the "poor devil authors," for whose instruction and benefit they are intended.

A correspondent has sent us the opinion of Judge Lewis, concerning the appointing power under the new constitution of Pennsylvania—a subject which has made some noise in that state recently. It is an able and a lucid document, distinguished for its legal acumen and sound judgment. We perceive that the Judge is spoken of as a prominent candidate for the United States Senate. He is an amiable and a singularly-gifted man, and his talents and good qualities would render him conspicuous in any station, either under the state or general governments. If it were not incompatible with the design of this work, we would publish "the opinion," as a specimen of fine writing and sound argument.

We trust that should any one take upon himself the responsibility of republishing the beautiful original melody by Russell, on our last page, due credit for the same may be given to the Mirror. This demand is certainly no more than reasonable.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1839.

Grace Horsley Darling.—We publish to-day a full account of the wreck of the Forfarshire steamer, which afforded the opportunity for the display of the adventurous heroism of Grace Horsley Darling, the daughter of the keeper of Longstone Light. This young enthusiast in the cause of humanity appears to be an especial favourite with the poets, paragraphists and play-wrights of the day, and it will not be their fault if she do not become quite as celebrated as the renowned Joan of Arc. She has already been the subject of songs, poems, toasts, and story-books without number, and when the mist of time shall have magnified her exploits beyond even their present dimensions, she will doubtless go down to future generations in fairy legends along with Cinderella, Blue-Beard, Jack the Giant-Killer, and Valentine and Orson. But Grace is evidently a good, unpretending girl, and reminds us of Scott's beautiful creation—Jeanie Deans. The following letter was addressed by Miss Darling to the secretary at Lloyd's, returning her grateful thanks for the liberal donation given by the subscribers. The letter is *verbatim* as written:—"KIND SIR—I am very much obliged to the gentlemen who have given me the sum of twenty pounds, and I hope you will let them know that I feel very grateful to them who have so liberally rewarded me; and I thank God who enabled me to do so much. I thought it a duty, as no other assistance could be had; but still I feel sorry that I could do no more. Please, sir, I will thank you to pay the money into Messrs Ridley's bank, at Alnwick, in my name. Your very much obliged humble servant, GRACE H. DARLING. Longstone Light, December 28, 1838."—The following is one of the best and most complimentary things we have seen written upon the subject. It is very beautifully turned:

TO GRACE HORSLEY DARLING.

> A nobler nature linked with sweeter name,
> Ne'er won the voice of praise, the meed of fame.
> Let laurelled wreaths the victor's brow entwine,
> The civick crown, heroick girl, is thine;
> And, better far, thy offices of love
> Angelick spirits register above.
> Oh! as my lot it is, and still must be,
> To breast the surges of life's stormiest sea,
> Still be it mine, in my extremest fear,
> To find such GRACE—and such a DARLING near.

Bathing Establishment.—Dr. Combe is a warm advocate of frequent bathing. He argues that if students and professional men would faithfully attend to this item of their duty, we should not hear them speak so often of bad health, bad digestion, and unfitness for duty. One of the best and most extensive establishments for the purpose of bathing, has been opened within the last year by Mr. Leonard, at No. 400 Broadway, between Prince and Houstoun streets. Mr. L. has associated with himself an experienced engineer, and has been at great expense in fitting up his establishment in a novel and commodious manner. The water is conveyed to the baths in a state of the utmost purity, and by a process far more simple and manageable than that generally adopted. As the spring opens, it is the intention of the proprietor to extend his already extensive accommodations, and to render his establishment unrivalled in the conveniences it offers to bathers.

You know.—An Englishman, recently arrived, addressed us in the street the other day in the following terms:—"The Maine war, *you know*, will be settled, *you know*, without any trouble, *you know*, in the course of a short time, *you know!*" This phrase, *you know*, "is obtaining to a great extent in this community," *you know*.

New musick.—We have received from Mr. Birch, No. 95 Canal-street, a set of quadrilles from Boildieu's celebrated opera of *La Dame Blanche*, arranged by William Martin, accompanied by the "Georgian Waltz," by the same composer. They are very beautiful, and the musick is of that brilliant, popular kind, suited to the purpose to which it is appropriated.

Periodicals.—The Knickerbocker Magazine for March is adorned with a very neat engraving of the ruins of Jamestown, executed by Rolph, after a design by Chapman. Its table of contents is unusually rich, and will bear comparison with that of the best current English magazines The "Down East Tableaux Vivantes," by N. Deering, are capital, and are alone enough to give character to the number. This is high praise, when it is remembered that Willis Clark, Ticknor, Barber, Whitman, Bellows, Brainard, Stout, Schoolcraft, Holmes, Mrs. Seba Smith, Rockwell, Pierpoint, and many other popular writers have contributed. But the principal novelty of the number consists in a continuation or revival of the admirable "Crayon Papers," by Washington Irving. These contributions must of course excite the eager attention of the "reading publick," and give an impetus to the circulation of the Knickerbocker. We trust that the proprietors of this sterling magazine will receive an ample recompense for the eminent ability and enterprise manifested in its conduct, in a continued accession of that liberal support, which they have so justly merited.

Our worthy next-door neighbour of the Spirit of the Times astonished everybody week before last with the specimen number of his new volume. First the outside sheet, embellished with the various insignia of the sportsman—fishing-tackle, fowling-pieces, race-horses, prize goblets, etc., claimed admiration. Then came the large sheet—twelve tremendous folio pages—crowded with thirty-six solid columns of letter-press—a whole library in itself—on a thousand subjects interesting to the sportsman and the general reader. And lastly, we were presented with two magnificent engravings of a biped and a quadruped—the biped being the charming Bayadere, Augusta, and the quadruped the portrait of the well-known race-horse called Black Maria—the lady from the burine of Hinshelwood, and the horse from that of Dick. Really, if our friends and neighbours go on in this way, the whole population of the United States must (and should) immediately become subscribers to the periodicals to warrant these enormous outlays. The "Spirit of the Times" is now issued at ten dollars per annum, and it is cheap at almost any price. It continues as heretofore under the editorial direction of that "prince of good fellows," William T. Porter, Esq., who holds an inimitable pen, and possesses just the qualifications to render the "Spirit" the first journal in its way, extant.

The third number of "The Corsair" appears this week. It abounds in "airy gems and spoken flowers," from the treasuries of its accomplished editors. The form of this work resembles that of the London Spectator, being a large octavo, extremely well printed, and containing in addition to its original matter, excerpts from popular English writers, and translations from the German and French. Success to our neighbours over the way, Willis and Porter, and a pleasant voyage to "The Corsair."

In speaking of new establishments we must not forget the old. Another paper is published in "our neighbourhood" besides those just mentioned, which is entitled to all the praise that has been bestowed upon it. We allude to our worthy next-door neighbour *on the right*, The Albion, than which no journal in the country is conducted with more ability; and no one gives to its readers a greater variety of valuable and interesting matter. The uniform urbanity of its editor, Dr. Bartlett, toward all his contemporaries, is an example which ought to be more generally followed. We could point out several recent instances of bad taste in violating the courtesies of the press, which redound to the disadvantage of none but their authors.

The Baltimore Museum for March is rich in original articles of a high order of merit. The prize poem by N. C. Brooks, Esq., from the Southern Churchman, is an exquisite piece of versification. The "Researches of the Polyglot Club," are conducted with much spirit. In the present number there are versions in three different languages of Richard. H. Wilde's celebrated poem commencing, "My Life is like the Summer Rose." The Greek and Latin translations are by Mr. Brooks, and they are really capitally done, evincing the poet and scholar combined.

On dits.—The next exhibition of the National Academy of Design, promises to be more brilliant even than the last.

Niblo's Opera-house in nearly finished.

An original opera, by an American composer, is making quite a stir in the musical circles of this city.

There is a great demand for tenements in Brooklyn.

It is estimated that contracts have been made for upwards of eight hundred new houses, to be erected in this city during the coming summer.

The Croton water-works are to be finished in three years from July next.

The Bowery theatre is to be opened on the seventh of May.

Wallack and Maywood will sail for England in the course of a few weeks, to beat up recruits for their establishments.

Burton has been playing at Baltimore.

It is said that upwards of fifty thousand copies of the Sunday Morning News, containing the *clock story*, have been sold.

A new weekly paper to be called the *Satirist*, is in contemplation here. "Another, and yet another!"—"They come not single spies—but in battalions"

J. P. Knight, the composer, has just published two songs. They may be had of Hewitt.

The theatrical world.—It has been estimated that there are now living in Europe eighteen thousand one hundred and forty actors, twenty-one thousand six hundred and six actresses, one thousand nine hundred and forty-seven prompters, and twenty-eight thousand seven hundred and sixty artists connected with theatrical establishments. A curious computation, and a doubtful.

I'VE HEARD OF THE FOREST BIRDS BY DAY.

THE POETRY BY H. S. VANDYKE—THE MUSICK ARRANGED BY HENRY RUSSELL, BY WHOM THIS SONG IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO J. WATTS BEEBEE, ESQ.

ANDANTE GRAZIOSO.

I've heard the fo-rest birds by day, Sing to the gol-den, gol-den noon, And wa-ken on the star-tled trees The sleep-ing buds of June; I've heard the sun-lit wa-ters greet Their bor-ders with a play-ful kiss; But, oh! to me more pure-ly sweet, The still-ness of a night like this, But, oh! to me more pure-ly sweet, The still-ness of a night like this, But, oh! to me more pure-ly sweet, The still-ness of a night like this, The still-ness of a night like this.

pp Cres Dim. pp Ad l.b. pp Dim. Dolce.

SECOND VERSE.

I've heard the sounds of distant bells,
Come on the sparkling stream,
Like voices of the friends I love,
Or musick of a dream;
I've heard a harp upon the tree,
Sigh musick to the zephyr's kiss,
But, oh! to me more purely sweet,
The stillness of a night like this,
But, oh! to me, etc.

Original.

THE OLD WIFE.

WRITTEN FOR H. RUSSELL, BY JONAS B. PHILLIPS.

Old Time has dimm'd the lustre of her eyes, that brightly shone,
And her voice has lost the sweetness of its girlhood's silvery tone,
But her heart is still as cheerful as in early days of life,
And fondly as I prized my bride, I love my dear old wife!

When the spring of life was in its bloom and hope gave zest to youth,
We at the sacred altar stood, and plighted vows of truth.
And since, though changeful years have pass'd, with joys and sorrows rife,
Yet never have I seen a change in her, my dear old wife!

Her gentle love my cares have sooth'd, her smiles each joy enhanced,
As fondly through progressive years together we've advanced.
Though calmly now the current flows, we've known misfortune's strife,
Yet ever did she cheer my woes, my faithful, fond, old wife!

And ever since that joyous day I bless'd her as my bride,
In joy or sorrow, calm or storm, I found her at my side.
And when the summons from above, shall close the scene of life,
May I be call'd to rest with thee, my fond, my good old wife!

THE FINE ARTS.

THE APOLLO ASSOCIATION FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.

We have heretofore made our readers acquainted with the establishment of the Apollo Gallery in this city, for the exhibition and sale of works of art. We have from the first promulgation of the design spoken of it favourably. As it advances in the development of its usefulness, it gains in favour with the artists and the publick; and every movement in its popular career gives it greater claims to regard and generous support. Since our last notice of the Gallery, an association has been formed, and a fund raised for the purchase of a selection of the works of American artists, which are or may be exhibited there, at any time throughout the year. Every subscriber of five dollars is a member for the year, which terminates on the third Monday in December. The fund thus gathered is placed at the disposal of fifteen gentlemen of taste, who, with the secretary and treasurer, are styled the committee of management, and their duty is to dispose of it according to their best judgment in the purchase of paintings or sculpture of the artists. The works thus made the property of the association will form a part of the exhibitions until the end of the year, when they will become, by lot, the property of individual members. The names of the gentlemen who compose the committee for the present year, are a sufficient guaranty that the duties entrusted to them will be satisfactorily performed. That every advantage may be afforded to the artists by the exhibition of their works, and that private purchasers may not be forestalled by the committee, it is provided that no picture, or other work of art, can be bought for the association, until it has been offered to the publick one month; after which, if it is a work of merit, and not extravagant in price, the committee may purchase, and the artist receive his money immediately. This is the general outline of the plan, as we gather from the constitution. It is based upon the broadest and most popular principles. There are few who cannot, and we trust that all who can will, give their aid to carry out the design to its fullest extent. The artists of the whole country are equally interested in its success, and their friends in every section should sustain it. Members residing in distant states will stand on equal ground with our citizens in the distribution of the prizes; the only difference is, that those who never come to New-York will not be able to avail themselves of the privilege of visiting the exhibition, which the others enjoy without additional expense. Thus far the experiment has worked well. In a little over two months, we are informed, that nearly eight hundred shares have been subscribed for. The committee of management have commenced their selection of paintings from the first exhibition, and have distributed upwards of a thousand dollars among thirteen artists. We were ourselves among the earliest subscribers to the Apollo Association, and are gratified not only by the success which has thus far attended our experiment, but with the prospect of more extensive and useful results, corresponding with the extent and means of the association.

Dubufe's paintings:—The splendid paintings by Dubufe, at the Gallery in Barclay-street, are to be removed in a few weeks and the exhibition closed. Amateurs should not lose the opportunity of examining these remarkable works of art.

MISCELLANY.

Jonathan outdone.—A short time ago, "a fine old English gentleman," in the good town of Burnly, though perhaps not one of the "olden times," always anxious to have the earliest news, went, in the course of his daily rounds, to a Mr. Boniface, who is distinguished for his wit and intelligence, and inquired of him the news of the morning. Mr. Boniface hesitated, and stammered out, "None;" but shortly, as if recollecting himself, told him that the latest authentick news was, that a superb and elegantly fitted up steam-vessel was about to cross the Atlantick, from Liverpool, which had on board two acres of grass land, as many cows and sheep, and poultry, etc., as would find them with butcher's meat during the voyage out and home, and that the spirited proprietors intended to bore for coal, which they hoped to find, and thus be prepared for any length of voyage, without the fear of being short of fuel. The old gentleman, astonished, scratched his head, and walked away, muttering, as he went, "These are strange times; what shall we see next?"

How are you off for soap?—In the Illinois House of Assembly, during a recent debate, a member, named Mr. Happy, accused another named Baker, of an attempt to "soft soap" unsuspecting members; and that he had an utter contempt for "soft soap." Mr. Baker in reply, said, "The gentleman expresses contempt for 'soft soap.' I believe him sincere—if the members of the House will inspect his *countenance* closely, I dare say they will there find conclusive evidence that he feels the greatest contempt for 'all sorts of soap.'" Sharp shooters are they, in those backwood legislatures.

Advice too late.—"I meant to have told you of that hole," said an Irishman to his friend who was walking with him in his garden, and stumbled into a pit full of water. "No matter," says Pat, blowing the mud and water out of his mouth, "I've found it."

What next?—A greenhorn lately took a notion to get married. After the ceremony was concluded, Jonathan took a quarter of a dollar from his pocket, deliberately walked up to the parson and handed it to him, saying, "Parson, keep the whole, you needn't give me back any change."

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NEW-YORK MIRROR,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Embellished with Fine Engravings, and Musick arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.] SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, NUMBER ONE BARCLAY-STREET, NEXT TO THE CORNER OF BROADWAY. [PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

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STANZAS

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE HEROICK BRAVERY OF

GRACE DARLING AND HER FATHER,

On the occasion of the loss of the Forfarshire steam ship.

In slumbers deep the father lay,
The storm it loudly blew,
His child in haste and wild dismay,
To his lone cabin flew.

"Why wakes my child at this wild hour?
The innocent should sleep
Most tranquilly, when wind and shower
Around their dwelling sweep?"

"Oh, father!" said the startled maid,
"I slept—but such a cry
Of horrour woke me, I'm afraid
There's death or danger nigh!

And hark! again—Oh! let us haste,
'Tis some bewilder'd crew
Upon the reckless waters waste!
Oh, fly!—in pity do!

Your arm is strong to stem the wave,
And heaven will give me power
To help and snatch them from the grave!
Oh! speed—'tis mercy's hour!'"

The father kiss'd his fearless child,
Then, with an inward pray'r,
They launch'd amid the billows wild,
To succour sad despair!

A moment more and all was lost—
But, oh! what rapture when
Their little skiff, though tempest tost,
To shore came safe again.

Oh! who could count the blessings shed,
Upon the gen'rous girl,
By lips that but for her were dead,
Amid the stormy whirl!

But oh! what must her heart have felt,
Such danger having braved,
When by her sire to heaven she knelt,
In safety with the saved.

SKETCHES OF REAL LIFE.

STORY-TELLING.

BY JOHN NEAL.

Of all the stories I meet with, none are so delightful to me as those I *over*-hear on board a steamboat or a stage-coach. Ten to one there's a decided character in them, whether true or false; and fifty to one you are a fool if you cannot see at a glance how much to believe. I remember two or three cases in point. I happened to be one of a hundred who were huddled together not long ago on board a large Ohio steamboat. The cholera had appeared and was raging far and wide along shore; the captain was running a race with another boat; and we were all getting ready for a blow-up. "May I be most *to-to-tionsly exflunctified*," shouted a by-stander, running past me and clapping his hands, "if that air Galley-police (written Gallipolis) don't slip ahead like greased lightning." Ah! I withdrew immediately and prepared for the consequences

On my way to my state-room, I had to pass a group of female passengers in earnest conversation. Cholera was the subject, and I stopped and listened, and listened, till I had forgotten my errand below and scarcely thought of the danger about us. The stories were evidently true—they were a part of the actual history and experience of the narrators. Many of them were exceedingly affecting, and some terrible, so much so that I could not sleep afterwards for thinking of them But what astonished me more than everything else, was the strange apathy—the absolute carelessness—the every-day sort of manner that distinguished all the sufferers in relating their experience. Many were yet pale—very pale with watching and bereavement, or it might be from long and solitary illness, but none with fear. They spoke of Death and of his terrours with a frightful child-like familiarity. Many stories were told that I shall never forget, and all with a straightforward simplicity of truth. But one which I gathered, little by little from repeated conversations between two of the party, a mother and daughter, made a very strong impression upon me. The mother was a tall, high-spirited Virginian, who, having married a Yankee, had lost a goodly part of her reverence for the usages of the Ancient Dominion. Her daughter, a child of sixteen, was just returning from school at Philadelphia, with all the warmth of a school-girl and all the hopes of a woman. They lived at New-Orleans, but passed their summers at the north. Accident drew us together, and I had an opportunity of rendering them a little service which made us acquainted forever.

On the preceding birth-day of the daughter, whose name was Cordelia, the mother, who had grown weary of New-Orleans, where the cholera was raging with unprecedented violence, determined to fly for her life. Though very ill at the time, being under a course of salivation for the liver complaint, and given over by the physicians, arrangements were made immediately, and passages engaged for the north on board a first-rate northern ship They were punctual at the place and hour of departure; but when they arrived, the ship was under way. Half desperate with fear, though full of determination, they nevertheless pursued her in a small open boat. After a long chase they overhauled her, but owing either to accident or unskilfulness, the boat, loaded down to the waters edge, was run in between the ship, then under full way, and one of those tremendous steamboats which are employed in towing fleets up the Mississippi—dragging off two or three great ships at a time against wind and tide and the whole strength of the mighty river, at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour—more or less; literally ripping them out of the mud if they go ashore, and that without stopping and without the slightest change in the steady play of their ponderous machinery—tearing them up as it were by the roots, if they happen to touch, and waking off with them as Gulliver might with a handful of Lilliputian forty-fours and a line of battle ship under each arm. Just put yourself in the situation of these two unprotected females at this moment. The waters roaring and flashing and leaping about them as at the foot of Niagara—the flues bellowing and shaking—the bells ringing, the women screaming—the crews and passengers of the steamboat and the two ships in tow all in confusion, crowding to the quarter rails and looking over their sides—the mother more dead than alive—the daughter a mere child—the boatmen bewildered and helpless with terrour—night coming on, the wind rising—a frightful death before them and no possibility of escape. They were looked upon as already lost—of the multitude who saw the situation of the boat, there was not one who did not regard the destruction of the whole party as inevitable. Yet owing to the calmness, the self-possession, the clear voice and the preternatural courage of that child, they were all saved, and the poor sick mother herself was lifted aboard in a state of insensibility. But here they were beset with new dangers. It was already dark—there was a portentous lowering of the southern sky—they had been dragged through a sand-bank by the steamboat and lost their rudder. Having another ship in tow, she cast them off as soon as the accident was discovered, and proceeded with the other to sea. Night came on with a tremendous blow. Here was a hurricane among the stars—a shrieking—and the striped flag was blown to ribands. Their ship was no better than so much drift-wood after the rudder was torn off, and to add to their misery, the captain himself thought proper to call them together in the middle of the night *and assure them there was no hope!* They were urged to make their peace with God and prepare for the worst.

While they lay pitching about in this helpless condition, the crew discouraged—the captain at prayers—and the ship unmanageable—the cholera broke out among them. The man at the wheel dropped, and was a corpse in four hours. Mrs. W, the mother I have mentioned, saw him fall and heard his moaning. Her daughter was instantly despatched to his relief with a camphor-bottle. A child was taken next—and died in six hours, with its head in the lap of its poor distressed mother. It was a beautiful girl, about eleven years of age, and out of mercy to the mother, instead of being thrown overboard, the body was kept until their signals of distress were answered afar off, as by telegraph, and another large steamboat appeared bearing down to their relief. And now put yourself in the situation of our adventurers once more. Behold them on their way back to the city, from which they had fled for their lives only the day before. Pestilence and death are aboard now. Yet they are happy. Angry waters and a lowering sky are about them. Yet they heed neither. Even their proud ship is unsafe. They are staggering blindfold over the precipices of the great deep—the burial-place of nations. Yet their hearts are overflowing with thankfulness. They are purified as with fire. Can you explain the mystery? Do you understand it—or feel it? If yes, then do you understand all that is worth knowing of the human heart—all that is worth knowing of philosophy—all that is worth knowing of earthly religion.

But our story is not yet finished. They arrived in safety at New-Orleans. Here no coffins were to be had. And they were obliged to wrap the body of the little girl in her bedclothes, and to bury her with them, bed and all. Such is but one of the ten thousand frightful cases of the cholera, to be heard out of the mouths of living witnesses, as you journey through the wide west. The mother was a widow and kept a boarding-house in the city. Yesterday, she was the mother of three beautiful children; afraid of the pestilence and anxious to put them at school in the north, she, too, had embarked for that region. To-day she would be comfortless—hopeless—with the flower of her whole family withered and cast away—"the pale and blighted rose"—but for the mystery above mentioned Yesterday she was flying from the destroyer, and shaking with fear. To-day, she has turned back upon him—and her countenance is unchanged, her heart untroubled. And why?—*God is with her.* She has been trebly fortified by the desolation, the bereavement and the experience of the last twenty-four hours.

But to our story. There boarded at the house of this poor widow a young man from Philadelphia, by the name of B***n. He was sitting at the table drinking wine, as the bereaved mother appeared, stealing through the next room on her way to the chamber of her lost little one. Most of the boarders were alert in their sympathy. And all but one were profoundly moved when they were told the circumstances of the child's death. It was not that they were struck with consternation at the near approach of the destroyer. It was not that they had now lost one of themselves—and so suddenly! It was not that the most beautiful link of the golden chain that held them together had been touched as it were by the summer lightning, and instantaneously melted—that a pale and blighted rose had been scattered to the winds—that the living sunshine of their house had departed forever—that the sound of a clear and beautiful voice, the echo whereof had not altogether died away—the singing laugh of childhood—the perpetual musick of a young, innocent and *therefore* happy heart, was never to be heard again. It was nothing of all this—it was the unutterable distress of the mother at having her child so buried—so suddenly and under such peculiar circumstances. Had the child been smothered in her sleep the mother could not have felt more. But the young man who belonged to Philadelphia, turned away with a laugh, when he heard the story, saying, "*Let the dead bury the dead.*" That very night he was a corpse.

One other brief specimen of "stories from real life," such as you may hear day after day on board the stage-coaches and steamboats of our country—*true* stories, I should call them—and I have done. Where do you find an old traveller, especially from the western country, who has not had many a narrow escape worth publishing? And in his own language, too, if he would but tell the truth? You have but to step on board a steamboat or a stage-coach, to enter a bar-room, or a barber's shop, especially as I have said before in the western country, that wilderness of empires, where human life, like everything else of a home-growth is thought nothing of—dog-cheap in the estimation of the people themselves, and no great bargain at that in the estimation of others—and what a world of adventure, of trial, hardship and suffering is opened to your view! Books might be made of the stories you would hear in a single evening, and capital books too, I assure you; brimful of energy and vivacity and truth; and always told with a straightforwardness and simplicity which are irresistibly impressive. Not long ago I happened to be where the subject of steamboat adventures came up Only a month before I had been aboard a large steamboat (the McDonough) when she was literally adrift on the high seas—her main shaft broke—night coming on with a thick fog and every appearance of the September gale—breakers all about us and the open sea glittering to leeward not half cannon-shot off. We had nearly two hundred passengers aboard, with no adventure a pint of water and a biscuit apiece for the next twenty-four hours; and enough, too, in all conscience, for any voyage we were likely to make if the wind shifted So, aware of the danger, we up with our colours union down—pulled long faces—and prepared for the worst. After waiting a long while, and just as we had drifted within a half cable's length of a dangerous reef, on our way toward the open sea, and were beginning to pitch and roll as most of these great unwieldy contrivances are in the habit of doing, you know, just before meal-time—except where the passengers find themselves—a small schooner saw our signal of distress, and bore down to our relief. While she was towing us, first one way and then another, at the rate of a mile an hour, a large brig appeared standing toward us, with every sail set Judge of our feelings! But you cannot, unless you happen to know that there is nothing on earth half so helpless or unmanageable as a huge steamboat adrift upon the high seas, with her shafts broke, her machinery disabled, and her sails, if she carries any, not half large enough to keep her steady. In half an hour the brig would have been alongside—but just at this moment, the schooner parted her hawser, and filled away, and the brig, misunderstanding the manœuvre, sheered off, and we were left to our fate. In the course of the next watch we had two or three narrow escapes. Once we carried away part of a buoy as we swung through a dangerous part of Portsmouth reach, and twice we were so near the formidable rock that I could have jumped ashore.

Now, every thing considered, this appeared to me a very decent sort of an adventure in the steamboat way, and I told it therefore with a moderate share of self-complacency. But nobody else appeared to think so—nobody stared—nobody drew a long breath, after I had got through—no questions were asked; and to tell the truth, I began to have some doubts of the story myself before I left the company—whether it was worth telling or not I mean Compared with half a score I heard that night, mine was but a milk-and-water affair, after all.

Take an example or two from the experience of Dr. S——of Baltimore, a gentleman of high character, who had been accustomed to the savage glories of the western world for many years. He had seen a boat snagged some years before in the Mississippi—the Consort—and something happened to bring it to his recollection, and so he just happened to mention it in a sort of parenthesis—nothing more. He was sailing one way and she the other. All at once while they were looking at her, they saw her stop and begin to settle. After a few moments, she changed her course and aimed for the shore, like a wounded Leviathan. Her deck was crowded with passengers; there were at least a hundred on deck with all their baggage, or plunder as they call it there. They soon reached the shore, and a large hawser was made fast to a tree. But in the midst of the rejoicing that followed—it swung off—the capstan was ripped up by the roots—and down she went headfirst. All the passengers jumped overboard. Two or three odd incidents occurred in the very presence of the narrator. A newly-married man, being unable to persuade his wife to take the leap, caught her in his arms and flung her over, to the amazement of everybody—and then followed her. Another young man was fished up, just as he was settling down for the last time—when they pulled him out they found an old Dutch woman hanging to his legs. All the passengers were saved, but the vessel and cargo were lost. But such, it would appear, is but an everyday sort of occurrence in the Ohio and Mississippi—even Doctor S. himself speaking of it, as if it were hardly worth mentioning.

At another time, I believe in 1832, he saw the Kentucky, Capt.

Buckner, in a situation not paralleled in the history of steamboat adventures. It would be a glorious subject for a picture—and then what a transparency might be made of it! The Kentucky was a new boat on her first trip, and having reached Louisville, she ran up river a little way to show off. On her return, as she approached the falls, which are twenty feet high, she rounded too and stood for the canal. But the engineer let off too much steam—the boat fell away—grew unsteady—loitered—and was beginning to yield gradually and slowly to the tremendous weight of the river. The deck was crowded with passengers, and the shores covered with people, afraid to move or speak.

It was evident to all that she *must* strike the pier at the entrance of the great ship canal, when, if nothing worse happened, her chimneys would be tumbled about the ears of the passengers and her boilers unshipped. But to the astonishment of everybody, instead of striking, she only touched the pier, and lifung herself slowly up she slid gently upon it to the distance of several feet. *All safe, now! all safe!* cried the people aboard. *All safe!* shouted their friends ashore. But in the midst of the congratulations and rejoicing that followed, somebody on the pier was observed pointing at the stern with a look of unutterable horrour—the boat began to move—the roaring of the falls grew louder and louder—the passengers rushed forward in a body to escape over the bows—and the people on the shore ran down the bank to the waters edge and stood there with outstretched arms, waiting the frightful consummation. She swung off notwithstanding all their efforts, and gradually, though reluctantly yielded to the strength of the river, began to move sideways towards the falls. Not another word was spoken, either aboard or ashore. Louder and louder thundered the waters, and faster and faster moved the huge pile, freighted with human creatures on their way to immediate and inevitable destruction. Already were they upon the pitch of the Falls, so that the passengers could look over into the gulf below and see the rocks, and the fierce, terrible waters leaping and roaring for their prey. At this moment she touched—rubbed—faltered for a few seconds, and then broached broadside to, and grounded!—yea *grounded!* on the very edge of the crumbling precipice, with the whole pressure of the Ohio upon her side, hurrying headlong toward the Mississippi! Out went every hawser and rope with two or three chain cables. Every heart and every arm was employed struggling and gasping for life. All the hawsers and cables were strained tight, but they could not move her an inch. Out with her cargo! start her cargo! shouted a dozen voices from the shore; out with her cargo! start her cargo! cried the people aboard, and immediately a large number of lighters were seen crowding and hurrying to her relief. These lighters were pulled ashore by a rope. The cargo was very valuable, and the work of discharging was continued till after dark During the night another incident occurred of which the narrator was an eye witness. Owing to some accident, or the most extraordinary carelessness, one of the lighters was not made fast; and while the men were stowing the cargo with lanterns, happening to turn our heads, after looking another way, said the Doctor, we saw them drifting slowly astern of the boat, apparently toward the falls. Before any earthly help could reach them, or even prepare the people aboard for their danger, over she went headlong among the rocks! A tremendous outcry followed, above and below the falls Boats were run out—lanterns swung in the air—and multitudes were seen rushing down the banks and calling for volunteers. It was generally acknowledged that such a boat could not live ten minutes below; notwithstanding which six men instantly volunteered and pulled after her in the long boat! What a subject for a painter; as I have said before say, and what a subject for a poem! The roar of the waters—the midnight darkness—the outcries of the multitude above and below the falls—the innumerable lanterns dancing about in the air and along the surface of the river—the desperate courage of these unknown men—altogether it was a story worth telling, reader, I'll leave it to you if it was not! Well—over they went! over into the foaming and roaring abyss! their pathway visible to thousands, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, by the lanterns and torches they carried, as their well-steered boat shot like a black shadow over the white surface of the tumbling and effulgent waters After a breathless pause of a few minutes, a joyful uproar was heard below. All safe! all safe! came pealing up, as with the voice of trumpets from the very centre o the whirling abyss, and after a little more waiting, it was ascertained not only that these brave fellows had escaped without loss or injury, but that even the flat-bottomed boat had made the passage without touching a single rock!—not a man was lost!—Are you astonished at these things? Do you doubt their truth? They are every word true. And what is more, they are things of daily occurrence in the great western country—that store-house of kingdoms—and tough stories.

GAIETIES AND GRAVITIES.

MACBETH'S CASTLE.

The traditions respecting the history of Macbeth, as related in the neighbourhood of the castle, are highly interesting. The current story is, that Macbeth, after his elevation to the throne, had resided for ten years at Caruibeddie, in the neighbouring parish of St. Martin's, which the country people call *Carn beth*, or Macbeth's Castle. Two of the most celebrated witches lived one on each side of Macbeth—one at Collace, the other not far from Dunsinane House, at a place called the Cape. Macbeth, being superstitious, applied to them for advice; and, by their counsel, built a lofty castle on the top of an adjoining hill, since called Dunsinane, which, in the Gaelic language, signifies *the hill of ants*, implying the great industry necessary to form such a building. From the top of the hill there is a view of fifty miles in every direction. When Malcolm Canmore came into Scotland, supported by English auxiliaries, to recover his dominion from Macbeth *the Giant*, as he was termed, he marched through Birnam-wood, where they were induced, from some motive, to ornament their bonnets, or carry in their hands branches of the trees. Macbeth, when informed of this, began to despair, in consequence of the witches' prediction, which had warned him to beware—

"When Birnam-wood should come to Dunsinane:"

and when Malcolm prepared to attack the castle, he immediately deserted it, and flying ran up to the opposite hill, pursued by Macduff; but finding it impossible to escape, threw himself from the top of the hill, was killed upon the rocks, and buried at *The Long Man's Grave*, as it is called. History narrates that Macbeth was put to death; but the above is the tradition of the country people, who add, that not far from it is the road where Banquo was murdered.

THE KING OF THE SOUTHERN SEA.

Oh! the whale is free, of the boundless sea;
He lives for a thousand years;
He sinks to rest on the billow's breast,
Nor the roughest tempest fears.
The howling blast, as it hurries past,
Is musick to lull him to sleep;
And he scatters the spray in his boisterous play,
As he dashes—the king of the deep.
Oh! the rare old whale, mid storm and gale,
In his ocean home will be,
A giant in might, where might is right,
And king of the boundless sea.

A wondrous tale could the rare old whale
Of the mighty deep disclose,
Of the skeleton forms of bygone storms,
And of treasures that no one knows.
He has seen the crew, when the tempest blew,
Drop down from the slippery deck,
Shaking the tide from his glassy side,
And sporting with ocean and wreck.
Then the rare old whale, etc.

Then the whale shall be still dear to me,
When the midnight lamp burns dim;
For the student's book, and his favourite nook,
Are illumined by the aid of him;
From none of his tribe could we e'er imbibe
So useful, so blessed a thing.
Then we'll on land go hand in hand,
To hail him the Ocean King.
Oh! the rare old whale, etc.

FEMALES—COMFORT.

We are often surprised at the heroick contempt with which our fair women seem to entertain for comfort. In the arrangement of their attire, elegance and fashion seem to be the only points consulted—and with heroism and fortitude which would do honour to a Brahmin, they resolutely refuse to ease their frail bodies in attire fit to resist the inclemency of the season. Shoes with soles as light as paper are worn by the women for their neatness, while men more wisely put on boots with soles half an inch thick. Every other part of the men and women seems to present the same contrast, as if the ladies were the stronger, instead of the weaker, as we are in the habit of considering them. That all this gratifies the m. n.'s we have no doubt. That consumption, and the whole class of bronchial diseases spring from it is evident. We pity the poor woman to whom poverty denies articles of clothing essential to comfort; but, even in their rags the poor are generally better protected against the weather than the fashionables, "in all their glory." If corporeal suffering is indeed an inconvenience, no one would naturally fancy that the first wish of those possessed of competence of wealth would be to secure themselves against the rude visiting of the elements. Perhaps the very wealthy do. Actual wants and luxuries supplied, there is abundance left for the purchase of elegancies. The latter class of commodities are from their very character most prominent, as they are intended to be. Imitation suggests to the less wealthy a desire to ape their richer neighbours. With the imitators the order of purchase is reversed. They look first to the preservation of such appearances as shall make them assimilate in externals to the pecuniary rank of their models. Hence come cheerless drawing-rooms, abundant in ornament and deficient in comfort. Hence come lean larders, half-furnished kitchens, poorly filled or empty fuel repositories. Hence the disposition to

"Defraud the daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year.

Thousands, whose property will just enable them to support a splendid misery, will thus immolate comfort, and deny themselves necessaries, and to all weave a veil over their actual penury—which veil, after all, is so transparent, that the veriest child may see through it. So goes the march of vanity from the inhabitants of the neutral ground between rich and poor down to the very poorest. Each class is engaged in a continual struggle to appear of a wealthier grade than that which it occupies. In dress, upon which topick we stated the same foolish feeling is manifested the same sacrifice of health and enjoyment to display and discomfort. The money that is properly expended, with reference to one's own actual needs, might make him or her happy, so far as money is capable of producing happiness, is wasted in foolish endeavours to support state beyond the reach of the vain mortal who struggles for it. And not only the evils of such a course are present, but future. Many a man who might have saved a competence has wasted the opportunity on the shrine of vanity; and when the need of the neglected provision arrives, the poor devotees fall from the unequal race in pursuit of fashion, into abject penury and ungilded poverty. Then they see the folly of their previous course, when no possibility is left to them to undo it; and their distress is cheered by the malicious taunts of former rivals who rejoice at their downfall.

Eccentricities of Alfieri.—Alfieri, that eccentrick Italian and fine poet, was partial to long hair, and wore his hair floating about, just as we see the poor Ophelias. One day he was leaning against a sideboard, decorated with a costly Chinese tea service, when, by a sudden movement of his tresses, down went one of the tea-cups The lady of the mansion took the liberty of telling him that he had spoiled the service, and he might as well have broken them all; when instantly Alfieri, without uttering a syllable, or changing countenance, swept off the whole service upon the floor. Again, he at the theatre of Turin, was lolling over a side-box, into which his lovely auburn ringlets fell, and wherein was a lady. She broke out into the most violent encomiums upon his locks, and kept repeating the same: but the wearer was mute; he was for the present ungrateful. Next morning, however, the lady received a parcel, containing all the hair of the poet's head, with the following billet: "If you like the hair, here it is; but, for heaven's sake, let *me* alone."

THE SON TO HIS MOTHER.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

There was a place in childhood that I remember well,
And there, a voice of sweetest tone bright fairy tales did tell;
And gentle words and fond embrace were given with joy to me,
When I was in that happy place upon my mother's knee.

When fairy tales were ended, "Good night!" she softly said,
And kiss'd and laid me down to sleep within my tiny bed;
And holy words she taught me there—methinks I yet can see
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt beside my mother's knee.

In the sickness of my childhood, the perils of my prime,
The sorrows of my riper years, the cares of every time;
When doubt or danger weighed me down, then pleading all for me,
It was a fervent prayer to heaven that bent my mother's knee!

And can I this remember, and e'er forget to prove
The glow of holy gratitude—the fondness of my love?
When thou art feeble, mother, come rest thy arm on me,
And let thy cherish'd child support the aged mother's knee!

JOHN SMITH.

Never was a poor mortal so hunted down by the *bloodhounds* of the press as the personage whose name heads this article If the newspapers of this country, yea, and all Europe, are to be believed, there never was a more consummate villain than he is, or has been. There is nothing too base that he will not do. He has been charged with innumerable murders, robberies, and a thousand other crimes; and he has been detected in so many that he must, by this time, be perfectly acquainted with all the lawyers, judges, juries, and prisons in the Union. At least such is the character given him by our editorial brethren. But we cannot believe he is quite so bad as he has been represented to be, inasmuch as he has frequently been charged with the perpetration of numerous offences in various sections of the country, at the same time, all of which it appeared to us, it would be utterly impossible for him to do—and hence, we are led to conclude that the whole press has conspired against him, to injure his reputation, and in many instances to do him personal injury when he is in nowise deserving of it. His character, within a few weeks past, according to the papers, has however, undergone an entire change, and he was acquiring a very respectable name. It was said that, becoming disgusted with the christian religion, (no doubt, in consequence of the bad reputation he had so long borne among christians,) he had gone to the east, and turned *Mahomedan*. We next find his name announced in the Philadelphia papers, as a candidate for the office of constable, and a large meeting of his friends called to adopt measures calculated to secure his election. As we have a better opinion of the people of the city of "brotherly love," than to believe they would attempt to place him in so high and respectable an office, unless a very great reformation in his former vicious habits had taken place, we took it for granted that such was the fact. But before the election had been held, we learn the poor fellow had at last got rid of the troubles and perplexities of this troublesome world, having accidentally fel. between the ship Oronoco and tow-boat Pacifick, at New Orleans, on the evening of the eighteenth ult., and before he could be recovered, life was extinct. We are happy to say that the last assertion is not correct, but we regret to be compelled to add that he has again fallen into bad habits, having, no longer ago than last Wednesday, been arrested in this city, charged with attempting to pick the pockets of several gentlemen who happened to be in his way. He was taken before Thomas McDowell, Esq., and on the oath of one of our citizens, whose pocket it is said, he had among others attacked, was committed to prison to await his trial.—*Delaware Gazette.*

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

Coldest of all climates.—The earth has no spot upon its surface, either habitable or otherwise, which is so cold as Yakutsk, a paltry yet principal town of Eastern Siberia, where a few wooden houses are intermixed with numerous huts. In this dreary and remote region the earth is always frozen, the summer's thaw never reaching below three feet from the surface, the subterranean ice having a computed depth of two hundred yards. In January the thermometer has been known to sink eighteen degrees below the hitherest cold experienced by Ross during his last expedition; and yet the inhabitants, favoured by a warm though short summer, reap both wheat and barley, and cultivate successfully potatoes, and various other hardy vegetables.

Ancestral pride.—When Dominico Contarini happened to be ambassadour from Venice at the court of Vienna, in audience one day with the emperour, a difference of opinion arose, which led to some sharper expressions than etiquette permitted, when the Austrian monarch, who had already flatly contradicted Contarini, exclaimed with sudden warmth, "If your excellency doubts my word, you ought at least to respect my superiour rank, and be silent." The insulted blood of fifteen centuries rushing into the cheeks of the haughty Venetian. "Rank!" he exclaimed. "Speak to a Contarini of rank! Let me tell your majesty, that my family gave five sovereigns to their country before your ancestors ceased to be horse-boys." The congenial pride of the old republick was so prodigiously gratified by this rebuke, that Dominico became doge upon his return, with universal acclamation.

THE MATRIMONIAL DIFFERENCE.

Said Pry, "It is plain she is breaking your *heart*,"
(When between man and wife mischief-making.)
"That's no odds," cried poor Sneak, with his hands to the part,
"'Tis my *head* she is constantly breaking"

Courage mes amis!—The Darien (Geo.) Herald thus exhorts the young men of that town to volunteer to go against the Indians:—"Hannibal passed the Alps; Cæsar crossed the Rubicon; Napoleon forced the bridge of Lodi; and why not the farmers and merchants of Darien cover themselves with glory by *wallowing* in the bogs of Okefenokee!"

Morals of matrimony.—During the session which has just broken up, the Legislature of Alabama passed thirty acts of divorce.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

TO ——, WITH A PHILLIPINA.

O! days of the magical wand and ring,
Of the wizard's spell and power—
When the naiads peopled each fount and spring,
And the fays each greenwood bower—

Ye have pass'd away with the fire and stake,
And the spell is no longer cast;
And the nymphs have departed from fount and lake,
With the tide of the wondrous past.

And the sprites who tripp'd through the moonlit hours,
Where no wight unharm'd might pass,
Now dwell in the cups of the prairie flowers,
And dance o'er the prairie grass.

They are gone—all gone! but the fair green earth
Retaineth, thou knowest, a spell,
To conjure the sprite who presides o'er the birth
Of the twins of the almond shell.

Oh! when far away, shouldst thou hap to meet—
Where improvement's line must pass;
With the tiny print of the fairies' feet,
At morn, on the prairie grass.

And the memory cometh upon thy heart,
Of the home where thy kindred be;
Then whisper, I pray, ere the thought depart,
The spell thou hast breath'd unto me.

And the household hearths,
And the summer paths,
Where thine early haunts have been,
O'er the magick glass
Of thy mind, shall pass,
At the charm-word—"Phillipine!" IONE.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN PERSIA.

The following is from the pen of a distinguished Continental Traveller.

TEN years ago, I was in the capital of Persia, on the *New-Rouz*, or first day of the new year. This city of mud and dust was full of strangers on the occasion; the citizens had put on their holiday clothes for three days; all the grandees of the empire, all who belonged to the king's household, and the thousand princes of the kingdom, were covered with silks and gold; the merchants, artisans, and common people, had provided themselves with new garments. Mirth and pleasure reigned everywhere; everywhere was eating, singing, visiting, and distributing presents. Among these happy mortals the king was happiest, and not without reason, for, on the third day, his miserly heart was to be gladdened by receiving the tribute of his people, and the contributions from the different provinces. But a few hours before, he had been distributing shawls, silks, and money, which he was soon to receive back, ten-fold, from the ambition or fear of his courtiers. From his window, he was to pass in review the treasures destined for him on their way to their final burial in his capacious coffers.

The whole court was invited to the ceremony, including the *corps diplomatique*. This consisted of a Turkish ambassador, and the English legation, to which I attached myself. In front of the castle, in which the king dwells, is a large square, crowned by two towers, which command the gate of the harem; our tent was pitched on the top of one of these, and the king was opposite us. The square was full of grandees and soldiery. Wrestlers were ready to enter the lists, and two bears and some rams had been brought in for the same purpose. Lastly, some Indian jugglers and an ape were stationed a little way off; near them a dozen boys, in women's dresses, were dancing on a little carpet.

Soon a universal *hou, hou*, was heard, which announced the approach of the monarch. The palace-gates were opened, and forth issued the *Farrachs*, or runners, armed with long sticks, with which they belaboured the spectators plentifully, apparently as a regular part of the ceremony, and not from any necessity for it. We noticed the real delight they seemed to take in beating the servants of the Turkish ambassador, fellows dressed in red, of grave and proud mien, who bore the blows with singular stoicism, hardly turning their heads to look, and moving not an inch quicker. Negib Effendi, their master, looked on, and only said, "Ah! they have hit Achmet on the head, and Hassan on the back too—very singular!" He then raised his hand to his beard, in token of surprise. The bastinado ceased as soon as the king had taken his seat under his tent. He was an intelligent-looking, venerable old man, distinguished only by his long beard, and the plainness of his dress. The mark of his rank was three branches of diamonds on his sheep-skin cap.

As soon as he was seated, the prince-royal, Ali-Khan, advanced, followed by his vizier and other attendants, and saluted the throne, after which all rose, and stood in the attitude of servants, waiting for the pleasure of their master. The king began by ordering up the wrestlers. Their skill gave rise to heavy bets, and the conqueror received for the year the title of *Pahlevan Bachi*, or chief of the wrestlers, and two gilded clubs, the symbols of his dignity. Fetch-Ali-Chah threw him, with his own royal hand, two tomauns, (about five dollars and a half,) a sum he seemed not to think in proportion to his exploits and his bruises. He, therefore, advanced in front of his majesty, to reproach him for his avarice. He received another tomaun, and an order to depart; but, as he seemed in no hurry to do so, Ali-Khan and the Farrachs drove him away with their sticks.

The Indian-jugglers and the ape, took warning by his example, and performed their feats without asking any reward; the two bears and the boys behaved with equal discretion; but not so the rams. These illustrious animals belonged to personages of the very first distinction—one was the property of the king, the other of his son, Ali-Khan—and as they had beaten all their antagonists, it was necessary to pit them against each other. The royal present, which the shepherd who had charge of the conqueror was to receive, was forty tomauns. After two rounds, the royal ram seemed to have the worst of it, and was making off, when his majesty, to shirk the bet, called out to put an end to the battle. This did not suit Ali-Khan's shepherd, who caught the runaway by the horns, and put him back in front of his antagonist. In vain the *centre of the universe* cried out, *bero, bero, peder soueté*, (off, off, son of an accursed father,) a battle was inevitable. The prince and his servants fell upon the unlucky shepherd, but it was too late. His ram triumphed, and to the great delight of the people, the king was forced to hand over to his son the forty tomauns, which, however, he took care to get back the next day.

This began the presents. The city of Ispanas came first, and its contribution was loudly announced as being a hundred thousand tomauns, a hundred mules, and a hundred Cashmere shawls. These mules and shawls were, however, only nominal, a kind of currency; both were the king's own property, and understood to stand for a certain number of tomauns. Afterwards came Tibriz; only, however, for form's sake, as this province, having charge of the war with the Russians, was freed from tribute. In like way, Shiraz contributed loaves of sugar, wines, and camels, Yezd silks, etc. etc. After the cities and provinces, came the princes and grandees, who caused to be led by, the same mules and the same camels, with the same shawls, all being things that had a fixed value, which was afterwards paid in money.

This ceremony lasted three or four hours, during which we were choked with the clouds of dust raised by the multitude present, all of whom, the men below in the square, and the women on the terraces above, seemed in ecstasies at the sight of such riches. Our Turkish friend thought the ceremony very undignified. As to the English embassy, they were treated with respect, and worn out with ennui. N.

THE FRENCHMAN IN PURSUIT OF INFORMATION.

Ven I vas in Paris, I read in de journal someting about your country. I long great deal for to see him. I read de journal more *encore*, to ascertain precisely your manner and your haut. I learn him exactly, so I tink den, from leetel story written by *le Docteur* Franklin, vich he call "de Vissle." "Aha!" say I to myself, "I shall take de ship and sail for New-York, right way, to get de information." I put *le Docteur* Franklin into my pockets, and I begin to reflect on his story about "de Vissle." *Le Docteur* Franklin was von grand *philosophe* in dis country, but one ting dat he write in "de Vissle" is ver much foolish. He say, "ven I vas little garçon, my parents fill my pocket with *l'argent*; I met von other little garçon in de street vith vissle. It please me ver moch, so I buy him, and give for him all de *argent*." Vich is just like leetel dem foolish boy vould do. Den he say, "I go home much please vid de vissle, and trow de whole house into one confusion," vich is very natural. But de part vot I tink is most foolish part, is ver he say, "people in dis country pay too moch for de vissle." Ven I come here, I look all round me very moch, to see the people vot pay de too much for de vissle. I no spike de Englis long *voyez vous*, so I cannot inquire by dey no vissle; but I am very moch astonist, ven I see nobody dat don't vissle nevair; so I say to myself, Monsieur le Docteur Franklin dem humbug, to say de people of dis country pay too much for de vissle, ven dey no pay for no vissle nevair at any time. So I no read him no more, but I read Madame Trollope, who say dat de people of dis country buy de leetel penknife ver small, and cut de leetel end of de stick ver much. So I come to de grande conclusion, dat le Docteur Franklin I no comprehend ven I read in him how de people hev always vissle continually, but dat he mean, de people here always *vittel* de leetel piece of timber vat you call chips. I remain sometime under dis impression, vich disturb my sleep, and my head is vat you call ver moch contused, till I find out vat he all mean, ven von day I learn, to my grande satisfaction, dat all de people in dis country *vittel*, vich is, dat de eat ver moch de same as dey do in Paris, only more *corn-beef*, vich is all I learn since I come here to get de information.

APROPOS OF M. FREDERIC SOULIE'S NOVEL.

An ably-conducted French review contains the following just criticism of the raw-head and bloody-bones' school of fiction, so much the vogue in France at present.—"The curse of English literature is the fashionable novel—that of France is oppressed by the diabolical novel. Our neighbours are presented with wire-drawn ideas, expressed in a style of equal feebleness and pretension. Strained metaphors and bold, not happy innovations, fill every page of these productions, and it is to these very faults they owe their reputation and their success. In France, violence is done to good taste and good sense in a mode still bolder and more offensive, and all our natural wholesome instincts and sensations are destroyed by exaggerated conceptions, which call the imagination into undue and unhealthy action. M. Frédéric Soulié belongs to this school, which I should be tempted to call the *black band* of literature; for it has rooted up our old and venerable persuasions and beliefs; it has, so to speak, torn from us by violence those simple and honest sensations which had before kept their place, like those old mementos of our ancestors, time-honoured abodes, in which so many generations had led lives of tranquillity and happiness. But what have our novelists made of the vast materials they found in the heart and imagination of the mass? They have transformed them into mere passions, without aim, without purity, without elevation, as the Vandals, who destroyed so many palaces, left nothing in their stead but miserable hovels that afflict and depress the soul."

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

MY PASSAGE.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

IT was a gallant ship, wherein I rode,
As in an ark, the tempest-driven waves:
Firm on her prow a hero stood erect,
Carved from the trunk of some proud-forest tree—
FRANCIS THE FIRST frowned on the subject deep!

The morn was misty;—snugly trimmed she lay
Enveloped in the fog, prepared to spread
Her swan-like canvass to the doubtful winds
The clock toll'd twelve:—the steamer, like a huge
Sea monster, puffed beside the smoky wharf.
"The passengers aboard!"—a voice exclaimed.
Then, all leaped on the deck,—the captain first—
A gentle spirit, yet a daring tar.
Groups of poor Swiss, grotesque and hardy men,
With the curled pipe, and dress of motley hues,
And tawney women, with their boys and girls,
Returning, to their native valleys, home.

'Tis come—the hour of parting has arrived.
We leave the dock; farewell those clustering trees
Which, in the summer, shade with foliage deep
The pleasant walks around the Battery!—
And now, in their autumnal richness clad,
Display a gorgeous, but a fading, scene.
How often have I spent, beneath those bowers,
The cool fresh evenings, while the setting sun
Flashed o'er the golden bay, and countless ships
Sported or slept upon the radiant waves!
A melancholy pleasure 'tis to see
The city we have dwelt in disappear,
When on our way to lands so far removed!
To mark the spires grow dim—the domes, like clouds,
Brood thick upon the distance—and to feel
What doubt and peril dwell upon the seas!

We reach the ship—the anchor soon is weighed—
Her sails are ready for the ocean-breeze.
The steamer cleaves her—and close, side by side,
Wheels her forced track, disporting with her prize,
Like a leviathan, through wind and tide.

Behold my home, for many a weary day!
Behold the narrow boundaries of my life!
Behold the entire world for me! beyond
Whatever is wan, and wreck and ruin stare!
I look around, with eager gaze—to see
Who are my fellow-prisoners;—but few!
There, one, an aged man, with hoary locks,
Leans o'er the railing, pensive and alone.
Yonder, a comely youth, with pallid brow,
As though he parted with some loving one,
Paces the deck;—a third, with book in hand,
Seems deeply set upon some serious task.
And one strange lady—like a spirit cast
Upon some solitary isle, unknown,
And knowing no one. These are they, with whom
'Tis mine to hold companionship—how long!
Three weeks have passed—when, lo! upon my sight—
Refreshed, as is my spirit—breaks the land!
It seems enchantment, after long, dull weeks,
All *ennui*, all monotony, to view
The first dim cliffs of Europe—the green hills
Of "la belle France"—we seem to throw aside
Whate'er has troubled us, or given us pain—
To bury in the ocean we have crossed
All passion and all conflict—a new life
Dawns on our being, radiant as the morn
Of a sweet summer, waking up the birds
From their delicious rest among the flowers

Though black, and shapeless, like a blighted pile
Of ruins, Havre strews her hill and vale;
Yet, 'tis a *harbour*, after anxious days
Of wayward faring on a weary waste.
And such I deemed it:—when my trembling feet
Lighted, once more, upon the solid earth,
I recked not though a barren isle it were,
Or lovely land!—

Yet not so bleak, in spring,
The neighbouring hills with trees and villas crowned
And there are gay and hospitable souls
Dwelling within her walls;—and on her streams,
Among a thousand various flags, the stars
And stripes flare out triumphant over all!

SERVANTS.—The celebrated Earl of Chesterfield left, by his will, legacies to all his menial servants, equal to two years wages each, considering them "as his unfortunate friends, equal by birth, and only inferior by fortune." The venerable and godly John Claude, when on his dying bed, thus addressed his son, who, with an old servant, was kneeling before him: "Be mindful of this domestick; as you value my blessing, take care that she wants nothing as long as she lives."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WOMAN'S COURAGE.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

I.

The manly lover by his young beloved,
Stands shelterless amid the raging storm;
Shall not his dauntless spirit now be proved,
While she clings trembling to his sterner form?
Their hands are closely clasp'd, but she is brave—
The grasp that is uncertain is his own!
He views the fatal flash, the whelming wave,
Fearful with her, though fearless when alone.

II.

For her, what is there that he would not dare?
With her, he shudders at the thunder peal!
And she, lest one beloved her grief should share,
Assumes a courage that she cannot feel.
But woman has a courage of her own:
For her the plague-struck chamber has no fears;
She cheers the dying, and, till life is gone,
Denies herself the luxury of tears!

ORIGINAL TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

A SCHOOL INCIDENT.

IN TWO PARTS—PART THE FIRST.

BY THEODORE S FAY.

When I was fifteen, after a long holiday, my father began to talk to me of the necessity of application. He placed in my hands biographies of great men who had overcome obstacles by perseverance and industry. "My son," he said, "you have been an idler long enough. I have not suffered you to be so from carelessness. Your delicate health induced me to incur the disadvantages of abandoning severe study at your time of life. Your education, however, has not been neglected. I have shown you something of the world. You have tasted pleasure. I thought of the rose bud and cast down my eyes. You are not one of those weak persons who cannot taste without drinking to intoxication. Pleasure is meant for man—not as the object, but only as the cheerer and recreator of his existence. Have you been happy since you left B—ville?"

"Sometimes, sir."

"You have studied but little."

"I have read a great deal, sir."

"What have you read?"

I ran over a list tolerably long, but my father smiled.

"You have been picking the flowers. You have not performed the labours of life. What should you do if I were to be taken away from you, without leaving you any means of support?"

"I have never thought of losing you, sir. But the navy—the army—"

"Should you be obliged to adopt either of those professions, of which you know nothing, and which might probably disappoint your hopes as you grew older, you would have but few opportunities of study. You would be engaged in other pursuits and other reflections. By-and-by you will be cheated with some smooth faces—some little agreeable—and then, good-by study. Now is the time, and if you please, you shall commence immediately."

I expressed myself quite ready.

"To-morow, then, I will go with you to Mr. Stanley's. He keeps the best school, I understand, in the city. You will be obliged to study as you have never studied before. He is severe to a fault. I do not approve of his system, as I think no gentleman ought to suffer a blow. But I trust much to your discretion. Your powers of mind are good—your industry, I am sure, will be persevering, and your general character makes me hope the best. It is the fate of all mortals to be obliged to pass through scenes of difficulty and danger. You may as well begin now as later. You will require much care, heavy labour, strict propriety of deportment *in all things*. You will moreover be called upon, doubtless, to exercise your good sense, of which you have a full share. Respect your masters, and respect yourself. You will find some above you in capacity. You are commencing a new career. It is not an easy one. Bid farewell, for at least the present, to the soft pleasures in which you have been engaged. Arouse your energies for active exertion. If you have energy, I expect to see it from this moment in your actions. You have read Telemachus?"

"Yes, sir"

"What do you think of it?"

"It is very beautifully written, and afforded me much amusement."

"Amusement! Did you draw nothing but amusement from its pages? You are old enough to have found in it the most valuable instruction. Read it again. I will give you three days. It is a work calculated to elevate your character, and expand your understanding. When you have finished it, we will go to Mr. Stanley's. Now, if you please, for the last time, for a considerable period, we will visit the theatre this evening. —— plays Othello. I wish you to see what effect genius combined with study can produce. Neither the poet nor the performer spent his life in dancing!"

There was a slight emphasis on the last word. The whole conversation made a deep impression on my mind, as did everything from these revered and beloved lips. With its dignity there was a certain kindness, and also a certain discontent which startled me.

"I have been an idler," I thought. "I see he thinks me so. This subject he has waited for *me* to broach; well, let the future speak for me."

Mr. Stanley was a schoolmaster, celebrated for the thorough manner in which he conducted young gentlemen through the prefatory stages of a classical education. His learning was as extensive as it was precise; and he was, moreover, an excellent man and a kind one out of class. In school, however, he was a terrible impersonation of that great bewilderer of mankind, *duty*; which idea has sanctified many errours as well as crimes. Half the cruelties and follies of the earth have been committed by the best of men, possessed with a mistaken sense of *duty*. Mr. Stanley thought it his duty to use his strap, with a most unflinching and undiscriminating perseverance. Errour was to be flogged out of the establishment, mistakes, whether caused by idleness, accident, limited comprehension, or demonstrable necessity, was to meet its sure and instantaneous reward. He undertook the task of educating his pupils with no other influence than fear. Twenty years of experience had taught him the efficacy of this course, and hardened his heart as well as improved his hand. From the mere force of habit, which prevented his perceiving its absurdity and injustice, he often punished, I believe, without reflection. It came to be on his mind divested of temper. It was not a token of wrath, and of course, after beating every individual under his charge for so long a period, it could scarcely be of disgrace. It was to his pupil what the lash is to the horse—a mere way of urging him on—of keeping his attention awake, of preventing his stumbling. Blows commenced at the moment of assembling the school, and ended only with the welcome word, "young gentlemen, you are dismissed." A young friend, who had been some years under this auspicious system, gave me some appalling particulars.

"He will never *strike me*," said I, with a warmth.

"Won't he?" was the reply.

I was a little agitated on approaching the house. My father was also silent A servant conducted us into a neat drawing-room well furnished with library, globes, maps, and my quick eye did not overlook a long and apparently much-worn instrument of leather placed upon two nails, and which by instinct I concluded to be one of the *cat-and-nine-tails*. I waited the entrance of my Cerberus with an equivocal feeling. "What, *I* who had half exhausted the pleasures of the world, who thought my education complete three years ago, who had been *in love!* *I*, trembling under a cat-and-nine-tails!"

I was in the habit of conversing with my father, and, in my own estimation, a *man*. I had even smoked a cigar and written a small poem. When Mr. Stanley entered I made an easy bow, as much like my father's as I could. Mr. Stanley, took no notice of my salutation, nor of me either, for some minutes, while my father addressed him. Then he looked at me, as he would at a piece of cloth or a horse that he was going to buy, and asked in a dry tone—

"How old is he?"

"Fifteen."

I reddened. My father shook me by the hand, and said—"Well, sir, I expect much from you," and took his leave.

On a motion from Mr. Stanley, I followed him into the school-room. On entering he waved his hand with a brief—"Your seat, sir."

For three or four days I was left mostly to myself. A Latin grammar was placed in my hand, and a lesson given me, which I learned without difficulty. I had time for observation: I heard the slap of the ruler—the blow of the strap—often received without a cry. There were more than a hundred boys, and three ushers The strictest order reigned over everything. Class after class recited—hour after hour rolled away—blow after blow—slap after slap—groans, screams, shrinkings, and awful wry faces. I thought it an odd place for study, but custom and necessity reconcile us to everything Among the ushers, two attracted my particular attention: one from his quiet, gentlemanly, encouraging air—the lightness and good humour with which he inflicted the punishments ordered by Mr. Stanley, and the aid which he endeavoured to give to his young charge. I was luckily brought into contact with him at once. He was a young Irishman, full of goodness, sense, and learning, and we got along together admirably. The other was an American—a stern, domineering despot, who flogged with fidelity up to the reigning system, and spared neither age nor merit.

The scene made upon me a profound impression; but it had a beneficial effect. I had determined that I would never deserve—and never submit to chastisement. In order not to be brought into the predicament, in which I foresaw any attempt of the kind would place me, I aroused myself to the utmost pitch. I rose before day—studied by lamp-light—and I devoted all my evenings to my task. My progress was rapid—my conduct irreproachable. At the end of a year, I was the only boy in the school who had not been flogged. It was remarked of me, and I learned that the despotick usher had said, "I had better keep clear of him," in a jocose way, to some of his more intimate pupils. This redoubled my dislike, but it also redoubled my exertions. I soon became a good Greek and Latin scholar.

My friend, the severe usher, whom the boys nicknamed Draco, was, one day, by a change in the arrangements, called upon to hear our class in Virgil. It happened that Mr. Stanley, and the other ushers, were, during the hour, absent from the room. My disgust at this man had already reached a high point. We all considered him narrow-minded, cruel, and insolent; and his eternal "don't tell *me*, sir," and "do you dare to bandy words with *me*," completed the disagreeable impressions which he had made on me. Upon this afternoon he called up our class. We were reading Virgil. There is a certain passage which boys consider peculiarly difficult to construe, and which is rendered more formidable by a traditionary idea of its importance. This gordian-knot was in our lesson. We were accustomed to stand around our master, in a half circle, while each one in turn mounted a stage on his right, and there recited his portion. Aware of this difficulty, I had devoted to it every moment of my time. I was at the head of the class. I mounted the stage, and read my part very well. My successor had the famous sentence. He failed. The usher strapped him, and sent him to his seat. The next did the same, and met a similar treatment—the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, in short all underwent the same failure and the same fate. I was then left alone, and, in a brutal voice, ordered up. The whole school knew I had never been flogged—they knew and hated the character of the usher—and they waited the termination of the scene, with all eyes turned towards me. I was, of course, excited and agitated, but my determination only grew more inflexible. I commenced—I stammered—commenced again—became confused—and heard a titter run round the whole room. I felt that I was frightened out of what I knew by a man who intended to take advantage of his position. He was resolved to correct and flog me; and a feeling entered my breast which I have experienced since, but had never known before. He raised the strap. I lowered my book, turned to him, and said,

"Stop, sir—I will not submit to be flogged—I knew my lesson this morning, and have studied it as carefully as I could."

His eyes opened upon me with a stare of the liveliest indignation, only checked a moment from its outbreak by utter astonishment.

"You will not submit to be flogged!" he echoed in a tone of incredulity and wrath.

"No, sir."

"You will not *submit!*"

"No, sir—I will not *submit*."—He rose and turned up the cuff of his coat, with an eye that glistened like a snake's, and laying his hand on my collar, he exclaimed, "Why, you atrocious young scoundrel, I will flay you alive!" the strap descended upon my head and ears. He lifted his arm to repeat the blow, I dashed my book into his face, and then struck him fiercely in the mouth; in an instant, a wild shout rang through the room, rulers, ink-stands, books, and everything that could be procured by a hundred rebellious and indignant slaves, were showered upon his head. He staggered back towards the door, which some one opened, and the poor fellow was shoved and kicked fairly down stairs; in an instant, every book and ruler was collected—every rebel was in his place—every countenance was demure. Mr. Stanley entered at the noise; but found no clue to the mystery. He was too wise to institute any inquiry, as I was afterwards told. I had taken my part coolly, and left the room, resolved never again to re-enter the doors where I had received this disgrace. I went to my father, and told him the whole story He made no comment whatever.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM JOHN SMITH.

Smithville, Down East, in the state of Maine, March 24, 1839.

Dear General—I've jest got another letter from my son John down in our disputed territory, and as I know you feel anxious to hear how they get along down there, I hasten to send you a copy of it. It is as follers:

Our Disputed Territory, pretty near the Line, March 20, 1839

Dear Father.—Tell mother, I aint shot yet, though we've had one pretty considerable of a brush, and expect every day to have some more. Col. Jarvis has took quite a liking to our little Smithville detachment. He says we are the smartest troops he's got, and as long as we stick by him, it isn't Sir John Harvey, nor all New-Brumzick, nor even Queen Victory herself, can ever drive him off of Fitzherbert's farm. Perhaps you mayn't remember much about this Fitzherbert's farm, where we are. It is the very place where the British nabbed our land-agent, Mr. McIntire, when he was abed, and asleep, and couldn't help himself, and carried him off to Fredericton jail. Let 'em come and try to nab us if they dare; if they wouldn't wish their cake was dough again, I'm mistaken. We've got up pretty considerable of a little kind of a fort here, and we keep it manned day and night—we don't more than half of us sleep to once; and are determined the British shall never ketch us with both eyes shet.

But I 'spose mother's in dreadful fidgets to know about the brush, that I mentioned in the first part of my letter; so I must make haste and get along to it. It wasn't exactly a scratch with the British soldiers, but something jest about as bad, and I don't know but a little worse, for it was along with them thieving trespassers, that's been cutting down our trees and steelin' our logs. And I think I should as lives run my chance among soldiers as among thieves

That night arter we got here, when the sentries was all placed round the fort, and the things all put up for the night, Colonel Jarvis asked us to go in and set down and have a chat. So we did; and he asked us all about our march down here to our disputed territory, and what the news was to home, and if we see the governour as we come along, and if he sent any word to him, and so on. Sargent Johnson told him all about it, and told him the governour was terrible arnest for him to *hold on to the logs;* and said he mustn't never flinch a hair, nor give up an inch of our disputed territory, let what would come, and he must put a stop to their cutting down our timber.

Colonel Jarvis said, the governour might let him alone for that; if Sir John Harvey got hold of any of them logs, he would have to get up earlier in the morning than ever he did yet.

"Now, Sargent Johnson," said the colonel, "you are a smart

officer, and you've got a smart little company here; and bein' you've jest come into the service, it wouldn't be no more than fair that you should have a chance to take hold of some kind of a job that should be an honour to you and your company, and show to the people of the state what sort of grit you are made of. I think it's very likely there's some of them are thieving chaps about here in the woods yet, cutting down our timber; and you may take your men in the morning, and load up your guns and go off on a cruise, and see if you can ketch any of the rascals, and bring 'em and their teams off here prisoners of war; and the rest of us 'll stay here and guard the fort while you are gone. If the rascals set out to fight, don't show 'em no quarter, but take 'em, dead or alive, and bring 'em off to the fort."

"Sargent Johnson told him, "that was jest sich a job as we should like, and we'd be out in the morning bright and airly and go at it."

Accordingly, as soon as it was daylight in the morning, I turned out and give Sargent Johnson a touch, and told him 'twas time to be stirring. He was on his feet as quick as a wink, and told me to call the men and tell 'em to get ready. In a few minutes we got our breakfasts, and put some dinner in our knapsacks, and see that our guns was all well loaded; and after the colonel told us which way we better go, we marched off and struck right into the woods.

We had rather tough getting about, pretty much all the forenoon, scratching about through the bushes, and climbing over logs and stones, and working our way through the swamps; but towards noon we begun to come along into the timber-land. And, my stars! sich great whapping pine trees, as straight as a candle, and tall as a liberty-pole, and standing all round as thick as the bean-poles in our garden, I guess you never see.

"Ah," says Sargent Johnson, "this is the place where them thieving chaps picks their huckleberries. We shall get upon the track of some of 'em bime-by!"

At last we come to a pretty considerable of a kind of a little river. Sargent Johnson told us to keep a sharp look out now, for they hauled the logs into these small rivers and brooks, and in the spring when the ice broke up, they would shoot 'em along out into the Aroostook river, and then scoot 'em away off down the St John's river, and carry 'em off to England, and nobody knows where. We followed the river up a mile or two, and I was away a little ways ahead of the rest, and at last I heard a sharp kind of a click, like the sound of an axe chopping wood. I listened a spell, and then I heard it again; and I told Sargent Johnson we was close upon 'em, for I could hear 'em chop. At that we all stopped and listened, and we could hear 'em as plain as day. Sargent Johnson then told us to see that the primin' in our guns was all right, and to foller him as still as mice. So we crept along as careful as if we was going on eggs. Bime-by we got on to a little piece of rising ground, where we could look down towards the bend of the river, and there we see 'em as busy at work as a thief in a mill. They had a little log cabin for themselves, and another one for their oxen, and one chap was jest driving the oxen in, to give 'em some hay, and the rest was going in to dinner; all but the one that we heard chopping; and he was digging his axe into the side of a great large pine-tree as big round as a hogset. Bime-by one of 'em come to the door, and hollered to him, and told him to come in to dinner, for the beans was all turned out, and growin' cold. But he said the beans might go to pot for what he keered, for he wouldn't come in till he got his tree down, any how. So he kept his axe agoing, click, click, and we kept still and looked on. We see the tree was pretty nigh off, and bime-by we heard a crack, and then a little louder crack; and we looked up, and see the top begun to lean and tremble a little—it was a monstrous great big tree—and then the cracks come quicker and louder, crack, crack, double crack, and the old tree begun to whisk through among the tops of the other trees with a roaring sound like a harrycane, and then in two winks of a hum-bird's eye, it went crash on to the ground like a clap of thunder, and made all smoke again.

"By king," said Sargent Johnson, "if that's the way they steal our timber, I think it's a caution."

After the tree was down, the chap stuck his axe into the stump, jest as when anybody's a readin' he puts his finger on where he left off, and then he went into the camp to dinner.

"Now," says Sargent Johnson, "now's the time. While they are at dinner we'll surround the camp, and take 'em by surprise."

We looked down on to the bank of the river, and we see two or three everlastin' great piles of logs, as big as two or three houses, that they had cut, and hauled, and rolled down the bank. This made some of our company feel a little blue, for fear they might be too many for us. And they asked Sargent Johnson if we hadn't better wait till they come out of the camp, so we could see how many there was of 'em. For there was only eleven of us, and by the great pile of logs they had hauled down to the river, there might be a hundred of them.

Sargent Johnson said he didn't care if there was five hundred; he'd surround their camp, and take 'em prisoners. And says he,

"If any of you is cowards, you may turn about and go back now, and them that stays will have the honour all to ourselves."

At that they coloured up some, and said they was no cowards, but was ready to go as far as *he* would.

So Sargent Johnson then give us off the plan of the campaign. And says he—

"You see there is a door to the cabin, and it stands a little ways open; and you see there's holes cut out through two sides of the cabin for windows. Now we must creep up as still as midnight, so that they shan't see us nor hear us, and when we've surrounded the cabin, I'll give a little bit of a low whistle, and in a moment, two of you must poke your guns right into them windows, and I'll step right into the middle of the door with my sword in one hand and my gun in 'tother, and two more of you must spring right behind me and poke your guns in over my shoulders, one over my right shoulder and 'tother over my left shoulder; and the rest of you must stand off, all ready to fire, about two rods from the camp, as a core deserve. Colonel Jarvis says it's always best to keep a core deserve, when you are going to make an attack. And as soon as I've got in the middle of the door, and staring of 'em right in the face, I'll sing out to 'em like thunder—'Now you rascally stealin' chaps now I've got you; now if you don't give up in a minute, we'll shoot, you down like squirrels.' And I guess that'll fetch 'em to. If it don't, and they set out to fight, why then we must fight, that's all; and that's what we come down here for."

After Sargent Johnson had given us our orders, we told him we understood 'em, and would stick to him through thick and thin. So we crawled along towards the camp as fast and as still as we could. We had to climb right over that thunderin' great big tree that they jest fell, because it was sich a bad place to get round any end of it. But at last we got along up within three or four rods of the camp, and Sargent Johnson made a sign for us to halt, so we might all get ready; and come to look round, one was missing, for there wasn't but ten of us. And come to look round to see who it was, it was Billy Wiggins. Sargent Johnson looked cross enough, and a little surprised too; for he said, for all Billy was sich a fumbling, clumsy little chap, he never thought he was a coward. At that I looked back the way we come, and I see Billy's head bobbing up and down behind that great pine tree, as he was jumping up with all his might and trying to climb up on it. I see in a minute what the difficulty was; he couldn't get up on to the tree, and he didn't dare to holler, for that would muster 'em out of the cabin. So I run back and jumped up on to the tree and got hold of Billy's hand and hauled him over. And we pretty soon got all ready to make the attack. Every man had his gun pinted towards the cabin and all ready to pull. I and Jonathan Downing was to stand behind Sargent Johnson and pint our guns over his shoulders; and Seth Josslyn was to stand to one window and Billy Wiggins to 'tother. As soon as we was all ready, Sargent Johnson give a little, easy whistle, and we all sprung to our places; but before Sargent Johnson had time to begin to speak, Billy Wiggins's gun—i guess there must be something the matter with Billy's forefinger, for his gun blazed away like lightning into the cabin window, and his ball went splash right into a log on 'tother side. And all in the same breath the rest of our guns was all pokin' in on every side, and Sargent Johnson was bawling out to 'em with his roaring voice and calling of 'em "stealin' rascals." Oh, father! I wish you'd been there. If you ever see a flock of mice in the buttery nibbling round a pan of meal, and see the old cat jump right into the window and land right down in the middle of 'em, and see how them mice *went it*, you might guess a little how them prisoners of ourn jumped and sprung round and screamed. As I was looking right in over Sargent Johnson's shoulder, I could see the whole on't. There was six of 'em, and they was all setting round the table eating their dinners. They had a great large milk-pan in the middle of the table full of baked beans and three or four pounds of fat pork on the top of it; and a kettle of soup on one end of the table, and bread and potatoes and so on, all over the table. And when the thunder-clap broke upon 'em all to once, they all sprung right up as if they'd gone out of their skins; and the table went like a lock of hay in a whirlwind. It bounced up in the first place almost to the roof of the cabin; and when it come down, the beans flew from one side of the room to the other, like shot in a pepper-box; and the soup-kettle and the bread and the dishes and the potatoes I couldn't keep the run of.

After the first scream was over, and they see they wasn't killed, one of 'em sprung and ketched a handspike that they had to stir the fire with, and another ketched up a stool that they had to set on, and another run behind the door and brought out an old gun. But when they see our guns pokin' in round so thick, they sprung into the corners and squat down behind the barrels, and begun to holler "don't fire! don't fire!" At last after they begun to get still a little, so he could be heard, Sargent Johnson told 'em to lay down their arms. At that, one laid down his handspike, t'other one his gun, and things begun to get considerable quiet.

Then Sargent Johnson asked 'em if they was willing to surrender themselves prisoners of war. At that, one of 'em that seemed to be the head man among 'em, a short, thick, fat man, with a red face and a bluish nose, stepped forward and asked Sargent Johnson what he wanted. The sargent told him they must deliver themselves up as prisoners of war and be carried to the American camp.

"And then what is to be done with us?" said he.

"Well, then, you'll have to be sent to Bangor, to be tried for stealing the logs on our disputed territory," said Sargent Johnson.

"Well, then, we'll die first," said he, and he sprung back and ketched up the gun. But when he looked round and see the rest of his men was as white as a cloth and quivering behind the barrels, and see our guns all pinted right at him, he see 'twas no use. And says he, "Captain, don't fire, I'll give up." And he brought his gun and give it to Sargent Johnson. Then Sargent Johnson ordered 'em to come out two by two, and we took and tied 'em together by twos, so we could guard 'em easy; and then we went to the hovel and took out the oxen. There was two yoke of oxen and a hoss; and we yoked 'em up and loaded all the provisions they had in the camp and started off for our fort. Jonathan Downing drove the oxen; and Billy Wiggins—Sargent Johnson said Billy was sich an unlucky kind of a feller he had no patience with him but after all, he said he didn't know but what his gun goin' off so, did about as much good as anything—so on the whole, bein' he had sich short legs, he said Billy Wiggins should ride the hoss.

So when we all got ready, we marched off towards our fort, and got back jest about sunset. And as we was coming up the hill towards the fort, they all come out to meet us and give us a salute. I guess you never see a man more tickled than Colonel Jarvis was. He hopped up and down and slapped Sargent Johnson on the shoulder more than forty times; and declared if the oxen was only fat enough, we'd have one of 'em roasted whole the next day for dinner.

But I can't say any more to-day; so give my love to the folks, and I remain your loving son, JOHN.

Dear General, so much for my son John's second grist. Don't you think he grinds it out pretty well for a boy that isn't seventeen years old yet? Yours, JOHN SMITH, ESQUIRE.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER.

HERMITAGE PENHA DE FRANCA.

A FAVOURITE walk with the foreign residents in Macoa, is to a high hill to the westward, commonly called the Penha; its proper name, however, is Nillau, on the summit of which stands the ancient Hermitage Penha de Franca, erected in 1622. After leaving the Praya Granda, the ascent to the hill commences by a rocky and uneven path; at intervals some few steps are excavated to aid the ascent, but for the most part, one has to scramble over the rocks and stones in no very comfortable manner. The path is very circuitous, now passing near the entrance to some Chinese village, guarded by troops of the most ugly, ungainly, abominable set of curs ever seen. Approach too near, and up they start from every corner commencing in concert such horrid yelps through every variation of the gamut, which, although most annoying, need cause no alarm, for like their masters, the *chop-stick* gentry, they are arrant cowards. Again, you are passing close under the brink of some old wall, the blue bricks apparently about to tumble upon you, or, through a cluster of Chinese graves. Many tasty dwellings of Portuguese or English residents attract attention; their neat green verandas, or bamboo frames covered with matting, stretching along the front, while now and then, as a gate may be left open, the interiour discloses a gaudy show of flowers. One of these, a large and handsome dwelling, was pointed out, as being formerly the residence of Lord Napier. Near this, on an abrupt rise of ground, may be seen the foundation (laid many years since) of what would undoubtedly have been a princely edifice, to judge by the massy and extensive walls, had not the superstition of the owner prevented its completion. It was intended for the dwelling of a rich Portuguese lady, who commenced the work upon a scale of grandeur correspondent to her wealth, which is said to have been immense. Shortly after its commencement, some unexpected domestick calamity befell the lady; this the wily priests resolved to turn to their own advantage. Instead of breathing comfort to the afflicted woman, they assured her, her punishment was just for even wishing to erect so fine a dwelling, and that to avoid other misfortunes equally severe and rescue her own soul from purgatory, she must renounce the pomp and vanities of the world, and bequeath her wealth to the holy church. "Give your money," said they, "to the holy *Madre de Deos*, and your salvation is secure." It is needless to say the frightened woman did as the reverend padrès advised, shut herself up in the convent of Santa Clara, leaving this relict of earthly pride and spiritual superstition to crumble to the ground.

In the centre of the extensive grounds which these walls enclose, a Chinese family have erected their hut, at the door of which a woman was standing with a child in her arms; my companion addressed a few words to her in the Chinese tongue; she smiled, seemingly much pleased, and with all the mother's pride, held up her babe for us to admire—no other theme but the praise of her child could have drawn so much expression into features as unmeaning as the Chinese possess, but now they lit up at once with an animation which showed the right chord had been touched. A stranger cannot but be struck with the similarity of the Chinese features; they seem all to have been cast in the same mould, all equally stupid and unmeaning; this may in a measure be owing to their style of dress, the women of the lower class, especially those who live in the *Tanka boats* or *San-pans*, dress so much like the males, that were it not for the handkerchief thrown over the head and tied carelessly under the chin, it would be difficult to distinguish them; those of a grade or two higher, arrange their hair with much neatness, adorning it either with gold or silver ornaments, or little sprigs of white flowers, and may be seen at all hours walking up and down the Praya, with merely a small bamboo umbrella to shield them from the sun; occasionally, also, a lady with the celebrated "small feet" and embroidered slippers, tottles along; this, however, is of rather rare occurrence, it being only such as have been reduced from high life, that bear this badge of cruelty, and proof of illustrious descent about them. The Chinese *lovers* compare this unsteady gait in their mistresses, to the *graceful waving of the willow!* It is laughable to see the China-man, with his white small clothes, long robe of blue or black crape, awkward shoes, shaven crown and long braided queue, stepping along so briskly, merely holding up his fan, with all the airs of a belle, to shade him from the rays of the sun.

Having reached the summit of the Penha, the view is charming; in every direction the eye is arrested by the most romantick scenery. The Penha being at the western extremity of the peninsula, all Macoa lies before you. It might truly be called the city of hills,

for they rise in every direction, presenting a wild and romantick aspect, heightened by the numerous forts and convents capping their summit. To the east is the lofty Monte Charil, on which stands Fort Guia; directly at its base, a rocky point extends into the sea, on which is erected Fort St. Francis, with a church bearing the same name. At a little distance from a grove of banians, peep forth the white walls of the convent Santa Clara. On another elevation, nearly in the centre of the town, stands the Monte Fort. Fronting the residence of the governour on the Praya, is St. Peter's Fort, and on other points equally picturesque are the Bar and Bombarto Forts. Scattered among these lofty hills are the dwellings of the Portuguese, English, and American residents, and, separated from near communion with *Bartarians*, may here and there be seen the closely-packed huts of a Chinese village, across whose narrow streets or lanes the inhabitants are rapidly gliding, bearing their little strings of fish, or baskets containing either the gleanings of the streets or refuse from some foreigner's table, while parties of Lascars, Caffres, and Chinese are wending among the hills. The long rains and typhoons, to which this climate is subject, combine to give Macoa an air of great antiquity; thus buildings, in reality quite new, have from these causes a very time-worn aspect. During the wet season, the rain pours down in torrents or fitful showers for weeks, washing away the *cheram* or plastering spread over the exterior of most of the dwellings, and at the same time rendering everything within doors damp and uncomfortable. The water drops from the ceiling, and to preserve their silks and other fine articles from the effects of the damp, the ladies are obliged to pack them away in tin boxes, wrapped in oiled paper, and otherwise guarded from the air. Then come the typhoons—the wind blowing tremendously, tearing off the tiles, sometimes unroofing whole streets, while over those dwellings on the Praya Granda, the sea rushes furiously, sweeping away the verandas, and often penetrating even into the drawing-rooms. To add to the terrours of the tempest, during most of the time the thunder rolls awfully, reverberating over the hills and adjacent islands, while the lightning is incessant and vivid.

The Hermitage Penha de Franca is very much dilapidated, and will soon be but a ruin. A part of it has been lately repaired and rendered tenantable for a few old friars. It is surrounded by a high, black wall, extending some distance. On one part of it is erected a rude stone cross, which Portuguese ships passing the Penha, are in the habit of saluting by firing a few guns. C. H. B.

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM THE WEST.

LETTERS FROM DETROIT.

We left Pontiac and his associates at swords' points with the British at the very instant of developed treachery.

> —— "I said the chief was brave
> As ever knight that belted glaive;
> Yet dare not say that now his blood
> Kept on its wont and temper'd flood."

It is recorded that, at this crisis, "Monsieur Pontiac," as he is oddly enough called in the French manuscript before alluded to, actually trembled. And well he might, for what saith again dear Sir Walter!

> "Though space and law the stag we lend,
> Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
> Who ever recked where, how, or when,
> The prowling fox was trapped or slain!"

Yet Major Gladwyn, foregoing the gratification of a natural desire of revenge, in the prudence which dictated a conciliatory course with the savage neighbours of his isolated command, contented himself with drawing aside the blanket which concealed the shortened rifle, reproaching the chief with his treachery, and ordering him and his party from the fort. The Indians retired in sullen silence; but, as soon as they had passed the gate, gave the yell and fired upon the garrison, proceeding afterwards to wreak their baffled fury upon various unoffending families in the vicinity, whom they murdered in cold blood. Hostilities were continued for some time after these occurrences, and so much were the troops harassed by their strange wild foes, that they began to think seriously of abandoning the post and retiring to Niagara. At this juncture, Major Campbell, the former commander, who still remained in the fort, was persuaded to try his influence with the natives, with whom he was supposed to be popular. He consented, with a generosity which deserved a better fate, to trust himself with the wily Pontiac in his own lair, and, accompanied by Lieutenant McDougall, proceeded to the Indian camp. As might well be expected, these brave officers were detained as hostages. Lieutenant McDougall, after some time, succeeded in making his escape; but Major Campbell was horribly murdered near Bloody Bridge, (now the eastern extremity of Jefferson Avenue,) by an Indian who had a private grudge against him, and who made his escape to Saganaw; Pontiac loudly disclaiming the deed and its perpetrator

The battle of Bloody Bridge, the consequence of an Indian ambuscade, resulted in the loss of the commander of the British force, and seventy men, with forty wounded. Yet Pontiac's ardour seems to have cooled from this time; and after the arrival of General Bradstreet, in the spring of 1764, with an army of three thousand men, the chief abandoned the country and retired to Illinois, where he was assassinated by a Peoria Indian. The Ottowas, and the tribes in their alliance, avenged his death to the utmost, and the memory of the great Ottowa chief is still held in the highest reverence among his countrymen in the wilderness.

During the revolutionary war, the British, who had taken unwearied pains to conciliate the Indians, employed their agency in many deeds of atrocious cruelty; a warfare, calculated to arouse the most deadly passions of human nature; "a warfare," says Mr. Cass, "to distress, not to subdue." General Clarke succeeded, after exhibiting in a series of brave and persevering efforts, the best qualities of a soldier, in humbling to the very dust the pride of Governour Hamilton, who had marched as far as Vincennes, with the intention of cutting him off; and Hamilton, with some of his abettors in the savage acts to which we have but alluded, was sent in irons to Virginia.

The recognition of our independence was followed by difficulties touching the surrender of the posts. These gave rise to an Indian war, which called into action Harmar, St. Clair, and Wayne, and which ended in the evacuation of Detroit by the British, and the peaceable exchange of the British for the American flag.

In June, 1805, Detroit was completely destroyed by fire—so, literally, we are told, that but two buildings were left standing. The inhabitants remained for some time encamped on the commons behind their devastated site, and not a few of them had begun to rebuild their dwellings, renewing the town on the contracted and incommodious plan of most fortified frontier places, when General William Hull arrived with the dignity of governour of the territory. His immediate care was the adoption of a new plan for the rising city. Judge Woodward, to whom is attributed the labyrinth of triangles which now conspire to puzzle not only the stranger but the residents themselves, is said to have regarded his plan as combining all the excellences to be culled from the annals of city-building—from that of Tadmar in the wilderness to that of Washington our own—and often declared the magnificent outline "would take eight centuries to fill up." It is the opinion of those best acquainted with Detroit, that the judge must await the completion of his design for the encomiums which he doubtless considered his due. Grand crescents—avenues of all sizes and in all directions—triangles of all possible acuteness—and "passages which lead to nothing"—would be gladly exchanged, as says Colonel Whiting, (from whose address before the Historical Society I borrow these brief but applicable items,) "for the simplicity, symmetry, and convenience of the plan of William Penn.

The new town of Detroit had no other defence than the fort in its rear until 1807 or 1808, when the threatening movements of some of the neighbouring tribes of Indians led to the erection of a stockade around it, which was not removed until 1817.

The details of General Hull's surrender of Detroit to the British, under General Brock, would probably have little interest for the readers of the Mirror. It is still a subject of angry reminiscence with the older inhabitants, and I have seen the eyes of a fair Penthesilea, who was not born when it happened, glitter with indignation as she spoke of it. General Hull has had his defenders certainly; yet when I have been sauntering up the Springwells road, the path of General Brock's approach, (narrowed in as it is by) the river on one side, and high fences on the other, I have thought that a small party of old women, armed with their snuff-boxes, knitting-needles, and that other sharper little weapon which they usually carry about them, might have held the pass against a considerable force. This disastrous blunder had the most distressing consequences. After the British had taken possession, the Indians, in their employ, "carried plunder and devastation into almost every house, and through almost every farm in the territory. The miserable inhabitants had no alternative but to submit or incur the hazard of more aggravated outrage. Most of the citizens of Detroit were sent into exile, and distress and ruin appeared to be the inevitable lot of all."

General Winchester, who was afterwards sent by General Harrison to endeavour to retrieve some of the disgraces of that humiliating campaign, seems to have emulated the fame of that other commander, who, according to the wicked rhyme of those days,

> "Gave Canada a dreadful swingein—
> Burnt one log-hut—killed one dead Indian."

But Perry's victory salved all!—"opened the lake to General Harrison, who soon after crossed his army to the Canadian shore, and, in the course of a short campaign, which was brilliantly finished by the battle of the Moravian towns, drove the enemy from the north-western frontier."

Governour Cass's administration commenced in 1813, and from this time the inhabitants of Michigan reckon their day of prosperity. But what is so uninteresting as prosperity? As long as

> ——"Martial spirits, all on fire,
> Breath'd only blood and mortal ire,"

the vicissitudes of the lonely border fortress furnished materials for many a wild tale. But now the rich turf of Michigan covers the remains of Fort Shelby.

> "Warriours from the breach of danger
> Pluck no longer laurels there;
> They but yield the passing stranger
> Wild-flower wreaths for beauty's hair."

The warlike Tecumseh is represented by a pretty thriving village—the Shawnee Prophet has suffered himself to be "trotted out," "shorn of his beams," from one end of the union to the other—"and Alnwick is a market town"—proud of its wharves, and its steamboats, and its blocks of brick stores The fur-trade, which has (at least since "Astoria,") something of picturesque interest, is exchanged for loads of flour from the broad plains of the interiour of this fertile peninsula, and whole hecatombs of beef and pork, and mountains of cheese and dried apples, from Ohio. Yet these vulgar matters, though "of no use to any but the owner"—certainly of none to the poet or the historian—are, after all, very comfortable things in their way; and Detroit is confessedly a more desirable residence in 1839 than it was in 1701. In my next I shall endeavour to give some idea of its present appearance. C. P.

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

Pianoforte playing.—A late writer on the "art of playing the pianoforte," makes the following judicious remarks:—"The genius of the pianoforte demands, as an essential quality in every performer—rapidity of finger. The glitter of notes evenly played with both hands, long scales, uninterrupted by any break, permitting surprising touches of modulation and combination of notes that cannot be obtained with equal facility from any other instrument to be heard—are the principle upon which our pleasure from the piano is derived. *Adagiós* and cantibile movements may be played upon more vocal instruments with equal, if not superiour effect; but there is nothing which can do what the pianoforte can with respect to variety, and in certain effects it is unrivalled. In reflecting for a moment on the vast variety of combinations that passages for the piano assume—the new difficulty that grows out of every new form—and that of the myriad of notes we hear in the concerto of some eminent players, each individual note is produced by the energy of some one out of the small human allotment of fingers—again, that each key must not be merely touched, but that its force must be calculated, or there would be no equality in playing, we may (recollecting the original imperfections of the hand) imagine what labour goes to the formation of a perfect mechanism. There is scarcely any instrument that presents such complex forms of study, or that demands such constant, patient, and judicious practice. And yet in this country the common errour is to suppose that the road to the acquisition of a perfect command of the instrument, to the talents of a Moscheles, or a Cramer, is one of amusement. It is imagined that by playing pieces of musick to sweeten the labour of practice, mixed with a few scales, a player will at length be formed. A young lady is left till she is fifteen or sixteen years of age under the care of such a teacher as she finds at school; she then quits, and going with her friends to some party, hears some excellent playing, and is seized with an ambition to excel. On attempting to produce on her own piano something like what she has heard, she becomes sensible that her fingers do not move with the even force and regularity that they ought. A master is engaged to correct her defects; but, even let him set to work as judiciously as he may, what is he to do with a hand that has been so long neglected? Or what inclination is there in a grown pupil to undertake all that labour which should properly be accomplished in childhood?"

Homœopathick doses.—It is the division of doses of medicine into such infinite fractions that has drawn upon the homœopathick practice the denunciation of the allopathick physicians, as it is considered utterly impossible that such imponderable particles can produce any beneficial or prejudicial effect However, experience has afforded abundant proofs that these infinite atoms do produce positive and evident effects. What appears to our feeble organs an atomick fraction, may produce phenomena on the organism which we cannot comprehend, but should not therefore be denied. Let one grain of iodine be dissolved in one thousand five hundred and sixty grains of water, the solution will be limpid; let two grains of starch be dissolved in two ounces of water and added to the first solution, and the liquor will forthwith assume a blue tint. In this experiment the grain of iodine has been divided into one million one thousand five hundred and sixty. Dissolve the four-hundredth part of one grain of arsenick in four hundred thousand parts of water, and the hydrick-sulphide will bring it into evidence. Let a five-thousandth part of arsenate of ammonia be dissolved in five hundred thousand parts of water, and the addition of the smallest proportion of nitrate of silver will obtain a yellow precipitate. Numerous experiments of a similar nature may be resorted to, to prove that the most minute particles of two substances possessed of chemical affinities may be brought into action, although diluted, *infinitum*.

Acid contained in ants.—Contrary to the once-received doctrine, that no *acid* was to be found in any animal, except as the effect of disease in the alimentary canal, many insects secrete peculiar and powerful ones. The fact that blue flowers, when thrown into an ant-hill, become tinged with red, has been long known; but Mr. Fisher, of Sheffield, about 1670, seems to have been the first who ascertained that this effect is caused by an *acid* with which ants abound, and which may be obtained from them by distillation, or infusion in water. Margraff and other chemists have confirmed this discovery. The subsequent experiments of Deyeux, Fourcroy, and Vanquelin, have ascertained that this acid is not of a distinct kind, but a mixture of the *acetick* and *malick*. These acids are in such considerable quantities, and so concentrated in these animals, that, when a number of *Formica rufa* are bruised in a mortar, the vapour is so sharp, that it is scarcely possible to endure it at a short distance. It also transpires from them; for they leave traces of it on the bodies over which they pass; and hence, according to the experiments of Mr. Coleridge, the vulgar notion that ants cannot pass over a line of chalk is correct; the effervescence produced by the contact of the acid and the alkaline being so considerable as in some degree to burn their legs. The circumstance of much of the food of ants being of a saccharine nature may account for this copious secretion of acid, the use of which is probably to defend themselves and their habitations from the attack and intrusion of their enemies

Impossibilities.

> Fled is the dream so fondly nurst,
> Of angel joys the fragile token;
> The bauble of our love is burst,
> Its cobweb ties for ever broken.
>
> Then seek not passion to renew—
> Believe me that the dream is ended;
> Who in this wise world ever knew
> Of cobweb ties or bubbles mended?

Education of the people.—It has been observed, that if the French had been an educated people, many of the atrocities of their revolution would never happened, and I believe it. Furious mobs are composed, not of enlightened men—of men in whom the passions are dominant over the judgment, because the judgment has not been exercised, and informed, and habituated to direct the conduct. A factious declaimer can much less easily influence a number of men who acquired at school the rudiments of knowledge, and who have subsequently devoted their leisure to a Mechanick's Institute, than a multitude who cannot read or write, and who have never practised reasoning or considerate thought. And as the education of a people prevents political evil, it effects political good. Despotick rulers well know that knowledge is inimical to their powers.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"ATHENIA OF DAMASCUS." A Tragedy. By Rufus Dawes. New-York: Samuel Colman. 1839. Pp. 118.

WE took occasion some months since to commend this work, when in manuscript, to the favourable attention of the managers of our principal theatres. It has lately been published in an elegant style by Mr. Colman. A more careful perusal has confirmed us in our opinion of the high dramatick and literary merit of the play. The action is developed with consummate skill, and the terrible catastrophe presents one of the completest triumphs of the tragick art that we remember in the whole range of the acting drama. There is little opportunity for the development of character in a tragedy written for the modern stage, in which it is requisite that the representation should not occupy more than two hours. The starring system is another obstacle in the way of the attainment of this object; for every trait or action that attaches interest to the subordinate characters, is opposed by the *star*, as calculated to detract from his or her peculiar importance. There is an essential difference, likewise, between dramatick effect and stage effect; for that which is supremely dramatick in the closet may be made supremely ridiculous on the stage. Those who complain of the inferiority of the dramatick productions of the present day to those of the Elizabethan era, do not take into consideration how few of the plays of the elder dramatists, of Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger, retain possession of the stage. Indeed, what modern audience would sit through the best play of Shakspeare, unaltered, and *unadapted*, and uncurtailed? It is plain, that what was once merely a work of genius, must now be a work of genius and art combined. The modern dramatist, who writes for the stage, must not only be a poet, but an artist, versed in all the technicalities of the profession, and fettering himself by mechanical rules. It is according Mr. Dawes no small praise to say, that his tragedy is at once a good acting play, and a beautiful dramatick poem. The principal characters, are characters in the best sense of the word. That of Athenia is portrayed with matchless power and truth; and Calous is the impersonation of all that is generous and noble in the hero and the lover. We need but refer to the extracts we have already published, to prove that our estimate of this beautiful tragedy is not exaggerated

"INDECISION, OR A TALE OF THE FAR WEST, AND OTHER POEMS." By J. K. Mitchel, M.D. Philadelphia Carey and Hart. Duodecimo. Pp. 212. 1839.

A favourite correspondent has sent us a long critical notice of this beautifully-printed volume, which, we sincerely regret, we must defer for want of room. Coming, as the paper does, from a lady, and one, whose writings have frequently enriched our columns, and whose good taste in literary matters we have never been in the habit of disputing, we cannot omit the publication of her remarks without an apology, which we herewith respectfully tender. So much for the criticism—now for the work itself. The longest poem in this volume is that from which it derives its name—"Indecision." It abounds in good poetry, and the merit of the "Song of the Prairie" alone is sufficient to redeem all its faults. It is a story of the West, and affords the author opportunities for many exquisite and highly-wrought sketches of forest scenery, mountain and stream. We would like to quote the admirable picture of night on the Alleghanies, and several other passages, which we had marked for that purpose, did our limits permit But we must content ourselves with referring the reader to the work itself, with the assurance that we have read it with great pleasure, and that it cannot fail to afford him equal satisfaction. Many portions of the poems are bold, original, and struck off with the hand of a master. There are several minor poems in the collection, which are remarkable for their grace of expression and beauty of thought. To adequately appreciate this work, the reader should know the author, who is a physician of Philadelphia in arduous and incessant practice, and whose amiable qualities and brilliant intellectual endowments, united to his bland and gentle demeanour, have rendered him an ornament to the most polished circles of our fair sister city. The work is appropriately dedicated to Dr. Chapman, in a poetical address full of truth, simplicity and feeling—alike honourable to the author and his venerable friend.

"THE MERRY TALES OF THE THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM." By the author of "The Dutchman's Fireside," "Westward Ho!" "Saimagundi," etc. New-York Harper and Brothers. Pp. 236.

This forms the fifteenth volume of the complete works of James K. Paulding; and those who are unfamiliar with its racy and amusing contents, will do well to make themselves acquainted with them forthwith. As the title promises, the tales, which are three in number, are full of fun and merriment, containing satirical hits at many of the popular fallacies and humbugs of the day. We are glad to see the works of Mr. Paulding published in this complete and handsome form. Like the productions of Irving, they are incorporated in the American classicks, and have already established for the author a permanent reputation as an acute and elegant writer, and a satirist of pre-eminent powers.

"LONDON IN 1838." By an American. New-York: Samuel Colman. Pp 208

The statistical portions of this work are apparently executed with fidelity, and we doubt not that the manual will be of service to all who may find themselves strangers in the great British metropolis There is much agreeable gossip scattered through the pages, and the author's advice, is, as far as we are able to judge, very good. To those about starting for England in our packets and steamships, it cannot fail to prove both an instructive and an entertaining companion. The wood-cuts, that embellish this volume, add materially to its value

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"B. H. B.'s" lines and able remarks on international copyright, are placed on file for insertion.—We know nothing of the grievance of which "A. Citizen" complains.—"Airy's" account of the Fancy Ball will be quite acceptable.—We must decline the contributions of "Y.C." "VIVIAN," and "X.T.C."—We publish to-day another original poem, from the pen of the most popular of living English song writers, Thomas Haynes Bayly. Like all the poetical productions of the author, it is characterised by a beautiful simplicity and an artist-like grace, which an inferiour hand might in vain attempt to rival. It presents a perfect picture to the mind's eye, and is as true in its philosophy as it is touching in its poetry The songs of Bayly, unambitious as they may seem in point of style, contain the ingredients of perpetuity, being already familiar as household words to all lovers of musick wherever the English language is spoken.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1839.

Grace Darling again.—The last number of the Mirror contained the narrative of the loss of the Forfarshire steamer, with an engraving, which has been so well received by our readers, that we this day publish a medallion likeness of Grace Darling, engraved by Dr. Anderson, and the words of a popular song just published by Horn and Davis. We are indebted to these enterprising publishers for the drawings from which these cuts have been taken, and which accompany the melody, which has an original arrangement and symphonies, by Charles E. Horn. It is a beautiful specimen of lithography and musick-engraving. There are several songs on the same subject, but none that we have seen has been produced with so much care and skill. It may be added, that the above likenesses of Grace and her father are copied from actual portraits, said to be faithful delineations of the originals. The song, to which we have referred may be found on the first page of this day's Mirror.

North River steamboats.—For the information of those who travel, we take this opportunity of stating that the following boats are now running daily between this city and Albany. They are in admirable order, having been overhauled, refitted and repaired during the past winter. The Albany has had her bow altered, and she now measures two hundred and eighty feet in length! These boats are of the first class, and are commanded by courteous and efficient officers. The fare is three dollars in both lines—meals extra.

DAY LINE

CHAMPLAIN—*Captain Goram.*
ALBANY—*Captain Jenkins.*
ERIE—*Captain Benson.*

One of these boats leave the foot of Barclay-street, every morning at seven o'clock.

NIGHT LINE.

DEWITT CLINTON—*Captain Roe.*
SWALLOW—*Captain McLean.*

One of these boats leaves the foot of Courtlandt-street every afternoon at five o'clock. While noticing the regular boats of the "North River Steamboat Association," we must not omit to mention that the *Highlander*, commanded by Captain Johnson, has commenced her regular trips between New-York and Newburgh, stopping at Cauldwell's and West Point. We trust there will be no landing of passengers from small boats this season. That custom ought to be abolished entirely.

Taglioni.—Our readers may, perhaps, be gratified by a brief account of the ballet in which Mademoiselle Taglioni has just had such wonderful success in St. Petersburgh. It is called *La Gitana*, the Gipsy, and was offered by the author, M. Taglioni, the celebrated dancer's father, to the Paris Opera some years since, but was declined by the manager, as he was then getting up the opera of La Esmeralda, another gipsy piece, founded on the character of that name in Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame.* La Esmeralda dropped dead at once, while La Gitana carries everything before it. Now for the details. "On the fifth of December," says Count Waldynski, a correspondent of *L'Artiste*, "the first night of the new piece, to aid in getting up which, the emperour had appropriated two hundred thousand rubles, a crowd, without example, kept moving to the theatre from early morning. Unluckily it was a thawing day, and you can well imagine that the feet of so many men and horses did not improve the state of the pavements. Two deplorable accidents occurred; a boy was crushed to death near the ticket-office, and a young man suffocated at the entrance of the fourth gallery. Singularly enough, it has since been reported that they had been brothers, sons of a merchant of Gartanai-Dwor. As a work of invention, the ballet of La Gitana is certainly above all others of the kind, as you may see by a brief sketch. In the first act, we are at the fair of Frankfort-on-the-Main; that is, three hundred persons are brought on the stage at once, coming and going, singing and shouting, blowing horns and beating drums. Some play at different games, others ride flying horses; some are dancing on ropes, others climbing *mats de cocagne;* beyond are sharpers, bears, apes, quack doctors, Savoyards, merry andrews, Tyrolese minstrels and gipsies, each busy in their own way, to the mixed musick of rattling carts and hand organs. The second act, and you may fancy the effect of such a contrast, is laid in the thickest forests of the Pyrenees, where the gipsies are encamped. And do not imagine that the torrent which rolls down before you, is manufactured, as it would be in Paris, out of sundry yards of painted canvass: it is bonafide torrent produced by a bonafide waterfall, twelve feet high and twenty-four feet wide, which rolls as majestically as may be, under three solid bridges, which are crossed every minute by horsemen at full gallop. It is thus surrounded by nature herself, that the gipsies execute their dance, after which the whole caravan, counting two hundred persons, beats up and marches off in search of another resting-place. The third act carries us to a masked ball, alongside of which your famous ball in *Gustave* is nothing at all. Imagine two hundred and sixty dancers, and a hundred and forty figurars, in the richest and most varied dresses, lighted by five thousand bougies in a hundred and twenty lustres, and you will have some idea of the ball in the *Gitana.* What do you think now of M. Taglioni's ball? Do you know of any constructed on so gigantick a scale, offering such a field for the display of one of the greatest splendour and the most refined taste? Neither at Paris, London, nor Vienna, have I seen anything that can be compared to it. But you will ask me where is Mademoiselle Taglioni all this while. Wait a moment. It was proper to describe you the scene in which she appears, before speaking of the lady herself. She appears in the *Gitana* four times. In the first act she dances a gipsy dance of the usual kind. In the second, she dances something I hardly know how to describe to you, but it is one of the strangest and most wonderful things in the world; being executed, as you may well suppose, with the most elegant precision and graceful lightness, to a true gipsy musick, that is to the musick of bottles, kettles, glasses, frying-pans, tongs and shovels, and other kitchen furniture. In the third act she appears twice, first in a pantomime scene, in which she displays great talent as an actress, and feeling and pathos unsurpassed; and afterwards, in the splendid ball-scene I mentioned before, in which she dances a *pas shyrien*, composed for her in Paris by her brother. It would be prudent, perhaps, to confine myself to this mere list of the performances of our great artist, for how can I hope to describe in words the inconceivable perfection to which she has attained—the airiness that a swallow might envy—the grace at once modest and voluptuous, the wonderful lightness and buoyancy? At the same time, how can I refrain from expressing the powerful impression she produced! If I were to live a thousand years, I should not forget the evening of the fifth of December—I shall never forget those exquisite attitudes, those graceful hoverings between heaven and earth, those tiny Atalanta-feet, more rapid in their movements than a bird's wing. I have seen Mademoiselle Taglioni often since she has been at St. Petersburgh, but I may safely say that I did not really know her till I saw her in the Gitana. My letter would be imperfect if I did not mention that the new ballet has obtained a success never before equalled. The receipts, the first night, were fifty thousand two hundred and nine rubles, and have not fallen off a cent for ten days.

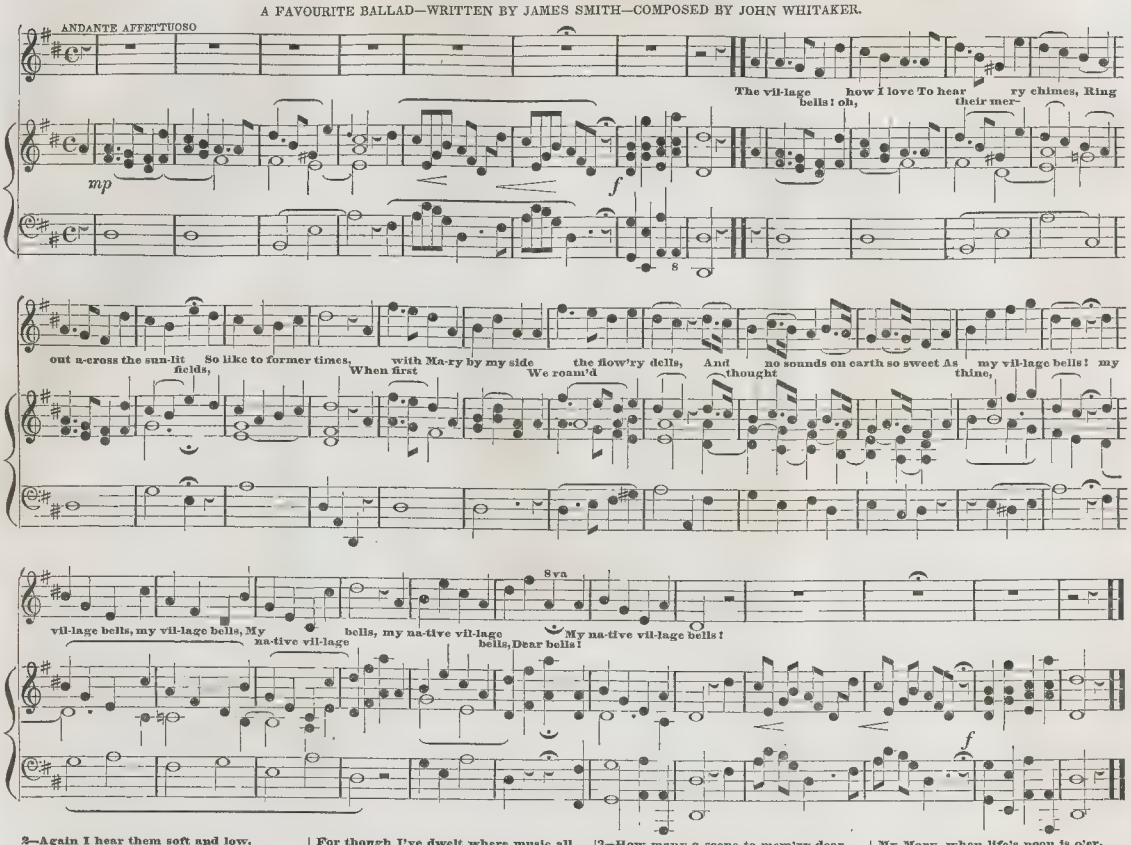
The Theatres.—The Park has been doing a very fair business with Rienzi, Lafitte, the Last Days of Pompeii, and other specimens of the illegitimate drama. We wish that the taste of the publick had authorized Simpson to give us entertainments of a higher and more intellectual character, wherein the inimitable powers of Placide might have been displayed. But there will soon be a lustration of the boards of the Park. Miss Tree and Caradori Allan are engaged. The National has thus far had a most prosperous season. The opera has been succeeded by the performances of Wallack, which promise to be unusually attractive At the Franklin, Dinneford has been active in the production of novelties, and what with the Old Clock, the Aroostook War, and other good things, he has done a profitable business.

Simmons's lectures.—Mr. Simmons appears to bear away the palm among the popular lecturers of the day. His course upon Shakspeare, at the Stuyvesant Institute, has attracted very full and fashionable audiences. A succeeding course upon American orators will doubtless have equal success. Mr. Simmons is an admirable elocutionist, a practised and elegant writer, and a man of undoubted genius.

Yankee characters.—We learn that some one is dramatizing the inimitable letters of John Smith, touching the doings on the frontier, for the Franklin. The pictures of Yankee character in these sketches, are as faithful as they are amusing. We think they far surpass anything in the original Downing letters by the same author.

THE VILLAGE BELLS.

A FAVOURITE BALLAD—WRITTEN BY JAMES SMITH—COMPOSED BY JOHN WHITAKER.



2—Again I hear them soft and low,
Come sweeping o'er the plain,
With feelings once 'twas heav'n to know,
And bliss to feel again.

For though I've dwelt where music all
The soul with rapture swells,
I ne'er heard sounds could thrill my heart,
Like thine, my village bells! &c.

3—How many a scene to mem'ry dear,
Their plaintive notes recall;
The school, the dance upon the green,
And thee! more dear than all.

My Mary, when life's noon is o'er,
My fancy fondly tells,
In quiet we may pass our eve,
Where sound our village bells! &c.

Original.

THE GIPSY'S INVITATION.

WRITTEN FOR H. RUSSELL, BY JONAS B. PHILLIPS.

I.

Oh! come with me to the forest green,
Come, brother, and dwell with me;
And there I'll show you our woodland queen,
And a gay young thing is she—
Her eyes are bright as the stars that shine
O'er the ocean broad and blue.
Then leave thy home,
With the free to roam,
And join our gipsy crew.
Come, brother, come! we are bold and true,
And join our gipsy crew.

II.

We love to dwell in the brake and fen,
And a joyous home have we;
'Tis not like the gilded haunts of men,
But, oh! it is far more free!
Our lamps are the fire-fly's glitt'ring light,
Our gems are the morning dew;
We sing and laugh,
And the wine-cup quaff,
Oh! join our gipsy crew!
Come, brother, come! we are bold and true,
Come, join our gipsy crew!

MISCELLANY.

POWERFUL INDUCEMENT.—The following tempting invitation appears upon a window in a gin-palace, in the Elysian neighbourhood of Seven Dials, London:—"Stop! stop! stop! Here you may get the regular knock-me-down, sow-me-up, do-me-brown, ask-me-how, come-it-strong, out-and-out, genuine never-spilt, cream-of-the-valley, price two pence the glass, including a rusk and a dash of caraways."

A BUSY FELLOW.—The New Era says there is an editor down east who is not only his own compositor, pressman and devil, but keeps a tavern, is village schoolmaster, captain in the militia, mends his own boots and shoes, makes patent Brandreth pills, peddles essences and tin-ware two days in the week, and always reads sermons on the Sabbath, when the minister happens to be missing. In addition to all this, he has a wife and sixteen children.—The Boston Morning Post says this is not all—he owns a schooner, and came to Boston with a cargo of potatoes and onions, last fall, raised by himself; and gave notice to his subscribers, when he left, that the issuing of the next number of his paper would depend upon the wind—atmospherical and financial, we suppose.

A FEE-LER.—A surgeon and a lawyer had very little good feeling for each other, and the following dialogue took place:—"If," asked the surgeon, a neighbour's dog destroy my ducks, can I recover damages by law?" "Certainly," replied the lawyer; "pray what are the circumstances?" "Why, sir, your dog last night destroyed two of my ducks." "Indeed! then you certainly can recover the damages; what is the amount? I'll instantly discharge it." "Four shillings and six-pence," chuckled the surgeon. "And my fee for attending and advising you is six and eight-pence," responded the attorney; "and unless you immediately pay the same, my conduct will be *sut*-able."

HUMMING-BIRD.—There is a species of humming-bird in the East, *trochilus maximus*, so very small, that the ladies of those countries in which it is found not unfrequently, on account of the transcendent beauty and splendour of the tiny creature, wear the dead bird for an ear-drop. It feeds almost precisely like insects, on the refined nectar of plants, while on the wing. It has a missile tongue. When captured, this delicately organized little creature expires instantly.

WILLIAM TELL OUTDONE.—In Northern Pennsylvania, some time since, a feat was performed in Ridgbury, Bradford county, which throws that of William Tell in the shade. A man named Lathrop Baldwin, with a rifle, shot an apple from the head of Thomas Fox, at eighteen yards distance, arms length. There was no cap on Fox's head, his hair was combed down smooth, and the apple was a small one. Both were somewhat in their cups.

NO PROOF OF RESPECTABLE CONNEXIONS.—A young woman who was brought before the Boston police, alleged in defence of her respectability, that she was acquainted with all the lawyers in New-York. She was instantly committed for six months.

THE PLANTAGENETS.—Fulke, earl of Anjou, having been guilty of some crime, was enjoined, by way of penance, to go to the Holy Land, and submit to castigation. He acquiesced, habited himself in lowly attire, and as a mark of humility wore a sprig of broom in his cap. The expiation finished, Fulke adopted the name of Plantagenet, from the Latin name of the broom, *Planta-genista*. His descendants continued the name, and many successive nobles of the line of Anjou decorated their helmets with this plant. The arms of Richard I. were two lions combatant. Crest, a planta-genista, or broom-sprig. Upon his great seal a broom-sprig is placed on each side of the throne.

CHARACTER OF A GENTLEMAN.—A lawyer, at a circuit town in Ireland, dropped a ten pound note under the table, while playing cards at the inn. He did not discover his loss until he was going to bed, but then returned immediately. On reaching the room, he was met by the waiter, who said, "I know what you want, sir; you have lost something." "Yes, I have lost a ten pound note." "Well, sir, I have found it, and here it is." "Thanks, my good lad, here is a sovereign for you." "No, sir, I want no reward for being honest; but," looking at him with a knowing grin, "wasn't it lucky that none of the *gentlemen* found it."

INGRATITUDE.—When Brennan, the noted highwayman, was arrested in the south of Ireland, curiosity drew numbers to the jail to see the man loaded with irons who had long been a terrour to the country. Among others was a banker, whose notes at that time were not held in the highest estimation, who assured the prisoner that he was very glad to see him there at last. Brennan, looking up, replied—"Ah, sir, I did not expect that from you, indeed I did not; for you well know that when all the country refused your notes, I took them."

A FRANK CONFESSION.—Dr. Barthiez, a French physician, who effected many wonderful cures, had no faith in his profession. He said that physicians were like blind men with sticks, with which they struck at the patient and his disease; and so much the better for the patient if they hit the malady instead of the patient himself.

WELLERISM.—"We are in the midst of a revolution," as the man said when he was caught in the fly-wheel of a steamboat.

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NEW-YORK MIRROR,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Embellished with Fine Engravings, and Musick arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

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VOLUME SIXTEEN. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1839. NUMBER FORTY-TWO.

ORIGINAL TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

A SCHOOL INCIDENT.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART THE SECOND.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

A few weeks after this incident, my father asked me to ride with him, which I was often in the habit of doing. It was a pleasant summer afternoon, and we pursued our way down to the ferry-boat that plied between New-York and Hoboken. I never knew nature more peaceful and beautiful, and perhaps the scene from the Bay is as lovely, in its way, as the earth can show.

On landing we rode up a delightful path that led through a thick wood along the shore, commanding magnificent views of the town, river, bay, shipping, and neighbouring country. At length we stopped at a small cottage, the aspect of which charmed me greatly. It was white as snow, and the little columns by the door were intertwined with flowers. A neat garden lay on one side, and a small hot-house appeared to contain some rare plants.

"Is it not a pretty spot?" said my father.

I fully acquiesced, and discovered some anxiety to learn whom we had come to visit.

"Let us enter," said my father.

We did so. If anything could surpass the neatness of the exterior, it was the internal arrangements of this lovely and yet simple abode. There was nothing to be seen costly or elegant; all was plain and unpretending; but the curtains were of a snowy whiteness, the floor and tables clean; and everything arranged with the utmost order. Some pleasing paintings hung against the walls, and were placed on the mantelpiece, and several cases were filled with books. An aged lady of a pleasing appearance, and a young girl—than whom I thought I had never seen any one so beautiful, did the honours of our reception. They seemed to have expected my father, for a table was set out, with a spotless napkin, a large bowl of cream, and some sugared fruits. There was a piano and musick-books, and after having partaken of the refreshment, the young girl was requested to try the piano, of which it appeared my father had just made her a present. There was a little air of mystery about all this which I could not fathom. Our beautiful companion complied without hesitation. Her voice was full of musick; she had been well taught, and, moreover, possessed taste and feeling. She sang some melodies then recently published by Moore, with a simplicity that charmed me. Her air had in it something pensive that awakened sympathy. Her smile was soft and sweet, and left her features sad; and in the melancholy passages of the musick, I thought I detected in her manner a feeling as if she were applying the sentiment to herself. I was strongly interested in her, and, on our return, was vehement in expressions of delight.

"They are an interesting family," said my father; "a natural refinement imparts to them the elegance and taste generally derived from education."

"They are not common people, certainly," said I.

"The grandmother is a plain woman, full of good sense," replied my father, "without any of the advantages of cultivation. The young lady has received many advantages. You will be surprised when I tell you who they are, since they seem to have made such a favourable impression upon you. The elderly lady is the grandmother of Mr. Brace, your unfortunate usher. The other is his sister."

"Mr. Brace!" said I "Mr Brace! What, that despotick, cruel, stupid pedagogue, are *they* relations of *his?*"

"You are a little too fast, my son," said my father. "Mr. Brace, whatever may be his faults, is neither stupid nor a pedagogue. If he has an unfortunate manner, he has a good head and a good heart."

"Mr Brace!"

"You shall judge for yourself. His father was a southern merchant, originally poor, who amassed a rapid fortune and educated his children as you have seen. Mr. Brace was intended for the bar, and his sister received the accomplishments which her father deemed proper for a lady. A few years ago the father died suddenly and a bankrupt."

"A bankrupt!"

"A bankrupt—leaving his widow, daughter and son, penuyless and friendless in a world which, for the orphan, has little charms."

"The orphan!"

Mr. Brace stepped forward for the support of his bereaved family. He had not yet acquired his profession, and had, therefore, no means of gaining a livelihood but labouring as an usher in a school. For a long time he could not succeed even in the sad alternative of getting this species of employment. Mr. Stanley at length heard of him, and understanding his situation, his honesty, and high sense of honour, he engaged him in his establishment. He has found him a faithful and useful aid. His only fault is a too eager zeal in his vocation. It arises from an honourable wish to do his duty. With the salary connected with this situation—he has, for some years, supported his mother and sister in this cottage, whither he repaired, every evening, after the toils of the day, to cheer their minds—to bring them the little comforts of life—and to pursue his studies. He has a taste for botany. The pretty garden is the work of his hands; as are also the paintings, which you admired upon the walls. I am told that it would be impossible to find a more devoted son and affectionate brother His manner is hard and unprepossessing. Perhaps he is wanting in the more light and graceful attributes of character. He cannot sing, or dance"—(I thought there was a little irony in the emphasis of these words,)—"and he has not, as Othello says, 'those soft parts of speech which chamberers have;' but what then—he has the virtues of a man, and a good one. He performs a duty He is offering up the truest worship to his Maker. To the heart of that aged mother he is a support—a happiness; to the tender beauty of his sister, he is a protector and a guide. Their prayers ascend for him daily." Tears rolled down my cheeks. "You are aware, my dear boy," continued my father, "that in consequence of the incident with you, he has lost his place. He has now no means of support, and is living upon the limited savings of his past labours Mr. Stanley told me, that he had never a better instructor, only for that manner, which prevented his being popular among his boys. He could not retain him in his service after what occurred, 'without injuring the reputation of his establishment.'"

"I am very sorry, sir. I had no idea that any such consequences would or could have followed what I did. I will go down on my knees to him, before the whole school, if Mr. Stanley will take him back."

"No—that would not be proper—I do not admire kneeling on such slight occasions. What is done, is done. I do not attach any particular criminality to your share in it. Mr. Brace, whatever may be his virtues, was certainly to blame; and so is Mr. Stanley, for pursuing such a brutal system of instruction. I allow much for your situation, and do not wish to impair your self-respect. Such collisions are disagreeable, but they may be sometimes necessary. I have given you this insight into the affair, not to humiliate or wound, but to instruct you. I wish you to see how good and evil are linked together—what painful consequences may unexpectedly follow from the indulgence of a momentary impulse—what a dangerous thing it is to go through life without reflection, prudence, moderation, and forbearance. It is not always proper to pursue a course to the extremity, even when you are in the right. I fear you have neglected opportunities to conciliate Mr. Brace; or, that having found yourself in that relation with him, you did not take the most wise and noble course to escape from it."

"What other could I have taken, sir? A blow put an end to my presence of mind. I lost my reason, and if I had held in my hand a pistol, I cannot say but that I should have discharged it. I was scarcely conscious what I did."

"Exactly, but you should never suffer yourself to lose coolness and presence of mind—he who does so, is as bad as a drunkard—and you confess, you might have committed *murder*."

"What could I, what ought I to have done?"

"Listen —When I was a boy, like yourself, at school, one of my friends was placed in a situation resembling yours. He, like you, had determined never to submit to a blow, and a hot-headed usher, like Mr. Brace, one day struck him. He was larger than you, and was possessed of sufficient personal strength, to have knocked him down. Instead of doing so, he very calmly said, 'Sir, my respect for these walls, and my unwillingness to afford a bad example, make me bear the indignity which you have inflicted upon me: I have done no wrong, and cannot be disgraced by a punishment which I have never merited; but I shall request my father to remove me from a situation, where I may be to-morrow exposed to a similar injustice.' The usher was rebuked by his calmness and magnanimity, and frightened by the consciousness that he had been in the wrong. He solicited his forgiveness before all those who had witnessed the insult, and, not only did he never again presume to strike the young hero—for, he has since become known to the world as one—but the custom of corporeal punishment, before too prevalent in the school, went almost entirely out of fashion."

"Ah, my dear father, if I had but known this story before—"

"Do not be grieved—life is full of similar dilemmas—you will not long want opportunities of displaying moral courage and self-command, if you possess them.—With them, you may become anything—without them, my son, as you advance in life, you will be betrayed into actions, which will cover you with regret and self-reproach."

SKETCHES OF THE METROPOLIS.

THE STREETS OF NEW-YORK.

BROADWAY—CHATHAM-STREET.

I love the streets of our modern Babel. There is not a foot of the *trottoir* in Broadway, from its union with the pliant carpet of verdure on the Battery, until it skirts the gravel walks of the Park, which is not dear to me, as the dark eyes and shadowy lashes of a *houri* to the heart of a true Mussulman.

There is poetry in the very flagging of that charming thoroughfare, for hath it not echoed to the tread of her, the very sole of whose slipper was a shrine at which I was a devout worshipper? Discourse not to me of the nooks and solitary places which cluster around the picturesque shores of our inland seas, and majestick rivers, while I can roam along the crowded thoroughfares of the metropolis—a hermit amid the multitude—weaving mine own bright fancies at will—or, if it please me to dally awhile with the thoughtless, or laugh with the merry, or to attodinize with the fashionable—the lamp of Aladdin is mine—presto-change—and it is gone!

Broadway—dear Broadway! Channel of the gay and serious—the wealthy and the houseless—the clothed in purple, and the half-clad in linsey-woolsey—thy restless current, like the waters of Lethe, rolls onward to oblivion—leaving no trace of the desires and passions, monstrosities and vagaries which run their daily career within thy limits! It is a common truism, uttered alike by citizen and stranger, that there is but *one* Broadway in America. Other cities have their beautiful promenades and attractive thoroughfares—but he who desires to view human nature in all its varieties—to meet splendour and parade, frivolity and eccentricity, pride and humility mingled, and jostled, and jumbled together, for one moment—and the next separate and distinct—distant as earth from heaven—must visit *the* Broadway.

From the Bowling Green to Cedar-street, fashionable boarding-houses invite resident and visiter to enjoy their comforts and luxuries. Between Cedar and Canal-streets, shops tastefully adorned meet the eye on either hand. Here are displayed in their most alluring dress the wares of booksellers and musick venders—dealers in silks, satins and laces—importers of toys, carpeting, and annuals—confectioners and perfumers—merchant tailors, hatters, and jewellers: in short, every article which can please the fancy is here daily exposed to the gaze of the curious

Opposite the Park—Titan-like—rises the Astor House, massive—substantial and imposing—its interior combining all the conveniences and elegancies of a princely hotel—its hundreds of servants marshalled into obedience and system by the admirable tact and skill of the proprietors.

A lounge in the saloon of the Astor, during the hours of arrivals and departures, is a study. Scores of new faces appear as if by enchantment, and dozens of familiar countenances vanish in a breath. The dark-eyed daughter of the south flits by like a beautiful vision, on one hand—the laughing blue-eyed beauty of the west, and the pensive maiden from the east, attract your notice on the other. But all this bustle and activity creates no confusion. Porters, waiters, chambermaids, and bar-keepers, all move harmoniously within their different spheres Lounging on your ottoman you touch the elastick spring at your elbow, and in a twinkling your wishes are gratified.

The American, on the opposite corner of Barclay-street, attracts your notice—conducted by that favourite of the travelling publick, Cozzens, whose hotel at West Point was so long the centre of attraction during the seasons of bud, blossom, and fruit. Like the proprietors of the Astor, Cozzens is an *artist*. Possessing a rare tact of giving to his wishes the force of command, he appears ever at your side when his presence is desired. The City-Hotel still continues one of the distinct features of Broadway, and is said to be conducted admirably by its new proprietors—while Washington Hotel, Carlton-House, and the Atheneum above, and Congress-Hall, the Tremont, and Franklin below the Park, still flourish as of old.

If you desire a bird's-eye view of this great thoroughfare at its most attractive point, join me on some sunny afternoon at the American Museum, situated at the junction of Broadway, Chatham Row, and Ann-street. We will pause on the balcony, which communicates with the second floor, and view the living tide rolling its parted current at our feet.

Cast your eyes to the right of the City-Hall, along Chatham-street—that mighty funnel through which the population of the whole north-eastern section of the city is disgorged—and mark the crowd of bakers' and milkmen's carts, drays, coaches, omnibuses, furniture cars, and fruit, vegetable, charcoal, and oyster wagons, which block up the pavement The motley crowd on the sidewalks are, you perceive, composed of hawkers of penny papers, radishes, loco-foco matches, and pocket combs, crying their wares—mechanicks and labourers returning from their daily task—merchants' clerks, seamstresses, and loungers—merchants and shop-keepers—pick-pockets and light-fingered gentry of more humble pretensions—*valets* and *fille de chambres*, together with a miscellaneous rabble, whose whereabout and occupation remaineth a mystery to all but *old Hays* and his myrmidons.

Turning to the left, the whole sweep of Broadway, from Trinity Church to Canal-street, is within the scope of your vision. On contemplating its never-ceasing bustle, your first reflection causes you to exclaim—how much like Chatham-street, yet how dissimilar!

The same mass of human beings actuated by like passions, impulses, and desires—yet in outward seeming the very perfections of contrast. Private equipages, the highly polished panels of which flash back the sunbeams, are drawn by animals whose blood and actions might entitle them to a place in the stud of an emperour—

while the charioteer handles his gay ribands with that skill and tact which can alone be reached by a genius in his line. The liveried footman exhibits his slender form to the utmost advantage as it sways gracefully to and fro with the motion of the vehicle, and the study of a month would not qualify a tyro to rival the courteous salute with which he greets his fellows as they pass. Numbers of these beautiful vehicles roll along Broadway in fine weather, and it is pleasant to take note of the *fitness* of their appointments from the set of the harness—faultless in model and exquisite in finish—to the perfect balance of the body on its elastick springs. But beautiful as is the display of coaches, omnibuses, cabriolets, chariots, phaetons, barouches, gigs and tilburys, which pass and repass on the pavement, the *trottoir* is the great point of attraction. The votaries of fashion of either sex here exhibit their decorations to the admiring gaze of the uninitiated, and he must be fastidious indeed whose taste is not satisfied with any of the varied specimens of apparel which pass in review before him. Were it fair to individualize, I would direct your attention to yon modest little maiden in plain satin, leghorn bonnet, and fawn coloured slippers, as my *beau ideal* of taste and propriety.

It is very obvious, however, by the glance of superiority of the queen-like beauty now passing her, that we are at issue on the question of taste; and I must confess that her beautiful blue eyes and half-parting lips have reversed my decision.

Consider me, therefore, for the next five minutes enlisted in the cause of beauty in laces, flounces, and feathers, while gentlemen with quizzing-glasses at their button-hole, ebony canes and whalebone corsets, are the only gallants worthy of ranking as their escort. But the *coup d'œil* is still more imposing; and the brilliant throng, with their gay dresses, throw the more humble features of the prospect into shadow, until the shifting panorama appears like a moving rainbow.

Chatham, below Pearl-street, is the *Lombard-street* of the metropolis, where the descendants of the once favoured children of Israel are congregated as pawnbrokers and dealers in second-hand clothing.

Chatham square, from time immemorial, has been the paradise of *shoe dealers*, where "*leather* and *prunella*" obviously holds a higher rank than was assigned to them by the Bard of Avon.

I was much amused in passing by the shops of these *helpers to the understanding*, a few evenings since, to view the ingenious methods they devised to attract custom. On the front of one, the words "*no humbug*" stood in bold relief—while the door of his neighbour was filled by an immense boot, over which the largest specimen of ox horns I ever witnessed spread their ample dimensions as if in triumph.

The floors of these cordwainers are at times covered with handbills, illustrating the superiority and cheapness of their wares, while, as if apologetical for the apparent paradox of each selling lower than his neighbour, you are informed in staring capitals that the "nimble sixpence is better than the slow shilling."

After reviewing our city at every point, I am convinced that Chatham-square, on the west side, exhibits a more dense crowd, near the hour of twilight, than any other section; and the force of the current being upwards, it requires no little skill in the pedestrian who successfully attempts a passage in the opposite direction.—*Madisonian.*

SELECTIONS FROM NEW PUBLICATIONS.

TRAVELS IN ARABIA PETRÆA.

There is no portion of the earth's surface, towards which the attention of the civilized world is turned with a deeper interest and curiosity than to that which forms the subject of an attractive work, entitled "Impressions of Travel in Arabia Petræa," by Alexander Dumas, translated from the French by a lady of New York. The author, M. Dumas, is well known as a poet of distinguished genius, and a highly successful dramatick writer. His "Impressions" in this work are conveyed with great liveliness and truth, and there is a vein of buoyant humour running through his descriptions, which gives them a peculiar charm. The translator, who is understood to be Mrs Edward S. Gould, has executed her task with a spirit and ability, which attach to the English edition much of the merit of an original work. It may be said of it, as of Coleridge's Wallenstein, that it is a transfusion of thoughts and expressions from one language into another rather than a translation of words and idioms. The peculiar humour, and the flashes of poetry, which irradiate the pages of the original, are conveyed with equal and sometimes superior power to the English reader. We have rarely met with a translation, which, while it was so far from being literal, was so faithful and unexceptionable.

The contents of the volume are of a character highly interesting and instructive to the biblical student, and at the same time amusing to those readers, who require the stimulants of romance and novelty to pique their intellectual appetites. The description of Cairo is one of the best and most ample we remember to have seen; and the account of Napoleon's campaign in Egypt furnishes many incidents and facts not generally known. The author's bivouac with the Arabs—his adventures in the Desert—the exploits of Salem, the Robber, who was "supple as a serpent, active as a panther, light as a gazelle"—the passage of the Red Sea on foot, without the intervention of a miracle—the wanderings in the "Bewildering Valley"—and the visit to Mount Sinai, are all described with a vivacity and beauty of style which cannot fail to interest.

We subjoin a few extracts from this valuable work, recommending the reader to possess himself of the whole without delay.

THE BATHS OF ALEXANDRIA.

After the mosque, the bath is the finest embellishment of oriental cities. The one to which I was conducted is a vast edifice of simple architecture, and neatly ornamented. At the entrance is a large vestibule, having rooms on the right and left for the reception of cloaks, and, in the rear, a door hermetically closed. Through this door you pass into a room warmer than the surrounding atmosphere, and from this (as I afterwards learned) you may retreat if you choose; but put your foot in one of the adjoining closets, and you are no longer your own master: two attendants seize you, and, for the time, you are the property of the establishment.

Much to my surprise, this was my predicament. I had scarcely entered a closet, when two strong men belonging to the bath laid hold of me, and, in an instant, I was stripped to the skin. One of them passed a linen shawl around my waist, while the other buckled on my feet a pair of gigantick clogs, which at once made me a foot taller. This mode of shoeing not only rendered flight impossible, but, by its clumsy elevation, destroyed my equilibrium; and I should inevitably have fallen, had not the two men supported me on either side. I was fairly caught; I could not retreat, and therefore suffered them to lead whither they would

We passed into another room. Here, whatever might be my resignation, the vapour and heat stifled me. I thought that my guides had mistaken the way, and trundled me into an oven. I tried to shake them off, but my resistance was anticipated. Besides, I was in no condition for a trial of strength, and was obliged to confess myself vanquished. In a few moments I was astonished at perceiving that, as the perspiration poured from me, my lungs began to dilate, and my respiration returned. In this state I passed through five or six rooms, the heat of which increased so rapidly that I began to believe man had for five thousand years mistaken his proper element, and that his appropriate destiny was boiling or roasting.

At last we came to the furnace Here the fog was so dense that I could not see two steps before me, and the heat so entirely insupportable that I partly fainted. I shut my eyes, and resigned myself to my guides in utter helplessness. After leading, or rather carrying me a few steps further, they took off my girdle, unhooked my clogs, and extended me, half-swooning, on something like a marble table in the middle of the apartment.

Here, again, I soon became accustomed to the infernal atmosphere. I prudently took advantage of the gradual return of my faculties, and looked about me. With my other senses, my sight revived; and, despite the fog, I made out with tolerable accuracy the surrounding objects. My tormentors seemed to have forgotten me for a moment: they were busy at one side of the room. I lay in the centre of a large, square saloon, incrusted, to the height of five or six feet, with variously coloured marbles; a series of spouts threw out incessantly streams of smoking water, which, falling, on the pavement beneath, glided thence into four basins, like cauldrons, at the four corners of the room. On the surface of the water in these basins was an indefinite number of bald heads bobbing about, and expressing, by the most grotesque contortions of face, various degrees of felicity. This spectacle so occupied my attention, that I scarcely heeded the return of my masters. They came, however; one with a large wooden bowl of soap-suds, the other with a ball of fine hemp. Suddenly one of the rascals inundated my face and neck with his suds; and the other, seizing me by the shoulder, rubbed most furiously my face and breast with his hemp. This treatment and the pain induced by it were so perfectly intolerable, that all my powers of resistance and resentment awakened at once. I bolted upright, kicked my hempen friend half across the room, and planted my fist in the face of soap-suds with such good will that he lay sprawling on the floor. Then, knowing of no other remedy for the soap, (which was blistering my skin,) I drew a straight line for the basin that seemed the most inhabited, and boldly plunged in. I had misjudged. The remedy was worse than the disease. Before, my face and neck were canterised: now, my whole body was scalded: the water was boiling! I yelled with pain; sprang on and over my neighbours, who could not comprehend my case; and got out of the tub *almost* as rapidly as I got in. However, I was not rapid enough to escape the effect of the ablution: my body was as red as a lobster. I was stupified! I must be dreaming, or riding a night-mare. Yet there was no deception. Here, under my very eyes, were men stewing in a broth of which I had *tried* the temperature, who evidently took great delight in the operation. What could it mean? My notions of pleasure and pain became confused: they could *enjoy* what to me was *agony!* I once more resolved to resign myself to fate. I doubted my own judgment. I distrusted my own senses. I determined, again, to submit to my tormentors. They came, having recovered from my assault. I followed them without resistance to another basin. They made signs to me to descend the steps: I obeyed, and found myself in water of about thirty-five or forty degrees according to the scale of Celsius, forty of which correspond to one hundred and twenty degrees of Fahrenheit. This seemed to me temperate.

From this I passed to another of a higher temperature, but still supportable. I remained in it, as in the first, about three minutes. I then proceeded to the third, which was still some ten or twelve degrees hotter; and, finally, reached the fourth, where I had commenced my hellish apprenticeship. I approached it with the greatest repugnance, but I had made up my mind to go through with my desperate adventure. I first dipped my toe in the water: it was hot, certainly; but not so scalding as before. I gradually immersed my whole body, and was surprised to find it endurable. In a few seconds I thought no more of it, though I am confident the heat of the water must have reached to sixty or sixty-five degrees. When I emerged, my skin had changed from the lobster scarlet to a crimson.

My attendants now again took me in hand. They replaced the linen around my waist, bound a shawl on my head, and led me back through the rooms by which I had entered (taking care to add to my covering at each change of atmosphere) until I arrived at the chamber where I was so unceremoniously stripped. Here I found a good carpet and pillow. My turban and girdle were taken off, I was enveloped in a large woollen gown, and left alone.

I had now an undefinable feeling of comfort. I was perfectly happy; yet so exhausted, that when the door was opened, half an hour after, I had not changed my position by the movement of a finger or a muscle.

The new comer was a sinewy and well-set Arab. He approached my couch as if he had some business with me. I looked on him with a sort of dread very natural to a man who had passed such an ordeal as I have described; but I was too weak to attempt to rise. He took my left-hand; cracked all its joints, and did the same to the right. After my hands, he administered upon my feet and knees; and, to finish the matter, he dexterously threw me into the position of a pigeon-to-be-broiled, and gave me the *coup de grâce* by cracking the vertebræ of my spine. I screamed with terrour, thinking my back-bone was broken, to a certainty My *masseur* then kneaded my arms, legs and thighs for a quarter of an hour, and left me I was weaker than ever; my joints all pained me, and I had not strength sufficient to cover myself with the carpet.

A servant now brought me coffee, pastiles, and a pipe; and left me to intoxicate myself with perfume and tobacco. I passed half an hour in a drowsy state, lost in the vagaries of a delicious inebriation, experiencing a feeling of happiness before unknown, and entertaining a supreme indifference to every (absent) earthly thing.

I was awakened from this by a barber, who shaved me, and combed my whiskers and moustaches. Next, my Arab returned, to whom I made signs that I wished to depart. He brought my clothes, assisted me in my toilet, and led me to the chamber opening on the vestibule, where I found my cloak. The cost of this entertainment, was a piastre and a half, or about ten cents.

CARAVANS IN THE DESERT.

Once set in motion, nothing arrests the progress of the caravan. Necessity urges them forward, for the two demons of the desert, hunger and thirst, are behind them. As long as the day lasts, they speed onward, like waves before a tempest. The sick fall, and none pause to help them. Mothers, who have not strength to carry their children, lie down beside them. The hyenas and jackals follow the caravan, as the wolves followed Attila's army. Each evening they halt at an old encamping ground, easily recognized from the heaps of bones, left by their predecessors: and each morning they depart, leaving a new supply of bodies to replenish the monument for future guidance. After a march, or rather a race, of eight days, the remnant of this host arrives, diminished in its numbers one third or one half, at Korti; where again falling in with the Nile, they pursue its course without interruption, and in great comparative comfort, to Cairo. Sometimes it occurs that during the eight days in the desert the simoom arises, and shakes its wings of fire over the devoted host. *Then* soldiers and slaves disappear in the Nubian sands, as did the army of Cambyses in the wilderness of Ammon. The pacha waits impatiently for the return of his army with the captives: time rolls on; he makes search for them; but no trace can be found—not even a rumour can be heard: conjecture alone may apprize him that the bones of his troops and his victims are bleaching in the trackless wastes of the desert. I know not if these details will make an impression on any who may chance to read them in the midst of a city, and by their own firesides; but I do know, that when one is in the desert, suffering heat, hunger and thirst—when he sees those waves of sand undulating on the horizon, which the breath of the khamseen may the next moment cause to roll over him—when he hears the wild concert of hyenas and jackals—then these details will depress him with a mighty and solemn power. For my own part, this was one of the most meditative nights of my life. Happily, we had the expectation of arriving at Sinai on the following day; and this fact was a balm for fatigue, a panacea for wo.

ROMANCE OF THE HAREM.

We have read Miss Pardoe's last new work, under this title, with much interest. Like all the writings of that lady, it abounds in beautiful thoughts and pleasant fancies. We take the following poetick gems from the volumes before us.

THE RAIN-DROP.

There was a bright and sunny sky
Spread over a laughing land,
But one small vapour was floating by,
Where the wild wave kissed the strand;
As it passed o'er the ocean-swell,
A rain-drop from the dark cloud fell

"Alas!" the limpid moisture sigh'd,
As it clave the yielding air;
"And must I perish in that salt tide,
And die unregarded there!
Hard is my fate to be thus riven
From my glorious place mid the vault of heaven!"

Down, down it fell; but ere the tide
Touched the bright sand of the shore,
An oyster that thirsted, open'd wide
Its pearl-encrusted door;
And by the soft breathing of the air,
The limpid drop was wafted there.

Time pass'd—and then a fisher came,
And from that oyster drew
A precious prize, whose wondrous fame
Through many a region flew;
The rain-drop had become a gem,
To deck a monarch's diadem!

THE HEART'S FREEDOM.

Oh! the heart is a free and a fetterless thing,
A wave of the ocean! a bird on the wing!
A riderless steed o'er the desert-plain bounding,
A peal of the storm o'er the valley resounding;
It spurns at all bonds, and it mocks the decree
Of the world and its proud ones, and dares to be free!

Oh! the heart may be tamed by a smile or a tone
From the lip and the eye of a beautiful one;
But the frown and the force with its impulse contending,
Ever find it as adamant, cold and unbending;
It may break, it may burst, but its tyrants will see
That even in ruin it dares to be free!

JOY.

Joy is a bird!
Catch it as it springs;
It will return no more
When once it spreads its wings
Its song is gay, but brief
The voice of sunny weather;
But, ah! the bird and leaf
Vanish both together!

Joy is a flower!
Pluck it in its bloom;
'Twill close its petals up
If darker skies should gloom.
It is a lovely thing,
And formed for sunny weather;
But, ah! the flower and spring
Vanish both together!

Joy is a child!
Seize it in its mirth;
For soon its lip will know
The withering taint of earth.
The eye is bright as truth,
A type of sunny weather;
But, ah! the smile and youth
Vanish both together!

MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS.

ORIGIN OF FEMALE NAMES.

We shall have the pleasure, in this paper, of informing those of our fair friends who bear names derived from the German tongue, and others in modern use, what is the signification of their various appellations; a piece of information, which, unless specially given to philological studies, they are not likely to acquire. Those over whom the words *Adelaide* or *Adeline* have been pronounced at the fount, are, etymologically speaking, *princesses*, such being the interpretation of these German terms. They are beautiful names. If the preceding names be of regal strain, *Alice* or *Alicia* is of the peerage, signifying *noble*; and a sweet name it is, for the bride of baron or burgess. *Amelia*, changed into *Emily* or *Amy*, is of French origin, and has the meaning of *beloved*. Amy Robsart rises at once to the mind in its search for individuals who have graced these appellations. It would be almost a relief to the feelings to think the sad story of Amy Robsart a fiction, but almost all our historians admit that her death was occasioned by a fall from a staircase, the result of a cruel plot on the part of her ambitious husband. Julius Mickle's ballad, beginning thus beautifully—

> "The dews of summer night did fall,
> The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
> Silver'd the walls of Cumnor hall,
> And many an oak that grew thereby,"

amply shows the general belief that the people dwelling in the neighbourhood of the scene of the tragedy. So that *Amy* is justly to be held as a name hallowed by beauty and misfortune.

Blanche is one of the loveliest of female names. It is from the French, and signifies *white* or *fair*, which is also the meaning of *Bianca*, the Italian form of Blanche. It would be decidedly a pleasure to the ear to have such a name as Blanche in more common use, and we would beg to hint to fair womankind that it is a matter of no light importance to them to bear agreeable names of this sort. Men may not absolutely marry on the bare score of name, yet it must be no trifling pleasure to have it in one's power to sound such a name as Blanche in chamber or lobby of one's wedded home, when any matter required the joint conjugal consideration. *Bridget* is one of the few Irish names in use among us. It signifies *bright* or *shining bright*, and is a very *decent* name of the Deborah order, applicable with much propriety to good old housekeepers or buxom dairy-maids. *Charlotte* is the feminine of Charles, and has the same meaning as that formerly mentioned, *valiant-spirited*, or *prevailing*, which last character is applicable, we have no doubt, to many fair Charlottes, wedded and unwedded. Charlotte Corday, a young Judith, who freed her country from a worse than Holofernes, did no dishonour to this name. *Caroline*, also, is a feminine form of the word Charles, or rather of its Latinised shape, Carolus, and has the same signification, of course, as Charlotte. Both of these are common female names, and are not undeserving of being so. *Edith* and *Eleanor* are from the Saxon, and signifying respectively *happy* and *all-fruitful*. The original form of Edith was *Eadith* or *Eade*, and a version of the name, nearly the same as the latter of these, was the baptismal appellation of Byron's child,

> "*Ada*, sole daughter of my house and heart."

Emma is generally understood to be from the German word signifying a *nurse*, or a *good nurse*. *Imma* was the form in which the name was borne by Charlemagne's daughter, a lady who distinguished herself by a remarkable proof of affection for her lover Eginhard, the emperour's secretary. This attached pair not daring to meet openly, on account of the comparative meanness of the lover's rank, held their interviews in the princess's apartments. While they were there together one night, a fall of snow came on, and left the ground covered. This was only found out by the lovers when they were about to part, and caused them great alarm. Eginhard had to cross a courtyard, and his footsteps in the snow would have betrayed his visit. In this dilemma, the princess Imma took her lover on her back, and carried him across the court, knowing that her own footsteps would excite neither remark nor suspicion. But it chanced that Charlemagne had risen from his couch that night, and opened his window, which overlooked the same court, and which permitted him to see, by the moonlight, the stratagem to which love had driven his daughter. The emperour at once admired her conduct and was enraged at the whole circumstance, but he suppressed his ire until sometime afterwards, when he laid the matter before his council, and asked their advice. Opinions were divided on the point, and Charlemagne adopted the lenient course. He gave the hand of Imma to her lover. Such is the story of the first person in history whom we find to bear the name of Imma or Emma.

Frances is a very agreeable name, the feminine of Francis, and has the like meaning of *frank* or *free*. *Gertrude*, also from the German, signifies *all truth*. Gertrude must ever be associated in our minds with the image of young, gentle, beauteous, trusting woman, because such was the character of her of Wyoming, who was

> "The love of Pennsylvania's shore."

Harriet and *Henrietta*, since Henry, the corresponding male name, signifies *rich lord*, may be held to signify *rich lady*, a meaning not unworthy of the names. *Magdalene* is from the Syriack, (some say Hebrew,) and has the sense of *magnificent*. Around this name, circumstances, that oblivion cannot touch, have thrown sad yet sweet recollections. Its more common form is *Madelina* or *Madeline*, than which nothing can be more pleasant to the ear or eye. *Melicent* or *Mellicent* is a name sweet as honey, and *honey-sweet* is indeed its interpretation in the French tongue. Even in the contracted state of *Melly*, there is a degree of mellifluousness about this term. *Rosabelle* might be adopted into familiar family use with much propriety. It is immediately from the Italian Rosabella, which signifies a *fair rose*. *Tabitha* is a name which was not once uncommon in Britain, but somehow or other it has been assigned over from the human to the feline race. *Tabby* is a cat, and nothing but a cat. The term is from the Syriack, and signifies a *roe*, a very different animal, indeed, from puss. The famous sister of Matthew Bramble, in Smollett's Humphrey Clinker, did much to make old maids sharers with puss in the use of Tabitha in all time coming. In the same novel occurs the name of *Winifred*, which signifies *winning peace*. The famous countess of Nithsdale, who contrived the escape of her doomed husband from the Tower of London, was a Winefred, and a bright honour to the name. A sainted lady of Wales, however, was a much more wonderful Winefred. Hear the illustrious Pennant on this subject.

"In the seventh century there lived a virgin of the name of Wenefrede, of noble parents, and niece to St. Beuno. Beuno, after building a church and founding a convent in Carnarvon, visited his relations in Flintshire, and, obtaining from his brother-in-law a little spot at the foot of a hill where he resided, erected on it a church, and took under his care his niece Wenefrede. After a time, a neighbouring prince of the name of Cradocus, was struck with her beauty, and at all events determed to possess her. He made known his passion to the lady, who, affected with horrour, attempted to escape. The wretch, enraged at the disappointment, instantly pursued her, drew out his sabre, and cut off her head. Cradocus received on the spot the reward of his crime; he fell down dead, and the earth swallowed up his impious corpse."

"The severed head of Wenefrede," continues the legend, "took its way down the hill, and stopped near the church. The valley, which, from its uncommon dryness, heretofore received the name of *Sych nant*, indicative in Welsh, of that circumstance, now lost its name. A spring of uncommon size burst from the place where the head rested. The moss on its sides diffused a fragrant smell. Her blood spotted the stones, which, like the flowers of Adonis, annually commemorate the fact, by assuming colours unknown to them at other times. St. Beuno took up the head of his niece, carried it to her corpse, and, offering up his devotions, joined it nicely to the body, which instantly re-united. The place was visible only by a slender white line encircling her neck, in memory of a miracle far surpassing that worked by St. Dionysius, who marched many miles after decapitation with his head in his hands. St. Wenefrede survived her decollation fifteen years."

The honour in which the heroine of this legend was held, is testified by the remains of a beautiful polygonal well, covered with a rich arch, and supported by pillars, which still exist on the spot where the miraculous stream gushed forth. The ruins of a beautiful chapel of Gothick architecture are also visible there. The whole legend is carved on the well. Such is the *true* history of the most famous of the Winifreds.

We have reached the close of our list, or rather lists, and yet we find that some names, not unworthy of being noticed, have been omitted, chiefly because they do not belong to any of the beforementioned divisions, being in part, at least, the creation of fancy. Shakspeare and other great poets seem to have been as successful in the invention of names, as on other points to which they applied their imagination. We do not know that *Rosalind* was of Shakspeare's invention, but, whether it was so or not, it sounds in our ears as one of the very sweetest of names, and we would humbly recommend its general adoption.

> "From the east to western Ind,
> No jewel is like Rosalind."

The first part of the name is evidently from the Latin *rosa*, a *rose*, like Rosamunda, but the *lind* is most probably a termination appended for mere euphony. Shakspeare's Viola, too (a violet), is worthy of all acceptation. The name, under the form of *Violet*, is not uncommon among us. And then *Miranda*, which signifies *to be admired*, as is expressed in the exclamation of Prince Ferdinand, when he first hears it,

> "Admired Miranda! indeed the top of admiration!"

Perdita, which signifies *the lost*, or *a foundling*, is no whit inferior to the preceding; and the same may be said of Cordelia, which has the meaning of *cordial*, or *hearty*. But of all Shakspeare's names, one, which he in all probability invented, and which has no meaning that we are aware of, is perhaps the most beautiful. This is *Imogen*. Why should appellations like these lie unused, while the changes are rung upon a limited number of names of far inferiour beauty, till absolute confusion is created in families and nations? Why should the *Eurine* of Ben Jonson, with the meaning of *spring* or *vernal*, or why should the

> "Heavenly *Una* with her milk-white lamb"

of Spenser, which signifies the *only one*, be laid aside and forgotten? Let the ancient stores be drawn upon, and let us have the pleasure of at least uttering a musical sound every time we speak to each other. We say this, half-jestingly, half-seriously; jestingly, because we fear that others may be disposed to look upon the matter in a jesting light; and, seriously, because we really think that too little care is usually exercised in the selection of names, and because to pass by beautiful names for others every way inferior, seems to us something like wearing coarse garments when fine ones are at our command. The long lists which we have now gone over put it at least in the power of those who feel desirous of so doing, to exert a choice in this matter for the benefit of their yet nameless posterity.—*Edinburgh Journal.*

THE QUEEN AND THE LIONS.

We had the good fortune (having fallen asleep during the performance) to be in the theatre at Drury, when her majesty witnessed the feeding of the lions on the stage, after the audience had been let out. A plaguey side-scene, placed just before our side-box, intercepted our view for some time, but at length we got a sight of the royal party. The following is all we can recollect of the conversation which took place:

"Don't you feel very much afraid sometimes when you've got your head in the lion's mouth, Mr. Van Amburgh?" said a thin clear voice; "and is it true that, if the lion wags his tail, he is sure to bite your head off?"—Van Amburgh "aggravated his voice" to such a submissive whisper that I could'nt hear what he said in reply. He did not seem half so independent as his beasts, who were roaring away, and clawing at their bars, and lashing their tails like the surges of the ocean.

"Dear, dear, what a sweet pretty leopard!" said the same pretty voice; "and so playful too. Well, I should like to have one of your leopards, Mr. Van Amburgh. Cousin Ali should feed it. What a delightful romp I could have with it! Mais gardez vous, Madame la Baronne"—and then there was a loud scream and clear laugh. "Well, I could'nt have thought that the creatures was so fierce! Oh! the dreadful brute. I dare say he would almost attack me if I went near the oars."

"Do you think, Mr. Van Amburgh," said the young lady again, "you could take another lamb in as safely as you did that one to-night. Here is one who would like very much to try the experiment," and she laid hold of the lappel of the coat of an elderly gentleman standing by, and pushed him slightly towards the bars, saying to him, "Do now, there's a good, kind man. It would be such fun." The elderly gentleman did not appear to think so. He jumped back with such agility, that, if the curtain had not been down, he must have fallen into the orchestra, and, as it was, he only saved himself by a very decided clutch of the bit of green baize. Such a laugh! Such a clear, ringing laugh, I never heard."

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

MY JOURNEY FROM HAVRE TO PARIS.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE FISE, D. D.

To Paris! hence to Paris! 'Tis the hour.
See! on the ancient church-tower points the clock,
And warns me 'tis the hour to hurry hence.
My baggage, on the brawny shoulders borne
Of a gaunt porter, chattering as he goes,
Precedes me, through the mud of narrow streets;
Sometimes impeded by the heavy cart;
Sometimes by asses, bearing on their backs
Panniers of fagots, or of fruit, for sale;
Sometimes by women, browned and wrinkled things,
Crying their fish, and treading the hard stones
With clattering sabots;—through them all we pass'd,
Not without fierce contention, and a war
Of noisy words, and desultory oaths.
We reach the "Place"—'tis that of *Notre Dame*.
The diligence, a huge, unwieldy bulk,
Stands ready:—on its top are piled,
As on a wagon, baggage of all kinds—
Mine, with the rest, is thrown upon the heap;
And leather covering, clasped with straps around,
And roughly buckled, makes them fast and safe.
My porter grasps my hand—(and money too!)
Doffs his *bonnet*, and bids me "bon voyage."

Say, reader, has it ever been thy fate
To take thy seat in a French diligence?
Thou hast beheld, in sooth, a marvellous scene!
The driver, in his magisterial strut,
Cracking his whip, and talking to his beasts.
The *conducteur*, a liveried gentleman,
With medal on his breast, and well-glazed boots
Clasping his very thighs;—he calls the names,
And gives, with dictatorial mien, his place
To every *voyageur*.—The aristocrat,
With thick mustaches and a bearded chin,
Ascends the *coupé*—the *interieur*
Is made for people of a lower grade!
And the *rotonde*, for whom?—for the *canaille!*

But on!—The driver quickly mounts the box;
The *conducteur* more slowly follows—crack!
The loud lash sounds—the horses gallop off—
The heavy wheels tear up the very stones,
And like a whirlwind through the alleys sweep,
And through the streets—and dashing through the gates,
Thunder, in freedom, on the open roads!

'Tis night—a hundred villages are pass'd—
And my companions, with their heads ensconced
In tasselled caps, conveniently snore!
I slumber not—oh! would my eyes could close
Their heavy lids in peace! and would my mind,
So pained with thinking, could forget, in sleep,
The sorrows——
But, avaunt ye gloomy thoughts!
Rouen is here—beneath the midnight shades,
Her vast cathedral, reared in gothick times,
And all her modern buildings are involved;
And if a lamp, suspended in the streets,
Sheds, ever and anon, a doubtful ray,
It scarce can flicker through the foggy night.

We snatch a brief repast—so brief, in truth,
That, ere 'tis ended, hark! the *conducteur*
Summons the travellers to take their seats.
We rush in dark confusion—and again
The horses, driven to their utmost speed,
Their heavy flight commence;—the silent streets
Beneath their hollow hoofs re-echo loud,
And wildly on, no more to pause again,
(Save to renew the cattle,) is our course;—
Till Paris, basking in the noon-day sun,
Opens her welcome gates;—along the streets,
With flourishing of horn, and headlong speed,
We thunder, dashing from our wheels the mud,
Until, amid a thousand lookers on,
Notre Dame des Victoires marks our journey's end!

NATURAL RELIGION.

Come quietly away with me, and we will walk up and down the narrow path, by the sweet-briar hedge; and we will listen to the low song of the blackbird, and the fresh air will cool our aching brows, and we shall find comfort. To these things, fresh air and the bird's song, and the fragrance of the lovely flowers, God has given a blessing; like sleep, they are his medicines—"balm of sweet minds!" We will walk to and fro under the shade of those elms, and we will be calm; bitter recollections shall be made sweet by the thought of his mercies; and in the midst of the sorrows we have in our hearts, his comforts shall refresh our souls; and our minds shall be stored with many thoughts, sweet, like the perfume of these flowers.

CHEERFULNESS.

David Hume declared he would rather possess a cheerful disposition, inclined always to look on the bright side, than, with a gloomy mind, be master of an estate of ten thousand a-year.

STANZAS.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

I.

Or what is the old man thinking,
As he leans on his oaken staff?
From the May-day pastime shrinking,
He shares not the merry laugh.
But the tears of the old man flow,
As he looks on the young and gay;
And his gray head moving slow,
Keeps time to the air they play.
The elders around are drinking,
But not one cup will he quaff;
Oh of what is the old man thinking,
As he leans on his oaken staff?

'Tis not with a vain repining
That the old man sheds a tear,
'Tis not for his strength declining—
He sighs not to linger here.
There's a spell in the air they play,
And the old man's eyes are dim,
For it calls up a past May-day,
And the dear friends lost to him.
From the scene before him shrinking,
From the dance and the merry laugh,
Of their calm repose he is thinking,
As he leans on his oaken staff.

II.

Go and forget that we have met,
Go to the friends dearest to thee;
Loved as thou art, freely depart,
When far away think not of me.
Others more fair will receive thee;
Garlands like mine they will weave thee;
Smile and deceive, they will believe,
E'en as I used to believe thee.

Though my tears flow bidding thee go,
More should I weep wert thou to stay;
Better at once all hope renounce,
Than see thee change day after day.
Go—I will never accuse thee;
Seek her whose smile will amuse thee;
She in her turn too soon may learn
What I endure thus to lose thee.

III.

I saw her on the vessel's deck,
A young and blooming bride;
Her heart's first love, her wedded lord,
Was standing at her side:
And gazing on the friends of youth,
Perchance her eyes were dim;
But, smiling through her tears she said,
I give up all for him."

Oh! long had those two beings loved,
Exchanging vows of truth;
How sad it is when sorrow stains
The happy page of youth!
When fortune smiled, her promised store
Lay in a foreign land;
But danger had no fears for them,
Encountered hand in hand.

Again she sought her native shore,
Ere two brief years were gone;
Her hand no gentle pressure felt,
She paced the deck alone!
To weep upon a mother's breast,
Again she cross'd the wave;
And, self-reproved, in secret mourns
Desertion of his grave.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FRENCH.

APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.

A PROVERB.—IN ONE ACT AND TWO TABLEAUX.

FIRST TABLEAU.

(*The stage represents a lady's elegant sleeping apartment. The orchestra expresses that the noises of the city are gradually dying away. As the curtain rises, the clock of a distant church strikes.*)

Persons.—PAULINE, *Countess de Lusy.*—AGATHE, *her femme-de-chambre.*—A MAGISTRATE.—ARTHUR DE MONTBERT, *his nephew.*—VERDIER, *royal counsellor.*—A VALET.—A DOOR-KEEPER.

SCENE I.

Agathe.—(*Is reading in an easy-chair by the fire—when the clock ceases striking, she rises.*)—Past twelve o'clock! and madame, who is always so domestick, not back from the ball yet! I listen, and listen—and hope every moment to hear the coachman calling out to the porter, "Door, if you please!"—(*A distant hoarse voice cries,* "Door, if you please!") Ah, this time, I was not mistaken; it is the countess, let us light her up.

SCENE II.

Countess.—My poor Agathe, I am actually dying of ennui!

Agathe.—Madame la Comtesse seems fatigued; will she retire to bed at once?

Countess.—No, I am not sleepy. When one comes home from a ball, the mind is the only thing dull, but the body is always restless. What a scene of idle noise, of empty talk, of profitless activity! Eyes full of dust, a void in the soul, and a brain still beating with the silly tune of a quadrille, that keeps sleep a thousand miles off. This is what we bring home with us from a ball. Give me my *peignoir*, and my writing materials.

Agathe.—What, madam, to-night?

Countess.—Ah, Agathe! why did I not stay at home, like you, by a comfortable fire, wrapped up warm, to finish the novel I began this morning!

Agathe.—I, madam! I am sure I would never think—but you, madam, who are young, lovely, and rich, how is it that you ever suffer ennui to approach you?

Countess.—For me, life has not yet fairly begun. I have been married once, and am about to be a second time—so they say, at least—and my reason and my heart have been consulted as little the second time as the first. My first lord and master was a young man, who loved nothing but himself. He spent our two fortunes so fast, and so completely, that my poor father was forced to take to hard work again, to leave me a second one. Yet this tardy wealth, he owed, as he often told me, chiefly to a large loan his brother had made him, and his dying wish was, that to pay off the debt, I should marry my cousin; my cousin Verdier, you know.

Agathe.—I know him, perfectly well, I think.

Countess.—I have now been a widow two years; but the settlement of my estate has been slow, and my cousin seems to think it prudent to wait awhile. He seems too determined not to marry me without an inventory of all my property, real and personal. I have a thousand times wished I might lose this fortune, so as to be free from him. But no, a week ago, everything was finally decided in my favour.

Agathe.—Does not your cousin know it yet?

Countess.—He has a great deal to do—he is counsellor at Versailles. Besides, this cause was decided at once, contrary to all usage, when I little hoped for success; was little prepared for it; so that I was forced, as it were, to receive a large amount of money unconsciously, and to be rich in spite of myself. My cousin will be delighted to hear it, for he loves me, I suppose.

Agathe.—I suppose he prefers the pretty fortune to the pretty widow. Why does he come here so seldom?

Countess.—He is a royal counsellor, as I told you; in the meantime, Agathe, I am *ennuyée*, in town and country; at home and abroad. Nothing will do me good but solitude. I have as yet seen nothing in this world to satisfy my previous ideas of it. I am like the child that says, "is this all?" and then sits down to cry. I hear people talk of illusions, deceptions, of unexpected results, why is it then that nothing happens to me but events known beforehand, and commonplace sensations? They say, for instance—draw the table closer—that there are beings nobly extravagant, that is to say, something out of the common order; audacious spirits, heroes, phantom-shapes. You pull my hair. They say that, to one, the devil dictates his memoirs; that a poor Scotch girl had a familiar spirit by her hearth that was in love with her; why, then, am I thus alone in the world, here in the *Rue Saintonge*, in the Marais?

Agathe.—Take care, madam, and don't speak so loud; or the genii of the ward may plunge us into some strange adventure.

Countess.—Oh no! everything about me is known and arranged beforehand, and provokingly reasonable.

Agathe.—Have you, then, forgotten that young cavalier whom you adore, without even having accosted him, whom you first saw at Versailles, and who has since so often crossed your path, in the depths of the Bois de Boulogne, or under the green oaks of Barrege?

Countess.—I sometimes think of him, but I fear he exists only in my imagination. I do not know what his name is; he met me—where, I really cannot say—and I have been foolish enough to take this fancy for a reality. To be candid, I long for new scenes and sudden surprises. I believe that there is nothing lovely, save that which is *not*, and, as Rousseau says, "the land of Chimeras is the only one fit to live in." But go to sleep, and may your slumber be free from idle dreams.—(*She quits the room.*)—Alas the day! I must set to work and write; better now than to-morrow, since it is on business. It is time I invited my grave cousin to come back from Versailles. Well, well, since I owe him myself in payment of my father's debts, it is just as well to deliver up the bride and the dower as speedily as possible. I shall, at any rate, be free from the danger of watching both of them. The dower! when I reflect that almost the whole of it is here in my possession, here, in that little secretary, I begin to grow uneasy. A woman, sole guardian of a portfolio, with five hundred thousand francs! If it was known, would I be safe? Five hundred thousand francs, in this money-getting age! It would be a troublesome charge, even for a banker; how much more so, then, for a widow, with only a few servants around her, at the end of this vast, solitary hotel! Well, well, I must make up my mind to take a husband—husbands understand how to take good care of their money. I noticed this evening the wife of our neighbour, the rich banker; he leaves her exposed alone to all the attacks of amorous glances and soft speeches; but he takes good care to have his darling ducats under lock and key. So I'll e'en write at once.

"You must know then, my dear cousin."—(*The door behind her opens gently.*)—Eh! is that you again, Agathe! What have you forgotten? eh! Why don't you answer?—(*The lamp goes almost out.*)—Oh heavens; a man! a stranger!

SCENE III.

(*The Stranger is elegantly dressed and muffled in a cloak. He wears white gloves; on entering, he cuts the bell-rope, and lowers the lamp.*)

The Stranger.—Make no noise, madam, I beg of you.

Countess.—Who are you, sir? I do not know you!

The Stranger.—Don't be alarmed.—(*The Countess tries to gain the door; she is led back to her seat with the greatest politeness.*)—Do pray be good enough not to try to alarm your servants; the first scoundrel that enters here, is a dead man.

Countess.—I am choking.

The Stranger.—I have not come to offer you any violence, madam, and—(*laying a pair of pistols on the table*)—I should be deeply grieved at causing you any uneasiness.—(*The Countess runs to another bell; the rope comes off in her hand.*)—Don't be alarmed, I repeat; and give me, too, an instant to recollect myself, for it is impossible to approach so much beauty without agitation.

Countess.—What is your object, sir?—Do not come near me!

The Stranger.—Your figure makes apprehensions of that kind very intelligible, madam, but your chaste fears are groundless.

Countess.—Oh, fool that I was! I thought of spirits.—(*Aloud.*)—Then, sir, you are a th—

The Stranger.—Oh fie, no! I have some engagements to fulfil, madam, some obligations that you would regard as sacred, if it was in my power to state them to you, and I really must honour them.

Countess.—I do not understand you, sir!

The Stranger.—I have not been fortunate in my late speculations at the Stock Exchange. Still I feel great confidence in my talent for business. I have hit on a scheme that cannot fail to succeed, and I come to inform you, that you are admitted into partnership with me, and to beg you to lend me five hundred thousand francs.

Countess.—I have not got it, sir.

The Stranger.—Excuse me, you have. You have even something more, but that small amount is all I want. There it is, in your secretary, at the bottom of the second drawer to the left, in a Russia-leather portfolio.

Countess.—But, sir——

The Stranger.—Trust me with the key, if you please. We two together shall make excellent operations. My word for it, you will have no reason to regret having taken a few shares in my project. I am a business man. I work fifteen hours a day, and hardly ever sleep.

Countess.—(*Aside.*)—If I could only see his face!

The Stranger—The key, if you please! I might of course, if I thought proper, open this pretty piece of furniture, which evidently came from Verval's, without your aid; but I should be sorry to damage it any, and I am sure you do not wish to be disobliging to me. Besides, who would wish to play the master and order, when it is so sweet to obtain! Come, the key!

Countess.—I really don't know where I have put it, sir. I am getting distracted!

The Stranger.—Perhaps it is one of those I see in that glass bowl, yonder?

Countess.—(*Stretching out her hand to prevent him.*)—But, sir!

The Stranger—(*Stretching out his hand towards his pistols*)—But, madam——

Countess.—(*In a choking voice.*)—The smallest one.

The Stranger—Very well. Who can doubt of success, when *you* are interested in the undertaking!

Countess.—Upon my word, he is gallant withal! Quite the manners of the *faubourg St. Germain!*

The Stranger.—You see I do not disturb the money I find in the drawer. This is devoted to family expenses. God forbid that I should wish to entrench on the elegance of your table, or on the wages of your servants.—(*The countess raises the lamp.*)—Ah! pray excuse me, (*lowering it again,*) my sight is very feeble! I find too strong a light injurious to me. This purse of pearl contains four napoleons; they are set apart for madame's toilet; this is her private *budget*, the sinking fund destined to pay her debts at cards, and I therefore respect it, although it would be much more in the fashion to invest this money in shares in some one of the many inventions that just at present give new life and energy to French industry.

Countess.—You really seem, sir, to be quite at home in all kinds of business operations.

The Stranger.—I should be behind the age, if I were not, madam.

Countess.—Odious rascal!

The Stranger.—What did you please to observe? Ah! here is the portfolio we were looking for. Observe that I take only what is absolutely indispensably necessary for the success of our little joint-undertaking; five small packages, holding each a hundred pieces of bank-note paper. I will make a memorandum at once of the amount of capital paid in by you. The employment of the funds shall be determined by mutual agreement; and the dividends equally shared between the two partners.

Countess.—Oh heavens, if I could only be relieved!

The Stranger.—Now, madam, your politeness deserves a return; and I hand you first the key of your secretary; secondly, that which enabled me to reach your apartment. Have an eye to your porter.

Countess.—How?

The Stranger.—But now, as I was coming in, he asked me where I was going, and the following conversation took place between us:—"But, sir, madame is alone." "I know it." "In bed, perhaps." "So much the better." "She is asleep." "I hope not." I then showed this unprincipled dog of a porter my key, slipped a piece of gold in his hand, and he is now watching in

his box waiting discreetly till I get out of the house before he shuts the great gate. If I was in your place, I would turn him off to-morrow.

Countess —So then, sir, you have stolen my reputation, too! (*Aside.*)—The bell on the left has escaped him. If I could only have the wretch arrested! Let me keep cool.

The Stranger.—And now, madam, it would, I suppose, be proper for me to retire? I know that you would be delighted to be rid of my presence, but I really cannot leave you yet.

Countess —How, sir?

The Stranger.—Once for all, do not be alarmed. I am not guilty of such bad taste as to suppose that any hope of success with the ladies can be founded on alarming their fears; but I really must remain long enough to render probable the motive for my visit, which I had the honour to suggest to your porter.

Countess.—I am ruined!

The Stranger.—Oh, by no means! Everything will come to the light, one of those days, and you will be fully acquitted. In the meantime, as you will readily see, I am forced to enjoy your society for a little while. It would never be imagined that the man who was so happy as to approach you at this hour, would be so unworthy of his good fortune, as not to endeavour to prolong the interview; it would be highly improbable.

Countess.—I am borne down by the weight of this double blow.

The Stranger.—If my conversation is disagreeable to you, madam, I will retire to the other end of the apartment.

Countess.—Why, really, sir, you seem to be very much your own master here.—(*Aside.*)—His face seems to me to be greatly in contrast with his profession.

The Stranger.—This is the first time, madam——

Countess.—That you have been engaged in such an operation?

The Stranger.—Oh no, by no means; but that a man presumes to dictate to you in your own apartment. You will excuse, I hope, that which justifies everything even in politicks, necessity.

Countess.—(*Aside.*)—I really believe the brigand wants to show me that he knows the world.

The Stranger.—How delightful it is to be in a room occupied by a woman! I have always had a predilection for such places. It is an enchanted spot; everything breathes the grace of her presence, everything is embalmed by her breath!

Countess.—If I could only remove him from it to a good dungeon!

The Stranger.—Will you allow me to warm my feet a little before I leave you? I am subject to a tendency of blood to the region of the heart.

Countess.—(*Offering him a chair.*)—Certainly, sir, certainly. Pray, make yourself at home.—(*Aside.*)—I shall then have a better view of him, and perhaps be able to reach that bell.

The Stranger.—Yes, if I was free to choose among all retreats and places of refuge, I would seat myself neither on the chair of a Cæsar, nor the cushions of a harem, but by a fireside in the room of a beloved woman. I would rather share her sofa than the throne of the world.

Countess.—Without regard to her fortune? (*She raises the lamp.*)

The Stranger.—Excuse me, but my sight is very delicate.

Countess.—(*Aside*)—Like your honesty.

(*The stranger quietly changes his place, and takes a seat between the countess and the bell-rope.*)

The Stranger.—What book is it you amuse yourself with in your leisure moments? Will you allow me!—a novel! Happy the author who succeeds in keeping so fine a pair of eyes open! A woman's novel, too! How can women, who themselves inspire romances, waste their time in writing them? How can they descend to the rank of poets, when they are themselves poetry!

Countess.—(*Aside.*)—A man of talent; too, heaven help me!

The Stranger.—And do none of these pictures, madam, ever affect your sensibility? Excuse me, but if you know how deep an interest I take in everything that——

Countess.—That belongs to me!

The Stranger.—I would venture to ask—I am afraid it is a rudeness—what is—the state of your heart?

Countess.—The impudent fellow! In point of fact, sir, (*pointing to the open secretary,*) I have fewer secrets for you than for any one else; and since you are good enough to watch with me, I may, perhaps, be induced to answer your questions. I will reply, then, that I have been thus troubled but once in my life.

The Stranger.—How, pray?

Countess.—It was a stranger, a traveller, whom I saw but for a moment in the Pyrenees, (*the stranger seems confused,*) he disappeared of a sudden, just after a very large robbery had been committed in the neighbourhood. Perhaps you have heard him spoken of?

The Stranger.—We never interest ourselves in provincial matters, madam. You were reading Walter Scott, I see. What a pity that that writer made himself only a narrator, when he might have been a historian! What, abdicate the dictatorship of genius! amuse the idle, instead of instructing nations! what, to be without philosophy and without convictions in the nineteenth century; what a pity! Ah! here is a French author who must succeed: he never mortifies his readers' good opinion of themselves: he is always just on the level of the publick. What do you think of this other? he is always in chase of wit.

Countess.—I, for one, will bet on the wit.

The Stranger.—Ah, you are too severe.

Countess.—How is it that I can so forget myself as to answer, to chat even with that horrid monster; it is inconceivable!—(*Can I be fascinated?*)

The Stranger.—Do you not think, madam, that literary discussions are always wearisome, and that if we were to dismiss from the two rival camps, the fools on one side, and the madmen on the other, the strife would cease for the want of combatants?

Countess.—I can say but little, sir, in answer to any opinions advanced at such a moment. An antagonist who has begun a discussion as you have done this, seems to me to have by far too much coolness and premeditation in his ideas, to induce me to attempt to change them. But it is very late, and I crave permission to take my leave.

The Stranger.—Are you sleepy?

Countess.—I am not exactly in a situation to induce sleep, but I fear to trespass on your time.

The Stranger.—Allow me, madam, to send you to-morrow some new works to counteract the effect of these on your imagination, and to form your mind and heart. On politicks, I will send you the defence of the present ministry, by one of its subordinates; very noble and patriotick. In morals, the last academick discourse of the virtuous M. Talleyrand; it is quite edifying. Lastly, for light reading, I will send you the Comedy of Death; you will find it very comical. Will you promise me to read them?

Countess.—Unless I should find it impossible; in which case, I am free

The Stranger.—I hope, madam, with the aid of time, to remove any little unpleasant impressions that may have been caused by my first visit.

Countess.—I trust your last.—(*Exit the Stranger. The Countess rings hastily.*)—If I am only in time to have the fellow caught! The bell rung, my people are aroused. Thank heaven! I already hear a hurried step. Somebody is coming—aid is nigh!

The Stranger.—(*Re-appearing.*)—Oh, you are an ungrateful woman! While I forgot myself in talking literature for your edification, you were spreading a net for me! You have closed one outlet, but I was prepared with another. We part friends, I hope. May I hope to live a little while in your recollection? I pray you to pity the unlucky dog, who, bidding you farewell at such an hour as this, carries with him nothing but wealth.

(*Servants arrive, and are hurried off in chase of the robber. The Countess notices that the Stranger has forgotten his pistols. Anxiety—alarm*—TABLEAU.)

SECOND TABLEAU.

SCENE.—*A magistrate's office A red robe is thrown over the back of a chair, and his official square cap is lying on a table strewn with papers.*

SCENE I.

Enter VERDIER, *ushered in by an officer.*

Verdier.—What do I want—what do I want—why, to see the magistrate, to be sure.

Officer.—He is not yet visible, sir.

Verdier.—What! not at nine o'clock; and to me, too, his old friend!

Officer.—(*Solemnly*)—Sir, he has not breakfasted yet.

Verdier.—Ah, that indeed!—but tell him my name is Verdier, royal counsellor at Versailles; that I ask a hearing, and that my business is very pressing.

Officer.—(*Aside.*)—Everybody's business is always very pressing.

SCENE II.

Verdier.—(*To the Countess outside*)—Come in, madam, come in; I can conceive your diffidence and embarassment. For a woman to let herself be plundered—to have an impudent rascal enter her apartment at night, is painful to endure, and unpleasant, doubtless, to repeat; but justice must take its course: we must, above all, recover the money and follow up the criminal, if we have to dive to the very bowels of the earth after him

Countess.—Do you know, cousin, that you are beginning to exercise rights you have not yet fairly acquired, in giving me directions in this way. Why did you bring me here?

Verdier.—Why, to make your deposition, of course. And I really conceive, that when the whole of your dower is in peril, your future husband has some interest in it. How much have you lost—exactly?

Countess.—I have told you already, five hundred thousand francs.

Verdier.—I had some hopes I had not heard that horrible sum aright. Oh, the deuse! But, then, you have still got your farm at Vermeuil—your woods at Faisceau, have you not?

Countess —No; I had just received the money for them.

Verdier.—How confoundedly awkward!

Countess —Why, cousin, you are out of temper; you seem to get crustier and crustier every minute.

Verdier. —Yes—I feel quite bewildered.

Countess.—Do you love me any the less?

Verdier.—We shall find that portfolio yet.

Re-enter the OFFICER

Officer.—As you are a friend of the family, sir, you might walk up stairs, and see my master's nephew, M. Arthur, instead of waiting here.

Verdier.—Arthur de Montbert! I know him very well, but my business here does not concern him (*To the Countess*)—He is a strange young man, madam. I mean to avail myself of his influence with his uncle. He is inconsistent, and often extravagant; in a word, he is a poet, and I would add, a madman, but that it would be a repetition. Do you know him?

Countess.—Not at all.

Verdier.—He spends a great deal of money, and is the envy of a vast many good mothers who have daughters to dispose of. Only that he is, as I said, guilty of a thousand solecisms.

Countess.—As, for instance?

Verdier.—Why, to be young, for example, at twenty-five, really in love, obliging and polite.

Countess.—Disinterested too, perhaps?

Verdier.—So they say; but what credit to him, if he is so rich!

Countess.—No matter; if he is anything of the kind now-a-days, he is an original.

Enter the MAGISTRATE.

Magistrate.—Well, well, what is the matter? Are there no courts, no police-magistrates, no other tribunals but mine? And M. Verdier, too, a business man, to disturb a magistrate in his hours of repose! We belong to the publick only from ten to five, my dear fellow, as you know very well.

Verdier.—Yes, my good friend, for publick affairs; but this is a matter of private interest.

Magistrate.—Sir, there is a verse of Horace, which declares "Nothing should trouble him that's eating breakfast."

Verdier.—What, haven't you breakfasted yet; if so, I will be as brief as I can. I admit the full force of your reasoning.

Magistrate.—Oh, you are a sensible man, and a judge of good living—I can get along with you.

Verdier.—We have come here to complain of a very extensive robbery.

Magistrate.—By the way, that reminds me that when we dined last with the vice-president of our court—a splendid feed it was too! you lost a bet of a truffled turkey. Now is the time of year to pay it.

Verdier.—Very well; but the present business is about a portfolio.

Magistrate.—It is a debt of honour!

Verdier.—Very well; by and by, then. They say there are no truffles this year.

Magistrate.—It's the turkeys that raised that report. However, to business.—(*To the Officer*)—Bring me a bouillon, at any rate.

Verdier.—Madame here was surprised——

Magistrate.—Madame is the complainant, then. Let her be seated. So, Verdier, you never make any new discoveries in your neighbourhood?

Verdier.—Alas! my friend, no.

Magistrate.—Well, I have made a discovery.

Verdier.—What is it?

Countess.—Do hurry him, if you can.

Magistrate.—Ah, my friend, it is beyond all price—the finest thing in the world. You know very well that lapwings are an excellent dish, but sometimes a little tough?

Verdier.—Heaven help you!

Magistrate.—They must be kept as long as possible. Since last year I kept them in a half-length bath of acetick acid, well flavoured with tarragon; and in this way I give the wings the game flavour, at the same time I souse the rump. What do you say to it?

Verdier.—Delicious!

Magistrate.—As there is a lady in the case, however, we must do the thing politely.—(*To the Officer*)—Call my nephew. He will act as our clerk, madam, and receive your testimony. And, besides, my dear fellow, you know that no cook in the universe ever succeeded in making a *soufflé* of fish. Well, sir, I—I have solved the problem: I have made a sturgeon into a *soufflé*—I could make a whale! We will proceed to business in one moment, madam. (*The Officer enters*)—There is a woman in the next room, madam, who says she has brought something for you.

Verdier.—The pistols he left behind, no doubt. Go, madam.—(*Exit the Countess.*)

Enter ARTHUR.

Arthur.—I obey your summons with the greatest pleasure, uncle; and, to gratify you, sacrifice without regret——

Magistrate.—What?

Arthur.—A steeple-chase I was just going to. Ha! Verdier here—(*troubled*)—Glad to see you.

Magistrate.—Keep him company a little while, my lad. When I am fasting, you know very well I can't talk at all.—(*Sits down at the back of the room before the bouillon.*)

Arthur.—What brings you here so early, Verdier? Is there any impropriety in asking?

Verdier.—Oh no, but you would not believe it—a man—or a dozen men, have stolen——

Arthur.—Oh, in a case of that kind, I can't be of the least possible use, and will be off to keep my engagement.

Magistrate —No, no, you are wanted here.

Arthur.—I will return in a moment.—(*Going.*)

Re-enter the COUNTESS.

Countess.—What voice is that?

Verdier.—Do detain him, madam.

Arthur.—Allow me to render my most respectful homage.

Verdier.—(*To her*)—Aha, you seem astonished—have you not seen our friend before?

Countess.—I—believe not—I—go out so—seldom.

Verdier.—That would not prevent his paying you a visit.

Arthur.—I should certainly never venture to, without an introduction.

Verdier.—He is right; he is very bashful.

Countess.—Can it be?

Verdier.—(*Stopping Arthur, who makes a second attempt to escape*)—I was just saying that twenty men entered the Countess's chamber last night, and carried off a valuable portfolio.

Arthur.—Are you quite sure of it?

Verdier —What, sure? Ask her—(*turning to the Countess.*) Why, how pale you are! You look as though you thought yourself in danger yet. But do not be alarmed: I would protect you—so would this gentleman.

Arthur.—With my life!

Countess.—Yes, sir, but there was only one robber—only one man, about your size and shape—who was guilty of this base crime.

Arthur.—Do you imagine what motive he could have had?

Verdier.—By George, I should think it was plain enough. He must be a great scoundrel.

Arthur.—Yes; to judge by appearances. You must pursue this affair till he is detected: it is your duty.

Countess.—Is that your advice, sir?

Arthur.—Certainly. But there is one difficulty in this, and one that I am very sorry to be obliged to point out: I am afraid you will never discover the thief.

Verdier.—Why?

Arthur.—Oh, he must of course have hurried off as fast as possible. Loaded with wealth, as you say he was, he must have had the command of means of escape—he doubtless took post. You said the robbery took place at midnight?

Countess.—I said nothing of the kind.

Arthur.—Well, then, he has nine hours start of us; he will have fifteen before the police can get to work. By this time he is, perhaps, at Angoulême—at Bordeaux—heaven knows where.

Countess.—(*With meaning*)—I do not think he is so far off.

Arthur.—(*Coolly*)—Do you happen to know, madam, what route he took?

Countess.—Oh, it can't be he!—the thing's impossible!—(*Aside.*)

Verdier.—Do you know, Arthur, that my cousin will be ruined, actually ruined, if she loses this portfolio.

Magistrate.—(*Wiping his lips*)—Now, young folks, I am at your service. You have lost, you say——

Countess.—My whole fortune, sir.

Magistrate.—(*To the officer who takes away the bowl*)—A little saltish! Well, you say a young man entered your room, and took what?

Countess.—A portfolio.

Magistrate.—If it contained only some ten or twenty thousand francs, madam, I will not discourage you. He may feel remorse or fear; I know what the conscience of a rogue is. But if the sum was larger——

Countess.—Five hundred thousand francs.

Magistrate.—Why, who could be such a foo—(*checking himself.*) Perhaps it will never be recovered.

Verdier.—I was sure of it! Oh heavens! However, madam, finish your deposition, describe the shape and colour of the portfolio as closely as you can, while I hurry to the police-office to have a search commenced at once. Arthur, my friend, you have it in your power to do me a great favour.

Arthur.—What is it?

Verdier.—This portfolio will certainly never be found?

Arthur.—Why, I don't like to speak certainly, but my uncle is positive—

Verdier.—Very well; then be good enough to hand (*pointing to the Countess*) a letter, I will send you shortly. I shall never have the courage to tell her to her face what I think, and to witness her sorrow. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Magistrate.—Come, madam, let us proceed. What did this portfolio of yours look like?

Countess.—Why, sir, like all other portfolios (*Aside*)—The presence of that young man terrifies me.

Magistrate.—Was it large or small; red, green, or black?

Countess.—To describe all this in presence of——(*Aside.*)

Arthur.—Why do you hesitate, madam?

Countess.—I feared, sir, we were about to discover the culprit.

Magistrate.—Why should you fear? He should be punished, no matter what his station in society.

Countess.—Even if he was one of your own family?

Magistrate.—Ah, that is another thing; but a supposition of that kind is——

Arthur.—Perfectly inadmissible.

Magistrate.—Was it calf or morocco?

Arthur.—Perhaps, madam, it was Russia leather.

Countess.—(*In an accusing tone*)—Yes, sir, it *was* Russia leather.

Arthur.—I am very happy to assist your memory.

Magistrate.—Write—Russia leather. Had it nothing else we might know it by—no lock?

Countess.—No, sir.

Arthur.—(*Peeping into the side-pocket of his coat*)—Perhaps it had only a silver clasp?

Countess.—Yes, sir.

(*Arthur slips the portfolio into the Magistrate's cap.*)

Magistrate.—Well, madam, a Russia leather portfolio may be recovered, even if it has a silver clasp; but as I have been already under the disagreeable necessity of stating, if it contained half a millions of francs, it will never come to light again.—(*He puts on his cap very gravely and the portfolio falls at the Countess's feet.*)—What is all that?

Countess.—Why, really—why, Judge, it is——

Arthur.—Speak out, madam—what restrains you?

Countess.—My lost portfolio!

Arthur.—Let us look at the contents.—(*Opening it.*)—The amount is just right: five hundred thousand francs.

Magistrate.—Hand it over here. How the deuse did this thing get into my square cap? How long have thieves and judges been on such good terms? Who has been here to-day? I must make a report on this strange event, and follow up the rogue. Meantime, at all events, your fortune is safe, for it is in the hands of a magistrate.—(*Going.*)

Countess.—Oh, dear sir, do not leave me here alone!

Magistrate.—Why not, there is a gentle knight to protect you! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Arthur.—Well, madam, you are once more rich, and consequently once mere dear to your cousin Verdier. What do you intend doing?

Countess.—Pursue the man who gave me such a fright. I was at his mercy; and I owe it to myself and to the publick to obtain ample reparation.

Arthur.—But will you not marry your cousin—or, if you were free, would you forbid, as you have done, all efforts to please you, and give yourself again to that drossy soul, who values nothing that is yours, but your gold?

Countess.—(*Aside.*)—He is partly right! Your singular compliments, sir, are, I must say, wholly uncalled for. I have never had an opportunity of rejecting any respectful and suitable advances.

Arthur.—Because every one knew that you were chained down by an idea of compulsory gratitude; every one could see, with deep regret, but with the clearest certainty, that in order to fulfil a promise to the dead, you were about to renounce life, that is love!

Countess.—(*Aside.*)—Ah! it must be a great happiness to be loved!

Arthur.—What will the rest of your life be? what will remain to you at its close, but a dissatisfied spirit, and a soul whose powers were never called into being?

Countess.—(*Aside.*)—I have never been loved!

Arthur.—And while you are ready to make such a sacrifice of yourself, to one of the most selfish of mortals, you will cause to be pursued and punished a man, who is, perhaps, after all, innocent. Suppose he was not what you think him?

Countess.—Such a supposition would enhance his guilt instead of diminishing it. If it was not the love of money that led him astray, what are we to think of the wickedness of his heart, and the baseness of his conduct? What, sir, trifle with the fright he inflicted on a woman!—run the risk of blasting her fair fame for ever!—destroy her reason, perhaps, by the alarm he caused her, and rob her of her honour for ever! Oh, it is base; or else the act of a madman.

Arthur.—(*On his knees.*)—Yes, you say rightly, of a madman; of a lunatick, who had rather see you perish outright, than enter the arms of another. Perhaps, his only aim, in stripping you of your wealth, for a single day, was to show you the true character of him who was about to become your husband. Accuse him, if you wish; I will aid you to do so. Punish me, if you will, for having failed in dissuading you from the idea of a marriage that I detest.

Countess.—Sir! what you presume to say of my cousin, is a fresh insult. He would have been true to me in my adversity.

Enter the Officer.

Officer.—A letter for M. Arthur.

Arthur.—To be forwarded to you, madam.

Countess.—"In haste!" it is my cousin's writing—(*reads*)—"It is not, my cousin, because you no longer possess certain trifling pecuniary advantages, that I beg of you to accept my excuses, and that I decline the honour of your hand, but from a just regard to publick opinion. I am extremely susceptible, as you well know, on points of honour; and the entrance of a young man into your room at night, a fact which is beginning to be generally known, forces me to make a sacrifice that is extremely trying to my feelings."

Arthur.—Now, you know the man, thoroughly.

Countess.—So, sir, you see, that as I told you, my honour must suffer for an action——

Arthur.—That I cannot justify to your reason, I know, but that I might to your heart. Oh, would you but let me appeal to it!

Countess.—In favour of a stranger!

Arthur.—Of a stranger who knows you well; who has followed you everywhere, from the groves of Versailles to the rural villages of Barrege——

Countess.—What, are you——

Arthur.—A stranger, Pauline, who has risked life and honour to save you from the worst evil that can befal a woman; the irreparable misfortune of entrusting her whole existence to a being unworthy of her. But he has been unsuccessful; and, therefore, I repeat, do not hesitate to punish him. If necessary, I am prepared to accuse myself. Do you hesitate, madam? I will save you the trouble, and disclose myself at once.—(*throws open a door; gen-d'armes are seen waiting in the distance.*)

Countess.—Stop, stop, I command you!

Re-enter the Magistrate *and* Verdier.

Magistrate.—These fine fellows have been put under our orders, Verdier, to go in pursuit of the thief.

Verdier.—We have something better yet—burra! we have found the portfolio! Oh, cousin, how much I love you! We were made for each other!

Countess.—Yes, my portfolio and you.

Verdier.—When shall we have the wedding, my dear cousin?

Countess.—Why you said nothing about that in the letter I just now received.

Verdier.—You careless fellow, is it possible you have handed her my letter already?

Arthur.—Did you not ask me to do it at once?

Magistrate.—By the way, who has been in here this morning?

Officer.—No one, but M. Verdier.

Arthur.—How, Verdier—ah, Verdier!

Magistrate.—To plunder and restore, sir, would be a contest between avarice and fear, nothing else, and the galleys——

(*The gen-d'armes advance to arrest* Verdier.)

Verdier.—This is almost too good! Why, you surely don't suppose——

Magistrate.—Unhappy man! was the dowry your only object?

Verdier.—Cousin, cousin, do come forward for me.

Magistrate.—What, to enter a lady's house at night, at the risk of being condemned to hard labour for life!

Verdier.—You must marry me, to retrieve my character.

Countess.—Not so; I shall never marry, or, if I should ever yield to such a folly, it should be only in favour of a devotion unequalled, and to reward a man, who loved me enough, to prove it by risking not the vulgar sacrifice of life, but by venturing even his honour.

Verdier.—If you ever meet such a man, I advise you not to keep him waiting.

Countess.—I shall try to follow your advice, cousin.

Magistrate.—*Returning the portfolio to the Countess.*)—Now, you are satisfied, madam, but the law is not. We have already taken proceedings; we will continue on your deposition, and inflict exemplary punishment on the criminal.

Countess.—(*Giving her hand to Arthur.*)—I withdraw the complaint.

Magistrate.—That's lucky for you, M. Verdier!

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

Absurdities.—To attempt to borrow money on the plea of extreme poverty. To lose money at play, and then fly into a passion about it. To ask the publisher of a new periodical how many copies he sells per week. To ask a wine merchant how old his wine is. To make yourself generally disagreeable, and wonder that nobody will visit you, unless they gain some palpable advantage by it. To get drunk, and complain the next morning of a headache. To spend your earnings on liquor, and wonder that you are ragged. To sit shivering in the cold because you won't have a fire till November. To suppose that reviewers generally read more than the titlepage of the works they praise or condemn. To judge of people's piety by their attendance at church. To keep your clerks on miserable salaries, and wonder at their robbing you. Not to go to bed when you are tired and sleepy, because "it is not bed-time." To make your servants tell lies for you, and afterwards be angry because they tell lies for themselves. To tell your own secrets, and believe other people will keep them. To render a man a service voluntarily, and expect him to be grateful for it. To expect to make people honest by hardening them in a jail, and afterwards sending them adrift without the means of getting work. To fancy a thing is cheap because a low price is asked for it. To say that a man is charitable because he subscribes to an hospital. To keep a dog or a cat on short allowance, and complain of its being a thief. To degrade human nature in the hope of improving it. To praise the beauty of a woman's hair before you know whether it did not once belong to somebody else. To expect that you tradespeople will give you long credit if they generally see you in snabby clothes. To arrive at the age of fifty, and be surprised at any vice, folly, or absurdity your fellow-creatures may be guilty of.

Health of London.—Although London stands low, in point of salubrity, in comparison with the provinces of England, it stands very high when compared with most of the continental cities, and even states. With all the boasted advantages of the climate on the Mediterranean shores, the settled salubrious seasons of France, the glowing atmosphere and serene blue sky of Italy, we find England, and even its gigantick, crowded, and almost boundless metropolis, enjoying a greater share of health, and consequently possessing a higher value of life, than the inhabitants of almost any foreign city or state in Europe, or perhaps in the world. It stands with respect to Paris in the scale of health, as forty to thirty-two; to Leghorn as forty to thirty-five; to Naples as forty to twenty-eight and a quarter; to Rome as forty to twenty-four; and to Vienna as forty to twenty-eight and a-half. The mortality in the latter city being as high as one to twenty-two and a-half, or in other words, nearly five per cent. of the whole population die annually.

EPIGRAM

The French have taste in all they do,
Which we are quite without;
For Nature which to them gave *goût*,
To us gave only gout!

Condemn not in such haste,
To letters four appealing:
French *goût* is only *taste*,
The English gout is *feeling!*

American deer.—They suffer most from wolves, who hunt in packs like hounds, and who seldom give up the chace until a deer is taken. We have often sat on a moonlight summer night, at the door of a log cabin on one of our prairies, and heard the wolves in full chace of a deer, yelling very nearly in the same manner as a pack of hounds. Sometimes the cry would be heard at a great distance over the plain; then it would die away, and again be distinguished at a nearer point, and in another direction—now the full cry would burst upon us from a neighbouring thicket, and we could almost hear the sobs of the exhausted deer. * * Immense numbers of deer are killed every year by our hunters, who take them for the hams and skins alone, throwing away the rest of the carcass. Venison hams and hides are important articles of export. The former are puchased from the hunters at twenty-five cents a pair, and the latter at twenty cents a pound. In the villages of Illinois and Missouri we purchase for our tables the saddles of venison with the hams attached, for thirty-seven and a half cents, which would be something like one cent a pound.—*Hall's Notes on the Western States.*

Patriotick exhortation.—Sebastianus Foscarinus, some time duke of Venice, caused to be engraved on his tomb in St. Mark's church, the following exhortation to his countrymen:—"Hear, O ye Venetians! and I will tell you which is the best thing in the world—it is to contemn and despise riches."

Bad things.—An ignorant servant, an aching tooth, an empty purse, a loud talker, a long story, and a farewell address once a week.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON." By Jared Sparks. Boston: Published by Ferdinand Andrews. 1839. Pp. 562.

THIS admirable work supplies what has long been a desideratum, a succinct, well written, well illustrated, and handsomely printed life of Washington. The biography of Marshall is valuable rather as a collection of authentick documents and facts, than as an elaborate and thoroughly-digested memoir. Mr. Sparks's work is every thing that we could wish, both in point of style and materials. No man in the country has had better opportunities of becoming possessed of every important particular in the life of Washington, and no man could have applied himself to his high task with a sincerer devotion, or executed it with a more conscientious fidelity. We need not add that no gentleman's library in the United States should be without this elegant volume. The plates, which are fifteen in number, are executed in the finest style of the art. Mr. Samuel Colman, No. 8 Astor-House, is the agent for the work in this city.

"THE AMERICAN IN PARIS." By John Sanderson. In two volumes. Philadelphia. Carey and Hart. 1839.

The London criticks have spoken of this agreeable work in terms of unqualified commendation, and this fact alone will be enough, we suppose, to commend it to the favour of many readers in this country. But apart from this consideration, the book is truly one of the most amusing and spirited books of this travelling age. It will be an invaluable companion to those who contemplate a visit to Paris; while to those who prefer staying at home, it will convey a most vivid impression of the scenes, characters and gaieties of the French metropolis. We have marked several passages for quotation, for which we soon hope to find room.

"TRAVELS IN SOUTH-EASTERN ASIA." Embracing Hindustan, Malaya, Siam, and China; with notices of numerous missionary stations, an account of the Burman empire, etc. By Howard Malcom. In two volumes. Boston. Gould, Kendall and Lincoln. 1839.

To those who are interested in the progress and existing condition of the American missions in Asia, these volumes may be strongly recommended. They contain a mass of information in relation to the countries visited by the author, who is favourably known to the publick as a clergyman of distinguished talents. Mr. Malcom has collated his materials with evident care and industry. An excellent map of south-eastern Asia accompanies the work, which is also embellished with numerous wood-cuts and engravings on steel. The typographical execution of these volumes is neat and correct.

"CRITICISM: ITS USE AND ABUSE." By Samuel F. Glenn. Washington City: William Fischer. Pp. 11. (!)

"The critick," says Mr. Glenn, "may aptly be compared to the father of a numerous family of children: to some he gives the gifts of approbation; to others he gives the punishment of the birch." We fear that if we were seriously to assume this solemn paternal relation towards our author, we should be obliged to be far more liberal of the "birch" than of "the gifts of approbation." But we will leave it to the "Squeers's" of the press to inflict the merited degree of chastisement, in this case, reminding them of Solomon's advice as to "sparing the rod." Did we not have hopes of Mr. Glenn, we should venture no such recommendation. But his crudities of style and sentiment, render him a fit subject for excoriation.

"THE LAST OF THE LENAPE, AND OTHER POEMS." By Samuel M. Janney. Philadelphia: Henry Perkins. Pp. 180.

There is little to find fault with in this neat collection of poems. The author would seem to have written no line, "which dying he could wish to blot." His verses are always calculated to promote the cause of truth, piety, and good taste. The preliminary essay on poetry is excellent, and so is the dedication. Mr. Janney appears to have based his style principally on that of Cowper and Gray, who are his favourites among the modern English poets. There are many verses in this collection, which would do no discredit to either of those great names. The following stanza from the dedication, eloquently expresses the design of these poems:

> "'Tis not an idle song, I here present,
> The wildering fires of passion to impart,
> But framed with nobler views,—and with intent
> To wake the inner feelings of the heart
> For 'tis the province of the minstrel's art,
> (A noble art when worthily pursued;)
> To soothe the anguish left by sorrow's dart,
> To cheer the lonely hours of solitude,
> And fill the soul with love for all that's great and good

"THE AUTHOR'S PRINTING AND PUBLISHING ASSISTANT:" Including interesting details respecting the Mechanism of Books. New-York. Frederick Saunders, 357 Broadway. 1839. 12mo. Pp. 43.

The object of this little work, as we learn from the advertisement, is to afford such a view of the technical details of printing and publishing, as shall enable authors to form a judgment on all subjects connected with the publication of their productions. The information it contains is of a nature not very generally accessible, but at the same time valuable and interesting. We commend to the attention of all writers for the press, the remarks upon the correction of proofs and upon errours in manuscript.

"LESSONS IN FRENCH AND TALES IN FRENCH." By Madame Guizot. Boston: W. Ticknor.

Mr. Colman, at his establishment under the Astor-House, has for sale two capital little works for young students in French—one being "Tales in French," by Madame Guizot, and the other "Easy Lessons for learning French." Both these volumes will be found valuable assistants in the acquisition of a language, a knowledge of which is becoming daily of increased importance.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The sketch entitled "Appearances are Deceitful," *is very French, and very original. Its great length has excluded many communications prepared for the Mirror of to-day, and among them another characteristick letter from* John Smith. *Rather than mar the interest of the story—we have an utter aversion to long "to be continued" tales—we have given it entire, and think the reader will thank us for not spoiling it by "breaking it in two."—*Portia *is thanked. We will take her advice. It is given in a spirit of frankness, which entitles it to every consideration.—As Placide says in the comedy,* "*it is really gratifying to find one's-self properly appreciated.*" Portia *will understand the application of this remark. It is evident that* Roscius *does not know us. When we make up our minds to do what he is pleased to term* "*a good-natured action,*" *we never trouble our heads about what other people may think or say. All the reward we ever either expect or wish, we receive in the gratifying reflection that we have had an opportunity of being serviceable to the meritorious in our day and generation.*

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1839.

Influence of the imagination among theatrical performers.—The audience at the National Theatre were lately electrified by a scene, which offered a curious instance of the effect of imaginary woes in producing a display of actual passion and distress. We allude to Miss Shirreff's personation of Clari, in John Howard Payne's pathetick drama of "The Maid of Milan." In the last scene of the play, the penitent Clari, who has been seduced from her humble but happy home by Vivaldi, a proud young nobleman, returns, and seeks her parents. She first encounters her mother, to whom she is soon reconciled. But the father, who is of sterner stuff, spurns her from his path. It was in the midst of his terrible imprecation upon his child, that Miss Shirreff, as Clari, rapt by the cunning of the scene, and by a sensitive imagination, fell into violent hystericks, and uttered the most piercing shrieks. The curtain was immediately dropped upon the scene, the effect of which upon the audience was that which might have been naturally awakened by an actual occurrence of an intensely tragick nature. Many instances, of a similar kind, have been mentioned. Mrs. Sloman, a few weeks since, in Philadelphia, was agitated in a like manner while personating the part of Mrs. Beverly, in the "Gamester." It is a fact, attested by hundreds of witnesses, that John Palmer, the celebrated tragick actor, fell and died, while in the character of "the Stranger"—giving utterance to the words, "there is another and a better world!" Molière, the celebrated comedian, and styled by Voltaire "the best comick poet that ever lived in any nation," was seized with death while acting in the character of a sick man, in "Le Malade Imaginaire," one of his own plays. The same part, it is said, proved fatal to the actor who succeeded him. Pliny relates a story of a player who imitated the gout so naturally, as at length to bring the disorder upon him! (Take warning, Placide!) Madame Clairon, the famous French actress, accounted for prematurely growing old in appearance, by the influence of the imaginary griefs and distresses with which she had been constantly overwhelmed, year after year, on the stage. In Madden's estimate of the average duration of the lives of authors in the various departments of literature and science, he places that of tragick poets far below that of any others; and both he and Coleridge account for the singularity by the theory, that the imaginary passions and sufferings through which the minds of such writers must pass, produce, in a degree, the same effect upon the physical system, as would have been occasioned by the wear and tear of actual emotions of grief, anger, jealousy, revenge, terrour, remorse, and the other elements of tragick and dramatick action.

Statue of Victoria, by an American artist.—A statue of Queen Victoria, recently completed by Mr J. V. Stout, a young sculptor of this city, is now presented for publick exhibition at the Stuyvesant Institute. It will, we think, be generally pronounced one of the most remarkable and original specimens of the noble art of statuary ever executed in this country. The figure is nearly as large as life, being four feet eleven in height, and distinguished for its lightness, grace, elegance, and dignity. The left arm is bent, resting becomingly on the waist in front, the hand holding a flower—while the right hand, grasping a sceptre, hangs negligently adown the right side. The attitude is one of perfect repose, but at the same time full of energy and character; and the limbs are disposed with exquisite taste. The symmetrical beauty of the form, and the anatomical developments, will, at once, strike the observer. In the contour of the neck and waist, and, indeed, of the whole figure, the sculptor has been very successful. The drapery, which is disposed in such a manner that the most fastidious could not raise the shadow of an objection, is managed with consummate ingenuity and skill. It would seem as if the wind, blowing against the front of the statue, had drawn all the folds of the drapery tightly behind, throwing them gracefully diffused down the left side, and leaving the entire lineaments of the figure from the neck to the ancles covered, but not concealed. In every position, in which this statue is viewed, it will be found to disclose new beauties. The likeness is said to be a very fair one, and the figure is sylph-like and beautiful. We advise all amateurs of the art to avail themselves of this opportunity of examining the production of a young sculptor, who, by this single effort, has shown himself a man of the highest genius in his arduous profession.

Catherwood's panorama of Thebes.—An evening cannot be spent more rationally than in visiting Mr. Catherwood's admirable panorama of Thebes, now open for exhibition at the corner of Prince and Mercer streets. The view of the ruins of the "hundred-gated city" is truly sublime.

Whiskers and long hair.—A letter from Paris states, that to be a fashionable young man in that metropolis, you must wear your hair falling in massive locks upon your shoulders—your beard must be in the style of Francis the First, whilst your hand must be tightly squeezed into a canary-yellow glove; part of the costume as decidedly characteristick of an exquisite aristocrat of the present day, as a red heel was in the time of Louis XIV. Thus dressed, you may present yourself everywhere—even at the jockey-club, the arbiter of *ton* in Paris, at the present day. Our distant readers may not be generally aware, that these delectable fashions are quite as much in vogue among our Broadway dandies as they are in France. Long hair, long whiskers, and a beard, *a la Francis the First*, are all the rage. The derivation of this fashion of long hair is somewhat amusing. A young Parisian established himself a few years since in Cairo, in a business in which industry and perseverance would infallibly have led to competence. But our hero was impatient, and resolved to take a shorter cut to fortune. Thinking it no harm to cheat the infidels, he was in the daily practice of frauds, which, while they filled his coffers, were of little advantage to his character. At last, his dishonest practices became so notorious, that the pacha was compelled to punish him in a manner in which all similar offenders had been punished in Cairo, from time immemorial. The youthful Shylock was nailed up to a pillory by the ear, and this punishment was repeated as often as his offences were discovered, until at length both his auricular organs were pierced with as many holes as a cylinder. Indeed, so obnoxious did he become at last, that the cadi, placing the gentleman's head between his knees, cut off both his ears with a razor. But the Parisian, in the meanwhile, had managed to transfer a large property to his native metropolis, and thither he followed it soon after the loss of his ears. But how should he conceal his disgrace? After much reflection, he leagued himself with half a dozen individuals suffering under a similar inconvenience, and they introduced the elf-locks, now so fashionable, and which effectually concealed their losses. Nothing could have been more fortunate. They all made excellent matrimonial speculations, and it was not until their wives undertook to comb their hair, that they discovered, to their horrour, that their husbands had no ears! Our fair readers must make their own application of the moral of our story.

Original letter of Benjamin Franklin.—The original copy of the following letter of Benjamin Franklin, hitherto unpublished, was recently presented to Mr. Dinneford, the manager of the Franklin Theatre, by a gentleman of this city. Though unimportant in some respects, it is interesting as being stamped by the marked characteristicks of the author, both in its style and matter:

Passy, near Paris, December 24, 1777.

DEAR KINSMAN—The bearer, Mr. Holker, is a gentleman of great worth and excellent character, and a particular friend of mine, who, if he sees encouraging prospects, may possibly make some commercial prospects in America; in which case you may be assured that his engagements will be executed with good faith, and the exactest punctuality. I recommend him warmly to your civilities and to those of my other friends. And, as he is well acquainted with the state of affairs here, I am persuaded his conversation would give a good deal of satisfaction to gentlemen in publick situations with you; and therefore I request that you would introduce him to the acquaintance of Mr. Bowdoin, Dr. Cooper, Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Cushing, and others engaged in the government of your state.

Your affectionate uncle, B. FRANKLIN.

JONATHAN WILLIAMS, *Esq.*

Foreign chit-chat.—Lady E. L. Bulwer's new novel of "Cheveley, or the Man of Honour," is said to be a satire on her husband, the author of "Pelham," etc., from whom she is at present separated. The lady has doubtless had "provocation;" but, under any circumstances, it is in bad taste for husband and wife to abuse each other publickly.—Laman Blanchard is writing the Life and Correspondence of L. E. L., in three volumes.—Marryat and Colburn are at law, and it would seem that the publisher had the best of the quarrel.—Charles Kean was to sail immediately for the United States.—A new opera by Barnett, entitled "Farinelli," has been produced at Drury-Lane.

Mr. Sinclair.—The "spring-time of year is coming," and with it has come Mr. Sinclair, well known as one of the most delightful vocalists of the day. We are indebted to him for many moments of blameless enjoyment, and his very name is to us what musick was to Ossian—"like the memory of days that are past, pleasant and mournful to the soul."

New-York Historical Society.—Mr. ex-President Adams has accepted the invitation of the New-York Historical Society, to pronounce before it an address on the approaching anniversary of the inauguration of Washington, as the first President of the United States.

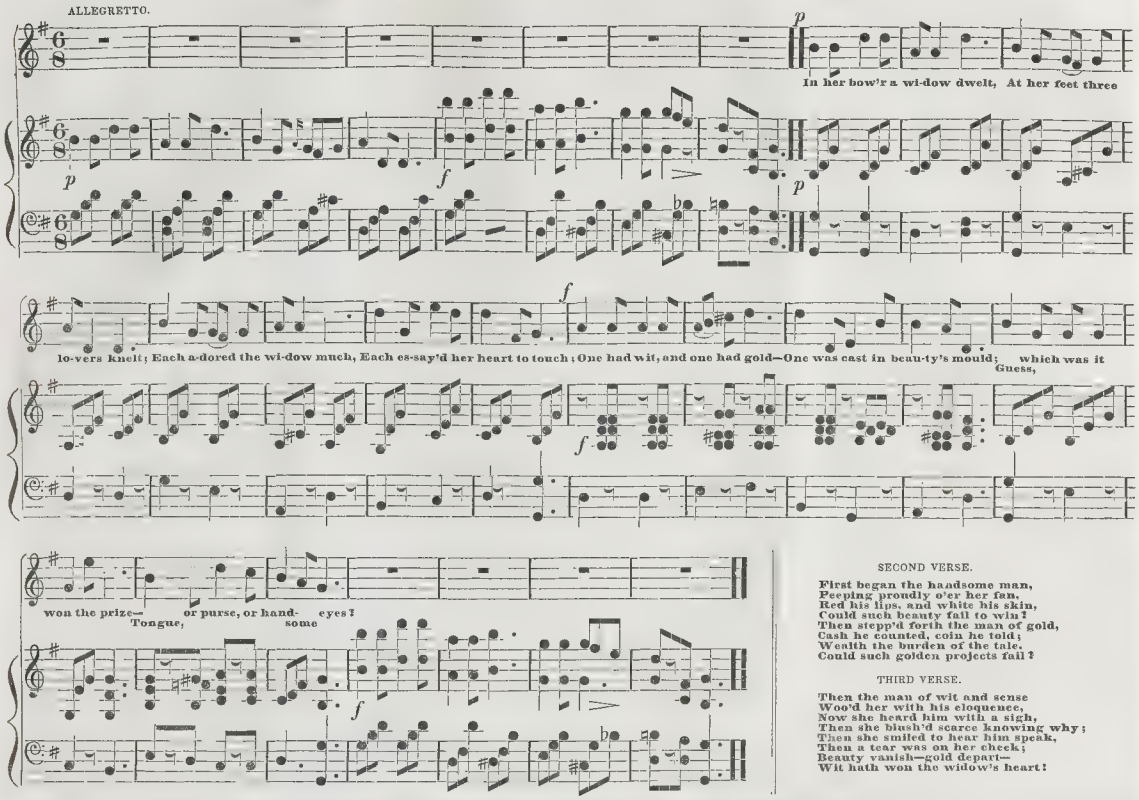
New musick.—"The Old House at Home," a ballad, sung by Phillips, in the opera of "Francis the First," the musick by Loder—and "Autumn Leaves," a ballad, sung by Mr. Seguin, in the opera of "The Village Coquettes," the words by Dickens, and the musick by John Hullah, are the titles of two beautiful songs just published by Millet, and to be obtained at his saloon, in Broadway.

Mr. Willis's new play.—"Tortesa, the Usurer," by N. P. Willis, has been entirely successful, Mr. Wallack sustaining the principal character.

La Petite Augusta.—This youthful and promising *danseuse* was announced to appear at the Grand Opera in Paris towards the close of the last month.

BEAUTY, WIT, AND GOLD.

SUNG BY MADAME VESTRIS—THE POETRY BY T. HAYNES BAYLY—MUSICK BY JOSEPH PHILIP KNIGHT.



SECOND VERSE.

First began the handsome man,
Peeping proudly o'er her fan.
Red his lips, and white his skin,
Could such beauty fail to win?
Then stepp'd forth the man of gold,
Cash he counted, coin he told;
Wealth the burden of the tale.
Could such golden projects fail?

THIRD VERSE.

Then the man of wit and sense
Woo'd her with his eloquence,
Now she heard him with a sigh,
Then she blush'd scarce knowing why;
Then she smiled to hear him speak,
Then a tear was on her cheek;
Beauty vanish—gold depart—
Wit hath won the widow's heart!

NATIONAL LYRICKS.

During the American Revolution there was a band of bold, energetick and fearless heroes in Massachusetts, who fought on their "*own hook*," and roamed through the camp of the British at night, burning and destroying, reckless of all personal danger. They were six in number, and rode fine, spirited steeds, who seemed to understand their duty almost as well as their masters. The following song is said to have been sung by them.

We are but six—our steeds and we
At midnight scour the lines for prey;
Behind, the blazing plain we see,
While on and on we fire our way.

We are but six—our deeds are told
Around the Briton's watch-fire light;
True as our steel our hearts, and bold
The giant arms that tell our might.

We are but six—morn after morn
A soldier stiff lies at his post;
Back to their homes our cattle borne,
To feed our country's starving host.

We are but six—and he, our guide,
From his stern duty never fled;
Where'er he leads his comrade's ride,
Through bristling spears and showers of lead.

The tyrant's foe throughout the land
We wave the flag of blood on high;
We are but six—and six we'll stand,
Or six in death and glory lie!

H. H. R.

MISCELLANY.

French gaiety.—In the campaign of 1812, a distinguished general officer of the French army was severely wounded in the leg. The surgeons on consulting declared that amputation was indispensable. The general received the intelligence with much composure Among the persons who surrounded him he observed his valet-de-chambre, who showed by his profound grief the deep share which he took in the melancholy accident. "Why dost thou weep, Germain? said his master smilingly, to him. "It is a fortunate thing for thee, you will have only one boot to clean in future."

A whopper.—We have heard of a man who is so tall that his pantaloons have to be wove in a rope-walk. He folds up like a two-foot-rule, and has to get on his knees to put his hands in his pockets.

The silver hook.—Doctor Franklin observing one day a hearty young fellow, whom he knew to be an extraordinary blacksmith, sitting on the wharf bobbing for little mudcats and eels, he called to him, "Ah, Tom, what a pity it is you cannot fish with a *silver* hook." The young man replied, "he was not able to fish with a silver hook." Some days after this, the doctor passing that way, saw Tom out at the end of the wharf again, with his long pole bending over the flood—"What, Tom!" cried the doctor, "have you got the silver hook yet?" "Heaven bless you, doctor," cried the black smith, "I am hardly able to fish with an iron hook." "Poh! poh!" replied the doctor, "go home to your anvil, and you will make silver enough in one day to buy more and better fish than you can catch here in a month."

Margaret of Norway. In the great church at Roskild, there is shown a large whetstone, which they say was sent to the celebrated Queen Margaret, by Albert king of Sweden, in derision, intimating that women should sharpen their needles, instead of aiming at war. The wit, which is very poor, was better answered by the queen, who replied, that she would apply it to the edges of her soldiers' swords. She was as good as her word: she fought Albert in a pitched battle; gave him an entire overthrow; and made him prisoner. In that situation she kept him seven years, and then released him on very hard conditions.

Explanation.—In a conversation the other day, after mentioning the movement of immense stones by the tempest in the West Indies, Mr. L. mentioned that, just before his arrival there, a twenty-four pounder had been blown, by the violence of the storm, from the battery into the sea. "That," rejoined his friend, "explains to me what I never could understand before—the meaning of its 'blowing great guns!'"

An editor in trouble.—A young lady in Shippensburgh (says the New Orleans Picayune) has threatened the editor of the Herald with a "licking" the first time she catches him *out*. His anxious mother had better keep him *in*. We would much rather meet fifty men, armed with pistols and Bowie knives, than one of the tender sex of the borough of Shippensburgh when "excited."

EPIGRAM ON A LADY AND HER PICTURE.

Original, and copy, too,
Seem closely with the art acquainted;
The likeness, therefore, is quite true,
For both are—*very highly painted.*

Advice to a gentleman in love.—"Are you in disgrace with the lady you love?" "No!" "Are you in favour?" "No!" "The medium?" "Yes!" "That is bad; you had better have had a quarrel. It is much easier to pass from storm to sunshine, "from Indus to the Pole," than to make indifferent dulness into grace and favour."

AUGUSTUS BROOM—A SONG.

In a parlour gay, one summer day,
With heat and port oppress,
Augustus Broom, a young bridegroom,
Lay down to take some rest;
When Agnes sweet, his darling bride,
Came in and sat down by his side,
And said, "My dear, your Nancy's here;"
He with a snore replied.

"What, asleep!" said she, "and as yet but three
Weeks since we two were wed;
I thought of a walk, or at least some talk;
Is all your fondness fled?
Do give me some attention, pray,
And let not Nancy have to say,
That when she has dressed, and done her best,
Her pains are thrown away.

Nay, since you will be snoring still,
I know what I shall do;
Those whiskers fair, beyond compare,
I'll clip a curl or two.
I know you love them passing well,
And would not one for a kingdom sell,
But 'twill serve you right for this shameful slight,
And be a joke to tell."

The deed was done, and she thought 'twas fun,
For hair can grow again;
But when Broom did feel the cold hard steel,
He started up amain.
"My dear," he cried, with a frantick roar,
And quickly off both whiskers tore.
"It is too bad—you would make one mad—
They cost me two pound four!"

Gallant conduct.—Sir Cloudesley Shovel, whose melancholy shipwreck on the rocks of Scilly is well known, was, when a boy, on board a ship commanded by Sir John Narborough, who, during an action, expressed a very earnest wish to have some orders of consequence conveyed to a ship at a considerable distance. Shovel, hearing this, immediately undertook to convey it; and this he actually performed, swimming through the enemy's line of fire with the despatches in his mouth.

The liberality of love.—In Tristram Shandy, Trim, giving an account of his beautiful Begum, who attended him during a fever, and relating the feverish dreams which disturbed his slumbers, says, "I was all night long cutting the world in two, and giving her half."

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REMINISCENCES OF BYGONE TIMES.

NEW-ENGLAND WITCHCRAFT.

BY JOHN NEAL.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

There are a plenty of witches in New-England to this day—take my word for it. I have seen at least a dozen or two within the last quarter of a century; and if I might, I could tell you such things!—"whit they are I know not"—as Lear says; and therefore, instead of a long story about New-England witches, with red lips and staring eyes, and hearts heaving at the approach of their prey, what if I try my hand at a story of New-England witchcraft—every word of which is true!

The early history of New-England, or of Massachusetts Bay rather, abounds with proof that witches and witchcraft were familiar things, believed in without flinching, for a great while, in the most enlightened part of our whole country. This belief, indeed, was very general not a hundred years ago, throughout all north America, very common and very active just before the revolutionary war broke out, and prevails to this day along the savage outskirts of New-England, as well as within the shifting and shadowy interiour of the western and south-western states, which are springing up of themselves all along the shore of the great western wilderness of "liquid herbage," where "empires unknown in bright solitude lie."

It has never been confined, however, until within a few years—a very few—to the uneducated and barbarous, nor to a portion of the white settlers, nor even to those who had to do with the natives, a part of whose awful faith it was, that no white man was permitted to question, that witchcraft and sorcery were the offspring of the bad power they worshipped. It was rooted in the hearts of men, who were altogether remarkable in the history of their age, for wisdom, and learning, and piety; of men, who fled from their quiet firesides in Europe, to another world, as it were, and buried themselves alive—in search of truth.

We may smile now, to hear witchcraft spoken seriously of; but we forget, perhaps, that our belief in it, is like our belief in the reappearance of the dead, among the blue waters, the green graves, the still starry atmosphere, and the great shadowy woods of our earth; or like the beautiful, deep instinct of our nature for worship—older than the skies, it may be, universal as thought, and sure as the steadfast hope of immortality. We may turn away with pity now from the devout believer in witches, wondering at the folly of those who pretend to put faith in such matters, and quite persuading ourselves, in our great unquestioned wisdom, that all who have done so, however they may have been looked upon by past ages, were never of the truly great and wise—never! But we forget, perhaps—I do not like to say we *certainly* forget, though I shouldn't be far from the truth, if I did—we forget, perhaps, what we are told in the book of books, the scripture of truth, about witches with power to raise the dead, about wizards and sorcerers that were able to strive with the anointed high priest of Jehovah, before the misbelieving majesty of Egypt, with all his court and people gathered about him; and of others who could look into futurity, interpret the visions of sleep, read the stars, bewitch and afflict whom they would, cast out devils, and prophesy—*false prophets*, not because that what they said was untrue, but because the great original of their spirit was unsanctified; *lying* prophets, not because they never told the truth, but because they were the children of unholy power, the offspring of the father of lies. And we forget, moreover, that laws were made about conjuration, spells and witchcraft by a body of British lawgivers, renowned for sagacity, deep research, and a grave, thoughtful regard for truth; and this but a few generations ago—the other day, as it were; and that a multitude of superiour men have recorded this belief in magick and witchcraft and sorcery. Such men as the great and good Sir Matthew Hale, at a period when there was no lack of knowledge, wisdom, or inquiry; and such men, too, as the celebrated judge, whose commentaries on the laws of England, if we may believe the men of the law—not otherwise—are the pride of the Brtish empire and a pillar of light for the nations; and that a multitude of other men, as well as women, have been tried and executed by authority of British law, administered by British lawyers, within the last one hundred and fifty or two hundred years, in the very heart of Old England. If these men were not sincere, if they had not taken pains to satisfy themselves, they were murderers and blasphemers, and they knew it; and were punishable, even as their victims were, by death

We may smile—we may turn away with pity—but could such things have occurred, either in the British parliament, or in the British courts of law, without some proof—*some*, whatever it was—proof to the understandings of people, who, in other and weightier matters, are looked up to as the great men of this age with absolute veneration; *proof* that creatures, endowed with strong, if not with preternatural power, did inhabit our earth, and were able to work mischief, according to the popular notions of witchcraft and sorcery. We know little or nothing of the facts, upon which their belief was founded. All that we know is but hearsay or tradition. They were eye-witnesses and ear-witnesses. They knew all that we know of the matter, and a thousand times more. We are not only ignorant of the facts and circumstances, but we are living afar off in a remote age. Nevertheless, they were believers in witchcraft; while we have no language wherewith to express our pity and contempt for all who speak sensibly of it, or venture to regard it as a possible thing. How dare we! What right have we to say that witches and witchcraft are no more, that sorcery is done with for ever, that miracles are never to be wrought again, or that prophesy shall never more be heard by the people of God, uplifting her voice like a thousand echoes from the everlasting solitudes of the sea, or like uninterrupted thunder, pealing over the terrible and haughty nations of the earth—till thrones and palaces, temples and pyramids topple down together, headlong to the dust; and the preternatural and the mysterious are merged for ever in the natural and the evident!

But, however, we may regard such men as Sir Matthew Hale, Judge Blackstone, and the hereditary legislators of our father-land, it were quite impossible for us—New-Englanders as we are!—to question the sincerity of the Plymouth settlers—the Pilgrims or Fathers, who laid the foundation of a mighty empire among the perpetual rocks of old Plymouth, and along the desolate shores of New-England; and just as impossible would it be for any person in his senses, acquainted with their character and their history, to question their belief in witchcraft and sorcery; for, at one period, a season of sore perplexity for them, and while they were yet wrestling for a foothold among the rocks and shores of the new world, about *four hundred* of their industrious population were actually imprisoned for witchcraft, or under accusation for matters, which were looked upon as a fatal evidence of witchcraft! By referring to the records of that age, it will be found, that in the course of about fifteen months, while the Fathers of New-England were beset on every side by the savages and by the French, no less than twenty-eight persons received sentence of death, of which number *nineteen were executed*, one died in jail, and one was deliberately crushed to death—according to British law, because, being a brave and powerful man, he would not plead to so preposterous a charge before the twelve who had found every accused person guilty. Some few escaped, one hundred and fifty were discharged, when the frightful superstition of the day was over; and about two hundred more of the accused were not proceeded against. Of these, *about fifty made confession of their guilt*; and at the trial of a woman, held in great awe by the settlers, three of her own children declared themselves to be witches, and gave a particular account of their voyages through the air, and over sea, night after night; and of all the mischief they had perpetrated by the direction, advice, and authority of their mother, to whom, they said, the devil had promised, before a whole congregation of witches, at one of their churchyard gatherings, that she should be queen of hell.

The following narrative, which relates to a period when the popular fury was raging with irresistible strength, cannot be well understood, without a brief illusion to earlier parts of the New-England history; nor, perhaps, without a general account, a very short one it must be, of the breaking out and growth of witchcraft in the new world.

The Pilgrim Fathers, as they are now called, went ashore partly of their own accord—partly from necessity, for their destination was further south, at Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay, in the winter of 1620. They fled from Europe to avoid persecution for a new religious belief; and yet, within a few years after, they found themselves established in comparative security and the rights of conscience respected, they fell upon the Quakers, and scourged and banished them, or put them to death, because of their new religious belief, and because they ventured to insist upon the rights of conscience. The Quakers died in their faith, prophesying heavy sorrow, insupportable wo, and a mighty series of strange but near affliction to the land. Within a short time after this—so short a time, that it was remembered and spoken of as a judgment, after the dreadful paroxysm had gone off—a woman, who had pursued a female preacher on her way to prison, with insult and outrage, was taken up for a witch, accused by intimate friends of having to do with the Prince of Darkness, and put to death—so says tradition—upon the very spot where she stood still for a time to scoff at the poor Quaker-woman, who held on her meek and quiet way, without a word of reproach or complaint—her withered hands locked upon her bosom—her head not bowed, in her unspeakable distress, but lifted as if in prayer to something visible, at one time in her path over the green turf, at another, afar off in the blue bright air—but visible to herself alone. There live those now, said a writer of the next age, who are persuaded that she saw a spirit on her way to the jail—which was the way to the grave.

Soon after, and within less than nine years from the first arrival of the Quakers at Massachusetts Bay, another female was executed for witchcraft, and other stories began to be whispered about of a similar nature, to prove that she also had been prophesied into the grave, being one of another party, who had gone out of their way to scoff at an afflicted woman, about to perish for the truth-sake. From this period, (1665,) there was no other trial for witchcraft within the borders of New-England, till the year 1691; but a belief was fixed in the very hearts of the people, that the prophesy of Mary Dyer, the aged Quaker woman, uttered on her way to the scaffold, would surely be accomplished.

It *was* accomplished! A shadow fell upon the great, happy earth, at noonday. The waters grew dark as midnight. Everything alive was quiet with fear; the trees, the birds, the cattle, the very hearts of men, who had gathered together in the house of the Lord for worship and prayer. The shadow of the grave was abroad with a voice like that of the sea. Earthquake, fire, and storm, followed; inundation, war, and strife, in the church. A woman, it was believed, had re-appeared on earth, or in the air, right over the very place where, having been cruelly driven out of New-England by religious power, she, with a family of sixteen, had been put to death by the savages. Everybody knew her voice—and all trembled at the story, and turned pale, as if they saw the apparition before them, with the large quiet eyes, hovering in mid-air; and saying, (for she was a haughty and ambitious woman,) that she had come back to be judged of the elders, according to her well-remembered promise, after which, it would be for her to judge them, forever and ever.

The people were seized with a strange fear. They knew that she had been able to draw away from their peculiar worship a third part of their whole strength, when she was alive, and a better faith, if not of strange gods, at least of a new faith, and who should say that her dangerous power might not be fearfully augmented by death!

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

A SKETCH FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

Grace was the pet of the village—pretty, lively, and, like all other pets, very self-willed; but the effects of this latter quality were softened down and rendered quite loveable by her open, generous disposition, which would not allow her to injure another, even to gratify that ruling passion. Some said that Grace thought herself sufficiently handsome, and termed it vanity. True, perhaps, when each Sabbath morning found her ready decked for the sunny walk to the parish church on the hill-side, or the week-day's evening saw her in her little chamber window plying her needle—yes, perhaps then, as she caught a side-long glance at herself in the little mirror, she might think it no such great wonder that the young men gazed as they passed her, or that they looked so curiously at the bow-pots and flowering geraniums perched on the sill of her casement—perhaps, too, she might think they cast a glance beyond. But was this vanity? No; Grace was as free of that hateful quality as the bird which carolled so joyously in his bright cage on the cottage wall. Vanity cannot be justly attributed to those who are only conscious of possessing the qualities which are theirs in reality, but to those alone who boast to themselves of perfections which they can never hope to possess. Such was the case with those who termed Grace vain.

One fine autumn evening she sat, as usual, beside her geraniums, over which was hung her little bird Pet; but the leaves of the former hung droopingly, as though to ask of their sweet mistress the usual drop of spring water, and poor Pet chirupped and hopped from perch to perch, and ruffled his yellow feathers to attract her attention, but in vain. No cooling drop greeted the sickly leaf—no tiny finger placed a bit of sugar between Pet's cage wires. And how was this? Was Grace ill? No; but her thoughts were wandering, and although her eyes were fixed full on poor Pet and his companion plants, she neither saw one nor the other. And whither were her thoughts wandering? Only into a neighbouring lane, up which she strolled when the sun was beginning to dip his bright head 'neath the blue tops of the neighbouring hill. It was a very pleasant lane, but as its sides were bounded by high hawthorn and wild rose-bushes, it may be supposed that Grace did not go there for the sake of any beautiful prospect, for her whole height was not more than the top of the banks on which the bushes grew. For what, then, could it be? In truth it was that there generally accompanied her thither a very pleasant companion—not her mother—not one of the neighbour's daughters. No: but a young man, the son of a farmer not far distant.

Yes, the truth may as well be told. Grace had given, or thought she had given, her little heart to this companion of her strolls; and, indeed, any one to look on him, might imagine a better choice could not be made. Tall, handsome, and athletick he was, and his eye beamed

when he looked on her. But they who knew him better than Grace, said that he was wild and fickle. Neither did they scruple to warn her of that knowledge. But Grace would not believe. How could she, when she saw that, although they spoke against him, they were always ready to welcome him to their own homes? Besides, there was an eloquence far more powerful to the heart and understanding of Grace—more eloquent, more easily believed than aught they could utter. Yes, the eye and tongue of William Clively were the monitors most eagerly sought, and most willingly listened to when found. How could she think he was deceiving her—no harshness in his soft voice. But there was one who did not like him, to whom Grace had ever yet been accustomed to pay the most profound submission, because that humility had never been forced, but ever won from her by love. That being was her mother!

She had now been sitting in this deep reverie some ten minutes, from which she was roused by a light hand being laid on her shoulder. The blood mounted to her temples and cheek, for she knew, without raising her eyes, that it was her mother, and she felt conscious that that mother's eye was reading her innermost heart. She also knew she had nought to fear, for though at this moment her little heart had been rebelling, her parent's chiding was ever one of gentleness.

"Grace, love," spoke the mother, gently placing her hand on the half downcast head, "why do you not go forth this evening? See, the sun has almost lost his last bit of crimson in the deep gray. Come, love; you have been sewing all day. Just throw your scarf around you and walk in our garden."

"I would rather not, mamma," answered Grace in a low tone, turning her head still more from her parent, and then, for the first time, casting her eyes on the drooping plants and now sulky little Pet. But she quickly added, "I will water my trees and chirrup to Pet a little, for he seems quite to have the mopes."

"And how comes it that he has the mopes, love?" again spoke her mamma.

Ah! I see, mamma," returned the now half-tearful, half-smiling maiden; "I see you have been reading my heart, and that it is useless to keep anything from you. But though you have seen part that was passing there, you cannot tell all!"

"But I can guess, Grace; and that, perchance, will do as well. I doubt not you thought me very cruel—very inconsiderate in not allowing you to have quite your own way; and I doubt not that you thought I knew very little about it; but sit down, love, and I will tell you a little passage in my own life, and after that I shall leave you to judge for yourself, only first assuring you that I have every proof that William Clively is very wild, and his father quite unable to support him in his present extravagance. See here, love, I have brought my knitting; so take up your work from the window-sill, and thus, while we are quite industrious, I will proceed to tell you that my sketch commences when I was about a twelvemonth older than you are now. At that time, Grace, I was circumstanced, too, somewhat as you are. You understand me, love?" Grace blushed and smiled. "I had a rebellious heart, too; and there was one for whom it was rebellious—one whom it had set up as the idol of its idolatry, and one whom, unfortunately, neither of my parents approved. But yet, Grace, I own that I thought my knowledge of his habits far exceeded theirs; and all I knew of him was fair and open. Things continued thus for above eighteen months, at the end of which time my eyes were fearfully opened to his vices—he committed a forgery and absconded; though it is probable, had he staid, no injury would have awaited him, for his friends, who were wealthy and powerful, made up the sum for which he had risked so much, and paid it. Grace, it was some time, even then, before I could perfectly win my heart from its idolatry; but it had seen its errour, and my mind was made up to overcome such perversity, and I did Yes, Grace; I knew what it was to feel cherished affections warring against my own convictions of right. You will perhaps say that he had deserted me, and it might be that pride rose superiour to neglect and slight; but not so. He did not desert me—he did not slight me; for though all others were ignorant of his destination, I knew whither he had fled, and from thence received a letter full of affection and repentance for past follies. But, Grace, had I forgiven, or rather overlooked his vice, (for I did forgive,) I never could have placed confidence in him again; so I wrote him once, but that once was to discard him for ever. From that time I busied myself in work, in tending my garden, in assisting my neighbours, and, indeed, in various ways of which I had not thought before. I saw that people approved my conduct, too; every eye greeted me, every tongue welcomed me in joyous tones; and in time my own heart grew joyous, and felt a lightness it had never known till then, even in its wildest moments of affection for the now unworthy. But I did not know the fullness of the happiness I was to reap from that one era of my life till five years had elapsed. During that period, love, your dear father had wooed me, and knowing from all that he was beloved and respected, he won me, although not a fiftieth part so handsome or so engaging in his manner as he of whom I have been speaking. But he soon taught me to love him—I do not mean with the girlish wildness I had loved before—but with an affection which might last through sorrow, sickness, death! dear Grace!"

The tears started to the sweet eyes of Grace, and fell thickly upon the little border on which she was so busily plying her needle, as the thought of her fond father passed across her heart, and smote it for its rebellion against her will to whose care he had so solemnly entrusted her on his death-bed. The mother was also silent for a few moments.

"Well, love," she at length resumed, "you were but a few months old when, one day, I was sitting with you in a small arbour in the garden of the dwelling where we then resided. On a sudden I heard the latch of the garden gate raised, and a poor, emaciated-looking man toiled up the sunny walk. He appeared in the last stage of wretchedness, and sickness seemed to add its heavy load of misery where already there appeared to be an accumulation of ills. I rose with an intention of inquiring into his condition, and relieving him as far as my means would permit; and, taking you in my arms, I stood before him. But, Grace, I suppose that time had not so changed me as it had done him, for he instantly ejaculated my maiden name! Yes, love, you may well drop your work and raise your eyes. It was indeed he whom I had loved, and persisted in loving, in opposition to my parents' judgment. At that moment your father appeared at the door, and when I looked on you and on him, contrasted with the wretched being that shrunk before me, my heart leaped with gratitude to God for teaching me to subdue my own evil passions. Your father had known, before our marriage, all the circumstances concerning him and myself, so that a few words made known to him the cause of the surprise pictured in both our countenances; and to make me love and reverence him still more, that good man relieved his present wants and provided for his future ones. Yes, Grace, your father fed, clothed, and lodged that repentant creature in a neighbouring cottage till he recovered health and strength—nay, more, he concealed his name from all inquiring ears, and not an eye which had once known could now recognise Charles May!"

"Charles May, mamma!"

"Yes, love; Charles May! The same who used to pay us the yearly visit from London, to evince his gratitude for your father's kindness. The same who died in our village of decline seven years after, leaving you the Bible and prayer-book as the only legacy which could be bestowed by poor, but repentant Charles May! But now, dear, it is growing quite dark; I will go and see our evening meal prepared, and when we have taken that, pray to your Maker, and then retire to your pillow."

And so Grace did; and the next morning, when she entered the breakfast-room, she threw her arms around her mother's neck, and whispered that she had gained the victory; *she*, too, would try if her mind might not overcome the erring inclinations of her heart Yes, and Grace succeeded; and twenty years after, when she saw a daughter of her own grown up, she remembered how mildly her own mother had won her from her folly; and she felt that, to be obeyed by that daughter, she must remember that herself had once been a wild and wilful being, and that it is only by placing our own hearts in the situation of others, that we can hope to influence them by our precepts.

MADEMOISELLE MARS.

The Parisian publick and the criticks have discovered, suddenly that Miss Mars is *old*; they have actually ventured to proclaim the discovery with the consoling exclamation—"We love you, Orunus!" They have gone so far as to remark that, how resplendent soever her diamonds, there is an attraction which she can never have again—youth. Her reign is over. The plainest of girls, Rachel, the Jewess, has been placed on her throne. Last week, four rogues were tried at the Paris Assizes, for a robbery committed on the paraphernalia of M'dlle Mars at her dwelling. She was called up as as a witness—I translate for you, literally, the introductory examination:—"Mademoiselle Mars steps forward before the court (lively movement of curiosity.) The President, in a most courteous and winning tone—You call yourself Miss Mars? Yes, sir, Anne Hippolyte Boutet Mars, artist *sociétaire* of the French theatre. Your age, Miss? *Forty-five years*, sir In the month of May last a crown was stolen from you? Yes sir. That crown was of gold? Yes, sir, of gold, I believe, or of silver gilt; but it had no material value except in the workmanship. It was an homage to your dramatick triumphs! Yes, sir, each of the great parts which I played, was designated on one of the leaves of laurel," etc As soon as she had given her testimony, she withdrew, and with her the greater part of the spectators, consisting of a multitude of lawyers in their gowns, old actresses, ladies of fashion in their most elegant dresses, dandies and dignitaries: "all," says the reporter, "attracted to the court by the renown of the illustrious comedian, as a similar crowd was, in 1829, when she came to depose about the robbery of her diamonds, to the amount, in price, of one hundred and fifty thousand francs, and as if the tribunal had to try one of those grand crimes which specially attract spectators of distinguished rank."

The same reporter adds, with all seriousness and sincerity—without the least imagination of hyperbole and burlesque—"This was quite an ordinary case of theft; nothing remarkable was to be disclosed; but the principal witness, the first witness, was to be M'lle Mars; she was to appear for a few moments only, and to utter only a few words; but that is enough to account for the rush of fashion, and the impatient eagerness of the overflowing hall."

You must be convinced by these details that the popular actresses are divinities everywhere in Paris, even before and for the Bench of the Assizes. Notwithstanding the universal worship and sympathy, a general titter, or more, an absolute laugh, followed the lady's declaration of her age—*forty-five!* Every auditor knew—the whole French or Continental world knows—that Mademoiselle has lived, child and woman, sixty years and upwards. Perhaps she dated from the epoch of her theatrical birth! I saw her thirty-one twelve-months ago, playing all her great characters, with a maturity of form and powers that warranted the presumption of *thirty*, though she could admirably personate all the stages between the teens and that round number. A bystander in court whispered that she could look rather young for *sixty*, but positively looked old for *forty-five*.

The Pagan savages are related to jeer at their fallen idols; so the unchristian wits of the Paris press, now that Miss Mars has been superannuated by the theatrical criticks, for her favourite characters, make merry with her substitution of a calendar so far short of the parish register. It is said that the Police have advised her to lay aside a portion of the dazzling jewels which she wears as Lady Strafford, in Casimir Delavigne's new Comedy of *La Popularité*—the rogues who rendezvous in the theatre being too strongly tempted by them, and even her life being thus endangered. It is subjoined, in some of the newspapers, that the diamonds make new conquests for her—give her a new host of admirers whose lot it may be to wear her chains a very long time—in the galleys. The political murmurers at the design of *La Popularité* aver that the said diamonds are the most brilliant things in the comedy, and that, if Lady Strafford should not follow the advice of the Police, she will be obliged, every year, to tell her age in a court—*decliner son age*.

The dealers in trinkets and precious stones grow enormously rich in Paris. Independently of the immensity of their business, I better understand how since I read the testimony on the trial above-mentioned, of the artist who made the stolen crown of the actress. He sold it for three thousand francs to the gallant adorers from whom she received the tribute; and when asked by the chief judge of the court, what was its intrinsick value, he answered, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred francs—*la facon et la ciselure en faisaient tout le prix*. I presume that this instance of *opus superabat materiem*, is an ordinary sample of the trade. A curious book was published, last month, on the history, nature, extent, and condition of the gold and silver-smith, and jewelry profession in this capital, in aid of a petition from them to the government, in which they are represented to labour under peculiar burdens and obstacles by law, and to suffer terrible distress.

Love.—A young girl, scarcely yet awake to the mysteries of her nature, and fluttering over the first demonstrations of love, is like a child sporting on the rippling strand of the sea, when a *high* tide is about coming in.

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

I CANNOT DANCE TO-NIGHT.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Oh! when they brought me thither,
They wonder'd at my wild delight,
But would I were at home again,
I cannot dance to-night
How can they all look cheerful?
The dance seems strangely dull to me,
The musick sounds so mournful,
What can the reason be?

Hark! hark! at length he's coming,
I am not weary—let me stay?
I hear his laugh distinctly now,
'Twill chase the gloom away.
Oh! would that I were near him,
He sees me not amid the crowd,
He hears me not—an would I dared,
To breathe his name aloud.

He leaves that group of triflers.
And with the smile I love to see,
He seems to seek for some one—
Oh, is it not for me?
No, no! 'tis for that dark-eyed girl,
I see her now return his glance;
He passes me—he takes her hand—
He leads her to the dance!

Wilkie.—Sir John Sinclair happening once to dine in company with Mr. Wilkie, the painter, that distinguished artist was asked, in the course of conversation, if any particular circumstances had led him to adopt his profession. Sir John inquired, "Had your father, mother, or any of your relations a turn for painting? or what led you to follow that art?" To which Mr. Wilkie replied, "The truth is, Sir John, that you made me a painter."—"How, I?" exclaimed the baronet; "I never had the pleasure of meeting you before." Mr. Wilkie then gave the following explanation: "When you were drawing up the "Statistical Account of Scotland," my father, who was a clergyman in Fife, had much correspondence with you respecting his parish, in the course of which you sent him a coloured drawing of a soldier, in the uniform of your Highland Fencible Regiment. I was so delighted with the sight, that I was constantly drawing copies of it, and was thus insensibly transformed into a painter"

Somnambulism.—Dr. Pritchard, of Bristol, knew a man in the habit of attending a weekly market. He used to ride in his sleep, saddle his horse, and awoke to a sense of his situation only by the animal stopping at the turnpike. Another ludicrous case was that of an exquisite, who had been a regular frequenter of a fashionable promenade, at a watering-place. The dandy was seen to get up at night, and, while fast asleep, walked in his nightgown along the brow of the hill, lifted his glass with the indescribable air of a finished exquisite, simpered and smiled, and gracefully saluted parties of ladies whom he fancied he saw as when awake. Animal magnetism, where it has, in reality, been induced, is merely a state of artificial somnambulism. Castelli translated Italian into French in his sleep. The most curious thing was, that, when at a loss for a word, he turned it up in his dictionary.

The Saryuriyas.—In the terrible famine which happened in the year of the Bengal era 1177, (A. D. 1770,) many Hindoos, unable to resist the cravings of appetite, ate food from impure hands, and lost caste. These and their descendants have now united into one tribe, which is called Saryuriya, because in every revolution of sixty years a famine, or some other great calamity, is supposed to occur on the year called Saryuriya, as happened at the time abovementioned. The Saryuriyas amount to one hundred and thirty or forty families, confined to the western parts of this district (Bengal.) They have instructors and priests of their own. They now follow the Hindoo customs so far as to abstain from beef, but eat everything else. They cultivate the land.

THE SUITOR.

Full little knowest thou, who hast not tried
What hell it is, in suing long, to bide;
To lose good days, that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.

Portrait of a composer, by himself.—Dalayrack, an artist of the school of Gretry, has left the following description of his own character among his papers:—"I am of a sensitive but easy nature; extremely susceptible of pleasure and pain; I easily exaggerate fear and hope; I do not know how to wait; I give my confidence blindly; I also sometimes suspect on very slight appearances; I am soon transported with rage; injustice, wherever I see it, revolts and maddens me" Dalayrack supplied the French opera with about fifty-six works. Besides being a composer of high talent, he was a man of severe principles and rigid probity.

Poverty and intemperance.—Cold in the stomach is a figurative expression, meaning either hunger or despair, or both. "Sir," says a Spitalfields weaver, in reply to his friendly adviser, "all that you say is true. The more gin we drink the more we want; but also the less gin we drink *the more we feel the want of something else*. Give us bread, meat, beer, and a good fire; then we should feel warm without gin."

Baseness of publick men.—I remember M. once drolly observing, (says Lord Brougham, in his Dissertations,) when I said no man could tell how base men are till he came into office, "On the contrary, I never before had such an opinion of human virtue; for I now find that no man ever drops the least hint of any motive but disinterestedness and self-denial; and all idea of gain or advantage is the only thing that none seem ever to dream of."

REMINISCENCES OF A GOOD-NATURED MAN.

BY HOZ

Orator Henley was accustomed to say that cut-down boots made the best shoes; I am sure this remark will apply to the frequent transformations that take place in character. Who has not seen an enthusiast tame down into the completest worldling—a youthful spendthrift dry into the finest specimen of a miser—and a good-natured man sour into a perfect Sir Benjamin Backbite? In proof of the possibility of this last change, I offer myself as evidence. I commenced life—existence I mean—with what is termed "a sweet disposition." I had flaxen hair, an innocent-looking face, and large pale blue eyes, that looked as if all the colour had been washed out of them by crying; nevertheless, I was not prone to tears, and even when a baby cried quietly. I was the delight of my nurse and mother, for I could always be allured to give up my own will by a piece of sugared bread and butter; I could wear my white frock and trousers twice as long as my sister; I loved to sit in my little chair better than to scramble about the nursery; I believed everything that was told me, and I sucked my thumb. Yet imposition on my good nature and harmlessness commenced before I was out of the cradle. My sister and I were twins, but not in disposition: she was a bright, lively, vixenish little thing, pretty and mischievous as a fairy—the reverse of myself, except in similarity of feature; and, though younger by half an hour, was my master, and everybody's master about the house. She neither sucked her thumb, nor loved to sit in a little chair; she would be nursed, and nursed well—which, in nursing language, means being tossed up to the ceiling, talked, shouted, and sung to, from morning till night. Our double arrival had not been anticipated; and if it had, two nurses, or even one and a half, could not in our household have been afforded; so that as my mother had very delicate health, my share of attention was somewhat scanty: in fact my lady-sister got it all, because she would have it: my thumb nursed me, and to such purpose, that it is to this day smaller than the other. As mere babyhood passed away, and I learned to walk and talk, my passive temper remained the same, and increasing liberties were taken with it; I had always the least pieces of gingerbread, was the last dressed in the morning, and the first put to bed at night. It was I who was to surrender a plaything, give up my seat, make the apology in case of a quarrel, and bear the blame on the occurrence of any juvenile iniquity; all because I was "such a good-natured little creature."

As a school-boy my character and condition remained unmodified—*fagging* was not allowed, but by this I gained nothing; for instead of avowedly serving one master, I served five-and-twenty, the entire number of boys admitted. A fatality, as if by birthright, hung over me. In two days my timid, yielding, milky, flaxen nature was discovered, and as speedily worked upon and cheated on all all hands. I was very vain of my good-nature; and flattery on this head would induce me to do or almost suffer anything, no matter whether in a right or wrong cause. It supplied the place of sugared bread and butter; and if the bullies were sure of my obedience, the wheedlers were certain of my love in addition. The scrapes and sins that I were wheedled into, are past enumeration; and, by some chance, the chief of the blame, and most of the punishment, always fell on me, even when others were concerned; whilst in our petty purloinings or purchases, it equally occurred that the share which fell to my lot was the least. However, after lying and stealing for my companions, and then being flogged for it by the master, I had my reward in the universal admission, that I was "the most good-natured boy in the school!"

School-days passed, and I became a member of that larger seminary—Society; calculated in its construction to harden, strengthen, daunt, and embitter; but for a series of years it effected no such change in me. It strikes me now with amazement, but so it was; for years I remained the same obliging, complying, assenting creature that I had been in the nursery and at school; ready to help every one, prone to believe every one, anxious to reconcile every one; in my conversations a stream of assents, in my intentions harmless, but in my actions certainly not wise. I had no discrimination—*there* lay the flaw. My amiability was extended to every one alike; and without any thought of consequences, my praise was so universal, that as it cost, so it was worth nothing—my peace-making was often effected at the expense of truth, my courtesy was apt to trench upon sincerity, my charity as often gratified imposture as real want—and of my justice, it might frequently be said,

Viola une justice bien injuste.

I am *sure* I was very amiable; but for want of being under the government of a strong understanding, I was perpetually involved in trouble, and did my friends little good. I had a horrour of unkindness in thought, word, and deed; but I had not an equal dread of injustice: it annoyed me personally to hear scandal; and wit throwing its golden arrows on all sides displeased me, if coupled with malice, however gay. It positively made me uncomfortable to hear people abuse each other, or try to make each other ridiculous; and I laugh now to reflect on the sober good faith with which I long to set myself against the current. Circumstances mixed me up pretty largely with society of various kinds. I had an immense and heterogeneous assemblage of friends and acquaintance; and circumstances also placed me in positions where I had an extensive power of expressing my opinions. I do not think there is any possible combination of laudatory words with which I am not acquainted—which I have not in some shape applied to every living creature I know; and what was my reward? All made use of me, and yet scarcely considered my services worthy of thanks; and at last a wit whom I had puffed, even to the last puff, remarked in an aside, meant to be audible, that if my words could be distilled and bottled, they might be hung against peach-trees to catch wasps with, instead of honey-water! In private, my good nature equally, or even more signally failed. From my multitudinous connexions, I had the mortification of hearing every one I knew and cared for, severally and soundly abused. It was in vain I disproved, proved, and reproved—the more I tried to stop the scandal, the faster it moved—it was Mynheer Von Wodenblock's enchanted leg. Surely I was a true friend! How I travelled from circle to circle the perfect genius of laudation, and the personification of Thomson's "etherial mildness!" I am afraid there was a little alloy in my motive springing from the timidity of my nature; hating and dreading censure myself, I supposed every one else hated and dreaded it equally; and I hoped, that if I was so generous in administering praise, others would be as generous in making a return. I found out at last, that the majority of persons in the world—persons, rather, who live before the world—do not care what or how much is said of them; and that the major part of the ill nature in the world is oftener the result of wit and idleness, than of sheer malice and intention. But these praiseful moods of mine are long since past; I no longer tax my memory to carry to this friend the compliment I heard paid him by that; I no longer transmit to one author the eulogy penned upon him by another; I can join in a laugh at my neighbour's expense; and instead of discreetly forgetting a witty libel, I can help to affix it to the back it was meant for. It was in self-defence that I suffered my transcendental good-nature to ooze from me; I found that I was invariably reckoned on as a sure man; I found that not more than a few did justice to my real kindliness of heart; I found that, with all my sparing of others, I was never spared myself; or, if spared, was laughed at: I found myself slighted in publick and passed over in parties; no one asked my opinion, and no one listened to my remarks—

Augusta sings, but no one hears her:
Augusta sighs, but no one cheers her

I was such "a good creature" that every one treated me badly, till self love would bear it no longer, and I determined to *amend*. Since I altered my tactics, it is astonishing how much my position in society is improved—how much more attention I gain—and how much better I am thought of. I can now barb an epigram with the best, (and may in time come to dip the point in poison,) I can twist a meaning, suggest a motive, affix a *soubriquet*, add wings to a personal joke, sneer in print, talk scandal in private, and cut throats in my dreams. And I am better liked—have gained a character for being clever, whilst my personal comfort is increased. People who ventured to slight me in my good-natured days, are paragons of attention to me, now that I am good-natured no longer. I am listened to when I speak; and if I promise a service, it is no longer considered a right, but a favour. The only danger is, that I may go too far; and in my escape from an excess of complimentary, obliging, officious desire to please, may become really spiteful—as indiscriminate in my sarcasms as I once was in my praise. I sometimes fear that I may prove, that very sour vinegar can be made from very sweet sugar.

CHOICE OF DEATH.

The count of Lannoi, one of the most brilliant ornaments of the court of the treacherous Louis XI. of France, was condemned to death by that monarch on a wrongful charge of having carried off the daughter of the celebrated painter Foucquet. To add to the torture of his situation, the king, by an exquisite refinement of cruelty, sent his barber, Oliver le Dain, (so familiar to the readers of Quintin Durward,) to announce to him, as a special favour, that the king allowed him to choose whatever mode of death he might prefer. Lannoi was a man of courage; he knew, too, that the king, himself brave, loved to see that same quality in others, he therefore did not lose heart, but announced his choice in the following letter:

"Sire—I am penetrated with gratitude for your majesty's extraordinary kindness, and for the anxiety you testify on the subject of my punishment. You will believe me when I say I had far rather have lost my life in your majesty's service than on such a charge as this; but since my death is determined, I send you for that purpose the chain of gold you wore at the battle of Quesnoi, and placed yourself on the neck of my father, Raoul de Lannoi, in the thickest of the danger, with these memorable words—'*Paque Dieu*, my friend, you combat too fiercely; you must be chained up, for I do not want to lose you, but want you to serve me many times more.' With this chain, sire, I wish to be hanged at the foot of the Tower du Nord, where I was wounded by an arrow meant for you on the night you went the rounds, I carrying a torch before you."

This appeal was such as not even Louis XI. could resist, and Lannoi's punishment was delayed until time proved his innocence. —*Translated for the Mirror.*

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE FOUNTAIN.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Fountain, that springest on this grassy slope!
Thy quick cool murmur mingles, pleasantly,
With the cool sound of breezes in the beech,
Above me in the noontide. Thou dost wear
No stain of thy dark birthplace; gushing up
From the red mould and slimy roots of earth,
Thou flashest in the sun. The mountain air,
In winter, is not clearer, nor the dew
That shines on mountain blossom. Thus doth God
Bring, from the dark and foul, the pure and bright.
Thou tangled thicket on the bank above
Thy basin, how thy waters keep it green!
For thou dost feed the roots of the wild vine
That trails all over it, and to the twigs
Ties fast her clusters. There the spice-bush lifts
Her leafy lances; the viburnum there,
Paler of foliage, to the sun holds up
Her circlet of green berries. In and out
The chirping sparrow, in her coat of brown,
Steals, silently, lest I should mark her nest.
Not such thou wert of yore, ere those old woods
Bowed to the white man's axe. Then hoary trunks
Of oak, and plane, and hickory o'er thee held
A mighty canopy. When April winds
Grew soft, the maple burst into a flush
Of scarlet flowers. The tulip-tree, high up,
Opened, in airs of June, her multitude
Of golden chalices to humming-birds
And silken-winged insects of the sky.
Frail wood-plants clustered round thy edge in Spring.
The liverleaf put forth her sister blooms
Of faintest blue. Here the quick-footed wolf,
Passing to lap thy waters, crushed the flower
Of Sanguinaria, from whose brittle stem
The red drops fell like blood. The deer, too, left
Her delicate foot-prints in the soft moist mould,
And on the fallen leaves. The slow-paced bear,
In such a sultry summer noon as this,
Stopped at thy stream, and drank, and leaped across.
But thou hast histories that stir the heart
With deeper feeling; while I look on thee
They rise before me. I behold the scene
Hoary again with forests; I behold
The Indian warriour, whom a hand unseen
Has smitten with his death-wound in the woods,
Creep slowly to thy well-known rivulet,
And slake his death-thirst. Hark, that quick fierce cry
That rends the utter silence; 'tis the whoop
Of battle, and a throng of savage men
With naked arms, and faces stained like blood,
Fill the green wilderness; the long bare arms
Are heaved aloft, bows twang and arrows stream;
Each makes a tree his shield, and every tree
Sends forth its arrow. Fierce the fight and short,
As is the whirlwind. Soon the conquerors
And conquered vanish, and the dead remain
Gashed horribly with tomahawks. The woods
Are still again, the frighted bird comes back
And plumes her wings, but thy sweet waters run
Crimson with blood. Then, as the sun goes down,
Amid the deepening twilight I descry
Figures of men that crouch and creep unheard,
And bear away the dead. The next day's shower
Shall wash the tokens of the fight away.
I look again—a hunter's lodge is built,
With poles and boughs, beside thy crystal well,
While the meek autumn stains the woods with gold,
And sheds his golden sunshine. To the door
The red man slowly drags the enormous bear
Slain in the chestnut thicket, or flings down
The deer from his strong shoulders. Shaggy fells
Of wolf and cougar hang upon the walls,
And loud the blackeyed Indian maidens laugh,
That gather, from the rustling heaps of leaves,
The hickory's white nuts, and the dark fruit
That falls from the gray butternut's long boughs.
So centuries passed by, and still the woods
Blossomed in spring, and reddened when the year
Grew chill, and glistened in the frozen rains
Of winter, till the white man swung the axe
Beside thee—signal of a mighty change
Then all around was heard the crash of trees,
Trembling awhile and rushing to the ground,
The low of ox, and shouts of men who fired
The brushwood, or who tore the earth with ploughs.
The grain sprang thick and tall, and hid in green
The blackened hill-side; ranks of spiky maize
Rose like a host embattled; the buckwheat
Whitened broad acres, sweetening with its flowers
The August wind. White cottages were seen
With rose-trees at the windows; barns from which
Swelled loud and shrill the cry of chanticleer;
Pastures where rolled and neighed the lordly horse,
And white flocks browsed and bleated. A rich turf
Of grasses brought from far o'ercrept thy bank,
Spotted with the white clover. Blue-eyed girls
Brought pails, and dipped them in thy crystal pool;
And children, ruddy-cheeked and flaxen-haired,
Gathering the glistening cowslip from thy edge
Since then, what steps have trod thy border! Here
On thy green bank, the woodman of the swamp
Has laid his axe, the reaper of the hill
His sickle, as they stooped to taste thy stream.
The sportsman, tired with wandering in the still
September noon, has bathed his heated brow
In thy cool current. Shouting boys, let loose
For a wild holiday, have quaintly shaped
Into a cup the folded linden leaf,
And dipped thy sliding crystal. From the wars
Returning, the plumed soldier by thy side
Has sat, and mused how pleasant 'twere to dwell
In such a spot, and be as free as thou,
And move for no man's bidding more. At eve,
When thou wert crimson with the crimson sky,
Lovers have gazed upon thee, and have thought
Their mingled lives should flow as peacefully
And brightly as thy waters. Here the sage,
Gazing into thy self-replenished depth,
Has seen eternal order circumscribe
And bind the motions of eternal change,
And from the gushing of thy simple fount
Has reasoned to the mighty universe.
Is there no other change for thee, that lurks
Among the future ages? Will not man
Seek out strange arts to wither and deform
The pleasant landscape which thou makest green?
Or shall the veins that feed thy constant stream
Be choked in middle earth, and flow no more
For ever, that the water-plants along
Thy channel perish, and the bird in vain
Alight to drink? Haply shall these green hills
Sink, with the lapse of years, into the gulf
Of ocean waters, and thy source be lost
Amidst the bitter brine? Or shall they rise
Upheaved in broken cliffs and airy peaks,
Haunts of the eagle and the snake, and thou
Gush midway from the bare and barren steep?

Rowland Hill.—On an occasion of his preaching a charity sermon he said, "I once got a thousand pounds by a charity sermon. I hope I shall get as much to-day. But observe, if any of you are in debt, don't put any money on the plate. Recollect—take time—deliberate. If any of you owe money, be just before you are generous. Stop, though! On second thoughts, those who don't give will be pointed at, 'Oh, he or she is in debt,'" etc. On another occasion he said:—"I do think a young idle clergyman will be numbered among the most wicked upon earth: and to tell you the truth, I should have been ashamed to have lived so long (eighty-eight years) if I had not worked hard, and used all my strength in God's service. I am now in the valley; but in all my travels, I could never see the top of the mountains, until I got into the valley."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The following lines, from the pen of a young lady of Edinburgh, were called forth by a landscape by Horatio McCulloch, an artist of great promise, and whose productions have been eulogized by Professor Wilson, for their exceeding beauty and truth to nature. A friend of the author has obligingly sent us these stanzas.

THE HIGHLAND LOCH.

It bursts upon my raptured sight,
In all its stern magnificence;
A glorious vision of delight,
Filling my soul with joy intense.

Mountain, and glen, and clustering wood,
And the pure lake that dreaming lies,
Rejoicing mid the solitude
Of glowing earth and laughing skies.

Entranced I gaze—the torrent's roar
Seems hoarsely in my ear to speak—
I almost think I feel once more
The mountain breezes fan my cheek.

The wizard, Fancy, sweeps away
The stranger throng that round me stand,
And blissfully my footsteps stray
Within thy shades, my mountain land!

Oh! how my gladden'd spirit leaps,
To drink thy free and cloudless air;
That through its cells so freshly sweeps,
Chasing all gloom that linger'd there!

* * * * * * * * * *

A friendly voice has burst the spell—
Back to reality once more!
Yet not less rapt my musings dwell
On the new theme to which they soar.

Oh, genius! brightest of the bright!
Of heaven's high gifts the most divine!
What soul has never felt thy might?
What witchery can vie with thine?

Amid the city's noise and glare,
To call up silent hills and streams,
And breathe upon the world's hot air
The freshness of our early dreams.

To bear us on thy swift bright wing
Back to the fairy realms of youth,
When life had no discordant string,
And all was beauty, love and truth!

Such is thy power, oh gift divine!
Though far beyond all human praise,
I leave before thy lofty shrine
The offering of my simple lays. INEZ

FROM CORRESPONDENTS AT HOME.

The difficulties on the border appear to be at an end, but there has been so much inquiry after the fate of the young volunteer, John Smith, that we cannot withhold the following letter from publication, notwithstanding it relates to matters somewhat *passé*.

LETTER FROM JOHN SMITH.

Smithville, Down East, in the state of Maine, March 30, 1839

Dear General.—I've got another letter from my son John down to the boundary war; and as I 'spose you like to have 'em pretty well by your putting of 'em in your papers, I make haste to send you a copy of this by the first post. It is as follers.

Our Disputed Territory, pretty near the Line, on Fitzherbert's farm, March 25th, 1839.

Dear Father—We stick by here yet, takin' care of our disputed territory and the logs; and while we stay here, the British will have to walk as straight as a hair, you may depend. We aint had much fighting to do since my last letter; and some how or other, things seem to be getting cooler down here a little, so that I'm afraid we aint agoing to have the real scratch, after all, that I wanted to have. A day or two arter we took the logging camp and brought the men and oxen off here prisoners of war, we was setting in the fort after dinner and talking matters over, and Sargent Johnson was a wondering what a plague was the reason the British didn't come up to the scratch as they talked on. He said he guessed they wasn't sich mighty fairce fellers for war as they pretended to be, arter all.

"Well," said Colonel Jarvis, "I got some despatches from Governour Fairfield this morning, that says Sir John Harvey seems to be a little inclined to haul in his horns; and I don't believe they'll try to drive us out of our disputed territory, or come anear us. But still the governour says we must hold on and look out sharp, for he don't know how 'twill turn out yet; and we must keep possession of the territory, and not let anybody come into it, nor any logs go out of it, till we have further orders."

"Well," says Sargent Johnson, "I don't like this staying about here doing nothing; I aint use to it. If them British are any notion of coming here and having a tug with us, I wish they'd come and have it over. Why don't we go clear to the line, colonel? How do we know but what they'll get over this side on't sometimes, if we ain't there to see to it? And besides, I want to *see* that boundary line, that I've heard so much tell of; and I'm determined to see it before I go home, if I have to march down to it all alone; so I can have it to tell my children of, when I get to be an old man, and can say to 'em, I have seen the boundary line myself, and marched clear down to it and stood on it."

Here I couldn't help putting in a word tu; and says I—

"So do I, colonel, I want to see that are boundary line, and go right up to it, and *toe the mark;* I never was dared to toe the mark yet, but what I did it, let who would stand t'other side. And I should like to go right up to this line, and put my toes on to it, and look over on to the British side, and stump them to come up to it if they dared."

At that Colonel Jarvis turned round and looked at me, and hawhawed right out; and, says he—

"Well done, John, you are growing quite wolfy. I like your spirit any how; but you are young and inexperienced, and don't understand all the turns of the game exactly. You hain't seen so much war as your old great grandfather has; you must try to keep cool and foller your officers."

"But, colonel," says I, "do you know grandfather?"

"Yes, I do," says he; "I have heard him tell his war stories many a time. Didn't he give you no good advice when you come away?"

"Nothing," says I; "only he charged me not to be in too much of a hurry to fire."

"Well," says the colonel, "you'd better remember that advice, and foller it. And it's a pity Billy Wiggins hadn't a grandfather to advise him."

At that Billy Wiggins rolled up his little gray eyes at the colonel, and fairly looked red; and says Billy, says he—

"Well, colonel, my gun goes too easy, and I can't help it. I've been a squirrel hunting with it so much, it'll almost go off itself, before you think on't."

"But this ain't what we was talking about," said Sargent Johnson; "and I don't see as it brings us any nearer the line. As I said afore, colonel, I don't like this staying about here and doing nothing; and if things are getting cooled down a little, so as like as not we shall have to go off home pretty soon, I think the sooner we take a peep at that boundary line the better."

The colonel said, the boundary line wasn't but a few miles off, and we was as near to it now as 'twas prudent to have our headquarters. We'd got a good strong place here on Fitzherbert's farm for a fort, and we must stick by it and keep it well manned and guarded. And he said, bein' Sargent Johnson and his company was so good on a scouting-party, and did so well t'other day when we took the logging camp, he didn't keer if we tried it again the next day. We might go out and scour round awhile, and see if we could find any more trespassers, and go down as far as the line if we'd a mind to; only be careful and not get over on t'other side of the line; for if the British nabb'd us there, we should be lawful game, and it would be hard work to make 'em give us up.

So we was all alive in a minute, fitting out for a new campaign. We went to work and rubbed up our guns, and put new flints into 'em, and got 'em so they'd go as quick as a stream of lightning. And the next morning we was up by times and got our breakfasts, and filled our knapsacks, and started off. We hunted round most all the forenoon to find some more trespassers, but we couldn't find hide nor hair of a single one. We thought we must be pretty near the line, and sometimes we begun to feel a little skittish for fear we might get acrost and not know it, and the British might hop up behind some of the old logs and trees and nab us before we could have time to take aim at 'em. Bime by Billy Wiggins started on ahead of us and run like a two-year-old, up on to a little hill there was a little ways ahead; and then he begun to climb a slim, tall pine tree, and he hitched and scrabbled up as fast as a young bear.

"What upon earth," said Sargent Johnson, "is Billy arter now?"

"A squirrel, I guess," said I; "I'll bet a potatoe, Billy has treed a squirrel."

When we got along up a little nearer, Sargent Johnson called out to him to know what he was doing up there

"I'm jest a looking off here to see if *I can see the line,*" said Billy, stretching his neck away to the eastward, and looking with all the eyes in his head.

"Well, do you see it?" said Sargent Johnson.

"See it? no;" said Billy, "I don't see nothing but woods, and woods, as far as I can see."

Sargent Johnson told him he guessed he would see it quicker if he was down on the ground, than he would up there. So Billy come down again, and we jogged along. Bime by we come to a tree that had some old marks and spots on two sides of it. And we looked along north and south of this tree, for Sargent Johnson said the line runs due north from the monument, and we found some more trees marked and spotted jest like it.

"Ah," says Sargent Johnson, "we've found it. This is the boundary line we've heard so much tell of; we've got it at last. Now look and see if you can see the British on t'other side of it; and let every man hold on to his gun and be ready to fire, if I say the word."

We looked across the line, and looked and looked, but we couldn't see nothin' but trees, and bushes, and woods, and swamps. We hollered across the line as hard as we could holler, to see if we could raise any of the British, for we all felt as if we wanted to have a brush. And we thought at first they answered us; but when we come to holler again, we found it was only the echo of our own voices, that come back from the hills a little ways off. So we marched along on the line two or three miles, but we couldn't see nor hear nothin' of nobody. At last we sot down and got the victuals out of our knapsacks and eat our dinners, and rested awhile. When we got ready to start again to go back to our fort, Sargent Johnson said we should give the British one broadside before we left 'em, jest to let 'em know what the Yankee boys are made of. So he told us to see that our guns was all right; and then he ordered us to stand up all in a row, and *toe the line,* facing to the British side; and then he give us off the word—

"Make ready, take aim—fire."

"There," says Sargent Johnson, "now I can go home contented, war or no war; for we've poured one good grist into their own territory, and they may help themselves if they can."

Then we put on our knapsacks and shouldered our guns and started back towards the fort. We fit our way along through the bushes and swamps two or three miles, till we come out a little more into the upland, and as we was walking along and talking and telling how we guessed the British wouldn't dare to come up and toe the line as we had done, all at once we come across a great track in the snow. We stopped and looked at it awhile, but we couldn't tell what sort of a track it was. Some guessed it was a bear, and some guessed it was an ox, and some guessed it was a hoss, but they all said it didn't look like nary one of 'em. At last Billy Wiggins said, he didn't believe but what it was the *British Lion* got over on to our side of the boundary line. At that we all had a good laugh, and Sargent Johnson said, if that was the case we'd have a hunt for him, for no British lion had a right to set his foot in our disputed territory. So we turned off and followed the track. Bime-by we looked away ahead a little ways amongst the trees, and there we see it. 'Twas a great critter, that looked some like an ox, only 'twas about as tall and as long as a hoss; and he had a great mess of horns sprangling out both sides of his head like a great bunch of dry hemlock knots.

"There," says Billy Wiggins, "didn't I tell you it was the British lion? Don't you see his horns?"

"But, taint the lion that has horns, it's the unicorn that has horns, according to my book," said Jonathan Downing; "and I guess it's a unicorn."

"No," says I, "taint a unicorn; unicorns don't have but one horn, and this feller's got a dozen."

He stood with his head up, eating the bark off the limbs of the trees. And as soon as Sargent Johnson got so near he could have a fair sight of him, he sung out, "it's a moose—it's a moose; now we'll have some fun; now for a moose chase."

As soon as the moose see us he jumped his whole length, and started to run. He threw his head back on his shoulders, and tipped it one side so as to bring one bunch of his horns over his back, while 'tother bunch pinted forward so he could run between the trees and bushes, and he jumped and run like a young ox, and we arter him as tight as we could spring. We couldn't fire at first, for we had forgot to load our guns again arter firing our broadside on the line; and Sargent Johnson said it was no matter about stopping to load, for, if we could get him into a good stout snow-bank, we could take him alive. So we pulled foot arter him as hard as we could go. Some of the way the snow was pretty deep, and so hard we could run on the top of it. But the moose broke through almost every step, and he had sich hard work jumping and floundering along, he couldn't gain ahead of us hardly a bit. At last he got kind of wedged up between some high rocks on one side and some old trees that was blowed down on 'tother side, and there he was in as bad a fix as Billy Wiggins was, behind the great pine log that I told you about in my last letter. There was no chance for the poor moose to get away, but to turn right back and make his way right through among us. He looked round at us, and shook his head a few times, and bime-by he turned round and fetched a spring and come right at us full chisel. We sprung, some one way and some 'tother and give him a chance to go by, and Jonathan Downing fetched him a lick acrost his nose with his gun and broke his gun stock. But poor Billy Wiggins couldn't spring out of the way so quick as the rest of us, and the moose run right against him, and knocked him head-over-heels, as much as a rod, and the next jump he stepped on to one of Billy's legs and broke it off as short as a pipe-stem. We run and helped Billy up, and found he wasn't hurt much, only his leg was broke; so Sargent Johnson told one of the men to stay by him, and we took arter the moose again. Arter we chased him about half a mile further, he got into sich a deep snow-bank, it stopped him. He jumped and floundered round, but he couldn't get out, and only got deeper and deeper into it, till at last he was all covered in the snow-bank, but his head and horns, and there he stuck, pretty well tired out. We walked right up to him. His eyes looked as wild as if he'd eat us up; but he couldn't help himself. We took some strong lines that we had with us, and tied 'em to his horns on both sides of his head, and took a slip-nuse round his nose, and trod the snow down, and got him out of the bank. We found by trying him round a little, that we could manage him so as lead him and drive him to the fort alive. So we sent two hands back to bring Billy Wiggins up, and they brought him along, and we took and sot him straddle of the moose, and told him to hold on to the horns. Then Sargent Johnson took command of the ropes one side and I on 'tother, and each of us took a hand to help us hold on, and Jonathan Downing took hold of the line that had the slip-nuse round the nose, and went ahead to pick out the best path; and the other five went behind with sticks and whipped up. When we got all fixed, we started off and made pretty good headway. Poor Billy Wiggins begun to cry some, and said he would never get home, now his leg was broke; but Sargent Johnson comforted him up, and told him "to never mind, for if he hadn't his leg broke he might never have had a chance to ride home to the fort in triumph on the British lion." At that Billy laughed, and seemed to be in pretty good spirits the rest of the way. We'd got out pretty near the fort before we ketched the moose, and a little before sunset we got out into the opening, and was marching up the hill towards the fort.

When we got up pretty near, Colonel Jarvis come running to meet us, and says he,

"Sargent Johnson, what sort of a prisoner have you got here?"

"Why, this is the British lion," said Sargent Johnson; we took him this side of the line, and, therefore, he's fairly our prisoner."

"You are the boys for me," said the Colonel; and he went back and told the men, and they give three the loudest cheers for Sargent Johnson's company that ever I heard. The colonel had supper for us in a few minutes, and took Billy Wiggins into the hospital, and had his wounds dressed, and he bids fair to do well, and took the moose and tied him in the barn. Colonel Jarvis says we must keep him alive, and carry him home as a grand trophy of the war.

P.S.—I want mother to send me down two pair of stockings and a pair of trousers, for we get 'em torn out terribly down here among the bushes. So I remain, your loving son, — JOHN.

DEAR GENERAL—Peter Smith, Esquire, Henry W. Smith, Ensign John Smith, John Smith the fourth, Ichabod Smith the second, Sam Smith the third, John Smith the ninth, and old Mr. Zebedee Smith and all his children, all wants you to send 'em your paper, beginning with the one that had my first letter in it. Your friend and subscriber, JOHN SMITH, ESQUIRE.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE ABBE CHATEL AND HIS CHURCH.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

HAVING observed in "Galignani's Messenger," that on a certain evening, at seven o'clock, the Abbé Chatel was to deliver a discourse on the subject of Religion, in the *Eglise Catholique Française*, I determined to attend the service, and inform myself of the nature of the system which he has established. Accordingly, at the appointed time, I walked to the Faubourg St. Martin, and was directed to the place of worship, which is situated, number fifty-eight, in the rear of a large *Magasin*. Over the gate-way, the tri-coloured flag is displayed, and the name of the church inscribed. The building is low, narrow, old, and dark; and appears to have been erected for a storage-house, or, possibly, for some theatre of the commonest kind. Over the entrance, stands a cross, which is placed there for the purpose of exciting in the people the impression, that this church, like every other church in Paris, is in communion with the christian religion. But this, the reader will see, is a mere delusion. The interiour presents a most extraordinary aspect. The altar seems arranged in the usual manner: a crucifix rises over the tabernacle, three lofty candles glimmer on either side. The chalice, covered with a rich veil, is displayed; and two altar-cards (as at a distance they appeared to be,) stand, one on the right, the other on the left. On the left of the altar, the tri-coloured flag streams over the inscription "GLOIRE"—on the right, another over the inscription "PATRIE." Over the altar, there is a large painting, badly executed, representing an angel, holding in one hand a cross, and with the other pointing to heaven, having under her feet a withered female with a tiara on her head. This represents the Genius of Reform trampling down the ancient institutions, religious and political. The sanctuary is small, and arranged like that of our poor country churches. On approaching to examine more minutely the altar, I discovered that what seemed altar-cards, were pictures—one representing St. Vincent de Paul, and the other Fenelon. On the walls, several other pictures, of the Blessed Virgin, our Saviour, Fenelon, St. Vincent de Paul, and a bust—I believe of Socrates—are displayed.

The congregation collected—a motly assemblage of the *canaille* of the city—they ranged themselves on each side of the church, leaving an aisle of about four feet in width between. The number of persons might have amounted to about four or five hundred, all of whom, with the exception of some visiters whom curiosity attracts to this singular place, were evidently the dregs and refuse of Paris. A *Suisse*, with cocked hat and mace, directed me to a seat, not far from the pulpit.

The clock tolled seven—a little parlour-organ was struck by a young man with mustachios, beard, and streaming hair—when, lo! two individuals, both robed in purple cassocks and capes—and one decorated as a bishop, with a golden cross hanging on his breast, and a ring sparkling on his finger—made their appearance in the sanctuary. The latter was the Abbé Chatel, who styles himself Primate of the French Church!—the former, a priest of his own construction. The *Primate* was originally a Catholick clergyman, and chaplain in the French army. He is of ordinary height, stoutly built, common in his bearing and appearance, and about forty-eight years old. After standing an instant before the altar, (I believe it is a part of their religion never to kneel,) they took their seats on two old-fashioned arm-chairs, lined with purple, and placed on a platform covered with a carpet. The vespers were then entoned by the *Primate*: he was instantly responded to by all the congregation, accompanied by the abovementioned organ, the tones of which screeched shrilly through the rough vociferations of the heterogeneous singers. The service is performed in the French language. Instead of the psalms and hymns, verses and songs of a patriotick and profane character, are substituted, all of which are pregnant with deistical and anti-catholick sentiments. As an instance of these songs, I select two verses, which are stentoriously shouted forth every Sunday evening by the Primate and his disciples:

"Et toi, O vierge, fugante la monastere
Deviens une chaste et respectable mere!"

This is sung to the tune of *Dexit Dominus*, etc.

Chatel ascended the pulpit; and after casting around the temple a solemn and magisterial look, broke the silence with these words: "*Au nom du Pere, et de Jesus Christ notre Frere et Legislateur.*" This is the form of what he styles the sign of the cross, which sign he does not, however, make upon his person. He spoke on the subject of religious belief—condemned all denominations; and by name, Protestants of the Church of England, Methodists, Presbyterians, and, above all, the followers of the Pope of Rome. Still, he eulogized Vincent de Paul, (he would not deign to give him the title of saint,) Fenelon, Louis IX., Turenne, etc.—admitted that all sects had produced examples of great virtue, especially the Roman Catholicks—denounced, in one breath, the luxury of the churches and the lives of the clergy; and, in the next, acknowledged that it was religion that inspired men to erect those immortal monuments to the faith of Jesus Christ, and poured forth a stream of eloquence in favour of the monks who preserved literature and science from the desolation in which everything else seemed to be involved. He spoke of the gods of Rome, and the gods of Greece; the god of the first century of religion, and the GOD OF THE MIDDLE AGES. He then apostrophised the *divine Socratés—Et toi divin Socraté*, etc., and concluded, by exhorting all his hearers to purchase *La Code de l'Humanité*, of which he himself is the author.

Before leaving the pulpit, he reminded the people, that on the twentieth of December, they were to celebrate *la fete des veilliards*, which was to be very imposing and interesting. He recommended them to select twelve boys and twelve girls, for the purpose of introducing the aged men to the altar, etc. He regretted that the unfavourableness of the weather would not permit, at present, the celebration of the *fete de demoselles*; but that should take place in the month of May. He then descended from the pulpit, and, amid the chanting of the men and women, accompanied by the *Suisse*, went through the church, collecting with his own hands, the donations of the people.

Never did there exist a more inconsistent and heterogeneous system, than that of the Abbé Chatel. I could not restrain my feelings on the subject.

"Why," said I, to a person sitting by my side, "since the Abbé is so opposed to the Roman Catholick religion, and the priests, why does he robe himself in purple and appear like a bishop?"

"Oh, Monsieur, he is the Primate," was the reply—and he continued straining his throat with the songs. I turned to another, who seemed rather of a better order.

"Does the Abbé say mass?" I asked.

"*Mais, certainment, il dit la messe*," he answered. "Don't you see the altar, the chalice, and the book. But he will do all this away, as soon as possible. He cannot effect all that he desires as yet." This explained the whole. All these remains of the Catholick church he displays to the poor ignorant people, merely to dupe them. Were he to throw them aside, the old women would recognise no religion in his temple; and the young, who, particularly in France, delight in all that strikes the eye, would soon abandon him. Hence his pompous dress, his ceremonies, his vespers—hence his mock-mass, which is composed of heathenish appeals to the deity, and songs of liberty—hence the sacrilegious elevation of the host, while boys, robed in white, ring the bell, and swing the censor, but during which, all remain seated—hence the benediction chanted by the minister, and imparted, as in orthodox churches, with the sign of the cross.

After the service, following a number of persons who pressed into the sacristy, I ventured to direct my way thither, to converse, if possible, with the *soi-disant* Primate. Finding a good opportunity, I drew near him, and extending my hand, remarked that I was a stranger, attracted from curiosity to his church, and that it would afford me satisfaction to ask a few questions concerning his creed

"From what country do you come?" he politely asked, taking my hand.

"From the United States of America," I returned.

"*Bien;* from New-York—things go on well there."

"Perfectly well, thank God," I answered—"I come, you see, from a protestant country, and am in quest of information wherever I can find it—and I should not like to return home without deriving, from its very source, a true notion of the system you preach.

"We are Deists, sir," he emphatically said, "Deists in the widest acceptation of the term."

"You do not, therefore, admit the Scriptures, Monsieur l'Abbé?"

"Not the Scriptures of men."

"I mean what is commonly styled the Bible."

"They have no divine authority for me," he replied.

"You do not believe in eternal punishments, sir, if I understood your discourse, this morning?"

"*Parbleau!*" he exclaimed, with much emotion, "do you think that God can be forever angry with his creatures?"

"But you admit a temporary purification after death?"

"Yes—but all shall ultimately be saved—Mahomedans, Christians, Jews, and all without distinction."

"Would it not be more consistent, Monsieur l'Abbé," I asked, "to deny any punishment whatever? because God cannot be angry *at all*—either for time or eternity. He knows no passion——"

"It is well I am not discussing the subject with a Roman priest," he interrupted me—"with protestants we can reason, (imagining me to be a protestant)—but there is a funeral service to be performed, and I beg you to excuse me."

I requested him to pardon me for having intruded on his time and his duties; assured him that my idea of his religion was now formed—derived from his own assertions—and bade him *bon soir*.

Before my visit to this church, and my interview with the Abbé Chatel, I was under the impression that he was a mere innovator and a schismatick, adhering to the ancient forms, though performing the service in the vernacular tongue. Many persons, also, with whom I have conversed, believed this to be the fact. But I have convinced myself, in the most authentick manner, that he is anti-christian, and what the French significantly style a *Farceur*. Nor is there much danger of his gaining many proselytes. In spite of all his efforts, and writings, in the space of six years, he has been able to establish but three temples in all France. One in Paris, which I have just described; one at Mont Rouge, and one at Nantz. The French people look upon him with contempt—and notwithstanding all the difficulties it has had to contend with, the ancient religion of France still holds her glorious sway over the hearts of the nation. To be convinced of this, one need but visit, on Sundays and festivals, the churches of St. Roch, l'Assumption, and, above all, that splendid and beautiful bijou, *Notre Dame de Lorette*.

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM THE WEST.

LETTERS FROM DETROIT.

THE stranger who approaches Detroit in one of the thirty fine steamers which visit her wharves—a boat, perhaps, of the first class, with cabins draperied as magnificently as MRS. ——'s boudoir, will scarcely believe that twelve years ago the mail was brought in *once a week* on horseback, and sometimes through the famous, or infamous, Black Swamp, on a man's shoulders, while one single small brig was the ordinary means of getting to Buffalo, via Lake Erie. Now two important railroads, already in operation through a portion of their length, terminate in the city; abundant means for the rapid transition deemed so desirable in these flying times, meet the traveller at every turn, and thronged hotels offer ample provisions for his comfort while he sojourns in the queen of the north-west.

One is apt to forget that Detroit is almost as old as Quebec and Philadelphia. The present aspect of the place is rather that of one of the mushroom cities of western New-York. The sight, however, chosen with the peculiar sagacity of the French settlers of this region, is much finer, and more adapted to the erection and display of splendid buildings, than that of any one of those newly dignified imitations of Babylon the great. The village of Geneva, on Senaca Lake, is a sort of Miniature of Detroit, and I know of no other place which resembles it. There is the elevated plain overlooking the water—the noble street which runs parallel with its edge—the pretty houses embosomed in trees which continue dotting the bank far beyond the busy and closely built part of the avenue—but Detroit, on further inspection, shows some traces of its more ancient origin. Not that Fort Pontchartrain has left any vestiges—not that Waweatonong still bristles with pickets, though I believe some fragments of that primitive defence may yet be found; but in traversing the thronged thoroughfares of this modern, well-built town, one comes suddenly upon a cottage of the most antiquated, old-world structure, or a log-hut which looks as if it might have sheltered one of those devoted Catholick missionaries who were the indomitable pioneers of this laky wilderness. And one meets at every turn, fair ladies, in such gear as fair ladies ever love, reclining on cushions in carts of the most ordinary construction, carts which conveniently, and, let me add, most rationally *back* up to the doors, and (unless they *dump* by mistake, as sometimes happens) deposit their precious freight, without deranging a curl or soiling a tiny slipper.

The Roman Catholick cathedral appears at first view, like a fragment of olden time, though it is in fact scarcely more than a score of years since its foundation was laid. It is an odd-looking building—a curious compound of stability and fragility—of costliness and parsimony. Its walls of heavy, hammered granite, are surmounted in front by an oblong wooden tower which sustains two wooden steeples, and the cupola over the nave, and two pepper-box belfries behind it, are also of wood and of very mean construction. The interiour of the building presents similar descrepancies, save that poverty there predominates more strikingly. The large size of the church is rather imposing, but the woodwork is entirely unpainted—the ornaments and religious emblems are like children's toys—the figures of the Virgin and Child on the inferiour altars are the common dolls of the shops, enshrined among faded artificial flowers; the high altar is surmounted by wretched pictures, and one would conclude the priests to be, one and all, brothers of the order of St. Francis, so unfeignedly poverty-stricken are most of their vestments. I am told that there is no provision for warming the building, in the severest weather; and I recollect witnessing a wedding there, in very cold weather at eight o'clock in the morning, when the poor elbows of the pretty bride and her maids, unlucky in having selected evening dresses for the chilling occasion, loomed indigo blue through the blond veils which were their only covering, while the groom looked as if he wished himself anywhere else. Yet with all this apparent lack of means, the Romish bishop is reported by those who watch with pious dread everything which threatens to extend the influence of the Catholick church, to be immensely rich, and to be supplied annually with large sums from European sources. Be this as it may, he is now erecting very large additions to the dilapidated episcopal residence—additions which seem preparing to swallow up the old rookery entirely, and which are supposed to be intended for the use of a theological seminary or college of priests. The Catholicks have another church here, an old shattered building, which is to be pulled down some day, and replaced, we are told, by a splendid edifice.

The Protestant Episcopal Church is a pretty specimen of "modern

gothick," the entire building, inside as well as out, having been subjected to a thorough *rifacciamento* within a few years. The interiour is well arranged and in good taste, save the awkward height of the new galleries and some little tawdriness about the pulpit. I have heard that the disproportioned length of the house makes it rather difficult to the speaker, but Bishop McCoskry fills it with his clear, ringing tones, without any apparent effort.

The Baptists and Presbyterians have each a large and commodious brick house of worship, and the Methodists and German Lutherans wooden ones, of very ordinary character; and these comprise, I believe, all the provisions made in Detroit for the publick service of the sanctuary; very sparing, certainly, for a city which boasts ten thousand residents.

The other publick buildings are in the usual plain style, well adapted to their several purposes, but not particularly ornamental to the city; though the State-House, well situated and graced with a pillared portico, is rather an imposing object. The Town-Hall is placed somewhere near the centre of an immeasurably odd triangle, called, in Judge Woodward's plan, the Campus Martius, now the terminating point of the great central rail-road, and partly occupied by the erections necessary at so busy a depot.

The convent, which is generally inquired for by strangers, at least young lady strangers, might be passed an hundred times without exciting the least suspicion that its low and dingy yellow walls veiled

"Vigil and pentence austere."

It looks as if it might be a row of supplimental bed-rooms to some hotel, or a corner fragment of some ancient barrack of Fort Shelby. There is nothing Radcliffian about it, certainly. The good sisters of St. Clare are neither young nor handsome, and they are busied in the thankless and (vide Sir W. Scott and Charles Lamb) "Herodian" occupation of teaching little girls, all which is rather unromantick. But they are reputed to be the kind and self-denying friends of the orphan and the homeless, and it is said that when the cholera ravaged Detroit in 1832, these humble recluses, with a Romish priest or two, were to be found at the bedsides of the sick, the dying and the dead, while many of their neighbours deemed it necessary or convenient to absent themselves from the city entirely. The county poor-house remains to this day under their care, from having been thrown upon their mercy at that season of desolation. And this establishment is reported to be conducted in a manner and spirit far different from that which marks many of these professed refuges of the destitute, while the excellent baths which are provided there are thrown open for the advantage of the publick, and the small revenue accruing from this source appropriated with religious scrupulosity to the benefit of the poor.

It may with strict truth be said of Detroit, that it abounds with resources for the suffering and the needy. A general "Benevolent Society," composed of females of all Protestant denominations, is unremitting in its labour of love, and the children of poverty never apply in vain for its aid. Two associations for the relief and education of the orphan, one Catholick, the other Protestant, are in full activity and widely useful; some half dozen free-schools supported by the different religious societies, and one of forty scholars by a catholick lady, are among the most valuable aids of the poor; and Sunday schools are maintained in all the churches by the most persevering—I might say self-sacrificing—efforts of a comparatively small portion of the members.

The wise and good are anticipating, with fervent hope, the beneficial influence of these kindly exertions upon the rising generation at least; trusting that those who visit their goodly city, in time to come, may less frequently encounter the revolting evidences of reckless profligacy—the little shivering child of wretchedness, bearing under her tattered cloak the poison which is to destroy the parent—the poor lost drunkard, skulking in by-ways to shun the unmoving finger of scorn—the pale faced libertine, young in years but ages gone in sin and misery, ever ready, with bosom-hidden dirk or fanciful sword-cane, to avenge a construed insult or defend a profligate associate. May their pious wishes be fully realized, and Detroit delivered from these and all other blots upon her fair escutcheon!

C. F.

EXTRACTS FROM WORKS IN THE PRESS.

ROBIN DAY.

The following is an extract from "The Adventures of Robin Day," by Dr. Bird, to be published by Lea and Blanchard.

I was as wretched and hopeless a creature as could be, when the business of my master carried him, one summer's day, to a certain great town in New-Jersey, situated upon a river, where we cast anchor in the morning; and I, without troubling myself with any thoughts of shore, which it was seldom my lot to visit, fell to work at my vocation in preparing my master's dinner; in the course of which, I had occasion to murder a venerable old gander that had been squalling in the coop, in expectation of his fate, for the last two days. This execution being over, and not without five or six hearty cuffs, which my patron gave me for performing it bunglingly, I sneaked away to the bows, where, perched upon the bowsprit, I began, in the process of plucking the animal, to distribute a shower of feathers over the tide.

This operation, as it chanced, attracted the attention of a knot of schoolboys who were playing, some of them on the wharf hard by, while three or four others were busking about in a batteau, to which they had helped themselves; and, whether it was that there was something more than usual of the ludicrous given to my employment by my uncouth appearance, or that the urchins were ripe for mischief, they forthwith began to salute me with a battery, first, of jokes and sarcasms; to which they afterwards added an occasional volley of pebbles and oyster-shells. This was the proceeding that caused me no surprise, for I had been too much accustomed to unkindness all my days to expect anything else; and, I may also add, that such was the indifference to bodily pain into which I had been beaten, and so stupified within me were all the ordinary instincts of self-preservation, that although I was once or twice hit by the missiles cast at me, and in danger of faring still worse, I neither removed from my perch, nor intermitted a moment in my task.

My insensibility, or want of courage, as it doubtless appeared, gave additional edge to the malice of my persecutors; and those who were in the batteau, having taken in a sufficient supply of small shot—that is to say, of the pebbles and shells as aforesaid—ventured to push into the stream, for the purpose of attacking me nearer at hand, which they did with infinite zeal and intrepidity; and one little fellow of ten years old, that seemed the greatest imp of all, the most voluble in railing and the most energetick in attack, succeeded in planting upon the top of my forehead the ragged edge of an oyster-shell, by which I was cut to the bone, and my face in a moment covered with blood. This, indeed, stung me to resentment, for the anguish of the wound was very great; but so sluggish were the movements of all my passions, that I had scarce proceeded to a greater length in the expression of my rage than by turning a haggard look of reproach upon the assailant, when an accident happened which changed the current of my feelings. The little reprobate who had immortalized himself by so capital a shot, had given such energy and strength to the cast, that he lost his balance, pitched forward, and at the very moment I looked down upon him, plumped, with a dismal shriek, into the river, which was deep, and the current strong. It was evident, the little dog could not swim; and such was the terrour which the catastrophe caused among his companions, that they lost the only oar that they had in the boat, and were incapable of rendering him any assistance.

In the meanwhile, the hero of the scene, whose disaster I regarded with sentiments of complacency and approbation, as being nothing more than he deserved for the unprovoked injury he had done me, sank to the bottom, whence in a moment he came whirling and gasping to the surface, and was swept by the tide against the sloop's cable, which he attempted to seize, but without success; for though he had hold of it for an instant, he was not able to maintain his grasp. In this state of the adventure, the little fellow was immediately under me where I sat on the bowsprit; and as the tide swept him from the cable, he looked up to me with a countenance of such terrour, and agony, and despair, mingled with imploring entreaty—though being on the point of strangling, he was neither able to speak nor to cry out—that I was suddenly struck with feelings of compassion. They were the first human emotions, I believe, that had entered my bosom for years. And such was the strength of them that, before I knew what I was doing, I dropped into the river—gander and all—to save the poor little rascal from drowning.

Such a feat did not appear to me either very difficult or dangerous, for I could swim like a duck, and had had extraordinary experience in the art of saving life in the water; not, indeed, that I had ever performed such service for anybody but myself; but, in my own case, I had almost daily occasion; for nothing was more common than for Skipper Duck to take me by the nape of the neck and toss me overboard, even when on the open sea; though the mate always threw me a rope to help me on board again, except when we were becalmed, or at anchor; in which cases, he left me to take care of myself. In the present instance, however, as it proved, the exploit was not destined to be performed without difficulty; for dropping down with more hurry than forecast, right before the stem, and with a force that carried me pretty deep into the water, I was swept under the shallop's bottom, which, in the effort to rise to the surface, I managed to strike with my head, with a violence that would undoubtedly have finished me, had not that noble excrescence been in those days of unusual thickness. The shock was, however, sufficient to stun and confound the small quantity of wits I possessed, and to such a degree that I lost my hold of the gander, which, up to this moment, I had clutched with instinctive care; besides which, I was swept, before I had time to recover myself, along the whole of the sloop's bottom; and this being pretty well studded with barnacles, young oysters, and the heads of old nails, I had the satisfaction of enjoying as complete and thorough a keelhauling as was ever administered to any vagabond whatever, my jacket, shirt, and back being scratched all to pieces. Of this, however, as well as of the loss of the gander, I was for a time quite unconscious, being confused by the shock my head had suffered; and the moment I succeeded in passing the rudder, and reaching the surface, I had all my thoughts engaged in rescuing the boy, who had now sunk two or three times, and was, I doubted not, sinking for the last time; for he was quite insensible, when it was my good fortune to reach and seize him by the collar.

The batteau had, by this time, been borne by the tide against a projecting wharf, whither I easily swam with my charge; and then giving him up to his companions, who had now, by dint of yelling, brought several men to their assistance, I took to my heels, hoping to regain the sloop before Captain Duck, who had gone ashore, should return and discover my absence. My only way of getting on board was that in which I had departed, namely, by swimming; and to this I betook me, by running a little up the stream, and then leaping again into the river.

My haste, however, was vain; the worthy skipper reaching the vessel an instant before myself; and when, having clambered up by the hawser and bobstay, I succeeded in jumping on deck, I—who was in such a pickle, what with my clothes torn to shreds, and dripping with water, and the blood trickling down my face, as the reader cannot conceive—found myself confronted with my tyrant face to face. He gave me a horrible stare of surprise, took one step forward so as to bring me within reach of his arm, and exclaimed,—

"You draggle-tailed tadpole! where have you been?"—which question he accompanied with a cuff on the right cheek that tossed me full a fathom to the larboard.

"Please, sir," said I, in as much terrour as my stupidity was capable of—"overboard, sir."

"Overboard, you son of a tinker's cowbell!" cried my master, giving me a cuff with the other hand, that sent me just as far starboard; "what have you been doing overboard?"

"Please, sir, saving boy's life, sir," returned unhappy I, beginning to be conscious of the enormity of my offence.

"Saving a boy's life, blast my fishhooks!" ejaculated Skipper Duck, knocking me again to larboard; and here I may as well observe that this was his usual way of conversing with me, or rather of pointing his conversation; his stops being usually but three, a cuff to the right and a cuff to the left, which he alternated with extreme regularity, at every other speech; and a full period, used at the close, by which I was laid as flat as a flagstone. "Saving a boy's life!" cried the skipper, boxing me as aforesaid: I wish all the boys were in old Nick's side-pocket, roasting!—Where's the gander?"

The gander? ay, *where* was the gander? The question froze my blood: I remembered the loss; by this time the gander was a mile down stream, if not already lodged, in divided morsels, in the capacious jaws of a hundred catfish.

The skipper noticed my confusion, and his face of a sudden became small, being puckered by an universal frown, that began at the forehead and ebb and the two ears, and tended to the centre, carrying these several parts before it, till all were blended in a knot of wrinkles scarce bigger than his nose. He stretched forth his hand and took me by the hair, of which I had a mop half as big as my whole body; and giving his arm a slow motion to and from him, like the crank rod, or whatever they call it, of a locomotive, just as it is getting under way, and making my head, of course, follow in the same line of traverse, thundered in my ears,—

"The gander! you twin-born of a horse-mackerel! where's the gander?"

"Please, sir," I spluttered out, in a confusion of intellects that was with me extremely customary—"boy was overboard—jumped overboard to save him——"

"D—n the boy!" quoth my honest master; "where's the gander?"

"Please, sir, jumped overboard," I repeated; "got under the keel: knocked head—senses out, and—and—"

"And the gander? blast my fish-hooks! the gander?"

"Please, sir; couldn't help—'most drowned—lost it!"

The skipper's eyes rolled in their sockets, and he turned them to heaven, as if to invoke thunderbolts of vengeance on my guilty head. Then taking a quid of tobacco, to compose his nerves, he made me a speech, importing, first, that he had bought me of old Mother Moll at the price of a ten-gallon keg of rum; secondly, that I was not worth the tenth-part of a sous-marquee, or ten scales of a red herring; thirdly, that I was the ugliest wall-eyed, shock-headed son of a ship's monkey he had ever laid eyes on; fourthly, that he had always said I would come to the gallows, without even the grace of arriving at the yard-arm; fifthly, that he had borne as many of my dog's tricks as mortal man could; sixthly, that the loss of the gander was the most atrocious piece of cold-blooded knavery he had ever heard of, for which hanging was too good for me; and seventhly and lastly, that as it was his duty to take a father's care of me, he would forthwith proceed to give me the handsomest trouncing I had ever had in my whole life, blast his fish-hooks. And this oration, which was interlarded with more profane execrations than I desire to repeat, being ended, he kicked and dragged me along into the cabin; where, seizing up a rope's end, he fell to work upon my half-naked body with a vigour that, I think, would have ended in his killing me outright; had not fate sent me assistance in the person of a friend—it was the first one I ever had—whom the accident of the morning had gained me, all unknown to myself.

The little boy whom I had saved from drowning, was, as it happened, the son of a worthy and wealthy gentleman, a physician, of that town, who chanced to be nigh at hand, when I landed the little fellow on the wharf; and being drawn thither, among others, by the cries of the children, had the happiness to find his child already restored to his senses, and suffering no inconvenience from the catastrophe, except a good ducking and a hearty-fright. He took pains to inform himself on the spot of the particulars of the accident, which a little inquiry among the boys soon put him in possession of, including all the circumstances of the attack, as well as of my instrumentality in saving the graceless urchin; and he was pleased to express as much approbation as surprise, at what he called my magnanimity—a word, by the by, which, when he afterwards delivered it into my own ears, filled me with consternation, as, from its bigness, I supposed it must mean something very horrible. Nay, his feelings becoming more interested, when he discovered from what a wretched looking little imp (for, it seems, I had passed him, while running up the wharves, and he had noticed my squalid appearance,) the good act had proceeded, he determined to visit the shallop on the instant, to do me reparation for the injuries I had received, as well as to reward me for my humanity—which word also, when he pronounced it, struck me as a very terrible one, though not so awful as "magnanimity." He accordingly procured a boat, and, in company with several other persons, immediately came on board, the visit being for me the most opportune in the world, as the honest skipper was threshing me, as he himself expressed it, "within an inch of my life," and was, indeed, so enwrapped in the business, that he was entirely unconscious of the entrance of the visiters into the vessel and the cabin, until my new friend, shocked and enraged at his brutality, brought it to an end by suddenly knocking him down with his cane.

My miserable, wretched appearance—for besides my starveling looks, the blood was still streaming over my face—and the inhuman tyranny to which he thus saw me exposed, operated to such a degree on the benevolent feelings of this most excellent man, that he determined to release me from my skipper's clutches altogether; which he immediately effected, by carrying me ashore to his own house, where he dressed my wounds, and had me washed and clothed in decent attire.

Nor did his good offices rest here; for having questioned me, and discovered what a friendless creature I really was, and how much I had suffered from the cruelty of the skipper, his indignation was roused to such a pitch, that he proceeded to lodge an information before a magistrate, who immediately granted a warrant for Duck's apprehension, and he was in a few hours laid by the heels in the common jail; when, being tried, he was mulcted in a heavy fine, and punished with a month's imprisonment. And this punishment not seeming severe enough to certain worthy citizens, whose choler had been exceedingly inflamed by the developments of his cruelty that took place at the trial, the skipper was no sooner released from prison than they carried him aboard his own vessel, where, after subjecting him to the process of keel-hauling, administered in a much more regular way than had happened in my case, they shaved his head and tarred and feathered him from top to toe; and then ordered him to get under way, never to appear again in their waters, under pain of being hung from his own cross trees—an injunction which, I believe, the scoundrel very faithfully observed, for I never heard of his being again seen in that neighbourhood.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"Le Sinai, Impressions de Voyages, par Alex. Dumas." New-York: De Behr. 1839.

We have already noticed in the Mirror the translations of this very entertaining work, by Mrs. E. S. Gould, and should be guilty of a great oversight, did we omit to express our pleasure at seeing the work republished in this city in the original language. There is too little attention paid here to the modern literature of France, and Mr. De Behr, in thus bringing to our knowledge the last work of one of the most popular and pleasing of living French authors, has entitled himself to the thanks of all who read the language. The style of the work is easy and eminently readable, and there is a quiet vein of satirical pleasantry running through it that is a new feature in a book of eastern travels. Most voyagers have contented themselves with showing us the grave and serious side of oriental character and adventures: Dumas has an eye to the comick and whimsical, likewise. A French journal, of distinguished literary character, finds fault with M. Dumas for indulging his turn for merriment even at the foot of the Pyramids, and on the top of Sinai; but we cannot agree in the justice of this severe criticism, belonging, as we do, to that large party of readers who had rather have an author good-humoured and mirthful than grave and dull, *selon les règles*. Our business is at present with the original, and not the translation; but we cannot refrain from adding, that Mrs. Gould's version possesses another merit besides those we have mentioned already, namely, that she has omitted or altered a few passages which, in the original, are too freely expressed to suit the severity of our American manners. Attached to the book, is an account of the celebrated inroad of St. Louis into Egypt, which is derived, in a great part, from the curious, but little-known chronicles of the Sieur de Joinville, and gives a most lively and graphick picture of the great strife between the French chivalry and Moslem warriours, which resulted so unfortunately for the brave but ill-starred monarch of the christians.

"New-York Review." No. VIII. April, 1839. New-York: Published by the Proprietors, 262 Broadway.

One excellent trait in this ably-conducted review, is its devotion to American literature and subjects of national interest. Why should our magazines and reviews extend their *surveillance* over the authors of Great Britain, to the neglect of our own? One would think that Lockhart, Wilson, Jerdan, Dilkes and Co., were quite able to dispose of the cases brought to their critical tribunals, without the co-operation of transatlantick Radamanthi. In the present number of the New-York Review, out of thirty-six notices of new works, more than thirty are of native production. This is as it should be, and the plan, if persevered in, will elevate this work to a higher and more influential position than has yet been attained by any periodical publication in the country. The article on the "National Portrait Gallery of distinguished Americans," contains much interesting information on the subject of the fine arts in this country; and the defence of the proposed international copy-right law gives evidence of great ability and research. We sincerely trust that the New-York Review, devoted as it is to the interests of American literature, will be liberally sustained by the publick.

"Select Minor Poems"—Translated from the German of Goethe and Schiller, with notes, by John S. Dwight: Boston. 1839. Hilliard, Gray and Co. 12mo. Pp. 439.

Several of the pieces in this collection have appeared in the Magazines of the day, and among them we notice the admirable translation of Goethe's "Vanitas, vanitatum vanitas!" published a few weeks since in the Mirror. It is rendered with remarkable spirit and fidelity. We do not remember to have seen a better version of Schiller's celebrated "Song of the Bell," than that furnished by Mr. Dwight. The measure of the original is very successfully preserved. The "Ideal," and the "Dignity of Woman," are capital, and the same may be said of the "Artist."

"Bianca Visconti." A Tragedy in five acts. By N. P. Willis. New-York: Samuel Colman. Pp. 108.

The merits of this beautiful play were first made known to the publick through the medium of the Mirror, and we welcome its appearance in its present elegant form with much pleasure. Upon the stage its success has been complete. As the readers of this journal are already acquainted with many of the most exquisite passages in the piece, we should run the risk of repetition in making any quotations. In the last act Mr. Willis has made material alterations, and the play has evidently undergone a thorough and unsparing revision. It deserves, and will occupy, a place among the standard productions of the stage.

The Little Frenchman and his Water Lots, with other Sketches of the Times. By George P. Morris. With etchings by Johnston. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard. 1839. Pp. 155.

It may not become us to speak in terms of eulogy of the literary portion of this beautiful volume, but we may be permitted to say that the typography is extremely neat, and the illustrations by Johnston spirited and appropriate. Without passing judgment on the work, we will, however, cordially recommend the reader to possess himself of it at once, believing that, unlike the "Little Frenchman," he will not have cause to repent of his bargain.

The Monthly Miscellany of Religion and Letters. Boston: William Crosby and Company.

From the prospectus of this work we learn that it is to assume the position of a "conservative reformer," and that it is to be made up as much as possible in reference to the passing times. The editorial department will be conducted by Professor Palfrey.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The author of the essay entitled "True Greatness of Character," *will perceive, by examining the plan of the Mirror, that its communication is hardly suited to our columns. It is a little too didactick; but ably written, and characterized by the "noblest sentiments."—The* "Tall Man's Apology," *is a very good and pathetick apology, and we regret it is out of our power to find room for it.—To the inquiry of* Phidias, *we can reply that the bust of Miss Tree may be seen at the Mirror Office, or at the office of the "Ladies' Companion." It is admirably executed, and is withal a very good likeness. The artist is Mr. Dexter of Boston, a self-taught sculptor, and one who gives ample promise of excellence in his profession.—The engagement of Mr. Sinclair at the Park will not affect Mr. Forrest's engagement at the National.—Odder to the contrary notwithstanding.—To* "R. D.," *no, no.—We must decline the communications of* "Juvenile, junior," "Ariel," *and* "C.Y.D."—*The account of Mademoiselle Rachel has already been anticipated in the Mirror.—Charles Kean is, we believe, engaged at the National, and* "Thespis" *is informed that we have heard nothing of the report to which he alludes.—We are indebted to the United States Magazine and Democratic Review, for the beautiful poem by Mr. Bryant, on our third page.*

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1839.

Packet-day.—Of the many exciting scenes that transpire in our busy metropolis, one of the most interesting and characteristick is that which occurs on the occasion, known to our citizens as "packet-day." It is a day full of bustle and business to the brokers, the banks, the passengers, the friends of the passengers, and to all who have any communication with the "old world." Taking advantage of the earliest breeze that may be propitious, the packet-ship spreads her white wings to the wind, and drops down our noble harbour, towards the Narrows. The passengers and their friends are on board, and for awhile all is conviviality and good-fellowship. If there is a brisk breeze, a few of the more delicate of the company may be a little "squeamish," but their situation detracts not from the gaiety of the rest. At length, they have reached the "Narrows;" and the steamer, which is to bear the "friends of the passengers" back to the city, is puffing and wheezing alongside of the packet-ship. Now all is hurry and excitement. "Passengers for New-York will please quit the ship," is the stentorian exclamation. Friend grasps the hand of friend, and a hasty "God bless you" is their parting greeting. "Farewell—take care of yourself—give my love to Victoria—don't be sea-sick—let alone that baggage—stop the steamboat—take care of the plank, Miss—mind your footing—good-by, good-by." Such are the exclamations now poured forth with a volubility which language cannot express. At length the passengers for New-York and Liverpool are divided. The steamer swings off gracefully from the side of the larger vessel, hats and handkerchiefs are waved, as a few faint huzzas mingle with the "good bys" and "farewells" of friends. The proud ship, careering to the breeze, bows her white sails and taper masts to the wind, and spreads away over the unfathomed deep. Soon she fades and dwindles to a speck in the distance, and the steamer, regardless of wind or tide, glides back to the city, and lands her passengers.

Launch of the Decatur.—The launch of the United States sloop of war, Decatur, at the navy-yard in Brooklyn, on the ninth instant, was a glorious sight. At the concerted signal, the blocks which detained her were knocked away, and she sprang to her destined element like a proud courser to the battle-field. Never before did we experience so fully the force of Byron's celebrated verse—

> "She walks the water like a thing of life."

As she floated, in queenly beauty, the imagination could almost invest her with human attributes, there seemed such a conscious pride and power in her movements over the subject waves. And then the question occurred, what will be her future fate? Will she carry the stripes and stars triumphantly to distant seas, or will she be dismantled by the ruthless storm, and dashed with her devoted crew upon the craggy shore? May such a disaster be averted from the gallant Decatur. She is truly a beautiful craft, and worthy to bear the name of one of the noblest of naval heroes. "We rejoice," says the American, "to see the name of a man so justly dear to our country and navy, thus renewed in one of our noble ships of war. We predict that she will always be a favourite with seamen, and ill betide him who lets her fall an easy prey to the enemy. The law requires that the sloops of war shall be named after towns of the different states. There are at least six or eight considerable towns in the western states called Decatur—therefore Mr. Paulding has shown his good taste and sense in thus paying a just compliment to those patriotick settlers who adopted the name of the gallant hero, as well as to the name itself. She is constructed on a model furnished by Samuel Hart, Esq., principal naval constructor at this station, and will, it is not doubted, prove a fast sailing ship. Her equipments are all on the most approved plans, combining economy with efficiency. Prosperity to the good ship Decatur, wherever destiny may lead her."

New musick.—Atwill has published a new song from Balfe's celebrated opera of the "Maid of Artois," beginning, "The rapture dwelling;" also, a comick song, sung by Mr. Latham, entitled "Who'd have thought of seeing you." From Millet, we have received a beautiful song—the words by Leitch Ritchie, and the musick by Knight—entitled "Calmly rest, my bonnie bairn." Messrs. Hewitt and Jacques have published the following:—Go, forget me; the musick by Knight and the words by Wolfe. The Birthday—The fair rose of Killarney—Come, gang awa' wi' me—The long lost strain—I would not be forgot—The Moorish drum—Oh, lonely is the forest shade—I cannot dance to-night, (poetry by Bayly)—and "The rapture dwelling," by Balfe. All these songs are well deserving the attention of amateurs.

American statuary.—A writer in the last number of the New-York Review says:—It is a striking fact, illustrative of the difference in the degree of attention paid in our country to painting and sculpture, that while the former has here been cultivated to the extent we have just seen, and produced so many and such eminent artists in all branches of the art, the latter has been almost entirely neglected. Mr. Frazee is, we believe, the only sculptor in this great city capable of executing any piece of statuary of higher order than a Galen's head for an *apotheck*, or a figure of Grief for a gravestone, and we know not of his having attempted any grand work of art. We have seen several fine busts by him, and some bas-reliefs for architectural ornaments, so well executed, that had they been imported from Italy they would have been exceedingly admired. From what he has already done, we may fairly expect some lasting monument of his genius; for to that character he is entitled by the extraordinary skill he has acquired in this enchanting art, by his own unaided tuition." Concurring, as we do, in this well-merited compliment to Mr. Frazee, we think that the writer will qualify his remark as to that artist's being the only sculptor in this great city, when he shall see the beautiful statue of Victoria recently executed by Mr. J. V. Stout, and now offered to publick exhibition at the Stuyvesant Institute. We think that Mr. Stout, in this single production of his chisel, has shown talents, which, if duly cultivated, will give him a lasting reputation among the sculptors not only of this country but of the age.

Picture of a shabby-genteel man.—The following picture of a shabby-genteel man, is given by a favourite satirical writer:—"If you see hurrying along a by-street, keeping as close as he can to the area-railings, a man of about forty or fifty, clad in an old rusty suit of threadbare black cloth, which shines with constant wear as if it had been bewaxed, the trousers tightly strapped down, partly for the look of the thing, and partly to keep his old shoes from slipping off at the heels; if you observe, too, that his yellowish white neckcloth is carefully pinned up, to conceal the tattered garment underneath, and that his hands are encased in the remains of an old pair of kid gloves—you may set him down as a shabby-genteel man." Such a one did we see yesterday in Broadway, walking, apparently in the forlorn hope of meeting some one who would invite him to dinner.

> "We pitied him, for he was poor;
> We loved him, for he was alone;
> The man who wears a threadbare coat
> Is seldom sought and little known."

Sandwich Island criticism.—The Honolulu Gazette remarks, in relation to two of the most popular of American poets—"Tepatipati aihini Bryant toai Halleck uanuan makind Raunga tepiletu pung." We dissent entirely. We are in the regular receipt of this journal, in the columns of which we find many extracts from the New-York Mirror. The following bit of intelligence is from a late number of the "Honolulu Gazette:"—"Catastrophe.—Walking near the sea-side the other day, we saw a man running towards us, with great celerity, grasping in his hand, what, at first sight, we took to be a stone or fragment of brick; the appearance of the individual immediately seemed to justify the belief that he had a design upon us. Fearing disagreeable consequences, being a small man, and feeble, we raised our cane to avert any suddenly impending attack, and examined our attenuated supporters to judge of their capacity for bearing us out of the reach of danger; the man came up—raised his clenched fist—vociferated with impetuosity, "Here is my six dollars for the subscription to your Gazette, please to give me a receipt!"

Phrenology and Mr. Combe.—The distinguished phrenologist, Mr. George Combe, commenced a second course of lectures on his favourite science, at the Stuyvesant Institute, on Saturday evening last. It is to be continued on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday evenings till the seventeenth of May. We are glad to perceive that these lectures attract large and respectable audiences. Mr. Combe has devoted the energies of a strong mind, and years of laborious study, to the subject on which he discourses, and no one can hear him without deriving new facts and ideas relative to the moral and physical education of man.

New periodicals.—A new penny daily paper is announced by Mr. H. Hastings Weld, (late co-editor of the *Sun*,) to be entitled "The Despatch." Mr. Weld is a gentleman of fine abilities, and of great experience as an editor. "Colman's Monthly Miscellany," is the title of a new monthly periodical, to be issued the first of June, by Mr. Samuel Colman, under the superintendence of Grenville Mellen and William Cutter, both men of talent, and able to secure competent assistance. Success to the undertaking

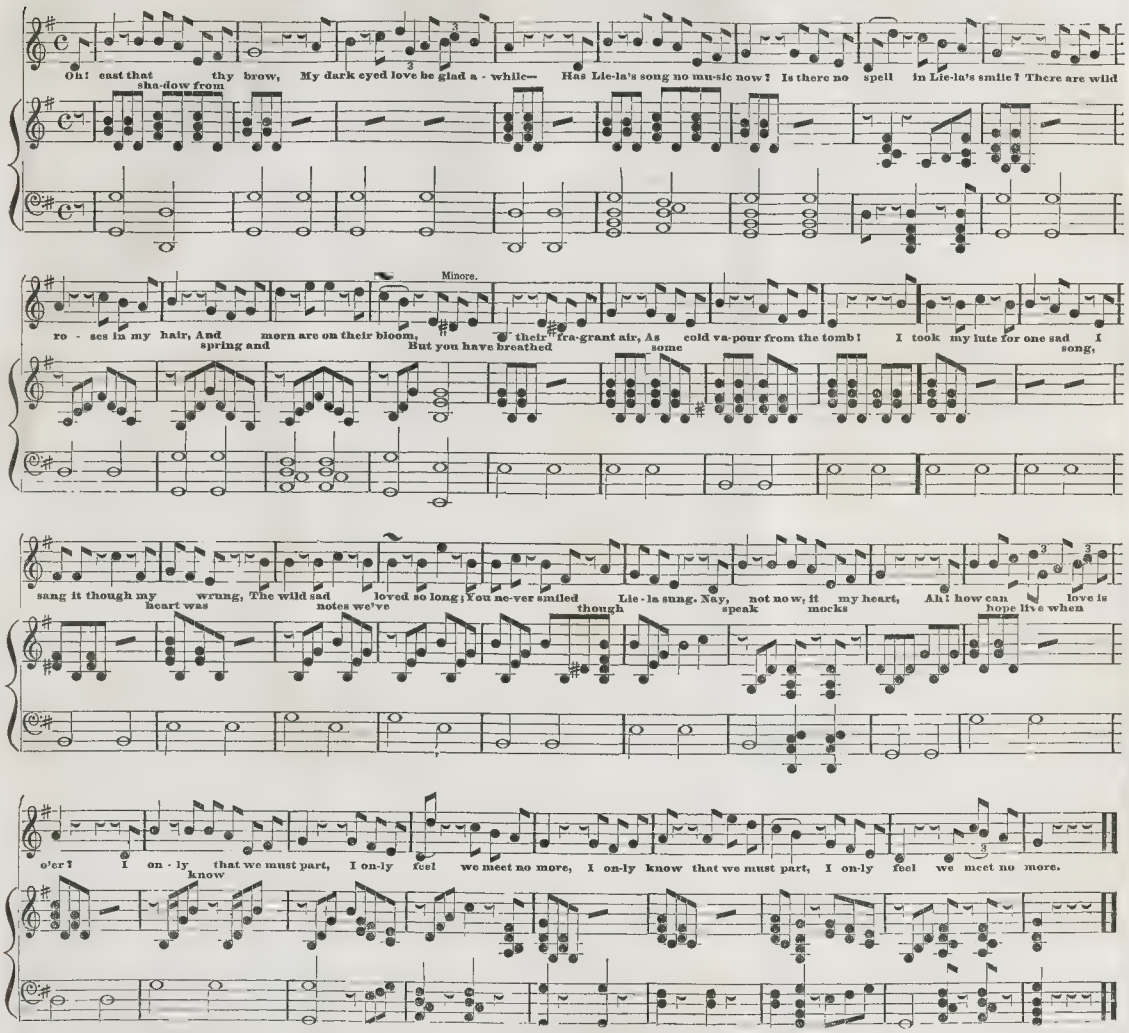
Down with the dust.—The promenaders of Broadway have been much inconvenienced during the late dry weather, by the simoons of dust which eddy through the great thoroughfare of this metropolis. The *Khamreen* of the Arabian desert is not to be compared to this stifling atmosphere. The corporation must see that the streets are more thoroughly sprinkled. "Down with the dust," has become the universal cry.

Anelli's paintings.—The private exhibition at No. 74 Chambers street, of Mr. Anelli's historical paintings and portraits, will soon close. These paintings are of more than ordinary merit, and no lover of the art should miss the opportunity of seeing them.

Life in New-York.—The first number of this periodical has appeared, full of satire, humour, and interest. Its tone is severe, but free from all ill-natured references; and we have no doubt of its meeting with eminent success

OH! CAST THAT SHADOW FROM THY BROW.

A FAVOURITE BALLAD—COMPOSED FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR—REPUBLISHED BY REQUEST.



MISCELLANY.

New way of getting a cane.—An English gen tleman was recently walking under the Arcades of the Rue di Rivoli, in Paris, holding in his hand a gold-headed cane, of splendid workmanship; a man supported by two crutches came up, and asked for alms in a mysterious manner and pitiful tone. The gentleman, moved to pity, gave the beggar a small silver coin. At the same moment, a person near him suddenly exclaimed, "How can you, sir, allow this rogue to deceive you? Please to lend me your cane, and I will show you that the rascal runs better than I can." The Englishman, taken unawares, without reflecting, lent his cane; the beggar, the moment he perceived it in his detractor's hands, threw away his crutches, and took to his heels as if his satanick majesty in person was running after him, and was followed by the man with the cane, whilst the spectators, and the Englishman particularly, remained in convulsions of laughter at the sight, and exclaiming alternately, "Oh, he will be caught!" "No, he will not be caught!" But both the racing heroes disappeared at the next opening in the street, and the good Englishman remained waiting for his splendid cane, which cost five hundred francs.

Sir Walter Scott.—"I never," said Sir Walter Scott, "could eat the flesh of any creature I had known while alive. I had once a noble yoke of oxen, which, with the usual agricultural gratitude, we killed for the table; they said it was the finest beef in the four counties, but I never could taste Gog or Magog, whom I used to admire in the plough."

British rule in india.—Young men govern there without society, and without sympathy with the native. An endless, hopeless prospect of new flights of birds of prey and passage is for ever passing before the eyes of the people. The cries of India are given to seas and winds, to be blown about in every breaking up of the monsoon, over a remote and unhearing ocean.

The lover's leap.—Two lovers at Chalons-sur-Saone, about to be parted by a forced marriage of the girl to another and a richer suitor, held a few nights ago, says a Paris paper, a last interview on the roof of a house, where they were accustomed to meet. The young man proposed an elopement, but, meeting with a positive refusal, he, in a moment of passion, took his sweetheart in his arms, and, exclaiming, "Then there is nothing left for us but to die together!" sprung from the parapet, which was upwards of sixty feet from the ground, thinking to carry her with him. He fell on the pavement, and was taken up most severely crushed; but the young woman snatched at a projection of the wall and was saved. One of her arms, however, was fractured in two places.

Pleasure and business.—A late Parisian police report says, that on the previous evening, one of the police arrested in the *rue de la Pepniere*, one of those intrepid sportsmen who pass the night in hunting cats in the narrow streets of the capital. He was accompanied by two *boule-dogues*, (bull-dogs,) whom he had trained to the sport, and who brought the game to his feet with the neck neatly broken. His game-bag was already full of grimalkins and kittens. It is not necessary to say for what purpose they are purchased by certain restaurateurs. He made also an additional profit by the sale of the skins. The offender was convicted of violation of the peace, and of pursuing the pleasure of the chase without the necessary permit.

Economy.—A correspondent of the Bay State Democrat tells a good story in illustration of this commendable virtue. Here is the anecdote:—A miserly man would often say to his children, "Now, my dears, which of you will have a cent and go to bed without any supper?" Answer.—"We all will, father." The next morning he would say, "Will you all *give* a cent, and have warm cakes for breakfast?" "Yes! yes!" they would reply, with one accord. Thus he would get his money back again, and cheat them out of one meal worth double the amount.

John Kemble.—Perhaps no man ever acted so completely up to a character as Kemble. For the time he almost imagined himself to be the very thing he represented. The example to the above rule happened one night at a provincial theatre, when John performed the character of Brutus. The unfortunate wight who that evening represented Marc Antony, fatigued by his exertions, sought behind the scenes refreshment from a tankard of cool porter. John, making an exit from the stage, caught the noble Antony in the very act! He shrank aghast from the horrid sight! Marc Antony drinking porter! Kemble struck the offending pewter-pot from the actor's hands, ran to his tiring-room, threw himself on a sofa, and much time elapsed before his brother actors could prevail upon him to continue the performance.

Suett's landlady.—Suett had at one time a landlady who exhibited an inordinate love for the vulgar fluid, yclept gin, a beverage which Suett himself by no means held in abhorrence. She would order her servant to get the supplies after the following fashion "Betty, go and get a quartern loaf and half a quartern of gin." Off started Betty: she was speedily recalled "Betty, make it *half* a quartern loaf and a quartern of gin;" but Betty had never got fairly across the threshold on the mission ere the voice was again heard—"Betty, on second thoughts, you may as well make it all gin."

Circulation of money.—Rothchild's two sons, who have managed the business of the house since the old man's death, are said to be spendthrifts of the first water. Thus it is: the covetous richman is generally a sponge for his heirs to squeeze.

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G. P. Scott, Printer, corner of John and Gold-streets.

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VOLUME SIXTEEN. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1839. NUMBER FORTY-FOUR.

REMINISCENCES OF BYGONE DAYS.

NEW-ENGLAND WITCHCRAFT.

BY JOHN NEAL.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

MEANWHILE, however, the men of Massachusetts-Bay, had so multiplied, that all the neighbourhood was tributary to them. Already were they strong enough to spare six hundred, seven hundred, nay, a thousand at a time of their native youth, year after year, to struggle with Philip of Mount Hope—a royal barbarian, who made war, as the man of Europe would make war now—*like a savage*—and without mercy—if he were beset on every side, like Philip, the warrior-king of the great western world, by a greatly superior foe, whose hatred was a part of his religion—a part of his very nature—a part of his immortal hope; as the man of Europe would make war, and be justified by the law of nations for so making it, if his dominions were ploughed up and laid waste by such a foe—the very wilderness about him, the burial-place, the sanctuary of his buried fathers, fired; their form of worship scouted; every deep grave, and every sacred place of prayer, laid open to the light, with all their treasures and all their mysteries; every temple not made with hands, every church built by the builder of the skies, and roofed as the skies are, demolished or profaned.

At last, in the year 1691, the prophecy of Mary Dyer began to be accomplished, and the children of those, who had been her judges and her destroyers, were afflicted in their turn by misery, torture and a cruel death. A part of the curse, which that other woman of power, the celebrated Mrs. Hutchinson, above alluded to, had pronounced upon the magistrates and the people, when they drove her forth into the dreary wilderness, there to perish, with all her young household, began to be remembered, with a secret and a thrilling fear. She was the dearest friend of Mary Dyer. They were sisters in life and sisters in death, although not after the flesh—sisters in spirit only.

Sir John Phips, a native New-Englander, of "*low birth*," as the chronicles of that age take care to inform us, though a man of remarkable energy and wholesome strength of character, was governour, when the sorrowful transactions of our story occurred. He was a very shrewd, honest, wilful, uneducated man, who had acquired a large property, and a *title*, by a course of mercantile adventure, it was believed, until it came out, strangely enough, that his great wealth had been fished up out of a Spanish wreck, which a friend of his, Matthew Paris, a minister of Salem, had met with some account of, in a scrap of an old newspaper, that fell in his way. There were facts enough in corroboration of the story, which, indeed, was never doubted, until the rage for wizards, and witchcraft, and witches, took possession of the people; after which they did not scruple to wag their heads, in passing, nor to insinuate rather bitter things to the prejudice of their governour and Mr. Paris, to whom he was indebted for the information, thus accidentally obtained by the latter, which led, after many trials, and a long course of disappointment and misrepresentation, to a discovery of the treasure on the coast of La Plata.

Matthew Paris lived about four leagues from Boston, at Nausukeag, now Salem; occupying a remote lonely house on the edge of a thick wood, in which were many aboriginal graves, and a large flat rock, in the midst of a haunted hollow, which was held in great awe by the wild men, and always avoided by the whites with especial care, from a belief that human sacrifices, or devil-worship, had been offered there—perhaps to Hobbamockoo, or Rawtantoweet—and perhaps to Ritchtau, their great invisible father. It happened that Mr. Paris, the preacher, had lost a young wife about a twelvemonth before these troubles broke out; a wife whom he had married, not because of her youth and beauty, but in possession of both; and everybody saw and acknowledged, when he lost her, that he would never hold up his head again—his white venerable head, which met with a blessing, and carried with it a blessing, whithersoever it went. He was a broken-hearted man, weary of life—a grasshopper was a burthen to him; and, but for his duty as a preacher of the gospel, and as a father, he would have shut himself up in that primitive age, and kept away from the sight of the world for ever Still, he had one hope—one earthly hope, and one earthly comfort. A sweet child had been spared to him, the image of its mother, who was like a child from the day of her birth up to the day of her death: and yet his grief would have been despair, but for his piety. It was the sorrow of old age—that unsupportable sorrow, which comes of unexpected bereavement, just upon the threshold of another world; the sorrow of one who is ready to cry out in the desolation of a widowed heart, whenever he draws up to the fireside, or the supper-table, or wakes in the dead of night—from a cheerful dream, perhaps—to the frightful truth; finding the heavy solitude of death about him, the darkness of death weighing upon him, his bridal-chamber quiet as the grave; his marriage-bed—his home—his very heart—which had been occupied with a blessed and pure love, uninhabited, and for ever!

His family consisted of this dear child, about nine years of age, a niece about eleven; a male and female Indian, who did all the drudgery of the house, in-doors and out, and were treated little better than slaves—inasmuch as God had promised the heathen, and the "uttermost parts of the earth," to them, who were certain of being in the right way; a small white boy, and a wretched creature, who having deserted his tribe in a season of war, and betrayed a chief, to whom he owed a sort of allegiance at the time, had become a by-word, a hissing, and a reproach, throughout all the neighbouring tribes, among whom, by way of showing, in the fiercest possible words, all their hatred for his treachery, and their contempt for his cowardly temper, he was called the *Praying Chief*; and every other wild man, who forgot himself so far as to live under the protection of the whites, or in the neighbourhood of a white man's village, or about his hearth, or his door, except for mischief, a *Praying Indian*, a sort of he-squaw, whom it were a dastardly thing for the native red man to wage battle with, or destroy, or even to punish, by trampling him into the soil he dishonoured and polluted.

The preacher was a good man. He had read much and thought much; but he had faith in witchcraft, and was grievously afraid of Indian sorceries. It was the fault of the age, however—the wisest and the best of the mother-country; believed in witchcraft also, and hereafter people may wonder at our credulity, in other matters, or it may be, at our *incredulity* in these, just as we now wonder at our strong-hearted, and clear-minded, wise and brave progenitors.

It was in the fall of 1691, that he first began to perceive within his own household and about his own hearth alarming indications of what he regarded as the handiwork of beleaguring spirits, a foretaste of the invisible world. His daughter Abby, and her little cousin, Bridget Pope, a child of singular beauty, and very tall of her age, began to behave in a strange way, so as to terrify all who saw them—being full of mischief, and acting as if they were possessed. They had been remarkably quiet, and loved each other so entirely, that if a neighbour met with one he always knew, no matter where he was, in the depth of the wilderness, or along by the desolate sea-shore, that the other could not be far off. Now, they were noisy and spiteful; continually apart, or hiding away from one another, and from everybody else, creeping into holes and corners, or employed in mischief, altogether beyond their age. They would crawl under the bed, as if they were pursued by something visible only to themselves, and lie there for a whole day together, snapping and snarling at everybody that came near. They would shriek, with a preternatural voice, in the dead of night, so as to waken the preacher, and frighten the whole house. They would fall down of a sudden, as if struck to the heart with a knife, while they were hearing the Bible. All that could be said or done appeared to be of no use. They grew more and more troublesome, less and less like themselves, every day. They would grow pale as death in a moment—drop away in a sort of stupor—awake with dreadful cries—and, upon examination, would be found covered all over with marks and spots, like those which are left by pinching the flesh. They would be taken speechless, while trying to repeat the Lord's prayer, and all their innocent features would be distorted with a savage and hateful expression. The preacher himself grew afraid of them—yea, even afraid of his own child, the living picture of his poor dead wife. The best medical men were consulted, but no one of the whole had ever met with anything of the sort, either in books or practice. Many days of prayer and fasting were held, till Mr. Paris began to believe that he wanted the courage to pray for the poor children—for, it was observed, that during the time of prayer, the afflicted were very quiet; but, in the intervals of duty, they would fall into fits, and act, and speak very ridiculously; nevertheless, it began to be whispered about in the neighbourhood, that they were under an "evil tongue;" and straightway, a multitude of inquiries were on foot respecting their habits and behaviour, before they were afflicted, or *possessed* rather, for within a few days after the first outbreak of their malady, they were looked upon with a sort of horrour, instead of pity, and believed to be not only bewitched, but actually *possessed* by the evil one.

Bridget Pope, the elder of the two, and quite remarkable, as I have said before, on account of her beauty and stature, had shown a remarkable aptitude, from the age of six or thereabouts, for every sort of learning. Her habits were unlike those of a child. She was fond of her book, but was never seen to study in school, nor when other children were studying. She was a favourite everywhere, and with everybody; for she had such a quiet, serious, gentle way with her, and was, in fact, so good a scholar, that when she appeared to merit reproof, as who will not in her youth! and kept away from her slate and copy-book, or sat for whole hours together at school, without lifting her eyes, or turning away her head from the little window of their log-hut, which overlooked a part of the new town, a part of the aboriginal woods of the country, and a broad, beautiful approach from the high sea, it was quite impossible to reprove her, except in a low voice, and with, at the most, a *very* affectionate word or two. Speak softly to Bridget Pope at such a time, or look at her with a look of love, and her quiet eyes would fill, and her childish heart run over, with a burst of sorrow; but if you spoke sharply to her, if you took her by surprise, when her thoughts were away—away—nobody knew where—in search of her own dead mother, it might be—so unaccustomed was the poor child to unkindness, that she would appear quite beside herself with terrour. It would require a whole day, after such a reproof, to restore the dye of her sweet lips. At every sound, at every step, she would grow pale as death, and her eyes would fill to running over.

But Abigail Paris, or Abby—for so she was called by her father and Bridget—was a very different creature; noisy, cheerful, and very talkative. Before Bridget Pope came to live with her, when she began to alter, by little and little, until, after a few months, she would go about the house a tip-toe and holding her breath as if she were in a sick chamber; and up to the period of their affliction, they were never apart, by night or by day. They slept together, they played together, they studied together, and they rambled about in the woods together under the superb trees and beautiful shrubbery,

> "Where the wild grape hangs drooping in the shade
> O'er unfledged minstrels that beneath are laid:"

where the scarlet barberry glittered among the sharp green leaves on every side of their path, like the old branches of coral; where, at every step, the more brilliant ivory-plums, or branch-berries, rattled among the dry leaves, or rolled about their feet like handfulls of beads—where, to say all in a word, young as the little creatures were, they had the courage to go, even while they were afraid to speak above a whisper, and peep, wondering and trembling, into the haunted spot, nay, even to touch the terrible rock, so that they might not dream of it after they had got back to the house. And such was their love! Together all day and all night—going to sleep together, and waking up together; feeding out of the same bowl, and sleeping on the same pillow, month after month, and year after year, till the period of our story.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

Meanwhile, just when there appeared to be no hope left, and the preacher himself was beginning to give up in despair, a fresh discovery was made, which threw the whole country, far and near, into a paroxysm of terrour. The savages, who had been for years in the habit of going to the house of the preacher in a familiar way, now kept aloof, and were more than usually grave; and yet, when they were told of the situation of the family, they showed no sort of surprise, but shook their heads, very much as if they were prepared for it. Mr. Paris being told of this, and having observed one day that immediately after he had spoken harshly to the female Indian, his daughter had gone off in a fit so alarming, that she grew black in the face, and appeared to be almost beyond the reach of hope, for half an hour, now bethought himself of another course; and after watching Tituba, the female Indian, for three nights in succession, became satisfied, from what he saw with his own eyes, that she had to do with the evil-one. A part of what was revealed to him, he was afraid to speak of; but he declared on oath before the magistrates of Nausukeag, that he saw sights, and heard noises which made his very flesh creep, and took away his senses for a while: that one sabbath evening, about an hour after dark, he heard a great whispering, as if a multitude were in consultation together in the grave-yard, by which he happened to be passing; that he hurried home to look for Tituba, but being unable to find her, went full into the woods, where he found her at last concealed in the bushes near the grave-yard, and sitting there doubled all up together, like some wild animal crouching for its prey and just ready to spring at his throat He testified also that at another time he found her whispering with a great black shadow in a still, starry night, in the Haunted Hollow, and by the Rock of Death; and employed in a way that he trembled even yet to think of, for between her and the large dark shadow, there lay what appeared to him the image of his own dear child, stretched out underneath the old trees, and lying as if either dead or asleep. He was unable, or perhaps afraid, to say more, but they observed that his lips were white, and that big drops of sweat were upon his forehead when he finished; and so, they lost no time in securing Tituba and her associates who lived in the house with her. They were hurried off together, and after a few days of inquiry

and a severe investigation *by torture*, both were put upon trial for witchcraft.

Being sorely pressed by the testimony of the afflicted children, who, with two more, charged her and Sarah Good—a miserable woman, who lived a long way off and spent most of her life by the sea-side, or out in the open air, nobody knew how—with tormenting their flesh at all hours, when they were awake, and when they were asleep, Tituba acknowledged before the people and the judges, that she was in fact and in truth a witch, and that with two or three of her sister witches, of great power, she had been persuaded by the Black-Man, to plague and bewitch these poor little creatures. But the words were hardly out of her mouth, before she herself went off in a fit, which lasted nearly an hour, and so changed her looks, that when she came to herself she looked like another person, and so continued from that hour up to the day of her death.

But Sarah Good, when she was brought up for trial, would not confess to the charge; but persisted in reproving her accusers, who were collected from all parts of the country, were of all ages, and swore to circumstances, which, if they ever happened at all, had happened years and years before. Aged and poor and miserable though she was, her behaviour was full of courage and full of composure to the very last. After the trial was over, and up to the last hour and last moment of her life, it was the same.

"You are a liar! as God is my judge," cried she, to a man who called her a witch, and would have her *confess and live*, a minute or two before she was turned off. "You are a liar! as God is my judge! I am no more a witch than you are a wizard, Micajah Noyes; and if you, ye people of easy faith! if ye take away my life, He will give you blood to drink—even to you and yours!"

"*He! who? The Evil-One! hey!*" groaned and shouted the by-standers.

"No, fool, no!" she replied; "but God—God the father—he will baptize you and your children's children's children, with blood for spilling the blood of the innocent!"

"So will He! and with fire!" cried another, and a strange voice, like that of a silver trumpet from the midst of the crowd; a female voice which no one there had ever heard before, and might never have heard again, if a poor girl had not been led forth after a time, chiefly on account of these very words, to prepare for a similar fate.

Within two years from the day of Sarah Good's death—so the story goes—her terrible words were verified, letter by letter, upon the very individual to whom they were addressed; for being carried off, or "captivated" by a war-party of the Pequod savages, with whom he had long associated, and whose habits of warfare he was well acquainted with, but whom he had nevertheless charged with eating roasted human flesh—they compelled him to do so; and after he had actually swallowed a mouthful of the detestable food, in the hope of being permitted to escape, or at least of being treated with much less rigour than his brave, resolute, rough companion, who refused with horrour and loathing, they fell upon him with their ponderous war-clubs, and beat him to death, and having burned the body with fire and scattered the ashes to the four winds of heaven, they let his companion go free with a kick, telling him to keep better company, and "*always speak true.*"

(To be continued.)

SELECTIONS FROM NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ANECDOTE OF A SICILIAN NOBLE.

The Prince Butera was one of those splendid examples which modern history seldom affords. He was a relick of ancient Sicilian nobility, chivalrous and bold as the Normans, from whom their order sprang. Hercules was he called, and his fine athletick figure seemed formed upon the model of his mythological namesake. He could fell to the earth a restuff horse with one blow of his fist, break across his knee a bar of iron an inch thick, and bend a piaster between his fingers.

One striking specimen of his coolness in the midst of danger, had rendered him extremely popular with the inhabitants of Palermo. In the year 1770, there was a great scarcity of bread in that city—a violent insurrection was the consequence. The governour was compelled, in self-defence, to have recourse to the *ultima ratio*; a cannon was planted in the streets. The people rushed forward towards the gun, and the artillery-man who held the match was about to fire it upon the mob, when the Prince Butera seating himself on the mouth of the piece as calmly and as carelessly as if throwing himself into an arm-chair, addressed them in a speech so reasonable, and so eloquent, that the mob fell back, the cannon was withdrawn unfired, and the blood of the people was unshed. Nor was this the sole cause of the prince's popularity.

It was his custom to walk every morning on the terrace which overlooks the Marina; and as the gates of his palace were always open to the publick at day-break, he usually found congregated about him a very large assemblage of poor people. Upon these occasions he used to wear a buckskin leather waistcoat, the excessively roomy pockets of which were every morning filled with carlins and half carlins, by his valet, every one of which disappeared before he returned to the palace. But his dispensations of charity were made in a manner at once peculiar and unnatural to him, inasmuch as he outwardly appeared very much disposed to knock down every poor person who ventured to implore his benevolence; an appearance which, considering his highness's bulk and capabilities, was anything but agreeable or soothing to the mendicants.

"Prince," says a poor woman, surrounded by her infant-family, "have pity upon the poor mother of five children."

"Five children!" answers his highness, "what are your five children to me? they are none of mine," and then with a look of assumed anger, he lets fall a piece of money in her apron.

"Prince," says another, "I have had no bread these two days."

"Go along, you foolish fellow!" replies the prince, feigning to give him a blow with his fist, which would have been enough to feed him for a week, "how can I help *that*? I don't make bread. Why don't you go to the baker?" affording him at the same moment, ample means to follow his advice. The consequence was, that the Prince Butera was received by the people whereever he went with every mark of affection and respect.

One person, however, complained bitterly of his highness's liberality, and that was his *maître d'hôtel*, who by no means approved of his indiscriminate admission of guests of all ranks and conditions to his illustrious master's table. The prince's dinners were of the first order, and notwithstanding their luxury and magnificence, his highness literally kept open house, his parties seldom consisting of less than twenty or thirty, of whom seven or eight were generally strangers; while the greater number of those who were not, dined as regularly with his highness, as the most punctual customers of a most popular *table d'hôte*.

Among this latter class, was one Captain Altavilla, who had obtained his rank in the army by following Cardinal Rufo from Palermo to Naples, and who had returned from Naples to Palermo, with a pension of a thousand ducats. Unfortunately, the captain, like many of his betters, was sadly addicted to play; his ill-luck at which would have rendered his income wholly inadequate to his expenditure, had he not hit upon two plans, the execution of which rendered his quarter's pay the least important branch of his revenue.

The first of these plans was to dine every day at the prince's table, which, as we have already seen, was no very difficult object to achieve, since it was free to all; but the second was something a little more perilous, and not quite so venal. Every day after he *had* dined, the captain contrived regularly to carry off the silver fork and spoon, which he had used at dinner. This very gentlemanly proceeding went on for some time without detection and even without the diurnal abstraction of the articles being discovered; but profusely as his highness's sideboards were furnished, the diminution of stock at length became evident to the major-domo, and having, as servants sometimes will, taken a strong aversion to the captain, his suspicions fell upon *him*; he began to watch his movement carefully; two or three days only were required to convert those suspicions into certainty, and having established the fact to his entire satisfaction, the vigilant domestick proceeded forthwith to inform his illustrious master of the fact.

The prince having heard the story, paused for a moment, and then said very quietly, "I don't know—I am very sorry for it—but as long as the captain pockets only his own fork and spoon, I have nothing to say—when he begins to walk off with those of his neighbours, I must make up my mind to do something," and in consequence of this extraordinary show of lenity, the captain, to the great discomfiture of the major-domo, continued one of the constant guests at the palace of his excellency the Prince de Butera.

THE UNINVITED GUEST.

The wedding-feast was at its height. Gaëtano, according to the established Sicilian custom in such matters, prepared to open the ball with the interesting Teresa, whose beauty and grace of manner, had been the subject of general admiration throughout the day. He approached her with the finished air of third-rate gracefulness—a sort of lively caricature of the best Sicilian cavaliers, and, in the highest possible spirits, solicited the honour of her hand. At that moment, a stranger presented himself on the esplanade, and stood in the midst of the company gazing upon the scene. The looks of the whole assembly were turned towards the new-comer, who was dressed in the Calabrian costume, wearing pistols and a dagger in his belt; his jacket slung over one shoulder, like a hussar's pelisse, left open to view his other sleeve stained with blood. Teresa saw him—she gazed on him a moment—uttered a faint cry, and remained pale and motionless, as if she had seen a spectre. It was Pascal Bruno. Every eye was fixed on the uninvited guest; a dead and awful silence reigned. Every one present felt assured of the approach of some terrible catastrophe.

Pascal, apparently unmoved by the sensation he had created, walked directly up to Teresa, and standing before her, folded his arms, and fixed his piercing eyes on her pale countenance.

"Pascal," said Teresa, in a faltering voice, "can it be *you?*"

"Yes, Teresa," said Bruno, in a deep hollow voice, "it is I. I heard at Bauso, where I patiently and confidently waited your return, that you were to be married at Carini; so I came hither, and I hope am in time to dance the first tarantella with you."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Gaetano, coming up to him with a mingled air of anger and of gaiety, "that is the bridegroom's right."

"It is the right of the affianced one," said Pascal. "Come, my beloved Teresa, this is the least you can do for me after all I have suffered for *you*."

"Teresa is *my* wife," said Gaetano, stretching forth his arm.

"Teresa is *my* betrothed," said Pascal, taking her hand.

"Help! oh, help!" said the wretched girl.

The appeal was irresistible—the effect instantaneous. Gaetano seized Bruno by the collar—they struggled for a moment—that was all—in another instant Gaetano uttered a piercing cry, and fell dead at his feet. Pascal's dagger was buried to the hilt in his breast. Some of the men, who were nearest him on the instant rushed towards the murderer to secure him. Bruno stood unmoved, and drawing one of his pistols from his belt, waved it over his head as a signal to the musicians to strike up the tarantella. They obeyed as it were mechanically. The rest of the company, paralyzed by what had happened, remained motionless.

"Come, Teresa, come, let us begin," said Pascal.

Teresa was no longer in possession of her faculties, she had become a creature demented by fear. She unconsciously yielded to his guidance, and this horrible dance, close to the corpse of the inoffensive murdered young man, was continued by the musicians to the last strain. Incredible as it may appear, no one stirred—no one spoke—it was something too terrifick—something so unnaturally horrid that nature itself seemed palsied. The moment the musick ceased, as if it had been all that had excited and sustained her, the wretched Teresa fell fainting on the body of Gaetano.

"Thanks, Teresa," said Pascal, "that is all I wanted; and now, if any man wishes to know me *here*, that he may find me *elsewhere*, I am Pascal Bruno."

"The son of Antonio," ventured one voice, "whose head is exposed to publick view at the castle of Bauso?"

"The same," said Pascal; "but if you wish to see that sight again, you had better make good speed. I promise you, whomsoever you may be, it shall not be there long."

Saying which Pascal disappeared; and, amongst the many who were bidden to the wedding feast, not one of the guests felt the slightest desire, or exhibited the least inclination to follow him; they turned their thoughts and attentions to Gaetano and Teresa. The one was dead, the other senseless.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON PUFFS AND PATRONAGE.

In an Epistle from Thomas Moore to Samuel Rogers.

What, *thou*, my friend! a man of rhymes,
And, better still, a man of guineas,
To talk of "patrons," in these times,
When authors thrive, like spinning-jennys.
And Arkwright's twist and Bulwer's page
Alike may laugh at patronage!
No, no—those times are past away,
When doom'd in upper floors to star it,
The bard inscribed to lords his lay—
Himself, the while, my Lord Mountgarret.
No more he begs, with air dependent,
His "little bark may sail attendant"
Under some lordly skipper's steerage;
But launched triumphant in the Row,
Or ta'en by Murray's self in tow,
Cuts both *Star Chamber* and the Peerage.
Patrons, indeed! when scarce a sail
Is whisked from England by the gale,
But bears on board some authors, shipp'd
For foreign shores, all well equipp'd
With proper book-making machinery,
To sketch the morals, manners, scenery,
Of all such lands as they shall see,
Or *not* see, as the case may be:—
It being enjoined on all who go,
To study first Miss M . . . . . .
And learn from her the method true,
To *do* one's books—and readers, too.
For so this nymph of *nous* and nerve
Teaches mankind "How to Observe;"
And, lest mankind at all should swerve,
Teaches them also "*What* to Observe."
No, no, my friend—it can't be blink'd—
The Patron is a race extinct;
As dead as any Megatherion
That ever Buckland built a theory on.
Instead of bartering, in this age,
Our praise for pence and patronage,
We, authors, now, more prosperous elves,
Have learned to patronize ourselves;
And since all-potent Puffing's made
The life of song, the soul of trade,
More frugal of our praises grown,
Puff no one's merits but our own.
Unlike those feeble gales of praise
Which criticks blew in former days,
Our modern puffs are of a kind
That truly, really *raise the wind;*
And since they've fairly set in blowing,
We find them the best *trade*-winds going.
'Stead of frequenting paths so slippy
As her old haunts near Aganippe,
The Muse, now, taking to the till,
Has opened shop on Ludgate Hill,
(Far handier than the Hill of Pindus,
As seen from bards' back attick windows,)
And swallowing there without cessation
Large draughts *(at sight)* of inspiration,
Touches the *notes* for each new theme,
While still fresh *change* comes o'er her dream"

What Steam is on the deep—and more—
Is the vast power of Puff on shore;
Which jumps to glory's future tenses
Before the present ev'n commences;
And makes "immortal" and "divine" of us
Before the world has read one line of us.
In old times, when the god of Song
Drove his own two-horse team along,
Carrying inside a bard or two,
Book'd for posterity "all through;"
Their luggage, a few close-packed rhymes,
(Like yours, my friend,) for after-times—
So slow the pull to Fame's abode,
That folks oft slept upon the road;—
And Homer's self, sometimes, they say,
Took to his nightcap on the way.
Ye gods! how different is the story
With our new galloping sons of glory,
Who, scorning all such slack and slow time,
Dash to posterity in *no* time!
Raise but one general blast of Puff
To start your author—that's enough.
In vain the criticks, set to watch him,
Try at the starting-post to catch him;
He's off—the puffers carry it hollow—
The criticks, if they please, may follow.
Ere *they*'ve laid down their first positions,
He's fairly blown through six editions!
In vain doth Edinburgh dispense
Her blue and yellow pestilence—
(That plague so awful in my time
To young and touchy sons of rhyme,)
The Quarterly, at three months' date,
To catch the Unread One, comes too late;
And nonsense, littered in a hurry,
Becomes "immortal," spite of Murray.
But bless me! while I thus keep fooling,
I hear a voice cry, "Dinner's cooling."
That postman, too, who, (truth to tell,
'Mong men of letters bears the bell,)
Keeps ringing, ringing, so infernally,
That I *must* stop—

Yours, sempiternally, T. M.

SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH JOURNALS.

London and Oxford.—To a thoughtful eye even external appearance is very full of meaning, and there can scarcely be a contrast more pregnant with serious reflection than is presented by a rapid transition from the metropolis to Oxford. It must be familiar to every one who has travelled in England. London itself is one of the most remarkable phenomena in the world. Its vast size, its dense population, its boundless and multifarious wealth, lying open in the midst of want and vice; the splendour of its palaces contrasted with the misery of its hovels; the eager, restless faces, marked deep with anxiety or vice, that throng its streets; its crowds, where each man is unknown to the other, and every one is struggling to rise upon the shoulders of his neighbour: even the daily supply of its publick wants, secured with a wonderful accuracy, through the instinctive rapacity of private selfishness—altogether form a spectacle of melancholy and painful interest, most fit to prepare the mind for receiving deeply the impressions produced by the sight of Oxford. From noise, and glare, and brilliancy, the traveller comes upon a very different scene—a mass of towers, pinnacles, and spires, rising in the bosom of a valley from groves which hide all buildings but such as are consecrated to some wise and holy purpose. The same river which, in the metropolis, is covered with a forest of masts and ships, here gliding quietly through meadows, with scarcely a sail upon it—dark and ancient edifices clustered together in forms full of richness and beauty, yet solid as if to last for ever; such as become institutions raised not for the vanity of the builder, but for the benefit of coming ages—streets, almost avenues of edifices, which elsewhere would pass for palaces, but all of them dedicated to God—thoughtfulness, repose, and gravity, in the countenance and even dress of their inhabitants; and, then to mark the stir and the business of life—instead of the roar of carriages, the sound of hourly bells calling men together to prayer. And the contrast would be still more striking, and the comparison more just, if before the traveller entered Oxford, he could be carried from the splendour of London through some of those vast manufacturing towns which in reality constitute its suburbs, and supply the wealth which it displays at the cost of men's bodies and souls. Birmingham and London are separate indeed locally, but they are one city—a city of Mammon. And to see the whole mystery of the metropolis, we should place by the side of its shops, and in the midst of its parks and squares, the miserable lanes and hovels, the noisome factories, the filthy atmosphere, and the squalid degraded population from which England, and the metropolis of England, draw their boasted treasures. It would be a very touching and a very humbling sight—but men would then understand better the contrast between a city in which wealth is created for man, and one in which it has been lavished, and still is expended, for God.

Legal oddities.—The law and police reports of large cities, such as London and Paris, abound with the queerest exhibitions of character; and it is somewhat wonderful that more frequent resort is not made to these sources for the use of the drama. Here is a police affair, for example, translated from a French paper, out of which a good scene might be fashioned by a Matthews or a Hackett.—Wednesday, an unshorn and sinister-looking moiety of a man, who gave his name *Peter Ory*, was placed at the bar of the Tribunal of Correctional Police, charged with gulling the Parisian Cockneys, by selling ballads under false pretences. On being questioned by the president as to what papers he was selling when he was taken into custody and carried before the commissary of police, a few days previous, Ory declared in a tone of voice which was intended to be quite melting: Hear me, *Monsieur le Magistrat!* I am a married man—the father of a family—with children hanging at their mother's breast—*Monsieur le Magistrat!* have you no bowels? The immoveable Rhadamanthus of the bench repeated his question. Defendant: You may rest assured that I am not a *mauvais sujet* brought to compromise the honour and happiness of my increasing family by committing the fault which the *méchant* commissary imputes to me. I earn my bread in an honest way. I am a public crier—authorized—patented—and altogether legitimate. I wear a medal: *la voila!* President: Your medal will avail you little if you do not conform to the law. What papers were you selling on the day in question? Defendant: I was in the midst of the *Marché aux Poirées*, your worship, surrounded by a crowd of attentive listeners, and selling my papers like shot; that I was, your worship—I have got the knack on't. (Here the defendant smirked towards the bench in a manner that was intended to be quite irresistible.) I have a voice (he continued) that would have lured the lily-whites out of your own purse, if your worship had been there—loud, but not shrill; a voice, in fact, your worship, *doucement* sonorous. I sung it out thus (elevating his voice with a peculiar nasal twang, amid much laughter,)—"Programme of all the fêtes and publick rejoicings on the occasion of the Princess Helen's marriage." Why, your worship, that happy event would have made me a little fortune, but for this commissaires's rascally intervention. Saints and angels! If there was only one princess to be married every week, it would be the making of me; I would soon turn banker! President: The accusation states that what you cried was—'*Here are, the verses sung by the Princess Helen on the occasion of her marriage!*" Defendant: (gesticulating most emphatically) Lord love your worship! For *me* to suppose that a princess would ever sing in publick, all as one as a natural person! I have too much respect for her august majesty to proclaim such a piece of folly. Lord love you, I know a trick worth two of that. Peter Ory, indeed! I'm not a fool, although I *am* a married man, and the father of six children. President: Are you quite sure that you did not announce your songs as being the same which had been sung by the duchess? Defendant: Bless your worship's good heart! Is it Peter Ory, the father of a rising family, to be guilty of *une telle sottise?* Upon inquiry, it was ascertained that the police-officer might have been mistaken, and the victorious Peter, being forthwith emancipated to resume his vocal avocations *al fresco*, tossed his "casquette" in the air, and exclaimed, in a voice rendered stentorian by practice—"Long live the king! Long live the Princess Helen! Long live the emperour! and long live M. *le President* to pull up *les méchans commissaires!*"

The "children of the alhambra."—As I sat one morning in the hall of the Two Sisters, carrying my thoughts back to the days of Moslem splendour, and trying with half-shut eyes to re-people the palace with its ancient inhabitants, the gentle notes of a guitar, accompanied with a silvery voice, stole upon my ear. It did not disturb my revery, for fancy pictured it as the soft strains from the adjacent Harem, and not till it had ceased was I fully assured of its reality, and bethought to look for the invisible performer. Stepping into the court of Lions, in which the echo seemed still to linger, I discovered the fair songstress at an open Moorish window over the entrance to the hall of the Abencerrages. My first thought was that of surprise—how she came there; the next was to address her, and beg her to continue her song. The wonder was easily explained. She lived in an adjoining cottage, which communicated with the upper floor of the palace, with a number of chambers which are not accessible from the halls below. To my request she replied by a coquettish shake of her head, and a furl of her fan, which she had resumed on laying aside her guitar. She had soft, languishing hazel eyes, pretty features, and an interesting expression, and, being fairer than the generality of her countrywomen, laid claim to the title of *rubia*, though in England she would have been considered a brunette.

Another damsel now appeared at the window, the elder sister of the songstress, but not so engaging, and of much darker complexion, though she would only allow herself to be a *castana*, or chestnut, a shade deeper than the *rubia*. On my repeating my request for a song, the younger modestly said that her sister could sung much better than herself. This the other denied, affirming that "Augustina sang so charmingly that it gave her a thousand pleasures to hear her." I confirmed this, and Augustitia, in compliance, commenced the following song, accompanying it with her guitar and speaking eyes.

THE MAIDEN'S SONG.

"'Tis true that I'm living
In maidenly leisure,
With nothing to vex me,
Or cross in my pleasure.
But oh! a good husband much better would be!
A nice little husband's the treasure for me!

"'Tis true that I'm mistress
Of house and of stores;
Papa loves me dearly,
Mamma quite adores:
But oh! a nice husband far better would be!
A sweet little spouse!—what a treasure for me!

And who were this pretty pair with whom I had made acquaintance in such a spot? They were—oh, what a damper to every feeling of romance!—the daughters of the overseer of the galley-slaves employed in the fortress! Here they would often sit during the heat of the day, busied with their frames of embroidery, relieving the silence occasionally with a song, or conversing with me as I sat sketching in the court below.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

FROM THE PERSIAN.

"Tell me, gentle trav'ller, thou
Who hast wander'd far and wide,
Seen the sweetest roses blow,
And the brightest rivers glide,
Say, of all thine eyes hath seen,
Which the fairest land has been?"

"Lady, shall I tell thee where
Nature seems most blest and fair,
Far above all climes beside?
'Tis where those we love abide,
And that little spot is best
Which the loved one's foot hath press'd.
Though it be a fairy space,
Wide and spreading is the place:
Though 'twere but a barren mound,
'Twould become enchanted ground.
With thee, yon sandy waste would seem
The margin of Al Cawthar's stream;
And thou couldst make a dungeon's gloom
A bower where new-born roses bloom."

Conjugal harmony.—A man in Germany advertised that he had an organ that would play any tune out of an enumerated set at the command of any one of the audience; this made a great noise at the time, and puzzled all the conjurers and philosophers of the place. The organ was placed on a table with its back against the wall, the company were invited to examine it, then ask for a tune, which was immediately played, and if any one desired it to stop it was instantly silent! This went on for a long time, and the ingenious inventor was making a rapid fortune, and the secret would have been buried with him, had he not behaved most inharmoniously towards his loving wife one day, just before the performance was about to commence. The room was crowded, as usual, and a tune was called for, but not a note was heard; the owner became uneasy, and said, in a soothing coaxing tone, "do blay, my coot organs?" still not a sound was heard: he got out of patience, and threatened to smash the instrument to pieces, when a hoarse female voice was heard to growl out—"Ay, do, you tyvel, preak de organs, as you proke my head dis morning." This was too much for the cholerick German; he took a chair, and gave the instrument such a whack, that it drove it through a paper partition in the wall, carrying with it another organ, which had been placed close at the back of the sham one, at which sat the obstinate grinder—his wife!

Lottery-ticket anecdote.—In the early part of the reign of King George II., the footman of a lady of quality, under the absurd infatuation of a dream, disposed of the savings of the last twenty years of his life in two tickets, which proving blanks, after a few melancholy days he put an end to his life. In his box was found a plan of the manner in which he would spend the five-thousand-pound prize, which his mistress preserved as a curiosity. "As soon as I have received the money I'll marry Grace Ferrars; but as she has been cross and coy, I'll use her as a servant. Every morning she shall get me a mug of strong beer with a toast, nutmeg and sugar in it, then I will sleep till ten, after which I will have a large sack posset. My dinner shall be on the table by one, and never without a good pudding; I'll have a stock of wine and brandy laid in; about five in the afternoon I'll have tarts and jellies, and a gallon bowl of punch; at ten, a hot supper of two dishes; if I am in good humour, and Grace behaves herself, she shall sit down with me. To bed about twelve.

Heroism.—A Lacedemonian mother had five sons in a battle that was fought near Sparta, and seeing a soldier that had left the scene of action, eagerly inquired of him how affairs went on? "All your five sons are slain," said he. "Unhappy wretch!" replied the woman, "I ask thee not of what concerns my children, but of what concerns my country." "As to that, all is well," said the soldier. "Then," said she, "let them mourn that are miserable; my country is prosperous, and I am happy."

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE WEEPING WILLOW.

Original.

Willow, sweet willow, drooping low,
With slight branch waving to and fro,
Enwreathed and free!
Thy tender leaf first welcoming
The genial, balmy breath of spring;
Romantick tree!

Of all the dark wood stretching wide,
Thou art the glory and the pride—
The poetry,
Of th' dense forest; seen afar
With sweeping train—like a single star
On th' stilled sea.

Memento, o'er the hallow'd dead
Thou art! with kind limb gently led
Far o'er the grave:
For blighting sorrows not thine own,
In tenderness thou'lt weep and moan;
Or mutely wave.

I love thee! meditative tree,
Thus bending in humility!
The pride of mind;
Replete with reverence and love;
Yet bending but to heaven above,
In the roughest wind!

W.

THOUGHTS FOR THOSE WHO THINK.—BY THE REV. W. COLTON, U. S. N.

The destinies of a nation depend less on the greatness of the few, than the virtues or vices of the many. Eminent individuals cast further the features of her glory or shame; but the realities of her weal or wo lie deep in the great mass. The curling tops of lofty waves are the crest of the ocean, but from its depths flows the overpowering strength of its tides.

A lady of fashion will sooner excuse a freedom, flowing from admiration, than a slight, resulting from indifference. The first offence has the pleasing apology of her attractions; the last is bold, and without an alleviation. But the mode in which she disposes of the two only shows that her love of admiration is stronger than her sense of propriety.

He who maintains the right, though countenanced by the few, must forego all expectations of popularity till there shall be less to censure than applaud in human conduct; and, when this is the case, the millennium will have dawned.

A giant mind may be held in suspense, but that suspense must be brief, and the action which follows it will be more decided and energetick in consequence of that detention; just as a stream rushes with greater force for a temporary obstruction.

A man of a weak, complying disposition, whom no one fears, no one will be at the trouble to oppose; while a man of strong and fixed character will be liable to opposition, at least from those who expect to derive a certain kind of importance from the dignity of their adversary. But he will compel even this opposition into subserviency to himself; just as the mariner obliges the wind that opposes him to help him forward.

The three, or rather four most helpless things in the world are: a ship in a dead calm, a whale thoroughly stranded, a race-horse with his wind broken, and a politician in bad odour. Lucifer himself would have nothing to do with either, unless it were the last. He seldom utterly forsakes a political game-cock:

But keeps him at the battle, or the drill,
To work his master further mischief still.

The influence of the good man ceases not at death; he, as the visible agent, is removed, but the light and influence of his example still remain; and the moral elements of this world will long show the traces of their vigour and purity; just as the western sky, after the sun has set, still betrays the glowing traces of the departed orb.

POETRY.

The poetry of the imagination, although it may glitter more, is neither so rich nor so glorious as the poetry of the heart. We have very few poets of the latter description. In childhood, and sometimes in youth, we are alive to the poetry of the heart. While the mind is pure and artless, devoid of everything that can be termed sinful—free from anxious and corroding care, all nature appears to us very much as Eden appeared to our first parents. Everything upon which we gaze seems to be good, and lovely, and beautiful. Our hearts claim acquaintance with all that meets the eye, and we feel deeply impressed by every little event which takes place around us. To such poetry as this, the beatified inhabitants of another world are no doubt awake; and as they touch their golden harps, their living souls seem to leap along the strings, and float on the harmonious notes, as they rise like incense to the great fountain of love and joy. In this world, poetry does not always mingle with devotion, though I believe that a poetick soul is generally impressed more easily with devout sentiments, than those minds which are of a more earthly cast. But I believe, that in the world to come poetry and devotion become melted into one—that we are rendered keenly and acutely sensitive to all with which we hold intercourse, and thus our bliss becomes heightened into continual rapture. Indeed, the representations of heaven, which we have in the Scriptures, appear to favour such an opinion.

A GOLDEN RULE.

Industry will make a man a purse, and frugality will find strings for it. Neither the purse nor the strings will cost anything. He who has it should draw the strings as frugality directs, and he will be sure always to find a useful penny at the bottom of it. The servants of industry are known by their livery; it is always whole and wholesome. Idleness travels very leisurely, and poverty soon overtakes him. Look at the ragged slaves of idleness, and judge which is the best to serve, industry or idleness.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

SOME ACCOUNT OF MY GRANDFATHER.

The family from which I am descended was settled a century ago in Virginia. Walter Overton, my paternal grandfather, some years before the war of the revolution, exchanged his rich plantations in the south for a barren but extensive tract in New-England. The inducements which led him to enter upon this emigration were long unknown to me. The circumstance was rarely mentioned in his presence, and when it was—he exhibited symptoms of anger and impatience, which plainly evinced that unpleasant associations were connected with the subject. As the old gentleman is no longer among the living, there can be no harm in my letting the reader into the secret.

One evening in autumn, while yet a resident of the Old Dominion, my grandfather returned home from a ride over his extensive estate. He was wearied and in ill-humour. The crops of tobacco, which, the early part of the season, promised to be plentiful, had proved scanty and of inferiour quality. The old gentleman, though sometimes lavish to a fault, was subject to periodical fits of avarice, if the term is not too harsh, when the passion of acquisition was paramount in his heart. He was labouring under one of these temporary hallucinations when, on the evening which I have mentioned, a stranger stopped at the house, and claimed hospitality for the night. The new visiter announced himself as "Comfort Timms, Esq. from the north," and he was received in a manner which accorded with the propriety of his cognomen. The individual soon made himself at home, and his observations were marked by a singular freedom of manner, and a spirit of investigation, which the minutest articles of furniture or apparel would call forth.

Mr. Timms, among other "notions," brought with him sundry specimens of granite, which he confidently asserted was gold ore. He stated that the precious mineral was found in abundance upon his land at home, where "it only required leisure and capital, neither of which he had, to open mines of inexhaustible wealth." With all the blind eagerness of a first adventurer in the new world, did my grandfather listen to the representations of the wily speculator. The bait took, and, strange as it may seem, a month had not passed away, before Comfort Timms, Esq., found himself master of the estate of the Overtons, while my grandfather and his family were on their way to New-England, in search of an El Dorado which did not exist.

The tract of land which Walter Overton now looked upon as his own, could offer no very alluring prospect to an agriculturist. A considerable portion of it was level, and overspread by a thick growth of oak and chestnut trees. The greater part, however, was hilly and diversified—often presenting scenery of a bold and imposing character. Rocks, up the precipitous sides of which it was dangerous to climb, looked down upon thickly-wooded ravines, where the axe of the woodman had not yet resounded. From the summit of these cliffs, the broad Atlantick might be seen at three miles distance, foaming, glittering, and roaring, as it broke upon a wide circling beach of white sand.

The site which my grandfather fixed upon as the location of his house was picturesque and commanding It was the side of a hill which sloped down to the road, and was met at its base by a grove of pines. The old mansion rises before my mind's eye now, as I used to see it in the days of my childhood Lifting its white-painted front above the tufted elms which wave their masses of foliage in bold relief around it, it looks proudly forth upon the surrounding fields, and forest, and lakes. The sunshine breaking suddenly forth, bathes with dazzling splendour its fair proportions. The heat is excessive, but beneath the arch of those tall oaks, through which you may catch narrow glimpses of the blue sky, you will find a cool and delightful resting-place. The song of the birds is pleasant, and the rustling leaves discourse a soothing musick. Wandering among the purple and shadowy aisles formed by these natural columns, I hear the sound of voices as of children at their sports. Putting aside the stooping bough which impedes my view, I behold two brothers and two sisters gathering wild flowers from the fragrant turf. At every new acquisition an exclamation of delight bursts from their lips. One of the boys—it is the youngest—on seeing me, suddenly stops, and fixes his earnest eyes full upon my face. His youthful form is proud and erect. Dark ringlets wander over his white forehead. The light breeze lifts them aside The flowers drop from his grasp, and he stands motionless as stone.

A mirror hangs before me. The momentary reflection of my features has dispelled the delusion. How changed is my aspect! How distinct was the phantom which memory conjured up! Why—why do I weep?

But I was speaking of my grandfather. After building his house, laying out his grounds and gardens, and improving parts of his estate, he sat down with the intention of reaping a golden harvest at his ease. An assayer was sent for, a costly apparatus was procured, and preparations were made for mining on an extensive scale. Dreadful was the downfall of my grandfather's hopes. Bitter was his disappointment, and boundless his indignation and rage when he saw the full extent of his infatuation. He cursed the chuckling Yankee who had juggled him out of his patrimony. He raved against himself for his folly, his stupidity, and his avarice. For many weeks he shut himself up in his library and refused to see any one. At last, however, like a sensible man, he resolved to make the best of his situation. He became fond of agriculture, and could boast that his breed of cattle was the best in the country. He was always, however, extremely sensitive on the subject of his emigration from the south, and became extremely irritable at the mention of gold mines.

There was one source of annoyance, which sometimes called forth all the irritability of his temper. His nearest neighbours lived at a distance of five miles. They were the most sturdy and uncompromising of puritans. They laboured hard for the conversion of the master of Overton Place to their peculiar doctrines, and showed a disposition to persecute him till they compassed their end. My grandfather, who numbered a bishop among his ancestors, was warmly attached to the church of England. He impatiently repelled the attacks of the dissenters, and commanded them to desist from their importunities. Baffled on this tack they perseveringly tried another. An old female slave of the family was taken ill. They saw their advantage, and following it up they so frightened the poor invalid that they drove her mad.

My grandfather learned the circumstance, and confronting the honest enthusiasts with a horse-whip, he swore with an oath, which made them throw up their hands and groan audibly, that he would cut off their ears if they again appeared on his premises. The day after this hasty and unphilosophical ebullition of wrath, the select men of the neighbouring village, which was one of the strongholds of puritanism, came in a body to reprimand the old gentleman for his profanity and unseemly display of anger. It chanced that he was engaged in a small building, which was appropriated to the smoking of bacon and herrings, and which was known in the family by the name of the smoke-house. The village representatives sought him out in this place, which they entered with very little ceremony, and some of the foremost of them straightway began to hold forth upon the enormity of his sin. Without replying to their harangues, my grandfather quickly withdrew himself from the room, which was hardly three feet by two, and closed the door fast. The "select men" had hardly time to recover from their surprise, when, to their horrour, a thick smoke began to issue from below. There was neither crack nor crevice above through which it might escape into the ambient air. It settled thick and stifling around them, performing upon them the same office which had been intended for the hams and the herrings. A noise of expostulation, and sneezing, of prayers, and threats, of scuffling and pounding, was now heard among the ill-fated inmates of the smoke-house. The victims in the Black Hole of Calcutta could hardly have suffered more. At last the building, which was raised upon square blocks of stone lying above the surface of the earth, fell from its foundation, and came with a crash to the ground. The "select men," without much distinction of persons, scrambled out from the ruins as speedily as possible. The wofulness of their plight was aggravated by the fact that their mission had proved worse than fruitless My grandfather, in most irreverent glee, was shaking with laughter at their discomfiture. Turning a grim and sidelong glance upon him, they inhaled a few draughts of fresh air, and departed on their way. This adventure *cured* them of any wish to be sent ever again on a similar embassy; but it added wonderfully to my grandfather's stock of good humour. It did his heart good to relate the story, and was to him long a source of satisfaction and self-gratulation.

At the age of three-score and ten, the old gentleman departed this life. His demise was somewhat sudden, and was occasioned by meeting in the streets of Boston with Mr. Comfort Timms, who had the audacity to approach him, and poking him under the ribs with one hand, while the forefinger of the other was placed significantly on the side of his nose, to exclaim—"I say, old boy, how are gold mines?"

O. O.

ACTED CHARADES.

We hesitated some time whether we should publish the following singular communication, as we feared it might contain some personal satire or allusion; but, upon a reconsideration, we conclude to give it to the world lest it might get into the hands of those who would use it to the disadvantage of the real *dramatis personæ*, if such there be. The article was handed to us by a man in a cloak, with a comforter tied high about his chin. He coughed most suspiciously as he committed the manuscript to our care, and when we asked from whom it came, he remarked that it was a very cold day, and suddenly departed. We give the communication as we received it, without alteration or curtailment.

MISS AZURE'S CONVERSAZIONE.

PERSONS PRESENT.

MISS AZURE,	FRANK AZURE,
MRS. CERULEAN,	CAPTAIN FIBAWAY,
MRS. SNOB,	MR. SNOB,
MISS BELINDA BELFLIRT,	MR. CUTITUP,
MISS TIMID,	MR. PONDER,
MR. B. BAHLAM,	MR. SHOWEMUP.

Scene—*Miss Azure's Drawing-room.*

Cutitup.—Talk of American literature! Pish! Pshaw! No such thing. Bah!

Bahlam.—But, my dear sir, you must admit——

Cutitup.—Bah! We must admit nothing. We assert. We know, sir. We are as sure, sir, as we are that we are bringing down our fist upon the table at this moment.

Miss Azure.—My young friend was merely going to venture a suggestion that——

Cutitup.—Humbug, Miss. We hate suggestions. Give us facts, Miss, facts. Figures and facts! Facts and figures!

Miss Timid.—Surely, sir, you do not mean that—that——

Cutitup.—But we do, though, young lady.

Miss Timid.—What! that we can boast of no poets, no novelists, no literature!

Captain Fibaway.—The gentleman will think twice before he ventures that assertion. Or if he intends his remark as a personal affront to any one of the present company, there are ways of settling the question, which it might not be prudent to intimate before ladies.

Mrs. Snob.—La, captain, you don't mean to say that you will challenge him to fight a duel. Snob, my dear, can't you interfere and reconcile the gentlemen?

Cutitup.—From the feeling manifested by the captain, we should suppose he had been an author himself!

Fibaway.—Do you mean it, sir, as a double insult, to pretend to be ignorant of that fact?

Cutitup.—Upon our word, no. We do not recollect ever—ahem—reviewing any of your books, captain.

Fibaway—Ha, ha! And you profess to pass an opinion upon American literature! Pleasant, i'faith. Sir, did you never read my novel of the "Innocent Assassin, or the Bloody Bread-bag!"

Cutitup.—We have never had the good fortune; indeed we have not.

Miss Azure.—Not read the "Innocent Assassin!" Fie, sir.

Fibaway.—Well, sir, it has only passsed through fifteen editions as yet. And the inconsiderable sum of thirty thousand dollars is all I have received thus far from the Messrs Harpers.

Miss Azure.—And how much do they offer you for your remaining interest in the copyright?

Fibaway.—Ah, that was but a shabby offer on their part, my dear Miss Azure. Will you believe it? They proposed to me to dispose of my entire claim for fifty thousand dollars! Of course, I rejected the offer.

Frank Azure.—That was about the time—was it not, captain?—that I refused the embassy to the court of St. James?—(*Aside to Miss Belflirt.*)—Miss Belinda, suppose we leave this circle of solemn humbugs, and enjoy a snug tête-à-tête behind the window-curtains.

Belinda.—With all my heart. I have been terribly *ennuyeéd*. Even your conversation would be a relief

Frank Azure.—Thank you kindly. I owe you one.

Mrs. Cerulean.—What are you reading, Mr. Bahlam?

Bahlam.—"The Scalping-Knife and Independent Oracle"—edited—edited by Aristarchus Cutitup!

Cutitup.—Yes, sir. That is our name, and that, sir, is our paper—our paper, sir.

Fibaway.—When I was wounded in Florida—

Mrs. Snob.—Bless me, Mr. Bahlam! What makes you turn so pale? What do you see in the paper to disturb your nerves?

Bahlam.—Mr. Cutitup, I call upon you, sir, to say, if you are responsible for the attack which I find in this dirty little sheet?

Cutitup.—Attack, sir! attack? What attack?

Bahlam.—This notice, sir, of my "*Musings in Solitude*?" Did you write it, sir?

Cutitup.—Do you ask us to give an answer on compulsion, or do you put the question in—in——

Mr. Snob.—In a Pickwickian sense, Mr. Bahlam?

Bahlam.—No trifling, sir. But this is no place, and no presence, in which to show my resentment. You shall hear farther from me. Ladies and gentlemen, I am under the necessity of bidding you a very good evening.

Frank Azure.—(*Looking out from the curtain.*)—Good evening, Bahlam, if you must go. Better wait for the champagne and *paté de fois gras.*

Belinda.—(*Aside.*)—Let go my hand, impudence!

Bahlam.—Thank you, Mr. Azure, pistols and coffee would suit better with my mood. Good evening. [*Exit Bahlam.*

Omnes.—Ha, ha, ha! Haugh!

Fibaway.—There goes—

> "A poet, who has sown some scores of verses,
> And reaped one sorry sentence of damnation."

Mrs. Cerulean.—Poor fellow! Really, though, Mr. Cutitup, I think you are a little too hard upon the young man.

Omnes—Read it, read it.

Mrs. Cerulean—(*Reading*)—"*Musings in Solitude, by B. Bahlam.*" We have no fault to find with the paper, printing, or binding of this volume. As for the contents, the only comment of which we find them deserving, after squandering two whole minutes in skimming through the trash of Mr. Bahlam, may be significantly expressed in this familiar couplet: "Sweet sensibility! oh, la! I heard a little lamb cry baa!"

Omnes.—Ha, ha, ha!—Excellent! good! very fair.

Fibaway.—Will nobody hold my sides?—Capital! Ha, ha!—Why don't you laugh, Mr. Editor?

Cutitup.—Oh, we will laugh. Ha—ha—r—r—r—humph.

Mrs. Cerulean—The ha, ha, "stuck in his throat." It seems to me that you also are growing pale.

Cutitup.—Pale! impossible. You don't imagine we are at all alarmed, madam? Of course, it will all end in smoke—eh, captain? Ha, ha!

Fibaway.—I really fear it will end in smoke, but begin in fire.

Cutitup.—Eh? How? What? Nonsense, sir. What do you mean?

Fibaway.—Bahlam has been unfortunate of late in his duels. In his two last affairs of honour, his antagonists apologized after the first fire.

Cutitup.—Bless us; has Bahlam ever fought a duel?

Fibaway.—Oh, yes, several. But never but once has he succeeded

in killing his man.- However, he has improved in his aim since. Let me see.—There was Count Fitzfuzz, whom he challenged for picking his teeth before ladies—Young Bandbox, who offended him by choosing a vest of the same pattern with his.

Cutitup.—Had we known he was so bloodthirsty an individual, we would——

Fibaway.—You would have puffed his book—eh, Cutitup? No matter; you shall fix his flint for him. I will be your second. Don't shake that vase off the table. By the way, Mr. Showemup, what are you about there with your pen and ink? Scribbling sonnets in Miss Azure's album, or etching caricatures on the blank leaf of "The Knickerbocker."

Showemup.—Indeed, sir, I haven't been to the theatre since Amilie was played last at the National.

Mr. Snob.—That is what I should call a "categorical answer." But, Cutitup, you are not going, surely?

Cutitup.—Indeed, we must bid the company good evening, or we shall be too late for——shem—aha. Good evening, ladies—gentlemen, good evening.—Where is our hat? Ha! thank you, Miss. Good evening, Mr. ——. Where is Mr. Azure?—Oh, there you are, behind the curtain.

Frank Azure.—Good evening, Cutitup.—Sorry to part with you—very, ahem!—Good night. Is this *our* glove, you have dropped?

Cutitup.—Ah, thank you.—Good night, good night. (*Exit Cutitup.*

Omnes.—Ha, ha, ha. Ha, ha, ha. Ha ha, ha. Ha!

Mr. Snob.—Does his anxious mother know that he is out?

Fibaway.—Poor Cutitup is frightened out of his wits. Now will he go home and dream of blunderbusses, bum-bailiffs, and bullets through the thorax

Miss Azure.—Shame upon you, Fibaway, for quizzing him so preposterously. Mr. Showemup, why so taciturn? How do you like Amilie?

Showemup.—Excellent well; but the musick sometimes reminds me too much of the Somnambula and other pieces, to strike me for its originality, and the *libretto* is trashy beyond measure. Have you seen Miss Martineau's abolition tirade in the last Westminster Review?

Miss Azure.—Yes, and a very pretty romance she makes of it.

Showemup.—Her exaggerations are truly laughable; nay, contemptible.

Fibaway.—She is certainly shockingly given to fibbing—a habit I abhor. When I last dined with the duke of Wellington, the conversation turned on——

Mrs. Snob.—What noise was that? It sounded just like a kiss.

Mr. Snob.—A regular smack, and no mistake. Hollo, Mr. Azure; if you and Miss Belinda are going for to bill and coo in that way——

Frank Azure.—Hang this window!

Mr. Snob.—It is very well hung. What is the matter? I say it is all gammon about the noise being made by the window.

Frank Azure.—I have been—trying—to shut this—plaguy—wind—ow. There—(*jumps down.*)

Mr. Snob.—Oh, my corns! I tell you what, Mr. Frank, I don't see the sense of your bringing down your iron heel on my toe in that way. Crikee! I shall limp for a week,

A servant enters and opens the folding-doors.

Frank Azure.—I am sorry for you, Snob; but let us into supper. Mr. Fibaway, hand in my sister. Mr. Ponder, find a chair for Miss Timid. That is right, Mr. Showemup, take care of Mrs. Cerulean. Snob, give Mrs. S. your arm. Come, Belinda—let me expiate my offence in a libation of champagne. (*Exeunt omnes.*)

DRAMATICK CRITICISM.

BULWER'S NEW PLAY.

BULWER's new play, "Richelieu; or, the Conspiracy," has been published by the Messrs. Harper. "It is of all things the most instructive," says Burke, "to see not only the reflection of manners and characters, at several periods, but the modes of making this reflection, and the manner of adapting it at these periods to the taste and disposition of mankind. The stage may be considered as the republick of active literature, and its history as the history of that state."

That we enjoy an opportunity to feel the truth of this passage, we owe to the talent which has produced *Richelieu* in the closet, and the skill which has embodied it on the stage. The instructive reflection of manners and characters is excellently displayed in both instances. We are not going to debate any minute points of biographical or historical accuracy in this play, which even in history always admit of dispute, but which are sufficient for the drama if they preserve similitude and probability; it is enough for us that the poet has wrought out his own ideas in a way to give delight to the spectator and gratification to the reader, without failing in those qualities of consistency that ally his characters and events closely to what they are represented to have been by the annals of the age to which they belonged. The more jocular parts of Richelieu's dialogue we have heard critically objected to, and in one instance, perhaps, we join in the objection—*i. e.* where the cardinal dismisses the capuchin with the following words:

"In my closet
You will find a rosary, Joseph; ere ye tell
Three hundred beads, I'll summon you. Stay, Joseph;—
I did omit an ave in my matins,—
A grievous fault;—atone it for me, Joseph:
There is a scourge within; I am weak, you strong;
It were but charity to take my sin
On such broad shoulders. Exercise is healthful."

Not so where he thus praises De Mauprat:

"Bah! the mate for beauty
Should be a man, and not a money-chest!
When her brave sire lay on his bed of death,
I vow'd to be a father to his Julie:—
And so he died—the smile upon his lips;—
And when I spared the life of her young lover,
Methought I saw that smile again! Who else,
Look you, in all the court—who else so well,
Brave, or supplant the favourite;—balk the king—
Baffle their schemes? I have tried him:—He has honour
And courage;—qualities that eagle-plume
Men's souls,—and fit them for the fiercest sun,
Which ever melted the weak waxen minds
That flutter in the beams of gaudy power!
Besides, he has taste, this Mauprat:—When my play
Was acted to dull tiers of lifeless gapers,
Who had no soul for poetry, I saw him
Applaud in the proper places: trust me, Joseph,
He is a man of an uncommon promise!

The last passage we consider a fine characteristick trait, which hints at all we have read of Richelieu's jealousy of Corneille, and his own want of dramatick success. Indeed, Sir E. Bulwer has sought out many similar features in the cardinal's recorded memoirs, and interspersed them very aptly and ingeniously through the general portraiture, to which they impart a very pleasing degree of life and reality.

Though there are many poetical passages in Richelieu, and also of happy touches which win rounds of applause from the audience, the latter are too brief to be separated from the context and introduced into a literary notice; and of the former, we shall be content to adduce only a few examples. Thus, when De Mauprat boasts of his gallant bearing, we have the following:

"*Richelieu.* Your words
Are bold.
De Mauprat. My deeds have not belied them.
Richelieu. Deeds!
O miserable delusion of man's pride!
Deeds! cities sack'd, fields ravaged, hearths profaned,
Men butcher'd! In your hour of doom behold
The deeds you boast of! From rank showers of blood,
And the red light of blazing roofs, you build
The rainbow glory, and to shuddering conscience
Cry—Lo, the bridge to heaven!
De Mauprat. If war be sinful,
Your hand the gauntlet cast.
Richelieu. It was so, sir.
Note the distinction:—I weigh'd well the cause
Which made the standard holy; raised the war
But to secure the peace. France bled—I groan'd;
But look'd beyond; and, in the vista, saw
France saved, and I exulted. You—but you
Were but the tool of slaughter—knowing nought,
Foreseeing nought, nought hoping, nought lamenting,
And for nought fit,—save cutting throats for hire.
Deeds, marry, deeds!"

And again, this impressive lesson:

"You have outrun your fortune;
I blame you not, that you would be a beggar—
Each to his taste!—But I do charge you, sir,
That, being beggar'd, you would coin false moneys
Out of that crucible, called debt.—To live
On means not yours—be brave in silks and laces,
Gallant in steeds—splendid in banquets;—all
Not yours—ungiven—unherited—unpaid for;—
This is to be a trickster; and to filch
Men's art and labour, which to them is wealth,
Life, daily bread,—cutting all scores with—'Friend,
You're troublesome!'—Why this, forgive me,
Is what—when done with a less dainty grace—
Plain folks call 'Theft!'"

In one of his scenes, Richelieu thus apostrophizes the *Pen*:

"True,—this!
Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold
The arch-enchanter's wand!—itself a nothing!—
But taking sorcery from the master-hand
To paralyze the Cæsars—and to strike
The loud earth breathless!—Take away the sword—
States can be saved without it!"

In another, there is a fine soliloquy at midnight, from which we select a few lines:

SCENE—*Richelieu's castle at Ruelle—A Gothick chamber—Moonlight at the window, occasionally obscured.*

Richelieu.—(*Reading.*)—"'In silence, and at night, the conscience feels
That life should soar to nobler ends than power.'
So sayest thou, sage and sober moralist!
But wert thou tried?—sublime philosophy,
Thou art the patriarch's ladder, reaching heaven,
And bright with beck'ning angels—but, alas!
We see thee, like the patriarch, but in dreams,
By the first step—dull-slumbering on the earth.
* * * * * * * *
"Yet are my sins not those of circumstance,
That all-pervading atmosphere, wherein
Our spirits, like the unsteady lizard, take
The tints that colour, and the food that nurtures?
Oh! ye, whose hour-glass shifts its tranquil sands
In the unveil'd silence of a student's cell;
Ye, whose untempted hearts have never toss'd
Upon the dark and stormy tides, where life
Gives battle to the elements,—and man
Wrestles with man for some slight plank, whose weight
Will bear but one—while round the desperate wretch
The hungry billows roar—and the fierce fate,
Like some huge monster, dim-seen through the surf,
Waits him who drops;—ye safe and formal men,
Who write the deeds, and with unfeverish hand
Weigh in nice scales the motives of the great,
Ye cannot know what ye have never tried!
History preserves only the fleshless bones
Of what we are—and by the mocking skull
The would-be wise pretend to guess the futures!
Without the roundness and the glow of life
How hideous is the skeleton! Without
The colourings and humanities that clothe
Our errours, the anatomists of schools
Can make our memory hideous!"

We shall only add the conclusion, when De Mauprat and Julie are made happy, and Richelieu proceeds:

"See, my liege—see through plots and counterplots—
Through gain and loss—through glory and disgrace—
Along the plains, where passionate discord rears
Eternal Babel—still the holy stream
Of human happiness glides on!
Louis. And must we
Thank for that also—our prime minister?
Richelieu. No; let us own it: there is One above,
Sways the harmonious mystery of the world,
Ev'n better than prime ministers.
Alas!
Our glories float between the earth and heaven
Like clouds which seem pavilions of the sun,
And are the playthings of the casual wind;
Still, like the cloud which drops on unseen crags
The dews the wild flower feeds on, our ambition
May from its airy height drop gladness down
On unsuspected virtue;—and the flower
May bless the cloud when it hath passed away!"

To the play, Sir Edward has appended three odes, on the last days of Queen Elizabeth, Cromwell, and the death of Nelson. They are, we think, too narrative for this class of composition, with too much of historical reference and classical illustration. But there are brilliant and powerful passages. For instance, in the description of Elizabeth, commencing with a lament over the fate of her unfortunate sister-victim, Mary Stuart:

"Rise, from thy bloody grave,
Thou soft Medusa of the fated line,
Whose evil beauty look'd to death the brave:—
Discrowned queen, around whose passionate shame
Terrour and grief the palest flowers entwine,
That ever veil'd the ruins of a name
With the sweet parasites of song divine!
Arise, sad ghost, arise,
And, if revenge outlive the tomb,
Thou art avenged—behold the doomer brought to doom!
Lo, where thy mighty murderess lies,
The sleepless couch—the sunless room,
And, quell'd the eagle eye and lion mien,
The wo-worn shadow of the Titan queen!

There, sorrow-stricken, to the ground,
Alike by night and day,
The heart's-blood from the inward wound
Ebbs silently away.
And oft she turns from face to face
A sharp and eager gaze,
As if the memory sought to trace
The sign of some lost dwelling-place
Beloved in happier days;—
Ah, what the clue supplies
In the cold vigil of a hireling's eyes?
Ah, sad in childless age to weep alone,
And start and gaze, to find no sorrow save our own."

We conclude with the closing lines on the hero of Trafalgar:—

"But where was he—the noblest son
Of the triumphant isle;
Where—England's loftiest victory won—
Her hero of the Nile?
Lo, on his couch, the victor-victim lying,
Save to the few, the fatal stroke unknown—
Above—his gladsome crew—his pennon flying,
And he, with that dark angel—Death, alone!
But ever as the loud hurra,
Timed with triumphant peal his latest day,
By each new conquest o'er the scattering foe,
Flash'd on the ashen cheek the flickering glow.
And, like a star that pales beneath the morn,
When gradual broadening o'er the solemn sky,
So life grew dark as glory drew more nigh!
Vain on that gentle heart the levin came;
Nor bays nor mingling myrtle there upturn;
And thoughts, like echoes in a shrine, repeat
Familiar memories indistinctly sweet,
That blend his England's with his Emma's name.

The last guns heard that famous day
Along the deep were dying;
No flag, save ours, within the bay
On a single mast was flying;—
When the captain came where Nelson lay,
The chaplain by his side;
His hand he press'd—his cheek he kiss'd,—
'Look up,' the captain cried;—
'Twenty have struck, and the rest have fled—
We have won the victory!'
'Thank God—thank God,' then feebly said
The Sydney of the sea;—
My duty is done,'—so the race was run,
And thus our Nelson died."

THE AWFUL PLUNGE.—The St. Catherine's (U. C.) Journal of the sixth, states that five men went over Niagara Falls on the previous Thursday. The Journal says, "The only particulars which we have been able to learn are, that just before sunrise on Thursday morning last, a boat with two men in it was discovered in the middle of the river, above the falls, vainly endeavouring to make their way through the ice, with which they were enclosed, to the Canada shore. Their utmost exertion proved unavailing, and in a short time they were seen to enter the cascades, when they disappeared. In half an hour after, another boat, with three men in it, was discovered in the same awful situation, and trying too to gain the Canada side; but in a few moments shared the melancholy fate of the other. Yesterday the body of a man was picked up in the whirlpool, supposed to be one of these unfortunate men, having about his person two hundred dollars, and a valuable gold watch."

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

MAY-DAY—OR MOVING-DAY.

First of May—clear the way—
Baskets—barrows—trundles;
Take good care—mind the ware!
Betty, where's the bundles?
Pots and kettles, broken victuals,
Feather beds, plaster heads,
Looking glasses, tow mattrasses,
Spoons and ladles, babies' cradles,
Cups and saucers, salts and castors,
Hurry, hurry—grave and gay—
All must trudge the first of May.

Now we start! mind the cart!
Shovels, bedclothes, bedding;
On we go—soft and slow—
Like a beggar's wedding.
Jointed stools, domestick tools,
Chairs unbacked, tables cracked,
Gridiron black, spit and jack,
Trammels—hooks, musty books,
Old potatoes, ventilators,
Hurry, hurry, grave or gay,
On we trudge the first of May.

Now we've got to the spot—
Bellows—bureau—settee;
Rope untie—mind your eye—
Pray be careful, Betty!
Look! what's there? broken ware?
Decanters dashed, china smashed,
Pickles spoiled, carpet soiled,
Sideboards scratched, cups unmatched,
Empty casks, broken flasks,
Hurry, hurry—grave or gay—
Get you gone the first of May.

LIFE IN LONDON.

We help ourselves, without ceremony, to another graphick sketch of a London *lion*, together with the literary gossip of the day, from the correspondent of the Evening Star.

GREENROOM LOUNGERS—EPHRAIM BOND.

One of the most constant attendants behind the scenes and in the greenroom of Drury-Lane theatre, is a tall, well-made man, who is dressed with great propriety, that is, whose costume is of the best, in material and make, put on with elegance, but not aping the ultra Brummelism of Tom Duncome (Madame Vestris's old friend) or Count D'Orsay. This man, of the kind usually called "well-looking," is one whose features, if examined, show how much the *animal* preponderates. It is the general aspect of the man which shows this, for the features are good enough taken separately. The forehead is high, though narrow—the eye keen, though small—the nose prominent—the whiskers large—and the mouth, though sensual, extremely well cut. But view the face, taking in all these features together, you must confess that it is a very animal one. The owner of this face is the famous (some put an *in* before the epithet) Ephraim Bond, a very intimate friend of Bunn, (to whom he has often given great pecuniary aid,) and the only man who has kept up anything like a successful rivalry with Crockford, the great gambler.

I believe that Bond and his brothers belong to the Jewish persuasion. About nine years ago they used to get their living by selling sealing-wax, penknives, walking-sticks, pocket-books, sponge, etc., in the streets—chiefly in Leicester-square, a great thoroughfare. By dint of sheer industry they scraped together two or three hundred pounds, and got into partnership with the capital, with the owner of a gambling booth at Epsom race-course. They spread their connexion, enlarged their capital by husbanding their profits, and soon became sole proprietors of a distinct establishment of their own. This they conducted in a very stylish manner, and as fairly, I believe, as such an affair is conducted. There were reports that more than once when a player who had won, was walking off with his gains, they forced a quarrel upon him, and the elder Bond (Ephraim) used then to beat him. That Bond is a match in a boxing fray with the general run of men is very true, but, as all the beating in the world was not the way to bring the lost money from the pockets of the winners, I doubt that they ever did "try it on" in this manner. In fact, it was the excellent and stylish manner in which they carried on matters that made them friends. On the race-course they had a few speculations on horses, and—having the ear of the jockeys—made money by it. They soon gave the cut direct to the gaming booth on the race-course, and having amassed ten thousand pounds, took a house of play in St. James's-street. Hither crowds of people who would not or could not go to Crockford's, were glad to resort, and here the Bonds made and are making a princely fortune. It is not pretended that there is any unfair play at Bond's. There is none at Crockford's, and the chief difference between the two houses is, that Crockford's costs its proprietor a great sum every year for wines, feasts, etc., while Bond's is much less costly.

The building of Crockford's cost sixty thousand pounds, and the furniture and wines came to nearly forty thousand pounds more. It is one of the best built and handsomest houses in London; but its interiour is more like a palace than is Buckingham House, where the queen resides. Carving, gilding, sculpture, make the rooms quite a show to visit. There are not less than eight hundred subscribers, paying ten guineas a year and twenty guineas entrance, and this eight thousand pounds or ten thousand pounds a year, would never pay half the cost of the wine actually given to the members. There is in fact, little deep play until "the wine is in" and "the wit is out." Then the play is sure to commence in earnest. *Such* suppers! Ude is the cook, or rather the director, for he rarely operates himself. The actual value of the wines in Crockford's cellar, which runs under and across St. James's-street, is now eighty thousand pounds! This cellar is nearly three hundred feet long, and contains nearly half a million bottles of wine. I do believe that at Crockford's and Bond's there is no unfair play. What is called the "turn of the table" yields the profit. This must be large, as the expences at Crockford's are a thousand pounds a week, and about five hundred pounds at Bond's. The "points" in favour of the bank (*i. e.* of the owner of the corner) are one hundred per cent per stake each hour, on French hazard. If one thousand pound stakes were risked each time, one thousand pound per hour would be lost by the players, without their having a shadow of chance against it. Say that the play was thirty hours per week, the bank would, on this ground alone, win fifty thousand pounds a week.

The Bonds could scarcely read or write—even after they had amassed a fortune. They then took lessons in both branches, and are able to read a bill and sign a check. Ephraim Bond is the best informed of the three. It was he who in 1834, became lessee of the Queen's theatre, and then of the Adelphi. The management of the first was very curious. All the pretty (vicious and pretty I should say) actresses in London were engaged at heavy salary. To act—no, at least not in publick. They were merely engaged to draw all the loose "young men upon town," and then the transition from the green-room to supper at the gaming-house, with play (by way of *devil*) was very easy. The Adelphi, at the same time, was managed in the same way. The leader of the female corps was the notorious Mrs. Honey; and under her regime, the pieces were got up which displayed women almost naked on the stage with only a thin gauze between them and the audience. The town was placarded with announcements relative to "beautiful women," and never before was decency more outraged on the stage. Little Keely, with a proper sense of propriety, refused to let his wife act with such a crew.

The hell kept by the Bonds in St. James's-street was called the Athenæum. The expenses are said to be from five hundred to a thousand a week; the profits average from five thousand pounds to ten thousand pounds a week. It is said that Crockford is worth half a million sterling, and that the Bonds are worth half that. At their private tables are peers and commoners. But it is time I should wind up this sketch. And so good by to Mr. Ephraim Bond!

The success of Bulwer's play is decided. It has fine situations, and the language is extremely poetical. The Queen has been twice to see it. Macready's acting is said to be extremely fine, and this I can easily imagine.

Power is at Dublin, doing well. It is odd that since the Lord Lieutenant (Normanby) went away, the theatre has been better attended than for months. The conservative nobility and gentry avoided a place of amusement at which they were likely to be insulted, if they did not swell the "hurra for Lord Normanby, Dan O'Connell's Lieutenant."

The Adelphi closes on Saturday. Yates lost money by the Bayaderes, but Jim Crow, Bahin, (the giant,) and the monkeys have made immense profits to him. Mr. and Mrs. Yates, with some more of the company, go to Bath for a few weeks.

The English Opera opens on Monday. Mrs. Sterling is engaged, and the Woods will appear there.

Charles Kean at Bristol, but Macready is too great a favourite there for Kean to take. Ducrow is at Birmingham. Mrs. Waylett at Sheffield. Mrs. Fitzwilliam at Cork. Templeton at Exeter, the greatest favourite since the days of Incledon. Dowton's son is managing at Canterbury. Ranger is at Edinburgh. Buckstone at Glasgow. Sheridan Knowles at Greenock. H. Phillips concert-singing at Liverpool. Mrs. Honey at Manchester.

Persiani, Grisi, Pauline Garcia, Rubini and Lablache, are to be at Queen's theatre after Easter. Taglioni, Couton, and the Essler's will head the ballet corps. Deshayes is busy on a new ballet, to which Costa puts the musick

Lover's Opera, with musick by Balfe, is rejected by Bunn, as it would cost too much to bring it out.

Rooke's new Opera, the scene in Spain, comes out next Thursday. H. Phillips heads the cast.

Bulwer gets five hundred pounds for his new play. This is doing well

The news from Maine has set our politicians on the *qui vive*.—We believe and hope there will be no serious quarrel.

Sir Thomas Hervey goes out at once, in place of the late Sir C. Paget, as naval commander-in-chief of the West India and North America station

Lace continues much worn in ladies' attire. Flowers are also in vogue. On ball dresses they are profusely scattered. Fans are become indispensable. Velvet head-dresses are the ton: they fall low at the sides, and the hair shows through the velvet bands which form them, and cross each other from side to side. Pearls, gold-lace, or gems, invariably embellish them.

La Gitana is a new head-dress, made of a *petit-bord* of velvet, with long barbes of silver-lace at the side. Rouleaux of gauze, tastefully fixed on the dark velvet ornament the top.

Turbans of black velvet are worn. They are ornamented with diamonds, and at the side a diamond *agraffe*.

The hair is now low behind, and round the knot is a cordet of pearls or flowers.

Flounces are coming in—but not large ones. Embroidery is the vogue—especially an organdi. But the spring fashions are not fixed, because the bad weather retards what is called "The Siam."

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

BY A LADY.

I have met with a very few unmarried ladies, who have not appeared to me to feel, after the age of thirty, that their existence was thoroughly comfortless and wretched. Many have I heard express it openly; and that such is the fact, can very easily be discovered by an accurate observer of the human countenance. It is also certain that three out of every five of the young English ladies of the present day must remain unmarried, because no man can *exist* on less than two thousand a-year when married; and how few young men there are with two thousand a-year, compared with the number of young ladies! Five, six, eight, sometimes in one family; generally all tolerably pretty, and most of them pleasing and accomplished women—many possessing talents of no ordinary stamp—yet, perhaps, in our *saloons* these lovely and accomplished beings are completely neglected by the other sex, "because" (I must repeat the sentiments I have heard from thousands of young men of fashion,) "I never talk to girls—I dare not pay attention to unmarried women, because I am not a marrying man—my friend —— flirted with so and so, and was accused of behaving ill—I don't like to excite false hopes—I shall never marry unless I can find a wife with at least two or three thousand a-year, because I am much richer, unmarried, with the fortune I have." It is of no use to quarrel with the state of society as it is at present constituted, for we cannot alter it; but I think it might be beneficial to give a few hints on the education of women, which might perhaps be useful in procuring them, in a state of *single blessedness*, as it is very falsely called, a greater share of happiness, or a less load of misery, than they at present appear to possess after the awful age of thirty. A girl at thirty is called an *old maid*—she goes to a ball, and generally sits neglected all the evening, or dances with some gentleman who has been often asked to dine at her father's house, and who, perhaps, remarks, "Miss—— is rather *passée*—a good old girl—and I must do my duty there; and now I shall dance with the beautiful Miss ——." My heart always bleeds for the mortifications I see endured by these poor old girls continually. There are certainly some single women whose talents have made them as much considered in society as they ought to be; but then I have generally observed that they have fortunes, or have had advantages above others to bring into notice, and to give to the natural ambition of the human species some scope of action. I will suppose a case in which there are four girls—a moderate proportion in one family—and two sons; and I will suppose their father possessed of fifteen hundred a year. The estate, of course, goes to the eldest son; the second must be a clergyman, if his relations have any preferment, or he must be of some profession; of course, he can never marry without a large fortune: unless, at the age of forty-five, he has made one for himself. The eldest son, having been to Eton and Cambridge, has learnt that fifteen hundred a year is nothing, and, in all probability, determines (not to be *taken in*) not to marry any lovely girl, without, at least, forty or fifty thousand pounds. I now come to my four young ladies. I will suppose one very pretty, and the other three rather plain They have been educated, in all probability, as the greater proportion of English girls are. First of all, they go every Sunday to church; and are, as I conceive all, or nearly all, the class of moderately rich English gentry to be, perfectly honourable, upright, and well-principled. It is only for their own happiness that I would propose *any* change in the education of a class for whom I have so high a respect. To return to the four young ladies. They have all been brought up with the idea that they will become wives and mothers, and are taught to cherish those natural affections which, if by some remote chance one out of the four ever does marry, make them so amiable and lovely as such. They are all allowed to read modern novels, at least all such as are considered to have a moral tendency. Now, I maintain that there is scarcely one of these works which does not impress any young woman with the idea that happiness can alone be found in love and marriage. The heroine is very amiable and perfect, surrounded with admirers, all contending for the honours of her last notice; but where is the novel which represents four poor, pretty, unnoticed girls, who are destined to pass their young years without, perhaps, so much as one admirer amongst them! Year after year passes—their bloom and beauty fade—and my four lovely and accomplished warm-hearted beings, having seen all their youthful castles fall one by one, become listless and unhappy. They have little in life to interest them; one dies of a complaint in the spine; another lives many years on arrow-root and calf's-foot jelly, and is enveloped in flannel even in July; a third is under the care of Doctor S. for indigestion; and perhaps the fourth, who is made of tougher materials, and born with less feeling than the others—or perhaps from having something to occupy her mind in preparing the arrow-root for one sister, and ordering the hard dumplings, prescribed by Doctor S. for the other—outlives her sorrows and disappointments; and if she takes an interest in her brother's children, or a share in their education, or in something which gives vent to those affections which are implanted by nature in the breast of woman, she becomes happy. This, then, appears to me to be the secret too much neglected in female education. Teach them, by all means, that one great source of happiness consists in the indulgence of virtuous affection; but do not teach them that there is no affection capable of producing this happiness, except such as may be felt for a lover or husband. If the heart be properly regulated, it may take a warm and sufficiently engrossing interest in many objects less intimately connected with it. Marriage is a sad lottery, and, at the best, is a state full of cares and anxieties. Freedom and independence ought not to be lightly parted with, or set down as possessions of little value.

WASHINGTON.

Few columns rose, when Rome was free,
To mark her patriots' last repose;
When she outlived her liberty,
The emp'rours' mausoleums rose:
And Trajan's shaft was rear'd at last,
When freedom from the Tiber pass'd.

"Better than Trajan," lowly lies,
By broad Potomack's silent shore,
Hallowing the green declivities
With glory, now and evermore.
Art to his fame no aid hath lent—
His country is his monument.

Young wives.—A writer in Queen Anne's day, speaking of young brides, says it is usual with young wives before they have been many weeks married, to assume a confident look and manner of talking; as if they intended to signify, in all companies, that they were no longer girls, and, consequently, that their whole demeanour, before they got a husband, was all but a constraint upon their nature, whereas, I suppose, if the votes of wise men were gathered, a very great majority would be in favour of those ladies, who, after they were entered into that holy state, rather chose to double their portion of modesty and reservedness. Avoid the least degree of fondness for your husband before any witness whatever, even before your nearest relations, or the very maids of your chamber. This proceeding is so exceedingly odious and disgustful to all who have either good breeding or good sense, that they assign two very unamiable reasons for it; the one is gross hypocrisy, the other has too bad a name to be mentioned. Conceal your esteem and love in your own breast, and reserve your kind looks and language for private hours, which are so many in the four-and-twenty.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE CABINET MINISTER. By the authoress of "Mothers and Daughters," "Mrs. Armytage," "The Heir of Ledwood," etc. New-York: Harper and Brothers.

As may be conjectured from the title, this is a republication of an English "*fashionable* novel." It is from the pen of Mrs. Gore, a writer of some celebrity and of undoubted talent. The following aphorisms we find scattered through the pages of the work.

DELUSIONS OF THE YOUNG.

Of all the lunacies and oversights afflicting human nature, none is more worthy of indulgence than the wilful self-delusion inducing two young persons, mutually attached and unversed in the ways of the world, to fancy that difficulties disappear before the courage and patience of those who find in mutual affection a consolation for vulgar privations.

Vain are the sermons of experience; vain the examples cited for their enlightenment. "Unexampled is the love which places their position above all comparison. Their fortitude defies misfortune; their reliance on each other supersedes all necessity for reliance on the world."

VICE AND VIRTUE.

Virtue rarely passes unrecognized by the world. A few distorted opticks may fail to recognise her features; but it would be as easy to conceal the face of the noonday sun under a mask, as her resplendent features. The dark face of vice is far easier of disguise. Not a vizard-shop but supplies a hundred varnished faces, smiling and serene, to conceal her deformities from the unwary.

In the familiar scenes of society, many a man passes through life, not only with his errours unsuspected, but disguising his very faults in the semblance of virtues. There is a sort of stupid equanimity which is invariably taken for good temper. It listens unmoved to reviling—it supports the crosses of life without murmur—it resembles good temper as pewter resembles silver. Obstinacy in the same manner dignifies itself by sporting the Roman toga of firmness. Charles I. and George III. were honoured by their parties with the name of "Firm," till posterity reversed the judgment and applied a truer epithet.

SHERIDAN.

It was said by one of Sheridan's most intimate associates, that he "wanted only to be in easy circumstances to become a man of the highest honour and integrity." To *become* a man of integrity is a singular progress to predict of a bosom-friend; nevertheless, such was the exact state of the case. The curious observer of after-times, when none survive to be grieved by animadversions on one whose talents have added such brilliant gleams to the sunshine brightening our epoch, will probably enter more fully into the causes of this disastrous fact, pointing out the corrupt and contemptible state of a society where a man, so splendidly endowed as Sheridan, dared not be himself—dared not be a poor man of talent; but was compelled to have recourse to the false glitter of equipages, diamonds, and dinner parties, in order to maintain, in the estimation of the heir-apparent and the circles of fashion, the admiration he had conquered as a wit, a poet, and an orator.

THE FATE OF THE GIFTED.

Few lessons are more ripe with instruction than the examination of factions and coteries at successive epochs. By tracing effects to their causes, and following up causes to their effects, we learn to assign a true value to human pretences; and since "the boy is father to the man," it is good to scrutinize the boyhood of men whose words are before us, in order that we may infer wisely from the boyhood of boys. But, to perfect our knowledge, the strange eventful history of life must be traced to its close; and it is "a lesson worth a thousand homilies," to record that Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the adulated and adulating of royalty, the darling of noble pleasure-seekers and boon-companion of the great, was abandoned in his latter days to the iron grasp of penury—arrested on his death-bed—*arrested in his coffin!*

Had the high faculties of this memorable man—

> Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
> And to "fashion," gave up what was meant for mankind—

been applied to some professional career consistent with the sphere of his birth, he might have attained, as a legist, the overgrown opulence of a Stowell or an Eldon; as a divine, of a Normanton or a Barrington. But it was his rash choice to flutter, an idler among the great; converting the sterling ore of his genius into glittering trinkets, rather than current coin. Regardless whether the tree of fame had taken permanent root, he amused himself with snatching flowers from the bough; destroying the germ of future fruit and solid prosperity. The noisy promises of pompous patrons overpowered at once the still, small voice within, and nullified the glowing exhortations of the Muse, by whose hand he had been raised from obscurity and guided on the road to glory.

SOUTHEY'S LIFE OF COWPER. In two vols. London: 1839.

Any work put forth under the sanction of Robert Southey's name commends itself at once to the confidence of the publick. The volumes before us are worthy the author of the "Life of Nelson. They are deeply interesting, and the subject is handled in a candid and liberal manner. The work should be enrolled among the classicks of the age. We wonder that no American publisher has yet condescended to furnish it to the American publick. Or do the *trade* mean that we shall have nothing but Nicholas Nickleby and Jack Shepherd?

The following stanzas, from the German of Tiedge, are published in the Boston Monthly Miscellany of Religion and Letters, a notice of which was given in our last number.

TO A WAVE.

> Whither, thou turbid wave?
> Whither with so much haste,
> As if a thief wert thou?
> I am the Wave of Life,
> Stain'd with my margin's dust;
> From the rushing and the strife
> Of the narrow stream I fly
> To the Sea's immensity,
> To wash from me the slime
> Of the muddy banks of Time.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Thespis's *account of the Wallack benefit is well done, and if we had received it earlier it should have been inserted.—We have not heard what arrangements the manager of the National has in view for the ensuing season, in her visit to England.—The song, to which Il Fanatico alludes, has already appeared in the Mirror. It was published some six months ago.—A correspondent complains, and we think with justice, of the want of a good publick library in this city. Our Athenæum, though a creditable institution in its way, cannot be compared to the establishments with the same name in Philadelphia and Boston. We trust that the deficiency will be supplied, when the building for the reception of the old "New York Library" shall be completed opposite the Athenæum Hotel.—We agree with our dramatick correspondent L. in his eulogistick comments upon the acting of Mrs. Sloman in "Isabella." She displayed talents in the part inferior to those of no actress of the present day. We trust that her engagement at the Park will be renewed the next season.—We know nothing of the justice of "Midshipman Easy's" remarks in regard to the Great Western and her commander.—V. S. is informed that we already have "original poetry" enough on hand to sink a "seventy-four;" and we cannot encourage him to send his threatened stanzas.—If amateur writers would but consider what a melancholy drug in the literary market is second-rate poetry, they would be more reasonable in their inflictions.—We must decline the "Polities of the Season," "Lines to General Scott," and the critique upon a "recent publication."—We thank H. for his communication.*

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1839.

A new commentator on Shakspeare.—A writer in a late English magazine, whose remarks have at least the merit of originality, has discovered that the literary world have been labouring under a great mistake during the last three centuries, in admiring the fidelity of Shakspeare's delineations of character. "Let us ask," says the critick, "where in real life we shall find such characters as Hamlet, Ophelia, Lady Macbeth, King Lear, Regan and Goneril, Touchstone, Sir Toby Belch, Falstaff, and many—we may say most—others which our great dramatist has depicted? Nowhere! There never was such *a weak-minded, fretful, whining and capricious creature as Hamlet, nor such a miserable, milk-and-water piece of female absurdity as Ophelia.* Lady Macbeth seems to us to be a character grossly out of nature—not in point of wickedness, but *womanly* wickedness. She has more mental courage than we ever heard or read of among the most daring of her sex. Her mind is masculine in the extreme; and had Shakspeare studied mere truth, and not dramatick effect, he would have portrayed Macbeth exactly as he has done Lady Macbeth." The ineffable dunce! The biography of the last century will furnish examples of hundreds of such "creatures as Hamlet." There is Cowper, whose character was somewhat analogous—and, to pursue the alliteration, there are Collins and Chatterton, all of whom exhibited, in their mental organization, many of the traits depicted by Shakspeare. As for Ophelia, her parallel may be found in every boarding-school; and as to the assertion relative to Lady Macbeth, history gives the lie to it, in thousands of instances. We need only mention Queen Elizabeth, Catharine of Russia, Charlotte Corday, and, to come down to our own times for an example of female heroism and intrepidity—Grace Horsley Darling. We suspect that this Shakspearian critick is the same who found fault with the falls of Niagara because they were "out of nature." We feel bound to add, however, that he afterwards had the generosity to admit that it was a very fair cataract for a new country, and one under a republican form of government.

Love and lunacy.—The English papers have teemed, since the accession of Queen Victoria, with accounts of hapless gentlemen arrested for attempting to gain access to her majesty, not with treasonable designs against her life, but with tender hopes of gaining her royal affections. In them loyalty has been sublimated, it would seem, to amatory madness. They love their queen so well that nothing will content them short of making her all their own—together with her majesty's civil list, diamonds, and other unconsidered trifles. We learn from a Paris correspondent that Frenchmen, too, are occasionally found excited by the same loving aspirations. He says there is much talk in our higher circles about the frequent arrests made at the Tuileries, of persons who come up from all parts to speak to Louis Philippe. In the last six months above twenty of these troublesome visiters have been apprehended and conveyed to the Bicetre or to Maisons de Santé, after undergoing minute examinations. These facts have been ascribed by some prints to political causes and criminal designs. Such is not the case. These arrests have all the same causes, with different circumstances; they are all or almost all connected with a sort of monomania, which one might take to be epidemick, and which exhibits itself in a chimerical love for Princess Clementina of Orleans, whom most of these poor creatures have never seen. They come up from the provinces to Paris, their hearts full of their mad passion, in order to demand her highness's hand of her father. The personal attractions and fortune of Louis Philippe's daughter would justify enough the affection of those pretenders, if romantick passions for princesses were not a common disease. Poor Maria Antoinette was long importuned by a worshipper of that description, who was known at Versailles under the name of "L'Amoureux de la Reine." The Duchess de Berry was the object of a chimerical passion of the same description.

Our painters.—We understand that the approaching exhibition of the American Academy of Fine Arts at Clinton-Hall, is to be one of the most attractive ever offered in this city. Where there is so much genius for painting in our country, is it not deplorable that it has such a limited opportunity for complete development, through a deficiency of encouragement? We trust that our princely merchants and retired millionaires will look in upon this exhibition of American paintings, and avail themselves of the chance of procuring some of the best productions of our artists.

"*The play's the thing.*"—An English paper says that during the performance of the drama of "Oliver Twist," lately at the Surrey theatre, a scene occurred which fully exemplified what philosophers call the doctrine of human sympathy. When the play reached that point at which Oliver is threatened fiercely by Sykes and Toby Crackit, previous to the attempted burglary, a sailor rose from the crowded benches of the pit, and, with many a sailor-like oath, declared to the unutterable astonishment alike of actors and audience, that he would not see a poor boy ill-treated," and pulling up his jacket-sleeves, he was about to rush single-handed to the rescue of the apparently misused child, and he was only arrested in his progress to the stage by the forcible interference of those about him. It was some time before the honest jack tar could be persuaded, "it was all a sham;" and some preparations were made for removing him. The audience, however, delighted with his ebullition of naval feelings, loudly vociferated that he should remain, which was agreed to. Through the remainder of the play he continued to gaze on the acting with breathless attention, more than once showing no inconsiderable restlessness.

Forest scenery.—Never were our forests arrayed in a drapery of more beautiful verdure than at the present season. There is a delicacy in the half-unfolded foliage of spring, which to our eyes is far more inviting than the luxuriant green of summer. What a picture of forest scenery is given us by Miss Mitford, in these few simple lines:

> "How the indented leaves
> Of brightest green cut clearly the blue sky
> And the small clouds! And how this tiny spring
> Bubbles and sparkles round the moss-grown roots,
> Winding its silver thread along the short
> Elastick turf, so thickly set with flowers,
> And mixed with fragrant herbs, till it is lost
> Amongst the bowery thickets! Not a spot
> In all the forest can compare with this,
> Nature's own temple'"

Canine fashions.—A correspondent of the National Intelligencer, furnishes the following libellous gossip:—"It is now the mode for ladies in high life, to drive through Broadway, accompanied by pet puppies, (not human, but canine,) of every description. You cannot imagine how picturesque the scene; a carriage, with escutcheoned hammercloth, servants in rich livery, most unexceptionable horses and harness, and containing two or three inmates, besides a dog of Charles the Second spaniel-breed, his fore-paws on the edge of the window, and his head lolling forth most inquisitively, returning the nods of the passers-by on the *pavé*, as they make their salams at the fair occupants of the coach! Such is the custom, and the dog-sellers are reaping a rich harvest." We have seen "many puppies" looking out of carriages in Broadway, but do not remember seeing any of the Charles the Second breed.

Every one to his taste.—It is said that there is a gentleman in London who—in the confident expectation that Van Amburgh will sooner or later be made a meal of by one of the tigers—goes to Drury-Lane theatre *every night*, lest he should miss witnessing so interesting an exhibition. Is it not very selfish of Van Amburgh not to gratify the gentleman in his amiable desire? The tigers are, no doubt, willing to do their part in rendering the spectacle effective, and we have no doubt the announcement would attract a crowded house.

Dahlias.—We see it stated in the English papers, that seedling dahlias have been sold in London for a price as high as sixty guineas, or three hundred dollars. If they increase in value at such a rate, says the Boston Post, perhaps we may see a dahlia mania in England, which will equal the tulip mania in Holland, in the seventeenth century.

Growth of France.—A late Paris journal remarks, that within the last one hundred and thirty years, the population of France has been doubled; the total revenue has become six times, and the total imposts five times, as great as they were; while the average revenue and imposts for each individual have, in the same time, been tripled.

Shade trees.—This is the season for setting out fruit and shade trees, and it may not be amiss to repeat the excellent advice which Sir Walter Scott puts into the mouth of the prudent Laird of Dumbiedykes, in his death-bed admonition to his son:—"Jock, when ye hae naething else to do ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be a growing, Jock, when ye are sleeping. My father tauld me sae forty years sin', but I never found time to mind him."

Clubs.—A correspondent complains of the introduction of the English fashion of clubs, as calculated to encourage celibacy. As the assertion is purely theoretical, we shall wait for our correspondent to substantiate it by suitable proofs. How would it do to form an anti-club club?

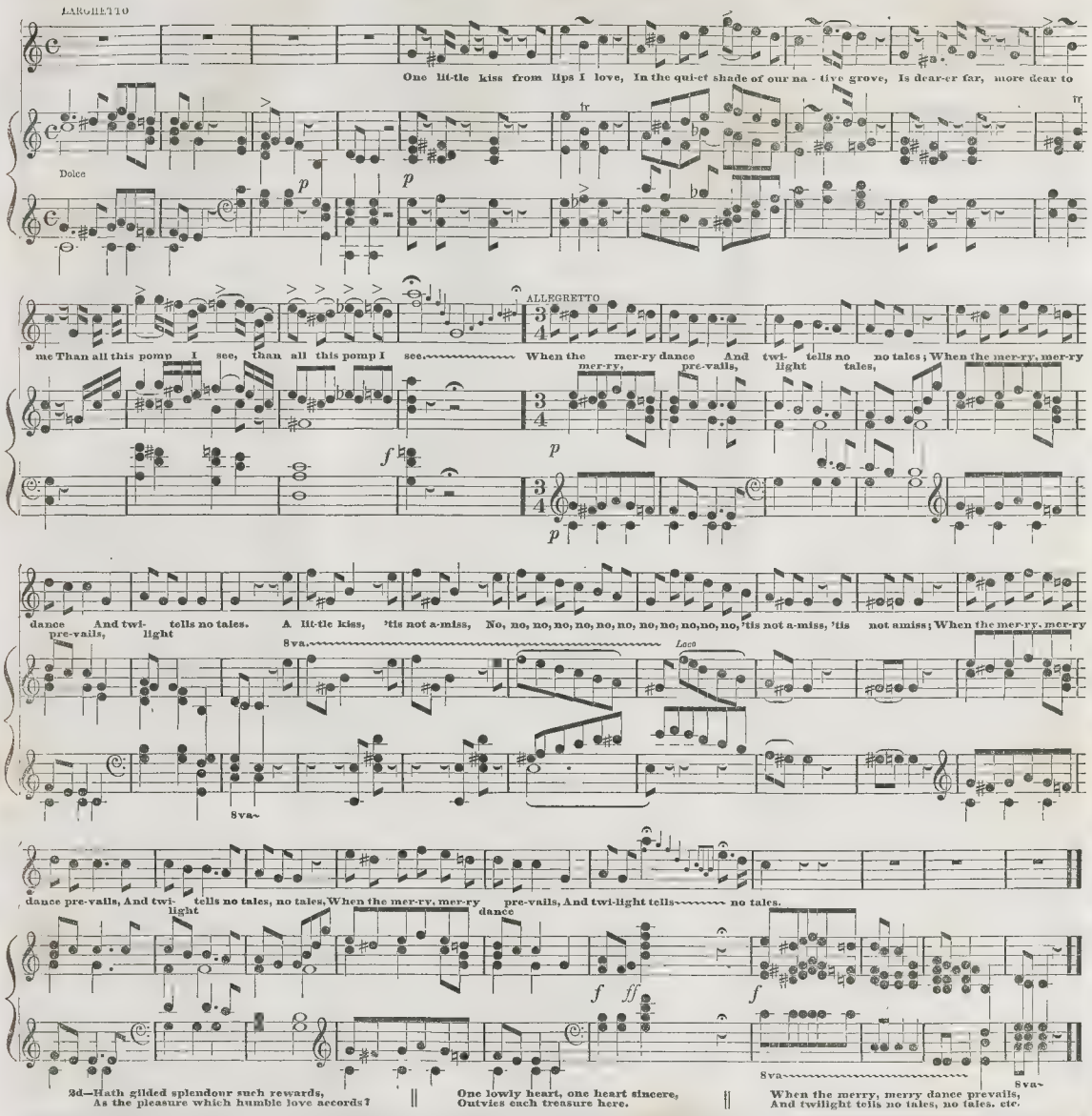
Flattering.—A London paper attributes the authorship of "*Jim Crow*," to "those celebrated American poets, Messrs. Bryant and Halleck." We should suppose it would require the union of two great intellects to produce such a chef-d'œuvre in the lyrical art.

Curious conjunction.—The new law in Mississippi against gambling, prohibits betting upon "the result of any cockfight or duel." The framer of the law was right, undoubtedly, in giving to the fowl duellist precedence over the man duellist.

Fraternal liberality.—An orator at a recent political meeting is said to have thundered forth this "noble sentiment:"—"Mr. Chairman, if I was a Siamese twin, and my brother was on 'tother side, I'd cut the rascal off."—Overwhelming applause.

WHEN THE MERRY DANCE PREVAILS.

THE POETRY WRITTEN BY MR. FITZBALL—MUSICK COMPOSED BY M. W. BALFE.



MISCELLANY.

Cultivation of flowers.—The cultivation of flowers is an employment adapted to every grade, the high and the low, the rich and the poor; but especially to those who have retired from the busy scenes of active life. Man was never made to rust out in idleness. A degree of exercise is as necessary for the preservation of health, both of body and mind, as food And what exercise is more fit for him, who is in the decline of life, than that of superintending a well-ordered garden? What more enlivens the sinking mind? What is more conducive to a long life? The cultivation of flowers is an appropriate amusement for young ladies It teaches neatness, cultivates a correct taste, and furnishes the mind with many pleasing ideas. The delicate form, and features, the mildness and sympathy of disposition, render them fit subjects to raise those transcendent beauties of nature, which declare the "perfections of the Creator's power." The language of flowers is so elegant an amusement, that we select a few of the most interesting emblems for the gratification of our fair readers.

Beauty—The Rose.—This queen of flowers is considered the pride of Flora, and the emblem of beauty in every part of the globe.

Calumny—Madder.—This plant, so essential to dyers and calico printers, is made the emblem of calumny, since it leaves so permanent a stain on the purest cloth.

Coquetry—The Yellow Day Lily.—This fragile beauty is made to represent coquetry, as its flowers seldom last a second day.

Courage—The Black Poplar.—The poplar was dedicated to Hercules, in consequence of his destroying Cacus, in a situation where these trees abounded.

Declaration of Affection—Tulip.—The tulip has, from time immemorial, been made the emblem by which a young Persian makes a declaration of his attachment.

Diffidence—Cyclamen.—As modest diffidence adds attraction to beauty, so does this graceful flower engage our notice by its unassuming carriage; for the cyclamen, although it expands in an upright direction, never rears its head to the sun. The Romish church has dedicated this flower to St. Romauld.

Docility—The Rush.—This plant, so proverbial for its pliability, is the most applicable symbol of docility.

Durability—Dogwood, or Cornel Tree.—The firm and lasting nature of this wood has caused it to be made the type of duration.

Fidelity—Wall Speedwell.—This beautiful plant, which attaches itself to old walls, is the symbol of fidelity. This plant is dedicated to St. Simon of Jerusalem.

Forsaken—The Lilack.—The Eastern nations, from whence this beautiful shrub was originally brought, use the lilack as the emblem of the forsaken, as it is the flower the lover offers to his mistress if he abandons her.

Just reward of treachery.—Tarpeia, the daughter of Tarpeius, the keeper of the Roman capitol, agreed to betray it into the hands of the Sabines, on this condition, "that she should have for her reward, that which they carried upon their left arms," meaning the golden bracelets they wore upon them. The Sabines having been let in by Tarpeia, according to compact, Titius, their king, though well pleased with carrying the place, yet detesting the manner in which it was done, commanded the Sabines to give the fair traitor her promised reward, by throwing to her all they wore on their left arms; and therewith unclasping his bracelet from his left arm, he cast that, together with his shield, upon her. All the Sabines following the example of their chief, the traitoress was speedily overwhelmed with the number of bracelets and bucalers heaped upon her, and thus perished miserably under the weight of the reward which she had earned by the double treachery to her father and to her country.

Good advice.—Use the memory of thy predecessor fairly and tenderly; for if thou dost not, it is a debt which will surely be paid when thou art gone.

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VOLUME SIXTEEN. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1839. NUMBER FORTY-FIVE.

Original.

THE WIFE'S PRAYER.

Hear me—Oh! hear me now!
By the red flash upon thy wasted cheek,
By the deep tracery o'er thy marble brow,
Hear me!—Bear with me, husband, while I speak!

I've mark'd thee, day by day—
Thine hours are all of anxious, vague unrest—
Thine eye hath caught a stern, unwonted ray—
Thy lip hath lost all memory of its jest.

This wakeful ear hath heard
Thoughts nursed by thee in solitude apart;
Which, like the young of the devoted bird,
Feed on the burning life-blood of thy heart.

Thy wife sits pale beside—
Thy child shrinks back appalled from thine embrace—
Thy menials quail before thy mien of pride—
Thy very dog avoids thine altered face!

Oh! for poor Glory's wreath—
Casting from thee all tenderness and gladness—
Thou track'st a phantom on, whose fiery breath
Drieth the way-founts, till thou thirst to madness!

My prayer is all for thee—
My life in thine:—by our remembered bliss,
By all thy watchful hours of misery,
What meed hath Fame to render thee for this?

If thou yet loveest me, hear!
Now, while thy feet press onward to the goal,
Turn thee, oh! turn thee, in thy stern career,
And thrust this mad ambition from thy soul! IONE

REMINISCENCES OF BYGONE TIMES.

NEW-ENGLAND WITCHCRAFT.

BY JOHN NEAL.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

It was at the trial of Sarah Good, that a circumstance occurred which, though hardly noticed at the time, led at last to a series of horrour and suffering never to be forgotten by that part of the world. One of the afflicted gave a loud scream while the face of Sarah Good was turned away, and fell upon the floor. Being lifted up, she declared upon oath that she had been stabbed with a knife by the shape or spectre of the accused, while she, the accused, Sarah Good herself, was pretending to hide her face; for, at her look, the glance of her eye only, the wretched sufferers would go distracted, as it were, and foam at the mouth and tear themselves; and then again, at her touch, they would instantly recover. For proof, the accuser plucked forth from her flesh the blade of a knife, declaring that when the blow was made by the spectre, the blade broke off, as it was on the way to her heart. All the judges were thunderstruck—the people mute with terrour. The poor woman herself, who had been locking her hands and bowing her head in prayer, started up with a cry of anguish, and flung her arms abroad, and looked about her on every side as if she had no longer any earthly hope. The accuser echoed her cry, as if struck to the heart anew, and fell forward her whole length upon the floor of the church, and lay there for a while as if entirely overcome with sleep or approaching death. Not a breath could be heard in the whole house, not a murmur—there was a dead preternatural quiet everywhere till she stirred of herself; they were even afraid to touch her. The trial was over, the evidence through, the charge itself had been made; and the foreman of the jury stood up to render the verdict of death. But before he could speak, a tumult was heard afar off, growing louder and louder every moment, and nearer and nearer; the multitude swayed this way and that—a bustle followed at the very door, and straightway appeared a small, swarthy man, with a fierce look, dragging in a large boy by the shoulder, lifting him along as if he were a shadow, and making his way through the crowd like a giant.

"What ho!" cried he to the judge. "What ho!" to the foreman of jury, as they quailed and trembled at his approach, "why speed ye thus in the work of death? And you the baily, and you, Doctor Mather, and you, Captain Sewall! who are sitting there to judge the quick and the dead, how dare ye? Who gave you power to measure and weigh such mystery? Are ye of the gifted and the powerful—specially gifted from on high—with power to see spirits, and able to take the Prince of Darkness himself by the horns?"

"Who is it?—who is it? Whom have you there?"

"Master Burroughs, *I believe*," said one of the judges.

"By what authority are you abroad again?" asked another.

Much whispering followed:—"It's Burroughs!—Burroughs!" "Can it be!" "How altered he is!" "How old he looks!" "I shouldn't have known him, I declare!" said another and another of the trembling multitude.

"*By what authority!* judges of Israel! By the authority of the Strong Man who broke loose when the Spirit of the Lord was upon him! By authority of one who hath endowed me with great power—power that no man here will have the hardihood to question!"

"But why are you here?"

"I am weary of being a hostage for you, ye men of little faith! What! am I to be fooled, and thwarted, and betrayed at every step of my life, that you may be left free here to lord it over the church, and waste the heritage of the widow and the fatherless!"

"Who is that boy?"

"Ask him! Behold his beauty! Set him face to face, if you dare, with her that told the story of the knife."

"And wherefore?" asked one of the judges.

"*Wherefore*, Andrew Elliot! wherefore! wait and you shall know. There is no hurry. It may be time enough a week hence, or a month, or a whole year, for such as you to throw away again immortal hopes—your very souls, by spilling the blood of the innocent!"

"Oh, sir! sir!" cried the poor woman at the bar. "God for ever bless you! Why did you go away from those who knew you, and loved you, and trusted you? Why did you ever leave us? and why, to the tender mercies of men who have no bowels, even for their own mothers, nay, even for their own offspring?"

"Be of good faith, Sarah! The Lord my God shall be nigh to thee, and comfort thee. Have courage, and put all thy trust in them that hath power to deliver thee."

"Ah, sir, I have! I do! and pray that His will may be done, sir—on earth as it is in heaven."

"Have courage, Sarah." And then turning to the judges, he asked if the boy might be heard.

"If he know aught of this matter, certainly. What say you, brother Willard?" asked Judge Sewall, turning to a minister of the church on his right.

"Certainly, Captain Sewall, certainly, by all means. We are never too late, I hope, for mercy and truth. Let the boy be sworn."

The boy having stepped forth, uplifted his right hand according to the law of that people, with his fine yellow hair blowing about his head like a glory, and swore by the everlasting God, the searcher of hearts, to speak the truth. All eyes were upon him; for he stood face to face with her who had sworn to the spectre-knife; and his beauty was terrible. Near him, with her young eyes lifted up to his, and her lips apart, stood Bridget Pope, leaning forward as if holding her breath and just ready to fall—such was the eager intensity of her attitude, the passionless, motionless, and statue-like expression of her countenance.

After a short pause, the boy declared that only the day before he had broken a small knife and thrown away a part of the blade while the accuser was with him; that he knew her well, and that being outside the door when he heard her story, he suspected how the matter was and strove to get in, but was prevented by the pressure, and would not have had the courage to speak out, when he saw the people so quiet all about him and so wedged together, but for the help of a stranger whom he saw afar off, and to whom he told the story, whereupon, said the boy, he lifted me up with one hand, as if I had been a little child, and brought me here, making his way through the people there, with only two or three sweeps of his arm. Here is the other part o' the knife! he added, reaching up to the judge who was nearest, a handle with a part of the blade. You may see, Mr. Judge, it's the very same. Bridgy Pope, there—you may ask her, if you don't believe me; she knows that are knife well enough, don't you, Bridgy?

"That I do!" she whispered in reply, the tears running down her pale cheeks. "That I do, Robert Evelett, but I never expected to see it again, nor you neither, after you were cast away."

The two parts of the blade were diligently compared by the judges, and found to agree; the boy was treated with favour, the accuser, a large girl, was rebuked for lying, and poor Sarah Good put to death according to law.

Out of this affair grew a multitude of other accusations. The afflicted were sent for from all parts of the country. Their numbers augmented every day; prayer and fasting preceded every step of their progress—their progress itself was a triumphal march—and whithersoever they went, witches and witchcraft were sure to be discovered. A pious theologian of that day, Cotton Mather, and a very learned writer, was employed by the proper authorities to draw up an account of the whole affair; and he says of the poor creatures that were afflicted, all of whom he personally knew, and most of whom he saw, perhaps, every day of his life, that when the fit was on, they were distorted and convulsed in every limb; that they were pinched black and blue; that pins were found stuck into their flesh by invisible hands; that they were scalded as with hot water, and blistered as with fire; that one of the afflicted was beset by a spectre with a sharp spindle, which nobody could see, till in her agony she snatched it away from the spectre, when it instantly became visible to everybody about her; that another was haunted by a shape that wore a sheet, which none but the afflicted were able to see till she tore a piece of it away, on which everybody was able to see it; that poison was offered by invisible creatures, which poison, if but a drop of it touched the lips, or even the flesh, made the body swell up to bursting;

"And this juice of hell,
Wherever it fell,
To a cinder burned the floor;"

that burning rags were forced into their mouths, leaving incurable sores; that they were branded with a hot iron, so that marks were left upon their foreheads for life; that the spectres were careful to personate such as were known to the afflicted; and that, if in such case, the shape or spectre was hurt by the afflicted, the person represented by the spectre was sure to be hurt in the same way;—as, for example, where one of the afflicted charged a woman of Beverley, Dorcas Hoare, with tormenting her, and pointing to a distant part of the church where they were assembled, cried out—*there, there!—there she goes now!* whereupon a man that happened to be near, whipped out a rapier and struck at the wall with it; and the afflicted told him that he had given the spectre a scratch over the eye; it was found very soon after this to be true, for when they apprehended Dorcas Hoare, she pleaded guilty to the charge of witchcraft, and acknowledged, that in troubling the accused, she had actually received a scratch over the eye, and a cut in the side from a rapier; that, after a while, if the accused but glanced her eye at the afflicted, though they were looking another way at the time, the afflicted would swoon away and only come back to life at the touch or bidding of the accused; that oftentimes the afflicted were bitten with a peculiar set of teeth, corresponding precisely with those of the accused, whether old or young, large or small, broken or regular; and that after a few days of torment, most of the accused were able to see their tormenters; and among the others a devil of a diminutive stature and a sort of tawny colour, with fierce black eyes, who carried a book which he kept offering to the sufferers and persuading them to touch, thereby to acknowledge the power and authority of the Black Man—a mighty shadow, with whom two or three of their number had actually slept—if they were to be believed upon their oaths, *while under sentence of death, and no other way of escape left for them, but that of telling the truth.*

CHAPTER THE FIFTH

But in reply to these astonishing and dismal *facts*, which appear on record in the grave, elaborate chronicles of that age, we have the testimony of George Burroughs, himself, a preacher of the gospel, who died like a dog—in the discharge of his duty; died by the rope! while striving with more than mortal courage to stay the destroyers in their headlong career.

"Man! man!" shouted he to the chief judge, on hearing a beautiful woman, a wife and a mother, acknowledge that she had lain with Belzebub himself "Man! why do you not send her instantly to death! Why spare ye the miserable few that *confess*, and put to death all who *refuse?* Would ye bribe them to *lie* and *live!* Would you encourage them to swear away the life and character of whomsoever they will? Put her to death—put her to death, I say! and you will hear no more of these horrible confessions. To the gallows with her! and there will be an end of such blasphemies—and for ever! They lie, and ye know it—and wherefore? Because they have no other hope. Ye have left them no other chance of escape. Having belied themselves, the poor unhappy creatures are driven to belie others, lest their sincerity may be questioned."

"Why, brother Burroughs—why, brother Burroughs, do we not read in the Scriptures of truth, that of old, a woman had power to raise the dead. Were that woman personally on trial here, would you not receive her confession?"

"No, Doctor Mather, *no!*—not without *proof* that she had such power.

"Proof—what proof could we have?"

"What proof! Command her to show that power! to raise the dead before you! Ah, you are holding a consultation together: I can see that you pity me—that you wonder at my fool-hardiness. Yet I do not shrink, nor shall I. I repeat my words. I say that if these women be witches, they should be made to show it by proof. I, for one, am ready to have it—and then to set all their power at defiance. Why look ye at me, as if I were beside myself? And why is it,

I pray you, that ye yourselves are not moved by the eyes of that wretched woman there? and why are the accusers—and the accusers only—disturbed by her look?"

"Brother Burroughs, brother Burroughs?"

"Brother Moody, brother Moody?"

"Be quiet *Master* Burroughs"

"I will not be quiet, *master judge*; and hereafter, as sure as you are now sitting there, you will remember my words and be thankful for yourselves that I was not quiet at your bidding, nor frightened by your portentous looks"

"Have done, Master Burroughs——officer!"

"No; I will not have done! Touch me if you dare.—Begone, sir!—what I have to say shall be said. By our sovereign lord and master and Mary his queen, I charge you to hear me! You are shedding the blood of the innocent! You are driving away the brave and the good, the wise and the gentle, by scores, from your borders. Out upon you!—you are saying to people of no courage, as to that woman there, confess and ye are safe!—deny and you perish. Out upon you!"

"To the point, Mr. Burroughs."

"To the point, hey?—I will I proved before you the other day, that an accuser had shamefully perjured herself in open court; nevertheless you gave judgment of death on the accused. I see that accuser now. What will he said of your justice at home, if you permit her to escape? Will the judges of England forget you, or the majesty of England forgive you? The torn sheet which has so disturbed your imagination, even like the base forgery of that knife, was a—nay, pardon me—(stooping towards a pale woman that was near and urging her to come forth)—nay, nay—although I have no doubt of the fact; although, as I hope to see the face of my Redeemer, I do believe that story of the sheet and that of the spindle to be a trick and a forgery, even like that of the spectre knife; yet am I not now permitted to say upon what my belief is founded.

"Judges of Israel! They talk of their teeth, and of whole sets of teeth, being discovered by the prints which appear in their flesh. But how does it happen, I pray you, that all these marks are in such parts of the body as can be most easily reached by the teeth of the accusers themselves? And how does it happen, I pray you, that instead of corresponding teeth, or sets of teeth being found in the accused, you have sometimes found her without a single tooth in her head! Nay, how does it happen that poor Abigail Paris and Bridget Pope, who are indeed sufferers by a strange malady—babes that are innocent as the dove, I am sure—how does it happen that of all the accusers they only escape this peculiar mark, the print of the teeth—and we are unable to see, or even to name their tormentors? Because *they speak the truth*; although against themselves—poor things—they are not trying to deceive others. I have done."

"It is well you have," whispered one of the judges.

That very speech cost George Burroughs his life. The unhappy allusion he made just before he went forward, as if to encourage the pale woman, Elizabeth Dyer, the prophecy of whose grandmother, Mary Dyer, was in everybody's mouth; and perhaps to show her that he had been surprised into saying thus much, and meant no further to betray her, to whose holy regard for truth he was indebted for the knowledge—and it was knowledge—though he was not permitted to say so; that as the knife-blade was, even so were the spindle and sheet, a devilish artifice; even these few brief words he whispered to her, accompanied as they were with a look of deep solitude, sorrow, and love, which in his anxiety to quiet her alarm, for she had buried her face when he mentioned the shirt, were fatal to him—fatal to one that loved him with a most heroick love; and would have been fatal to Elizabeth Dyer, herself, in spite of her beauty—nay, because of her beauty—but for the wonderful courage of her sister, the stout-hearted Rachael Dyer, whose behaviour throughout the scenes that followed, deserves to be chaptered in marble.

Before the sun went down that very day, the conspirators were at work; before the sun rose again, the snare was laid in mystery and power; and before three months were over, the work was accomplished. But before we enter upon this narrative, a word or two as to the character of Burroughs himself.

He was a man, it will appear, of great moral courage, enthusiastick views, of eloquent speech, and a superiour genius—a genius far beyond the people about him, and far above that of the age He came into the world, if ever man did, a full century too soon He was of small stature, but his activity and strength were prodigious. He went about much, was for ever in peril, and his everyday adventures, at one period of his life, would be thought extraordinary by those who live and die now in search of adventure. He grew up in warfare, trial and vicissitude, such as we meet with only in the history of a people who make war, every man for himself, by night and by day, and all their lives long, as the New-Englanders did, for about one hundred and fifty years; putting swords upon the thighs of their preachers, and bibles into the hands of their soldiers. He grew up to the church—a messenger of peace and goodwill on earth; he should have been a leader of armies. He was a beautiful writer—he should have been a great chieftain. He was a poet, a scholar, and a martyr; he should have been a lawgiver, a statesman, a deliverer, a discoverer Had he appeared a hundred years later, he would have been all this, and the nations would have risen up, and shouted after him, and called him blessed!

At the age of eighteen, he was a widower. At the age of twenty-two, he was a widower again—with a new love at his heart, a love which cost him his life, for, till the name of Elizabeth Dyer came to be associated with his, the wretched woman who had acquired such awful power—the power of life and death over all that stood in their way—by their pretended afflictions, paid little or no regard to his inquiries or reproaches.

He had been first associated with Mr. Paris at Nausukeag; who, after awhile, he left that neighbourhood, and betook himself to Falmouth, now Portland, where being led away by his warlike temper, in repelling a sudden attack of the French and Indians on the little town of Casco, which they afterwards burnt; and his party having fired away all their powder, he was taken captive, led off to the great lakes, and became a sort of adopted Moquois—a voluntary hostage for the whites, for whose faith he undertook to answer with his life. It appears, too, that he had magnificent views on the subject of a coalition; that he grew to be a favourite with Big-Bear, the great northern chief, who went so far as to offer him his daughter in marriage; that he had begun to meditate seriously on the offer, when the whites, for whom he stood in pledge, were guilty of something which he regarded as a breach of faith—whereupon, he bethought himself once more of a timid girl, Elizabeth Dyer, who, when the shadow of death was upon all that he cared for, when he was a broken-hearted, miserable man, had pursued him with her look, till, turn which way he would, her eyes were before him day after day—night after night—as if she trembled for his everlasting welfare; not as if she loved him, but more as if she were afraid of him, and *for* him and having thought of her, he arose, went to the lodge of council, and walked up to the great northern chief, and stood in the circle of death, and offered himself up for the treachery of his countrymen. But no—*no!* The Big-Bear would not have the blood of a brother and a warriour. He stood up, and spoke in his turn.

"You know the Big-Bear, who is there to harm a cub of the bear? Behold your chief!—who is there to harm the child of your chief? Behold my daughter!—who is there to strike her husband? He is no longer the foe of our tribe—he is a brother—who is there to touch his life? White man! behold these arrows—their plumage is dripping with blood White man! feel the edge of this knife—that blood is the blood of our tribe—their knife is, a weapon of war."

The white man spoke

"Big-Bear! father, I must go away. Your people and my people are ever at war. I cannot strike a brother in battle. I must go away. I cannot be on either side, when the Big-Bear and the Long-Knives are at strife. I cannot marry Pawteeda now."

"Why not, brother?"

"Because Pawteeda should be wife to some warriour, who will strike at every foe of the tribe, without stopping to ask who or what he is."

"Good."

He went away from the Moquois, and arrived, as we have already seen, at a period of universal dismay and terrour, just in time to see a poor melancholy creature, whom he had known for twelve years, on trial for witchcraft. He could hardly believe his own eyes. He knew not whither to go, or how to approach the grave authorities of the land of a white; nor could he promise himself that they were serious—altogether serious—in their belief, until he saw this poor creature, who not many years before had been like a mother to the wife he had lost, hung up for a witch—hung up with brutish outcries, between heaven and earth, for the very children to hoot and pelt, by the hour.

From that day, he was another man. His heart was alive with a new sense—the dark, desolate chambers thereof were no longer as they had been. There was, to be sure, neither light nor musick there, neither love nor passionate beauty; but, if they were not as they had been years before, in the spring-tide of his youthful hope, they were not as they had been for five years, altogether uninhabited, or perplexed with apparitions, that were enough to drive him, or any other man, crazy; the apparition of buried love—the apparition of his babe—the apparition of hope—for hope herself was no longer a reality there.

He was now a messenger of watchful retribution. Every facility was on the stretch, by night and by day, all night and all day, for many a month, to entrap and expose the conspirators. He began with publick prayer in the market-place, for they would not suffer him to go up into the house of the Lord. He besought his Maker, the searcher of hearts, the father of spirits, to stay the destroyer; to make plain the way of the judges; to speak in the dead of night—and with a voice of thunder to the doers of iniquity; to comfort and support the souls of the accused, and to strengthen their hearts; and, if consistent with his Almighty pleasure, to speak as with the noises that shook Sinai—

> "When blasts of unseen trumpets long and loud
> Swelled by the breath of whirlwinds, rent the cloud."

The terrible words—*Thou shalt do no murder!—Thou shalt not bear false witness!*

These prayers had well nigh brought him before the twelve for blasphemy. But he was permitted to escape, for a time; and one day having departed for the habitation of Matthew Paris, the preacher, his old associate in grief, where the frightful delusion first broke forth, he was tracked thither as to a snare.

He had resolved in his own soul, whatever might come of it, life or death, shame or dishonour, to the family, to Bridget Pope, or Abagail Paris; or even to the preacher himself, that aged servant of God, to search the terrible mystery to the bottom, and to bring the guilty to judgment; nay, every accuser who had begun to waste the heritage of the Lord, whether young or old, beautiful or otherwise, as flowers of hope or not, before the ministers of the law; every accuser in whom he should be able to detect a sign of bad faith, or so much as a look of alarm at his inquiry; every afflicted one, whether male or female, in whose language or behaviour he should perceive aught of a nature to justify him in so doing. Of a truth he was in earnest.

(To be continued.)

SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH PRESS.

The following advertisement which appeared in a London newspaper, we give as a specimen of true *bathos*:—"If this should meet the eye of Emma D——, who absented herself from her father's house on Wednesday last, she is implored to return, where she will meet with undiminished affection by her almost broken-hearted parents. If nothing can persuade her to listen to their joint appeal—should she be determined to bring their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave—should she never mean to revisit a home where she has spent so many happy years—it is at least expected, if she be not lost to all sense of propriety, that she will without further delay, *send back the key of the tea-caddy.*"

To the month of January our ancestors gave the significant name of Wolf-month, because the severity of the season usually brought down the wolves from the woods and mountains, among the villages and enclosures, where they committed frequent ravages. Hence we may infer that the tenour of the weather was the same twelve centuries ago; for now, if we have any heavy frosts, they generally fall in January. If this month is not rigorous, it is either obscured with deep fogs or heavy rains; so that it may fairly be said to be the most uncomfortable of the whole year.

A curious specimen of mechanical ingenuity is at present exhibited in London. It is a carriage for travelling without horse or steam, propelled solely by the traveller's own weight, and is the invention of Mr. Nevis, a native of Cambridge. Its structure is light and elegant, and persons may, on common roads, propel themselves at the rate of between twenty and thirty miles an hour, and on the railroads it might be worked with incredible velocity.

The *Indicator*, a semi-official journal, published at Gotha, relates the following fact which took place there, and would be totally incredible, did it not come from an eye-witness, and attended with strong reprobation on the part of that journal:—"On February eighteenth, immediately after the decapitation of a criminal condemned to death for murder, several persons, subject to epileptick fits, ascended the scaffold *with permission of the authorities*, and each, filling a glass with the blood of the victim, drank on the spot."

"Agriculture," says Socrates, "is an employment the most worthy the application of man, the most ancient and the most suitable to his nature; it is the common nurse of all persons, in every age and condition of life; it is the source of health, strength, plenty, and riches; and of a thousand sober delights and honest pleasures. It is the mistress and school of sobriety, temperance, justice, religion, and in short of all virtues, civil and military."

Vaudevilles were originally invented by a fuller of Vau de Vire, on the valley by the river Vire, and were sung by the men to amuse themselves as they spread their cloths on the banks of the river. They were songs composed on some incident or adventure of the day. At first these gay playful songs were called the songs of Vau de Vere, till they became known as Vaudevilles.

It is astonishing how little of life there is when you come to abstract. Infancy or childhood can only be called vegetation; then, when you add to this sleep, dressing, and undressing, to how little is it reduced! How important, then, to use that little.

There is a pauper in Farringdon Union workhouse, named Mary Stanby, aged twenty-four years, who has already had one hundred and thirty-two needles extracted from her person, the greatest number of which has been taken from the breast

Miss Bertha Southey, the daughter of the poet laureate, was recently married at Keswick, to the Rev. Thomas Hill. The laureate himself is expected to be married to Miss Caroline Bowles.

In Russia, if a carriage is driven over any person and hurts him, whatever may be the merits of the case, the horses are forfeited to the crown, and the driver, if a Russian peasant, is sentenced to be a soldier.

Captain Marryatt, in his controversy with Colburn, complains, that in the relative position of authors and publishers, the latter are the preying parties (the lions), and the former are the parties (the lambs), preyed upon.

It is not generally known that the word *cant*, the synonyme of hypocrisy, originated from the name of a Scotch Cameronian preacher who held forth in a tone and dialect altogether unintelligible to his countrymen.

It has been said that a tooth-drawer was an unconscionable tradesman, because his business was nothing else but to take away those whereby every man gets his living.

Taglioni received three thousand rubles each night of her performance at the Warsaw theatre, where she has made a prodigious sensation.

The *Sherborne Mercury*, in describing a ball which took place in Dorsetshire, says, "Dancing was kept up with great spirit until Sol doffed his hat and squinted through the sky!"

Jerrold, the author of the *Rent Day*, has had a five act drama accepted by the Covent-Garden management. It is to be entitled the *Spendthrift*.

Why is Murphy, the almanack-maker, the most hardy man alive? Because he is out in all weathers. Murphy is the most *weather-beaten* man in all the world.

A Gascon nobleman had been reproaching his son with ingratitude. "I owe you nothing," said the unfilial young man; "so far from having served me, you have always stood in my way; for if you had never been born, I should at this moment be the next heir to my rich old grandfather."

A merry fellow said, the ale-house was the only place to thrive in, for he had known many a score made there.

In Bavaria vaccination is performed at the expense of the state, and parents, however reluctant they may be, are obliged to submit their children to this operation.

Charles Kean will come passenger in the Great Western, which leaves Bristol on the twenty-eighth of May.

The most intelligent and best informed peasant in Europe is said to be the Scotch; while the Austrian rustick is, perhaps, the happiest.

Lord Brougham's daughter is said to be the most beautiful woman in England. She is yet on the sunny side of sweet nineteen.

Sixty-three hair-dressers in Norwich have come to a resolution to discontinue business on Sundays.

The English boast that on the dominions of the Queen of Great Britain the sun never sets. So may the owner of a coal pit.

Of all knaves, there is the greatest hope for a cobbler, for be he ever so idle, yet when he does anything he is always mending.

Suffering the private *I* to be too much in the publick *eye*, is the definition of egotism.

A RAILROAD—BY A NOVICE.

When we arrived by the Blue-Bottle coach at the Basingstoke station, forty or fifty miles from the metropolis, there was an intuitive sense of being already at our journey's end. We felt that we had virtually arrived in London, and that all remained to do was simply to get into an omnibus, and give up the time of an ordinary hackney-coach fare, in proceeding to Piccadilly.

The influence of the scene upon a novitiate observer is ferociously impressive. First, a string of horseless coaches, like the line of kings in Macbeth's vision, glided with phantom smoothness by me, propelled by the magick touch of a material imp of Vulcan, to take their places in the train; meanwhile, under a shed at a short distance, were certain other imps, harnessing, or otherwise preparing the fiery dragon that was to carry us off. Then forth the monster came! a hideous thing, with a double body like a wasp! with a whistle as loud as the screech of a tormented elephant; spitting fire and spouting smoke, and looking more like an enraged demon of Vesuvius vomiting destruction, than a docile devil, subdued to the service of man! It began by showing off a series of gratuitous movements to and fro, answering to the gambols and corvettings of an impatient blood-horse, and then darted past all the coaches, as though determined to run away from them. Anon, returning, the first coach in the train was hooked to his tail; and the lengthy mass began to move a chain of one class, followed by a second, and the second by a third, like Fleet-street running after Ludgate-hill, and the Strand after Fleet-street. To add to the effect of the scene, it was dark—or, rather, "darkness" made "visible" by the lamps of the station-house, and the fire of the steam-carriage.

"Heavy and slow,
Like the the first drops of a thunder-shower,"

as Byron has it, were our first movements, and accompanied by a painfully deliberate kind of cough on the part of the engine, which appeared, to our uninitiated senses, to the sorely broken-winded. As we proceeded, however, the cough became quicker, and less perceptible, till at length it lost its guttural character, and left us happy in the assurance that the demon's lungs were not affected. They who have travelled in one of the carriages *nearest* the engine, will know well how to recite the following:

"Chkough!—ckough!—kough!—kough!—kou!—ku!—ku! kuku, kuku, kuku, kuku, kuku, kuku," and away we go at the rate of thirty miles an hour, with little to amuse us, save the rapid alternation of milestones and policemen (who look like finger-posts,) as thus: 10—policeman—9—policeman—8—policeman—7—policeman—6—policeman—5—policeman—4 policeman—3—a sleeping donkey *on* the rail, cut in two—2 engine *off* the rail, blown to atoms—engineers hurled out of danger into a horsepond—the first-class coaches crushed by the second, and the second jammed up by the third, like Ludgate-hill, Fleet-street, and the Strand, as aforesaid, all crammed together in St. Paul's churchyard! But this last is a mere chance, we will not say how likely; and therefore we will take up the train again at 3 policeman—2—policeman—1—policeman—a whistle! O, mercy! *such* a whistle! a shriek, rather; like that of a million "mandrakes torn from out the earth!" Gentler—slower—moderate—slow—softly—stiller—still—Vauxhall Terminus

And now comes the most melancholy part of the proceeding. After thirty miles an hour, a *dead stop* for as long a time as it would take you to go fifteen miles more; while your coach is worked by hand off the rail on the common ground again; and two sorry-jades of horses (instead of the four you left behind you at the other Terminus,) with a still more sorry-looking, discarded hackney coachman, for a driver, conduct you with tedious deliberation to the Bear in Piccadilly. This is as "lame and impotent a conclusion" as ever the "march of mind" and mechanicks has arrived at. It is, however, due to say, that I only speak from experience of one coach and one railroad, viz. the Blue Bottle Unicorn, and the Southampton line. Now, it really strikes me, that this must be instantly and imperatively reformed; and I would at once suggest, that a set of balloons should be in readiness, all inflated, and "straining upon the start," with patent, any-way-sailing wings, to waft you up—carry you over as the crow flies—and alight you, as the crow alights, upon a lead flat at the top of the hotel to which you are bound; and so much for railroads.

THE YANKEE BOY.

An American brig, belonging to Portsmouth, N. H. was once in Demerara, discharging her cargo, when she was boarded by a boat from a gun-brig, lying at anchor at no great distance. The crew were mustered, and their protections examined, and one New-Hampshire boy, of a noble and fearless spirit, and though young in years, of a vigorous frame, was ordered into the boat. He peremptorily refused to obey the order. The officer, in a great rage, collared the youthful seaman, but was instantly, by a well-directed blow of his fist, laid sprawling on the deck. The boat's crew rushed to the assistance of their officer, and the young man was finally overpowered, pinioned, thrown into the boat, and conveyed on board the British brig. The lieutenant complained to his commanding officer of the insult he had received from the stalwart Yankee, and his battered face corroborated his statement. The commander at once decided that such insolence demanded exemplary punishment, and that the young Yankee required on his first entrance into the service a lesson which might be of use to him hereafter. Accordingly, the offender was lashed to a gun, by the inhuman satellites of tyranny, and his back was bared to the lash. Before the blow was struck, he repeated his declaration that he was an American citizen, and the sworn foe of tyrants. He demanded his release, and assured the captain in the most solemn and impressive manner, that if he persisted in punishing him like the vilest malefactor, for vindicating his rights as an American citizen, the act would never be forgiven, but that his revenge would be certain and terrible. The captain laughed at what he regarded an impotent menace, and gave signal to the boatswain's mate. The white skin of the young American was soon cruelly mangled, and the blows fell thick and heavily on the quivering flesh. He bore the infliction of his barbarous punishment without a murmur or a groan; and when the signal was given for the executioner to cease, although the skin was hanging in strips on his back, which was thickly covered with clotted blood, he showed no disposition to falter or faint. His face was somewhat paler than it was wont to be; but his lips were compressed, as if he were summoning determination to his aid, and his dark eyes shot forth a brilliant gleam, showing that his spirit was unsubdued, and that he was bent on revenge, even if his life should be the forfeit. His bands were loosened, and he arose from his humiliating posture. He glared fiercely around. The captain was standing within a few paces of him, with a demoniack grin upon his features, as if he enjoyed to the bottom of his soul the disgrace and torture inflicted on the poor Yankee. The hapless sufferer saw that smile of exultation; and that moment decided the fate of the oppressor. With the activity, the ferocity, and almost the strength of a tiger, the mutilated American sprang upon the tyrant, and grasped him where he stood, surrounded by his officers, who, for the moment, seemed paralyzed with astonishment; and, before they could recover their senses, and hasten to the assistance of their commander, the flogged American had borne him to the gangway, and then clutching him by the throat with one hand, and firmly embracing him with the other, despite his struggles, he leaped with him into the turbid waters of Demerara! They parted to receive the tyrant and his victim, then closed over them, and neither were ever afterwards seen. Both had passed to their long account,

"Unanointed, unanealed,
With all their imperfections on their heads."

But a brighter day has dawned upon the British navy. The odious system of impressment is abolished, never again to be adopted.

THE MYSTERIOUS MELANCHOLY OF MATHEWS.

On my assurance that I could not be so pleasantly disposed of as in his society, we entered the carriage, he threw himself into a corner, and remained perfectly silent. On reaching a portion of our road which, from being macadamised, permitted conversation the more easily, I ventured to inquire—

"Has anything happened to annoy you this evening? A more delightful or delighted audience I never saw, and you appeared in very first rate spirits."

"No, nothing has occurred to worry me *to-night;* it must have been this morning before I was up—I am sure of it, I know it, it can be no other than those infernal—" And here he relapsed into silence.

After passing the turnpike, I again essayed to lead him into conversation, and observed that he must often find the road home lonely, although not dangerous, as I believed it was well patroled

"And you think *that* renders it safe, do you? Of course it does—everybody says so, except one mistaken individual—clever fellow you are—good soul—I know nothing—*I'm* nobody——"

"Poo! why not tell me what has happened!"

"Why, but mind, don't say a word at the cottage. I want to conceal—to pretend having given away——"

Again he was lost in reverie, and I determined to let him alone, and patiently await the return of his good humour.

At this moment the footfall of a horse was heard, and a figure, well wrapt up in a cloak, as he approached the carriage, signified his propinquity, by giving out, in a deep tone, the announcement of his calling—"Patrole!"

At the same instant, Mathews let down the glass, popped his head out of the carriage, so as nearly to touch the face of the horseman, and, in a tone of the bitterest rage, exclaimed—

"Chickens!"

Then, drawing up the glass, he fell back in his corner, saying—

"Now, my mind's easy—if that has not astonished him, I'm no judge!"

This was unintelligible to me, and I imagined that the stalwart equestrian might deem the craven phrase of my friend somewhat inappropriate to the body of road-side guardians. The *honest* highwayman I feared would doubt the sanity of the carriage traveller, who popped forth his head merely to cry "chickens," and then vanish. Luckily I can't laugh audibly, and the darkness prevented the visibility of my risibility. As soon as I could compose my voice, I asked Mathews to explain.

"I'll tell ye," said he. "I had the most beautiful set of bantams I ever beheld, feathered down to their toes—and Mrs. Mathews was very fond of them, and Charles liked them and everybody liked them; but, however, they were stolen this morning, and I feel persuaded that it must be those fellows on horseback, who pretend to protect your property. One of them—that very one, I'll swear—has put all my pretty chickens and their dam into a sack, and sold them in Covent-Garden market, before anybody but rogues are up in a morning, and it's natural I should be vexed, until I found an opportunity of carrying conviction home to the beast who bagged my birds."

From the moment when he had thus so strangely given vent to his feelings he had become an altered man. His conversation was more than usually brilliant—his supposed triumph had quite consoled him for his real loss.

ORIGIN OF STERNE'S MARIA.

By some unpublished letters of Sterne, it appears that early in life he deeply fixed the affections of a young lady, during a period of five years, and for some unknown cause suddenly deserted her and married another. The young lady was too sensible of this act of treachery; she lost her senses and was confined in a private madhouse, where Sterne twice visited her. He has drawn and coloured the picture of that madness which he himself occasioned! This fact adds only to some which so deeply injured the character of this sentimental writer, and the whole spurious race of his wretched apes. His life was loose and *shandean*—his principles unsettled; and it does not seem that he carried a single attribute of personal attraction about him: for his death was characteristick of his life. He died at his lodgings with neither friend nor relative by his side; a hired nurse was the sole companion of the man whose wit found admirers in every street, but whose heart could not draw one by his death-bed.

Napoleon and Fouché.—It is well known that Napoleon had a *penchant* for a female whom he visited clandestinely, and who lived in a street which was so indifferently lighted at night as to be dangerous to those who had occasion to pass through it. Napoleon made a complaint to Fouché, the then prefect of police. Fouché whose eyes were everywhere, was ready with his reply. "I conceived," said Fouché, "under the circumstances which have led your majesty to be so well acquainted with the street, it could not be otherwise than agreeable to your feelings to be concealed from the eyes of your faithful Parisians."

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

The following ode is said to have been written in the time of the American Revolution. The author of the piece was the late Judge Niles, of Vermont, father of Dr. Nathaniel Niles, who has recently made a treaty for our government with Sardinia. There is, says the United States Gazette, a strength in the diction which almost makes one tremble, when it is sung by one of the good old white oak voices of New-England, cultivated among the waterfalls, and in imitation of a young earthquake. It is a sort of granite among the polished marble of the present time—bar iron to tinsel.

THE AMERICAN HERO—A SAPPHICK ODE.

Why should vain mortals tremble at the sight of
Death and Destruction in the field of battle,
Where blood and carnage clothe the ground in crimson,
Sounding with death-groans?

Death will invade us by the means appointed,
And we must all bow to the king of terrours;
Nor am I anxious, if I am prepared,
What shape he comes in.

Infinite goodness teaches us submission,
Bids us be quiet under all his dealings,
Never repining, but for ever praising
God our Creator.

Well may we praise him; all his ways are perfect;
Though a resplendence, infinitely glowing,
Dazzles in glory on the sight of mortals,
Struck blind by lustre.

Good is Jehovah in bestowing sunshine,
Nor less his goodness in the storm and thunder.
Mercies and judgment both proceed from kindness,
Infinite kindness.

O then exult that God for ever reigneth;
Clouds which around him hinder our perception,
Bind us the stronger to exalt his name, and
Shout louder praises.

Then to the wisdom of my Lord and Master
I will commit all that I have or wish for,
Sweetly as babes sleep, will I give my life up,
When call'd to yield it.

Now Mars I dare thee, clad in smoky pillars,
Bursting from bomb-shells, roaring from the cannon,
Rattling in grape-shot like a storm of hailstones,
Torturing Æther.

Up the bleak heavens let the spreading flame rise,
Breaking like Ætna through the smoky columns,
Lowering like Egypt o'er the falling city,
Wantonly burnt down.

Let oceans waft on all your fleeting castles,
Fraught with destruction horrible in nature;
Then, with your sails fill'd by a storm of vengeance,
Bear down to battle.

From the dire caverns, made by ghostly miners,
Let the explosion, dreadful as volcanoes,
Heave the broad town, with all its wealth and people,
Quick to destruction.

Still shall the banner of the King of Heaven
Never advance where I am afraid to follow;
While that precedes me, with an open bosom,
War, I defy thee.

Fame and dear freedom lure me on to battle;
While a fell despot, grimmer than a death's head,
Stings me with serpents, fiercer than Medusa's,
To the encounter.

Life for my country and the cause of freedom,
Is but a trifle for a worm to part with;
And if preserved in so great a contest,
Life is rescubled.

ANCIENT DANISH CUSTOM.

In Denmark an extraordinary custom prevailed of burying a live animal, a horse, a lamb, a pig, and sometimes even a child, at the commencement of a building It is strange that a similar custom appears, from the Servian ballads, to have prevailed among the Sclavonians. A lamb was generally entombed in the foundation of a church; a horse in a churchyard. This horse, the peasants say, appears again, and goes round the churchyard on three legs; when he meets any one, he displays grinning teeth, and death accompanies him. He is, therefore, called the *haelhest*—the death-horse; and it is usual for a person, on recovering from a fit of sickness, to say, "I have given death a bushel of oats."

BUSINESS.

After all, there is nothing like business for enabling us to get through our weary existence. The intellect cannot sustain its sunshine flight long; the flagging wings drop to the earth. Pleasure palls, and idleness is

"Many gathered miseries in one name."

But business gets over the hours without counting them. We may be very tired at the end, still it has brought the day to a close sooner than anything else.

EARLY RISING.

There is no time spent so stupidly as that which inconsiderate people pass in a morning, between sleeping and waking. He who is up may be at work, or amusing himself; he who is asleep, is receiving the refreshment necessary to fit him for action; but the hours spent in dozing and slumbering are wasted without either pleasure or profit. The sooner you leave your bed the seldomer you will be confined to it.

MODERN FRENCH LITERATURE.

PRINCE SCHWARTZENBERG'S FETE.

We have translated for the Mirror, an account of the celebrated fête given by the Austrian ambassador, Prince Schwartzenberg, to the Emperour Napoleon. in July, 1810, in honour of his marriage with Maria Louisa. The melancholy result of this festival is well known, but we have never before seen a minute description of it by an eye-witness. This account is taken from the memoirs of Varnhagen, a German, who is best known as the husband of the celebrated *Rahel*, whose reputation was so high on the continent, and whose eloquent letters, meditations, etc., have been recently published by Varnhagen. We have been told (we have not yet had time to look at it,) that there is a brief notice of Varnhagen and his distinguished wife, in one of the late English Magazines, from the pen of the celebrated Germanist, Thomas Carlyle.

THE FETE.

The emperour and empress having accepted the invitation, the fête was finally set down for the first of July.

At this time, the ambassadour lived in the old *Hotel Montpesson*, rue Montblanc. Though this building, with its court-yard in front, and garden behind, was sufficiently extensive, it was thought too small for the great occasion; so the next hotel was hired, and proper communications opened between the two. On a lawn in front of the first, was to be erected the chief saloon. Following the fashions then in vogue in Paris, the walls and ceiling were covered with magnificent hangings, and decorated with enormous mirrors, candelabras, and costly ornaments. The pillars that served to support it, and likewise to separate the inner space from a kind of gallery, that went round the whole, were twined round with the finest stuffs, and united by innumerable wreaths of artificial flowers and festoons of muslin, gauze, and other transparent substances; immense crystal chandeliers hung overhead, supported by ropes of flowers, intermixed with gold and silver chains, and connected with the other decorations by ribands and festoons. At the lower end of the room, were placed, on a slightly elevated *dais*, covered with carpets worked in gold, two superb seats, the floor in front of which was prepared for dancing.

The saloon had three entrances; one, at the lower end, close to the seats reserved for the emperour and empress; which led into the interiour of the hotel, and was only intended to facilitate the necessary communications of the family and domesticks; in front, on the side of the garden, there stretched on the left a long and wide gallery, built and decorated like the saloon, running along the hotel, between which and the garden it presented many avenues of communication; on the right, opposite the gallery, half way up the saloon, was a gallery for the musicians, which could only be reached by a staircase. The main entrance of the saloon, a splendid portico, opened about the middle of the apartment, and led, by broad and spacious steps, to the garden, the nearest parts of which had been enlarged and thrown open, to give room for the ebbing and flowing of the crowd. At last the great day arrived. Nothing had been omitted which could tend to beautify the hotel, or to prepare a suitable reception, for the illustrious guests that were expected. The variety and richness of the Austrian uniforms, eclipsed everything that had been seen in Paris; and the train of servants, always numerous and richly clad, was increased for the occasion, to several hundreds. While it was yet broad day, the hotel, offices, and garden, were lighted up by an illumination of magical brilliancy. Carriages began to roll up, and deposit their precious freights. The crowd increased rapidly, and the saloon was soon filled. It was hard to say whether the guests of that night were more distinguished for beauty, grace, rank or political importance. Half a dozen kings and queens had been already presented; but they, like all the rest, were waiting for a still more august visiter. At last, the sound of the word of command, the rattle of muskets, the roll of drums, and the flourish of trumpets, announced the arrival of the emperour and empress; whose state carriage advanced, surrounded by a numerous escort, in the lane formed by the troops on duty. The illustrious guests were received at the foot of the entrance stairs, by the families of Schwartzenberg and Metternich. The ambassadour made a short address, and the ladies presented exquisite bouquets, which the emperour accepted and handed to his wife, giving her at the same time his arm to lead her into the saloon, where the ambassadour joined him for the evening At this moment I was very near the emperour, and eyed him closely. For the first time, I was struck with the beauty, but not less so with the power of his stern features. His face was serious, immoveable, almost angry; his look cast carelessly forward, without a trace of kindliness.

The emperour, amid the flourish of musick, traversed the first apartments and the gallery before described, to enter the great saloon, where he remained a few minutes glancing over it with a rapid but observing eye. He declined the refreshments that were offered, and addressed a few isolated words carelessly to the persons around him. When the Prince Schwartzenberg invited him to take a turn in the garden, he followed with the empress, and, of course, everybody went after them. In the brilliantly-illuminated alleys and clumps of trees, were stationed troupes of musicians and singers, who commenced in turn as the emperour drew near them, so that he found himself attended by perpetual homage. Other flattering surprises, emblematick pictures, and allegories, were prepared all over the grounds.

The company stopped before a wide, carefully levelled lawn, where seats had been prepared for the imperial couple, and some other personages of rank. Their eyes fell straight on the chateau of Luxemburg, imitated with striking accuracy. To flatter still more the natal reminiscences of the empress, a part of the garden had been transformed into a rural scene, lined with hedges and briers, from which emerged the dancers and *danseuses* of the opera, in Austrian costume, who executed, with exquisite skill, many national dances, and a pantomime got up for the occasion. Of this latter, it is hardly necessary to say, that war and peace were the principal characters in it; the first, of course, leaving glorious trophies behind him, and the latter bestowing on them his abundant blessings. This spectacle was hardly ended, before the smacking of a whip, and the clatter of horses-hoofs were heard, and a courier, covered with dust, urged his way through the brilliant audience to the emperour, to whom he delivered his despatches, with an eager and important air. A rumour of great victories, gained in Spain, arose in the crowd; but the emperour, who was in the secret, said with a smile, that it was despatches from Vienna, and handed the empress a letter from her father, written expressly, and kept back till this important moment. Next to this well-imagined little scene came a display of fireworks, in which all the powers of the art, and all sources of expense, seemed to be exhausted. In the very midst of these artificial fires, real flames were seen to rise from a scaffolding that had caught fire, the appearance of which caused great alarm for a moment, but the firemen mastered the flames in a very few minutes. This success was received with congratulations, and great praise was awarded to the precautions taken against fire, and the zeal of the firemen; no one dreaming, that in one minute more, there would be far more pressing need of their aid, and that this aid would then be wanting, or at all events, helpless.

The brilliant *cortège* had begun to move a second time, and gained the saloon by different paths. Above the great portal sparkled a German inscription in honour of the imperial couple, which was read and interpreted. It was said that the emperour was at first surprised at the use of a foreign language, and afterwards smiled contemptuously. There was no want of French commentaries on the German text. As soon as the emperour and empress had resumed their seats in the saloon, musick and dancing begun; it was then near midnight. The most arduous and most brilliant part of the fête was over, the rest in progress, and with ball and banquet there was every prospect of prolonging this most dazzling fête till morning. The queen of Naples opened the ball with Prince Esterhazy, and the viceroy of Italy, Eugene Beauharnais, with the Princess Schwartzenberg, the ambassador's sister-in-law. After quadrilles an *écossaise* was danced, during which the emperour and empress traversed the saloon on opposite sides, addressing many persons they knew and had others presented for the first time. The empress soon ended her walk, and had resumed her place while Napoleon was standing at the other end of the saloon. where Madame Pauline de Schwartzenberg, born d'Ahrenberg, the ambassador's sister in-law, was presenting her daughters to him. He conversed with different persons, when all at once, near where he stood, not far from the empress, in the great gallery behind the columns, that led from the saloon to the hotel, the flame of a candle, casually met by a puff of air, was driven upon a piece of light gauze, which, as soon as it took fire, burned with a clear light, and disappeared almost in an instant, leaving only a few scattered cinders. At this time the thing was so trifling, that Count Bentheim put out one of these little burning strips by flinging his hat against the wall, and Count Dumanoir, one of the emperour's chamberlains, climbed up one of the pillars, tore down the burning drapery and trampled it out. Unfortunately one of the flying cinders had set fire to some hangings placed so high as to be out of reach; the flames broke out, and in a single instant rose from several different points, travelled along the cornice till they reached the saloon, and then spread over the ceiling. The musick stopped, and the musicians quitted their pulpit, which the fire began to threaten. One of the doors which led to the outside stairs, admitted a strong current of air which redoubled the fury of the flames. The dance was broken up, and all huddled into a frightened crowd, anxious to know both what had happened and what might happen.

Napoleon, having seen the origin of the affair, was of course free from any groundless alarm; he drew near the empress and stood by her, calmly watching what was passing, while many of his friends who dreaded perfidy and treason, hurried round him, brandishing their swords in his defence. The Austrian ambassador, who was equally collected, when he saw the flames spreading so rapidly, begged the emperour to quit the saloon, the destruction of which was now inevitable. Napoleon gave the empress his arm, and slowly followed the ambassador to the garden gate, briefly exhorting the crowd on each side of him to conduct themselves with order and judgment; and in fact, all behaved reasonably as long as the emperour was present, but as soon as he left, all order ceased and the crowd hurried confusedly to the portal.

As soon as the ambassador learned that the emperour wished to depart at once, he sent an aide-de-camp to bring the carriages round from the great gate of the hotel, where a tumult was feared, to a quieter street that bordered on the garden, and proposed to the emperour to enter his carriage there unperceived, to baffle any attempt on him, if any was to be made. But Napoleon, as soon as he saw that he was taking another course, stopped short and wanted to know where they were conducting him. He did not agree in opinion with the ambassador, but told him briefly and firmly, "No, I wish to go the main entrance," turned about and ordered the carriages to return to their former station. This caused a great loss of time which the ambassador was forced to submit to with a smiling face, though suffering the greatest anxiety. The emperour, on the other hand, was perfectly calm; perhaps he felt safer at the main gate than in the little by-street back of the garden.

The oppressive heat, increased by the crowd that filled the saloon, had driven me out into the garden, when all at once the noise of the festival was changed into a confused tumult; first a few outcries, then loud shouts reached me; I tried to enter the saloon, and saw in it bright flames rising and spreading, but could neither distinguish anything, nor advance a step. A swoln tide of men and women met me and forced me back; here were corpulent generals crying at the top of their voices, "*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!* the emperour is not saved!" there others crying loudly for water, fairly carried me off with them three rooms farther, before I could shake them off and visit the scene of the disaster. And what a sight it was. The greater number of the players had escaped into the garden by the gallery; the porticoes were no longer crowded, but the whole saloon was a mass of flame, while the portal was choked up with a compact mass, striving for the garden with cries of terrour and agony.

In the interiour, the flames spread with fearful speed; huge columns of smoke rose in spiral wreaths, lustres and candelabras turned white with heat, and fell crashing to the ground; beams and pillars tumbled one by one—in a word, destruction was everywhere. One might almost have supposed it a gigantick artificial firework; so fierce was the combustion of the dry planks, varnish, and other combustibles. The water poured upon it turned to vapour in a second. All was done in less time than it takes to read it in these pages—during the few minutes it took me to come up from the garden, and look around me, the flames above—along the ceiling—had advanced far beyond where I stood, beams, and lamps, and chandeliers began to fall around me, and I had barely time to escape to the garden. But here the spectacle was equally melancholy, On one side, the festal building transformed into pillars of fire; on the other, all that Europe could boast of wealth, beauty, distinction, and elegance, crowded in confusion together. One engrossing feeling, that of personal danger, and fear for beloved ones, had taken the place of easy grace and stately dignity. Every one was looking for his relatives—his friends; bursting furiously through the crowd, pushing aside, trampling down whatever opposed him—here, husbands seeking their wives; there, mothers separated from their daughters whom they had been forced away from in the struggle. None knew what had become of the rest; some were weeping with grief, some howling with rage, some flung themselves in transport into the arms of their rescued friends; here was one carried off fainting, another wounded. The steps of the portico gave way with the weight of the flying multitude, and many who fell were crushed by their neighbours, or injured by the flames. The queen of Naples fell, and was saved by the grand duke of Wurzburg. The queen of Westphalia was saved by her husband and Count Metternich. The Russian ambassador, Prince Kourakin, scorched and fainting, was dragged from out the crowd by Doctor K——, by the help of some French and Austrian officers; some kind bystander put out the fire of his clothes with water from the gutter, while some other kind friends were employed in easing him of the diamond buttons of his uniform coat. Many ladies were severely burnt. To complete the picture, add to it the servants and workmen of every class; the firemen leaving their liquor, and making room forcibly for their somewhat tardy aid, the opera dancers and *figurantes* driven from a splendid repast, and mingling with curiosity amid the pomp and splendour of the courtiers, who were forced by the general confusion to submit quietly to this system of universal equality. Prince Joseph Schwartzenberg was embracing with tears his rescued but severely wounded daughter, and then would turn to look for his wife. The daughter was by the mother's side till a burning beam fell between them; since then, she had lost sight of her. What next passed is thus described in the memoirs of Major Brokesch.

"The prince, after having shown Prince Eugene and his wife a side-door, by which both escaped, hurried up and down looking for the princess. He was told in the garden that she was there:—'Here she is!' cried one. He hurried to the spot pointed out, and found only a lady that resembled her. At this anguish seized him, and his sinister forebodings, which had been gradually gaining strength, become conviction! He returns to the saloon—the staircase has fallen—his child is brought to him half-burned—he sees his brother's wife carried off, her head-dress and hair left beneath the feet of the crowd—his glance fell on a moaning figure, whose dress was half-burnt off, and whose forehead was deeply seared by her red-hot diadem. It was the Princess de la Leyen. A Swedish officer, who had borne her out into the garden, told him that he had seen, walking in the middle of the flames, a figure at once beautiful and terrible! Prince Joseph hurries to the entrance—he strives to ascend the blazing steps, when the whole floor of the saloon falls in at once, vomiting up fire and smoke—and all is lost."

All this happened in less than a quarter of an hour from the time the fire broke out.

The Moniteur stated that the princess spoke *outside* the saloon to the king of Westphalia, Prince Borghese and others, but this is incorrect. M. Baupet, former prefect of the palace, in his memoirs, describes a young beautiful woman, who rushed from the saloon, uttering the most piercing cries. For this he is indebted solely to his imagination. No one ever saw the unhappy princess in the garden; indeed, it would have been impossible for her to have returned. Besides the crowd that encumbered the avenue, the violence of the flames was so great that it was impossible to come within ten paces of the conflagration; the eye could hardly bear to dwell upon it. The truth is the princess was at first supposed to be in safety. Meantime, the saloon and gallery was burnt down, and the fire was spreading to the hotel. It was all important to save the archives, and the Austrian officers flung off sash, sword, and uniform to handle the axe and fire-bucket. All strangers had disappeared one by one,

and their place was filled by soldiers of Napoleon's guard, who arrived—a thousand or so—and were soon followed by the emperour. He had only accompanied the empress as far as where her escort was stationed, and returned suddenly among us, attended by an aid-de-camp, dressed in his gray surtout. He ordered all strangers to leave the spot, lined the approaches with troops, and directed in person the efforts making to subdue the fire; during which he was struck and nearly knocked down by the stream of one of the engines. The poor prefect of police, Count D——, was in an awkward situation—Napoleon's rude sternness cowed and silenced him; he could only whisper out hesitating excuses, and show his zeal by hurrying about from place to place, returning every moment to the emperour to receive with all humility the harsh words and reproaches that had been gathered up for him in the interval. The commander of the firemen was still more unfortunate. One of the generals, to show his zeal, or perhaps to furnish the emperour with a subject on which to discharge his anger, fell on the poor fellow, struck him repeatedly, and fairly kicked him off—pursuing him with a torrent of blame and abuse—the emperour looking on with stern and angry aspect. The unlucky commandant was finally carried off to prison, and after a long confinement dismissed from office. He had doubtless been somewhat careless; no aid was at hand at the first and most essential moment; but even at the time many voices were raised in his defence, and there was a general feeling that even as early as when the emperour quitted the saloon, no earthly power could have saved the building.

Meantime, all efforts to discover the Princess Schwartzenberg, proved fruitless. Her husband traversed all the apartments and the garden incessantly—ready to drop with exhaustion, yet refusing to give up the search. The emperour, wearied with the delay, returned to St. Cloud. His grenadiers prepared to pass the night on the spot; and certainly no bivouack ever enjoyed such rations. The rarest wines, the most costly viands, intended for the banquet, were distributed to it in profusion. Soon a storm, which had long been threatening, burst upon us in fury; the whole sky seemed on fire with lightning; peal after peal of thunder followed—the houses fairly trembled—the rain fell in streams, and finally quenched the conflagration. Just as the storm had spent its fury, the first rays of day were seen breaking through the clouds, and we determined to make another search among the ruins. There were but few of us left, and we were soon separated from each other. I, for my part, made my way into the scene of the conflagration—a melancholy mass of smoking ruins, of charred beams, wrecks of furniture and ornaments, and in the deepest places—of pools of foul and stagnant water. I picked up bits of lustres, swords bent round, bracelets and other jewelry so changed by the action of the fire that they could scarcely be recognised. Not far from me, Count Hulon and Dr. Gall were attentively examining the ruins. Suddenly the count stopped, and said in a low voice, "Doctor, come this way, I see a human body." The horrible impression these words produced, I shall never forget. The doctor came up, and we looked round us anxiously, and in silence. By slow degrees our eyes were enabled to distinguish a corpse blackened by fire and smoke, half-buried under beams and cinders, and so disfigured that nothing but fancy could trace in it a human shape. Only a part of the breast was unchanged, having rested in a little pool of water—and its dazzling whiteness formed a horrible contrast with the rest of the body, which was reduced to a perfect mummy. Accustomed to scenes of death and bloodshed, as I had been from childhood, I recoiled in spite of myself, while Doctor Gall descended into the cavity where the corpse was lying, and fancied he recognised the princess; he brought away a collar and some rings which he found on the body, and we showed them to her brother-in-law, the ambassador, who was in the garden. There was now no room for doubt: on the collar were the cyphers of her children—she had eight—a ninth perished with her. The position in which the body was found, encouraged us to hope that at least she had not been burned alive. In all probability, the princess, seeing the main exit cut off, or wishing to avoid the crowd that was thronging to it, had tried to gain a side-door leading into the hotel, and had fallen on the way, and been suffocated by the smoke.

All Paris was in an uproar, partly from alarm—partly from curiosity. The news of the fire spread rapidly, and with it the suspicion of some attempt on the emperour's life, or some great conspiracy. The idea that the fire was caused by design, and intended to destroy, by one bold stroke, a hated despot—his family, and his most faithful adherents, was, for a time, general; and for a long time afterwards, it was difficult to remove it wholly.

A succession of melancholy days ensued. The funeral of Princess Pauline of Schwartzenberg took place, with all the usual ceremonies; afterwards came the interments of the Princess de La Leyen—of the lady of General Trezard, and of several other ladies of rank who died at short intervals, after enduring great agony. There were, in all, more than twenty persons killed, and more than sixty wounded, more or less severely. The young princess of Schwartzenberg lay dangerously ill for many weeks, as did also the Russian ambassador, Prince Kourakin. The valuables lost, it was computed, amounted to several millions of francs.

THE DARLING FUND.—The following is an accurate statement of the sums of money raised in the various towns to reward Miss Grace Darling and others who exerted themselves so heroically in behalf of the survivors from the wreck of the Forfarshire:—Received for rewarding the Darlings and the North Sunderland fishermen, three hundred and sixty pounds; ditto received by Miss Darling for her own use, two hundred and fifty-four pounds; ditto Mr. William Darling, for his own use, fifty pounds;—in all, about three thousand dollars.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

INKLINGS OF IDEAS.

THE UNKNOWN GOD

PAUL, preaching at Athens, beat the cunning Athenians with their own weapons. They had a law, that any who preached strange gods, should suffer death. When this was urged against the apostle, he pointed to the altar "to the unknown god," and said—"For, as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, 'to the unknown god;' whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." He could not be prosecuted under the law, for he preached a god to whom he found an altar. This circumstance, I have always regarded as a sort of providential interposition in favour of the Christian religion, as well as an instance of Paul's extreme aptness in taking advantage of everything that would tend to the advancement of his cause. Although, at several other places in Greece and Asia Minor, there were altars "to the unknown god," at no other, I believe, was there such a law as that at Athens, prohibiting the setting up of strange doctrines.

COMPLIMENTS

Pope is celebrated, and deservedly, for the great elegance and delicacy of his compliments. Their merit seems to me to consist principally in that they are *indirect*. Those that are direct, are apt to savour somewhat of the fulsomeness of flattery; and at least there is always room to doubt the sincerity of him who utters them. On the contrary, when they come in indirectly and inadvertently, as it were, they carry with them evidence that they flow from the heart. Thus we say commonly of Cæsar, that he was "the greatest warriour, historian, and statesman of his age;" and this, certainly, is as much as can be said in commendation of any one.

If we say of Douglas, that he was a brave warriour, it is no more than might be said of a thousand others, prince and peasant; but if we say,

"How did he fall?
"Sure 'twas a bloody day when Douglas died;"

it is something farther, and rises into the loftiest praise.

DRAMATICK TRUTH.

One thing that shows the almost infinite superiority of Shakspeare, is, that we habitually speak of his characters as real personages. We do not set up the character here and nature there, and comment upon the likeness; it is nature itself—not a copy. Another author would have made Hamlet mad or sane, so that there could be no doubt whatever. Suited, however, to the dubious circumstances of his situation, his sanity is questioned and discussed as that of one suspected of lunacy would be before a court of chancery. In a vast majority of works purely fictitious, the characters are either mad or not mad, cowards or not cowards, villains or not villains; and all readers agree on these points. But we see how remotely this approaches the truth of nature, and how entirely Hamlet reaches it, when we recollect the difference of opinion among men in regard to the temper, etc., of any particular individual.

Moreover, in dramas, we usually conceive nothing of a character except what is represented before us. It begins with the play and ends with it, and exists only on the stage. There is in fact no more of it: and we can as little follow it in our mind's eye, as we could a ghost or a vision that appeared for a moment and then vanished. This, also, is not at all in accordance with things as they are transacted in real life. But it is not so with Shakspeare's plays. In them, as in reality, we know that what comes under our own observations is a very small part of the whole; and it is as easy to imagine the absent as to see the present doings of any of the characters. H.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

THE GAY WORLD.

PARIS, FEBRUARY 27, 1839.—On Thursday last, the eminent American banker, Mr. Wells, gave a grand ball in his noble hotel in the Place St. George. Eleven rooms, some of them very spacious, were opened for the enjoyment of the company—in number from five hundred to five hundred and fifty in the course of the evening. The conservatory of the accomplished hostess, which is rich in the rarest and most brilliant plants, and the Chinese boudoir, furnished from the Celestial Empire, were particularly admired. All the apartments were lighted in a way to give the finest effect to the whole scene. Among the guests were titled dignitaries, financial *notabilities*, English and French of the various degrees of fashion, and about one hundred and fifty Americans, certainly not inferiour—especially the ladies—either in appearance or manner, to any denomination of the Europeans. The band consisted of thirteen of the best musicians, led by one of the brothers *Strauss*, immortal, you know, by both the composition and performance of their waltzes. The dazzling gala was opened as early as nine o'clock, and broke up at three in the morning. Every one had reason to be satisfied; every part of the arrangement proved entirely successful. In short, the affair "went off" perfectly well—which is understood to be the main recompense of the taste and liberality exercised on such occasions by the hosts. In order to teach you how different is the situation of a Paris party-giver from that of Mrs. *Washington Potts*, so happily related by Miss Leslie, I will mention that the directions for this splendid entertainment were prepared and distributed in the space of an hour; and that all was duly achieved, according to my narrative above, without further trouble or anxiety. The machinery here is so well contrived and so familiar by incessant use, that the results come like those of the summons of Aladdan's lamp.

Monsieur and Madame Shiff, from New-Orleans, resident in the Chaussée D'Antin, issued at the beginning of last week their cards for a ball on the ninth proximo. Two years ago, they regaled two thousand acquaintance with a like festival. That now offered is limited to a thousand, a number not sufficient to fill their elegant apartments.

Yesterday, the thirty-first instant, the stated soirée of General Cass was uncommonly brilliant. The number of French and foreigners of distinction present was larger than usual. It included Lord and Lady Granville, the Turkish ambassador and suite, and the heads of most of the embassies. The proportion of Americans in the company fell short, owing to the attraction of Colonel Thorn's grand ball given on the same evening. I have not the honour of a personal acquaintance with the New-York magnifico. As a street saunterer I am familiar with his matchless equipages. One of his guests of yesterday evening, who had witnessed here, in Great Britain and in Italy, similar galas in the most fashionable private mansions, informs me that Colonel Thorn's ball transcended them all in every respect. I like to record the legitimate triumph of an American abroad, when he does undertake to live in the highest style.

The two great *charity* balls, one for the Polish refugees, (of which *la Guiccioli*, once the favourite married mistress of Lord Byron, is a *lady* patroness,) the other for the pensioners of the Restoration Civil List, were announced a fortnight ago, with promise of a splendid display. For the latter, application was made for three hundred tickets more than could be conceded. Strangers are eager for this annual pageant eleemosynary, because they expect the presence of most of the noblesse of the old *régime* with their grand airs of traditional *haut-ton*. On monday, the twenty-eighth ult., it was given in the sumptuous saloons lately opened, in the Rue de Richelieu, of the new Club of the Two Worlds, (*Des Deux Mondes*.) The reception rooms of the Tuileries are scarcely more magnificent. Every thing in the ball harmonized with the decorations of this fairy palace; "pyramids of flowers; walls of mirrors; suns of tapers; arabesque galleries of orange, citron, and myrtle; an intoxicating orchestra; an exquisite picturesque supper," etc. etc. These terms are not exaggerated, if I may credit some of my American friends, who thought the price of each ticket (four dollars) moderate for the splendour of the scene. You know that nothing curious, gorgeous, or modish, is to be seen here, which the Americans do not hasten to enjoy at any cost—whatever may be the "tears of the purse," the inclemency of the weather, or the protraction of the vigils. The chords of benevolence are moved in France chiefly by those of the violin. I have just read, in a paragraph of intelligence from the provinces, that three *bishops* had sent their subscriptions to balls undertaken for the relief of the neighbouring poor.

Besides the *danse mania*, there prevails here, what is termed in one of the newspapers, a musical *neuraglia*. In the jokes of the day, I find the statement that the Royal Academy of Medicine have appointed a committee of their body to inquire into the evil and devise a nephritick. Every day, every hour, from noon until midnight, has its publick concert; and private musical soirées are beyond calculation. Foreign performers flock hither at this season, to make a short and lucrative campaign; and all the topping domestick performers look for a benefit, with the aid of their special colleagues and admirers.

The names of some of the Germans whose concerts or particular exhibitions are advertised, appear to me of terrifick sound and aspect, such as Messrs. Schlesinger and Schneitzhoeffer, Mademoiselle Heinefletter, etc. We are promised an early visit from Madame Sophie dell'Occa Schoberlechner, prima donna of the Italian opera at Vienna, who is represented to possess a voice of extraordinary compass, sonorousness and melody, and to be capable of executing with equal facility the tasks of *primo soprano* and *primo contralto*. The London papers seem to be struck with the name of Baron Von Grumppenberg Pottmes, husband of the princess of Bavaria; but this appellation is quite euphonious by the side of a few that figure in our concert bills. I would rather have to declaim the twenty or more names of Louis Philippe's god-son, the born of the queen of Portugal, than to be compelled to articulate those of the *Chef de Chant* at the grand Opera, and the chief editor of the Gazette Musicale, who gives to his subscribers, into the bargain, a very rich weekly morning concert.

PEARL-STREET—THE MILLINERS' QUARTIER.

Leave we the hurried tread of the mixed multitude threading the mazes of the main artery of the metropolis, to linger within a sphere of more quiet, but not less fascinating enjoyment.

Broadway, with its phalanx of cosmopolites—the turbaned Turk—the agile Greek—the sunny Italian—the fair-haired German—the dun East Indian—the fierce Kalmuck—the mustachioed Spaniard—the bronzed Arab—the sable Ethiopian—is already in the distance, and the echo of the thousand voices is lost in the wilderness of the past. Turn we to the right, from the bustle of Chatham-street into Pearl, at a point where the curve of its crescent gracefully inclines to the embrace of the East river, although, like a male coquette, it dallies but for a brief space by its side, and then stealthily glides to the bosom of the Hudson.

Move gently, my friend, while we pass these neat *bijous* of shops, with their parti-coloured wares suspended along the casement. Tread lightly, lest you disturb the fair occupants of these miniature palaces in the rear of each shop, plying their needles so industriously.

Reflect for a moment on the heart aches which will follow disappointment, should these blooming *artistes* fail to accomplish their allotted tasks in time for *Madame Chalbots'* fancy ball. With this timely caution, I will introduce you to an array of as lovely groups as ever clustered in the gardens of the *Palazzi Pitti*, when Florence poured forth the pride of its beauty and chivalry to grace the grand duke's triumph. We will cross the street for an instant, and take a survey of the brilliant show of millinery, flaunting at every step from Chatham to Vandewater street. 'Tis a rare sight, and will be a subject for calm reflection when we retire to our *sanctum*, and think over the myriads of hands whom these fragile gauds continue to employ; while a philosopher might worthily tax his ingenuity in divining the nature of the thousand and one emotions which these female decorations will excite in the bosoms of their purchasers.

Beautiful as is the exhibition, viewed from this distance, I could introduce you to scenes within the domestick sanctuary of these graceful venders of bonnets, caps, and artificial flowers, which would cause you to forget the taste and fitness of their creations, in the more exciting details of their new-born affections. You observe that neat two-story building opposite, with bow-window and glass-door, in which the fanciful wreath of artificial flowers is festooned along the window-panes.

Ah! I perceive that your attention is enlisted; but whether by the black eyes of the little roguish milliner peeping through the half

opened door, or the expected interest of my embryo *historiette*, is questionable.

The little parlour in the rear of the shop I have pointed out, was, some few months since, graced by the presence of as charming a sylph as ever glided through the mazes of a fairy dance.

Slightly formed, tall and symmetrical, her fawn-like step arrested the notice of the most indifferent, while the most susceptible hearts of the dry-good's clerks opposite, beat double quick time whenever her laughing blue eye threw one of its witching glances in the direction of their whereabout. In sooth, she was as gay as a lark, and nothing delighted her more than to vouchsafe a smile of encouragement for the especial gratification of the more timid of her admirers—merely, as she said, to set their hearts a palpitating, and furnish them with a subject to dream of But the merriest maiden that ever displayed a faultless set of teeth, will be winged by the blind archer despite her buoyancy of spirits, and Adelaide L——— one day became pensive—the next sighed, and on the third day, stole away silently from the shop, when her daily task was accomplished, without deigning one friendly glance of approbation to either of the numerous *beaux* who stood rank and file awaiting her advent. From this time forth the once cheerful Adelaide became silent and thoughtful, and in a few weeks the roses began gradually to fade from her ruddy cheek, and a tear would occasionally roll unbidden from its unseen fountain.

Her young companions made kind inquiries as to the cause of her gloom, which she attributed to ill-health, but which they surmised originated in her change of worldly circumstances—her parents having once moved in the most elevated circles—until misfortune came to blight their prospects, and ultimately consign them to a premature grave. At length, increasing debility prevented her attendance at the shop—and day by day the ravages of the canker at her heart became more distinctly visible, until the benevolent and kind-hearted leech, who ministered to her disease, deemed it necessary to apprise her, that his skill was exhausted—*he could do no more*. This announciation was not unexpected, and she evinced that resignation and fortitude which this world is not competent to bestow. On the evening of the same day, just as twilight flung its veil of gauze over the city, a young gentleman was announced who earnestly desired an interview with the invalid.

On communicating his name, the feeble girl fainted; but after being restored to consciousness, requested a private audience with the stranger. To the surprise of her nurse, more than an hour elapsed before she was summoned; and on her return, the hand of the young gentleman was placed on that of her charge. From that hour her recovery was rapid, and in a few short weeks the daily chronicles duly announced the marriage of the wealthy and talented Selim W——— to the amiable and accomplished Adelaide L———, all of New-York.

For the sympathising companions of her girlhood, Adelaide still evinces a deep-seated regard, and her praises are the theme of many a tongue, whose owner has been relieved by her benevolence. This is but one of the many incidents in the history of these female artizans which might be worthily chronicled. But, alas! our romance writers are occupied in the regions of fiction, and overlook the beautiful gems that lie at their feet. From sundown until dark, the apprentices and journeywomen depart for their several residences, and many a smiling bevy of bright-eyed girls, with gipsy bonnets, *Mousselain De Lane* dresses, silk aprons, and snow-white kerchiefs, may be seen at that hour, issuing from the millinery-shops, and tripping gaily along, "the observed of all observers," the mirror of fashion in their own circle, and the forbidden fruit of the upper ranks, lovely to the eye, and doubly alluring from the circumstance that prudent fathers and match-making *mammas* have placed their anathema between the fruit and its enjoyment.

Division, between Chatham square and Market-street; William, in the vicinity of Fulton-street; sections of Greenwich, Hudson, and Bleecker streets, and a part of the Bowery, are occupied also by milliners; and as an impartial historian, it is becoming to say that fashionable bonnets, beautiful caps, artificial flowers exquisitely finished, and maidens with eyes like gazelles and forms of matchless loveliness, are the characteristicks of each *quartier* dedicated to the sale of millinery.—*Madisonian*

THE PARTICULAR MAN.

Our esteemed acquaintance, Mr. B. is a very worthy person; we have every reason to believe he is an honest and upright character, but alas for his friends and intimates, he is a *particular man*. There are, doubtless, many methodical persons in the world, and everybody knows that method is the soul of business, but there are some original dashes in my friend's character, which, in the limited intercourse, as a solitary fisherman, I have had with mankind, I have never seen equalled.

Mr. B. is scrupulously attentive to the attiring of the outward man; not that he is in the least foppish in his apparel, by no means, but a crease in his vest or a spot upon his pantaloons, would be the subject of serious annoyance to the particular man; and the same attention to minutiæ is observable throughout all his actions.

There is one thing in which my worthy acquaintance is not at all particular; I believe it is the only point on which he can be accused of departing from his actuating principle, and that is of making use of his friends. In this respect his foible is most inordinately conspicuous. I shall suppose, for example, that he has requested me to perform some little commission for him; and after repeating his instructions till I have every word, nay every syllable, as firmly fixed in my memory as my own christian and surname, I turn for relief to another topick—in the very midst of a sentence he will interrupt me with, "You'll have the goodness, Mr. Sniggle, not to forget that little matter for me—I shall feel extremely obliged to you if you will call," etc. etc. Of course, I assure him that I will attend to his wishes, and again take up the subject on which we were conversing, if I happen to remember it—but in less than five minutes he will exclaim—"I believe I mentioned Mr. Tenpenny's number, did I not? it is three hundred and seventy-nine and a half; and if you'll tell him to send me those articles at three minutes past nine o'clock to-morrow morning, I shall be very much obliged to you." "Oh dear," I inwardly ejaculate, in weariness of spirit, "I will remove myself from this nuisance as fast as possible," and accordingly take a hurried leave of my entertaining companion—"Goodby, my dear Sniggle, good-by, glad to see you well I say, Tenpenny knows what I ordered, an extra large dust shovel, as ours is quite worn out—twopennyworth of brads, four curtain pins, and"—"Yes, yes, yes, you told me all that five or six times over," I reply, out of all patience—"Well, my good friend, but you know I am such a *particular fellow!*"

The particular man is a great querist, and if you are relating any circumstance to him, will interrupt you every instant to ask some trifling question, that is either totally unimportant, or which perhaps if he would only allow you to proceed with your narrative, would appear in the right place. I was exceedingly amused on one occasion with a little scene which occurred between him and a legal friend—who, as well as most of that respectable body to which he belonged, was not sorry to have an opportunity of relating the particulars of a tough cause which he had gained, who thought he had got an excellent listener in Mr. B.—as the latter, declaring his eagerness to hear the account, planted himself before the narrator, putting on a scrutinizing and sagacious look, that would have done credit to a Thurlow or an Eldon thus ran the conversation:

"Well, sir, and how did you get over the opposite parties? do tell us all about it."

"Why, sir, my client the plaintiff brought this action to recover the amount."

"What court did you bring your action in, sir, King's Bench—Common Pleas or Exchequer?"

"Common Pleas, to recover the amount."

"Where was the cause tried, sir—London or Westminster?"

"In London, I generally lay the venue in London; as I live in the city it saves the drag to Westminster."

"Very good, sir—proceed, if you please."

"Well, sir—I was observing that my client brought his action to recover the amount of—"

"I beg your pardon—but was it a special or a common jury?"

"A common jury," replies the attorney, somewhat shortly, who began to get rather tired of the repeated interruptions of his cross-examiner—"a common jury," he repeated, endeavouring to bring to his recollection whereabouts he had left off.

"Yes, a common jury," reiterates Mr. B.; "but you have not yet told me the cause of action."

"Oh, it was to recover seven hundred and forty-four pounds, five shillings, and—"

"Tried before the chief-justice, Sir Nicholas Conyngham Tindal, I suppose?"

"Yes—and in summing up he said—

"Who were your counsel?"

"I did not stop to hear the reply; unable to stand it any longer I rushed out of the room, and whether the story was ever finished I am unable to say.

I very much fear Mr. B.'s malady, for such it appears to me, is incurable, reason him out of it you cannot, ridicule has little or no effect upon him. I have seen him laughed at repeatedly, without manifesting the least consciousness that he was the subject of the joke. How true is the oft-repeated maxim, "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

THE TALKING CANARY.

We have paid a visit to this extraordinary young gentleman, and verily we were delighted with him! He is truly a most accomplished individual—elegantly dressed in a suit of brilliant yellow, and possessing manners the most agreeable and polite! His conversation is rapid, his words clearly enunciated—the subject matter of his discourse being chiefly the beauties of his own person and pretty compliments to others. So accomplished, is it a wonder that the ladies call him a "charming little fellow," and a "sweet creature?" Sometimes he entertains his visiters with the sweetest music, and, suddenly breaking off, he commences a series of encomiums, thus, "Sweet pretty Dickee"—"Pretty Dickee dear"—"Pretty Mary"—"Come along, Mary," etc. Our young friend is a man of taste—"Pretty queen"—"Pretty, pretty queen," he exclaims, and then again he warbles the sweetest sounds imaginable. Our readers must not suppose that the bird's enunciation is thick and husky, like that of a parrot—it is perfectly clear and distinct, as if some unseen Titania or Oberon were mocking human speech. He lays great emphasis on the syllable "Dicky" The bird is three years old; he is the property of a lady; and his capability of uttering articulate sounds was discovered by his repetition of the visiters when announced by the servant. We are not aware of any peculiarity in the conformation of this bird, except that the larynx is somewhat larger than usual. Were Mr. Deville to examine his skull, it would probably be found that the imitative organs were more than usually developed. He is certainly an anomaly in the feathered creation; that the canary is capable of instruction we are aware—witness Pratt's account of the German bird of this species, which could go through the manual exercise with extraordinary precision: but this bird differs in this particular, that he has taken up his new profession as a matter of taste on his own part. This interesting little creature is exhibited at the Cosmorama rooms in Regent-street, to numbers of delighted visiters. The lady proprietor, we are informed, has refused two hundred guineas for him: indeed she would not have allowed him to be exhibited, but that her house was in a state of siege from morning to night, by friends bringing with them *their* friends and relations, to witness one of the most elegant young gentlemen of the reign of our beloved Queen Victoria.

Fashionable society.—It is far beyond our power, and we believe much higher powers than ours, to penetrate the secret motives and latest causes that govern the different phases, aspects, and changes that influence the orbits of fashionable society. Why one star is to-day to be lord of the ascendant, and to-morrow struck from its course; why one dignitary is all powerful in one set, and totally powerless in another; what rivalries are occasioned by what causes:—wit, taste, politicks, party warfare, birth, and precedency, court favour, to say nothing of beauty and mental accomplishments—all these have their influence, and divide the world under different chiefs. One great lady is *touchante*; another is *piquante*; another a poetess; another a blue; most of them fine. Among the gentlemen, there is the high courtier; the high whig; the giver of dinners; the giver of balls; the affable; the supercilious; the sayer of good things; the sayer of nothing; the lady's man; the talking man Among all these, both men and women, there may be acquaintance, but no amity; intercourse, but no identity: they are separated by jealousy, avoid intimacies, and, among the fine class, covet, or, as the case may be, have a horrour of introductions.

LITERARY MACADAMIZATION.

No woman without her value.—A poor peasant, of seven children born to him in marriage, had but one daughter left, and she was of a form so truly hideous, that it might be said, "the curs barked at her as she halted along." There are other allurements to enter into the wedded state, however, than those of the figure. A showman, in his way through the village in which she lived, saw her, and asked her in marriage. "Sir," said the honest rustick to the suitor of his daughter, unwilling to take advantage of any man, "have you observed the unseemly form of my daughter? Are you aware that I have nothing to give her?"—"These," replied the other, "are of no weight to me."—"But she is both hunch backed and hunch breasted."—"O! that is precisely what I want."—"Her skin is like shagreen."—"I am rejoiced at it."—"You cannot perceive that she has a nose."—"Good."—"She is hardly three feet high."—"Better still."—"Her legs are like drum-sticks, and her nails like claws."—"Best of all"—"To cut the matter short, believe me, she is almost dumb, and altogether deaf."—"Is it possible!" exclaimed the lover. "You transport me! Long have I searched for a wife nearly formed like your daughter; but, afraid to flatter myself with the hopes of finding such a one, I am now happy beyond my hopes. She fully corresponds with my idea of perfection. How rare it is in these days to meet with so accomplished a figure!"—"But, my good friend," interrupted the father, "I cannot conceive what you propose to do with a wife who is so ugly, and so deformed, and who is always sickly, and hath not a penny."—"Do with her! why, I travel the country, and get my bread by exhibiting monsters, I will put her in a box: I will carry her about with me; and, as for a fortune, let me alone for the acquisition of that."

Fox hunting.—I like horse racing, cock fighting, sports of the turf, and sports of the ring—*on paper* When I was a young fellow, I went once on a fox chase, over Schuylkill bridge, with a batch of sportsmen—wore boots and buckskin breeches; my horse run away on the sound of the bugle, jumped over hedges and ditches, and tumbled me into the mud, since which time I have only attended Jockey Club and Sporting Dinners, being the least dangerous of the two, where the only fall that can happen would be a fall under the table. Folks may say what they please of rising at dawn, sweeping the dew from the green sward, wading creeks for wild ducks, taking the partridge on the wing, shooting snipe in swamps, and coming home at night worn out, wet and hungry: give me the birds nicely cooked, with feet under the mahogany, a good sea-coal fire, and a glass of old hock, and we leave all the romance of shooting and snaring, with pointers and ponies, to those who admire such rural sports.—*Noah.*

Bad axe.—The Illinois Galenian, in an article on this battle, relates some circumstances, attendant on the death of an Indian squaw, the arm of whose child was perforated by a bullet which passed into the mother's heart, and caused death. In falling she tumbled on her babe, and confined it to the ground. No notice was taken of the cries of the child, while the battle raged—but after its cessation, and the dispersion of the Indians, a lieutenant of the U. S. army, extricated the little girl from under its dead mother. The arm was found to be broken, and amputation necessary During the time of operation, the daughter of the "Great Spirit," never uttered a shriek, or shed a tear, but calmly looked on, eating, with eager appetite, a piece of hard biscuit!

Sale of bachelors.—It is rumoured that the legislature of Tennessee has passed a law making it the duty of the sheriff of each county, annually, to make out a list of the bachelors in his county, and notify all of said bachelors who are in a healthy condition, that the law requires them to get married within two months from the time of their notification, and at the expiration of this time, all of said bachelors who have failed to comply with the requisitions of this law, shall be set up and sold at publick auction by said sheriff to the highest bidder, and that no person shall be allowed to bid but old maids. It is furthermore rumoured that a sale was recently held at Jonesborough, under this law, at which forty old bachelors were sold.

Balance of good and ill.—The Persians held of old this very charitable maxim, that to be good, it was not necessary never to do amiss, but to do for the most part that which was right. When a person accordingly was accused of any breach of the laws, and even clearly proved to be guilty, they did not immediately condemn him to be punished, but proceeded to make a scrupulous inquiry into the whole course of his life, in order to see whether the good or evil actions in it predominated; if the good weighed heaviest in the scale, he was acquitted: and it was only if otherwise that he was condemned.

Literary translation.—The London Literary Gazette, a short time since, in noticing a production of George Cruikshank's, in order to distinguish that artist from his brother, said, "*This is the real Simon Pure.*" In an extensive biographical dictionary, since published in Germany, the compiler has taken the hint, and in his notice of this distinguished artist, says, "He is called George Cruikshank—but that is not his real name—his real name is *Simon Pure.*"

One of norbury's.—Lord Norbury having accidentally met Counsellor Spear, who had recently purchased a horse, was asked by his lordship how he approved of the animal. "Not at all, my lord," replied the barrister, "for he trots very high, and is very uneasy." "Then," replied the judge, "if you have not yet named him, I would advise you to call him Shakspear."

The pleasures of memory.—A lady of fashion at Paris said lately to her chambermaid, who was dressing her, "How weary I am of this mourning—I have worn it fifteen days! Apropos, Rosina, tell me for whom I am mourning!"

How to render ourselves agreeable.—The surest way of rendering *ourselves* agreeable to others, is by seeming to think *them* so. If we appear fully sensible of their good qualities, they will not complain of them in us.

New fashion.—The Philadelphia *Spirit of the Times*, says—"The Parisian fashion of pantaloons without *pockets* is all the go with our Chestnut-street bloods, just now. Why should it not be? They have nothing to put in them."

Monuments.—Those only *deserve* a monument who do not *require* it; that is, those who raised themselves one in the minds and memories of men.

A prolifick nut.—An old gentleman by the name of Nut, in Ohio, can number one hundred and thirty-six nuts, in the shape of children, grand-children, great-grand-children, and one great-great-grand-child—quite a field of nuts from one tree.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"Pascal Bruno" and "The Atonement." Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

The first of these tales is a translation from the French of Alexander Dumas, and is a very graphick and interesting sketch of the adventures of a real personage. As for the "Atonement," which is from the pen of Mr. Theodore Hook, it is an incongruous and incomprehensible tale of horrour—and we are puzzled to know whether the author means it to be farcical or tragick. In either case he has failed to make it amusing or impressive.

"Horace Vernon, or, Fashionable Life." In two volumes. Philadelphia. Lea and Blanchard.

We have little partiality for this style of fiction, but must admit that "Horace Vernon" is written with decided talent, and that many of the scenes are in a high degree spirited and well-managed It is far superiour to most of the "fashionable English novels" which swarm from our press, crowding out of the market all works of native manufacture, or illustrative of American life and character.

"The Poetick Wreath:" Consisting of select passages from the works of English poets, from Chaucer to Wordsworth Alphabetically arranged. Philadelphia. Lea and Blanchard. 12 mo. Pp. 370

This is a republication of an English work The selections are well made, and arranged in a manner the most convenient for reference. The work is an appropriate one for presents.

"A Peep at China in Mr Dunn's Chinese Collection," with miscellaneous notices relating to the institutions and customs of the Chinese and our commercial intercourse with them. By E. C. Wines. Philadelphia Printed for Nathan Dunn Pp 163.

All who have seen or heard of Mr. Dunn's Chinese collection, will read this well-digested little work upon China with much interest. It gives us, as it professes, a peep into the curiosities of the "Celestial Empire," and is written in an agreeable and vivacious style. We learn that Mr. Dunn's collection is soon to be exhibited in this city. In the meantime, we select the following passages from the work of Mr. Wines.

CHINESE LITERATURE

The Chinese are a reading people, and the number of their published works is very considerable. In the departments of morals, history, biography, the drama, poetry, and romance, there is no lack of writings, "such as they are." Of statistical works the number is also very large. Their novels are said to be, many of them, excellent pictures of the national manners. The plot is often very complex, the incidents natural, and the characters well sustained. China has had, too, her Augustan age of poetry. It is remarkable that this brilliant epoch in Chinese letters was during the eighth century of our era, when almost the whole of Europe was sunk in gross ignorance and barbarism. We subjoin a single specimen of their poetry, in a touching little piece, published in the second volume of the Royal Asiatick Transactions, and written three thousand years ago. Besides the pleasure its intrinsick beauty afford, it offers a convincing proof of the substantial identity of human feelings in all times and countries. The piece bemoans the fate of a maiden, betrothed to an humble rival, but compelled to become the bride of a rich and powerful suitor:

The nest yon winged artist builds,
Some robber bird shall tear away;
So yields her hopes the affianced maid,
Some wealthy lord's reluctant prey

The fluttering bird prepares a home,
In which the spoiler soon shall dwell;
Forth goes the weeping bride, constrained,
A hundred cars the triumph swell.

Mourn for the tiny architect,
A stronger bird hath ta'en its nest;
Mourn for the hapless, stolen bride,
How vain the pomp to soothe her breast!

The Chinese Collection occupies the lower saloon of the noble edifice recently erected in Ninth-street by the Philadelphia Museum Company. This apartment is one hundred and sixty-three feet in length, by seventy in breadth, with lofty ceilings, supported by twenty-two neat and substantial wooden pilasters. Behind each column has been fitted up a spacious case, which has been enclosed by plate-glass windows of the purest transparency. The inter-columniations are each occupied by two cases exactly in width of the pilasters, in like manner enclosed with plate glass. Not far from the entrance are two octagonal glass-cases, occupying a portion of the ample space between the two ranges of pilasters, one of which is completely filled with a superb Chinese state lamp, of huge proportions, gorgeous materials, and rich workmanship. At the extreme end of the saloon, are a large pavilion, a silk draper's shop, and a Chinese street, nearly filled up by palanquin and its bearers. So ample is the space, and so capacious and numerous the receptacles of this grand apartment; and yet such is the extent of the collection of curiosities gathered by Mr. Dunn, during his nine years' residence in China, that a large residuum remains in the store-rooms, for want of sufficient space in the hall for their convenient display. It is no longer necessary to measure half the circuit of the globe, and subject one's self to the hazards and privations of a six months' voyage on distant and dangerous seas, to enjoy a peep at the Celestial Empire. This is a gratification which may now be enjoyed by the citizens of Philadelphia, for the trouble of walking to the corner of Ninth and Sansom-streets, and by citizens of other parts of the United States, at no greater peril of life and limb than is connected with locomotion by means of our own steamboats and railroads The collection is a splendid pageant, no doubt; and many, probaly, will look upon it merely as such. To those it will be a mere nine days' wonder; an object to be stared at with idle curiosity, and remembered only as a useless gewgaw. For ourselves, we see it with far other eyes, and linger long among its strange and multitudinous variety of objects for a widely different purpose. To us it is a volume redolent of instruction; the best we have ever seen on the Celestial Empire. It is, in fact, China in miniature. It almost realizes, in reference to the manners and civilization of that remote, unique, and interesting people, the fable of the woods moving to the sound of the lyre of Orpheus.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The tale of New-England Witchcraft, by John Neal, will be completed in two more chapters. It will be found to contain many curious particulars in relation to a period perhaps the most remarkable in our annals.—The performances of Mr. Burton at the National have been all that our correspondent "T." has described We wish that one of our theatres could secure the services of this admirable comedian for the coming season.—The article "on our hotels" is a little too highly spiced with personalities for our taste, and we disagree with the writer in many of his strictures. Blancard's new establishment promises to be one of the most convenient and unexceptionable in the country. We must decline the verses by "X.," "T. Y.," "Selma," "A. T. T.," and "Vincent."—An "inquirer" is informed that the title of the new novel, the announcement of which has excited his curiosity, has not yet transpired. It will be published by the Messrs. Harper.—We cannot comply with the request of "Beau Shatterly." He must be a very unreasonable and extortionate old gentleman.—The communication of "H." shall have a place the earliest opportunity.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1839

Charles Mathews vs. the United States.—We learn from the newspapers that Major Gatchell, the secret agent sent out by our government last winter to blow up Madame Vestris and "disfigger her with everlasting pepper," by means of an infernal machine, has failed in his attempt, and that the whole plot has been disclosed through the timely vigilance of Charles Mathews. The object of the movement on the part of Congress, it will be remembered, was to deter that gentleman from publishing his menaced attack upon the people and institutions of this country. The friends of republican liberty throughout the world cannot but feel mortified at the failure of the patriotick scheme, by which the United States were to be shielded from the effects of the displeasure of Madame Vestris and her husband. If the directions of Congress (adopted in secret session) had been strictly attended to, we do not doubt but that the result would have been all that we could wish; but it appears that Gatchell, instead of employing one of Jackson's patent-revolving, perpetual-exploding percussion locks for the assassination, foolishly adopted for the purpose a box of combustibles similar to the infernal machine, by which the life of Bonaparte was attempted. Nay, so far was the major wanting in ordinary prudence and circumspection, that he actually confided his scheme to two gentlemen, whose names we have not heard, who appear to have been mainly instrumental, not treacherously, but indiscreetly, in bringing about the discovery of the plot. We trust that Gatchell will be arrested immediately on his return—tried by a courtmartial, and hung without benefit of clergy. Our minister, Mr. Stevenson, was, we regret to say, much to blame in not lending his co-operation to a greater extent. Why couldn't he, if he were disposed to do his country a service, shoot Madame Vestris from a side-box at the Olympick, and end by tomahawking Mathews? It would make a very pretty divertisement for the audience, besides relieving the people of the United States from their present apprehensions. However, although our first attempt has failed, there is no occasion to despair. There are more ways than one of killing an—actress. The first Brutus was not the only one who could drive home a dagger. To Mr and Mrs. Mathews we need only say, *beware!* In the meantime we give from a London paper the following account of the development of the plot—a plot, which had it been carried out according to the plan originally proposed by Mr. Van Buren, would infallibly have been crowned with triumphant success.

"*Diabolical attempt on the life of Madame Vestris.*—A person of the name of Lancaster, passing through Lincoln's-Inn fields on Tuesday, heard two persons in close converse. One said, 'Well, Jack, have you sent it?' Jack said he had: the first then said, 'Did you direct it to Charley?' the other replied, 'No! I have directed it to Madame,' adding that 'his (Charley's) time was not yet come.' Mr. Lancaster, suspecting that the conversation applied to Charles Mathews and Madame Vestris, followed the conspirators, when one took a letter from his pocket and read it to his companion, and then returned it to his pocket; and shortly afterwards, in taking his handkerchief from his pocket, the letter fell on the ground, which Mr. Lancaster picked up. The letter disclosed a plot intended to 'tattow' the countenance of Madame Vestris, and '*disfigger it with everlasting pepper.*' Mr. Lancaster then proceeded to the Olympick theatre, and communicated with Mr. Mathews. The next morning Mr. Mathews went to Bow-street, and laid the circumstance before Sir F. Roe. The letter purports to be written by 'B. G. Zatchell.' The 'Z' in the name is not distinctly written, but it appears more like that than any other, although it might be taken for 'Y' or 'G,' and as 'Gatchell' is *an American name*, Mr. Mathews thinks the writer intended the indistinct mark for 'G.' Mr. Mathews is perfectly well persuaded that this felonious outrage was the plot of certain Americans, to revenge themselves upon him for "daring to speak against a free country!"

Marrying in haste and repenting at leisure.—A curious fact, in relation to the marriage of John Kemble, is told in Bannister's memoirs, lately published. One of the daughters of a noble lord, formerly holding high office, but then living in retirement, had fallen in love with the graceful and showy actor, merely from seeing him on the stage. Kemble was sent for by the father, and, to his astonishment, acquainted with the circumstances. The noble lord told him further, that it was in his power to do him either a great evil or a great favour; and, that, if he would do the latter, by relieving him from all apprehension of the lady's indulging her fantasy, and relieve him effectually, by marrying any one else for whom he might have an attachment, his wife should receive a dower of five thousand pounds. Kemble immediately proposed for Mrs. Brereton, a pretty actress in the company, and the marriage took place without delay. But the amusing part of the tale is, that the afflicted and magnanimous father instantly recovered his spirits, and lost his memory. On being applied to for his thousands, he declared that he had no recollection whatever of the compact, nor, indeed, any of the idea, further than some general conversation on such matters with the "very intelligent person in question;" adding, that if he was to pay the five thousand pounds for every whim of his daughters, he must soon be a much poorer man than he ever intended to be." It is certainly believed that Kemble never got a shilling from this very sensitive nobleman, and that, for the rest of his life, he attached a new value to the vulgar etiquette of signing and sealing beforehand, even with the most plausible of mankind

The Theatres.—At the Park, Mr. and Mrs. Sloman had quite a successful engagement, and Mr Sinclair is, we believe, now to occupy the boards until the stars, who have been irradiating the south, shall take their way northward. The spring business of the Park promises to make up, in a degree, for the slim houses which were consequent on the engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Mathews. The opera at the *National* has been as welcome as ever during the present week; and the new piece of the "Mountain Sylph" has been received with decided favour. Burton, the inimitable Burton, kept the town in excellent humour during his too brief stay amongst us. Wallack is expected back with the return of the Great Western, with Charles Kean. His arrangements for the ensuing season will undoubtedly be of a character to add to his reputation as a manager, and to the well-deserved success of his theatre. The *Bowery* is risen from its ashes in redoubled splendour. The interiour is elegant and commodious, and withal extremely capacious. Hamblin intends to produce a succession of novelties—not among the least is a succession of dramatized novels, fresh from the press To effect this purpose he has engaged a well-known and competent pen.

Concerts.—The past season has been distinguished above all others in New-York, for the number and variety of the musical entertainments which have been offered to the publick. Mr. Knight's concert, which took place on Friday evening last, was, we presume, the concluding one. It was well attended, and the performances went off with much *eclat* Mozart's requiem was performed in a brilliant manner at the church in Barclay-street, on the morning of the same day. It was produced with fine effect under the direction of Mr. Penson While on the subject of musick, we cannot but remark the extraordinary number of new and original songs, which have been published in this city during the last year. Messrs. Horn, Russell and Knight, have kept the "musical market" constantly supplied with a succession of brilliant melodies, which will bear a comparison with the best of foreign production during the same period.

Zerah Colburn.—"So young so wise, they say, do ne'er live long." Every one has heard of the celebrated calculating boy, Zerah Colburn, who astonished the publick both in this country and Europe, some twenty years since, by his astonishing faculty of numbers, and solving, by an intellectual process incredibly brief, the most intricate problems in arithmetick. We learn from the Vermont papers that he died recently at Norwich in that state, where he was officiating as professor in a literary institution. He appears to have subsided into a very common-place individual, notwitstanding the extraordinary promise of his youth. He is said to have lost his peculiar talent as he attained years of maturity, but his attainments in literature were respectable.

Hogg's Garden.—If you would obtain a bountiful supply of rich spring flowers, look in upon Hogg's garden in Twenty-Second-street, and you will see much in array that is rarely to be witnessed.

There is religion in a flower;
Its still small voice is as the voice of conscience
Mountains and oceans, planets, suns, and systems,
Bear not the impress of Almighty power
In characters more legible, than those
Which he has written on the tiniest flower
Whose light bell bends beneath the dew-drop's weight

Spring prospects.—The spring has burst upon us most propitiously, whether we regard the business prospects of the country, or those genial influences of weather and climate, which cheer the labours and multiply the hopes of the husbandman. The promise of an abundant harvest is ample, while our crowded streets and busy thoroughfares will testify to the returning tide of prosperity which is felt through every vein and artery of our great metropolis.

Literature and office.—We are gratified to learn that Mr. T. C. Grattan, the author of the very agreeable work entitled "Highways and Byways," and also of an excellent "History of the Netherlands," has received the appointment of British Consul at Boston. Mr. Grattan is an Irishman and a man of genius, and we doubt not that his appointment will be welcomed by the intelligence of the trimontane city.

Fay's new novel.—We learn that the new novel by our esteemed colleague, Theodore S. Fay, is completed, and that it will be published by the Messrs. Harpers in the course of the summer. It is entitled "The Countess of Ida," and the scene is laid in Berlin We doubt not that it will be of a character to increase the high reputation of the author of "Norman Leslie."

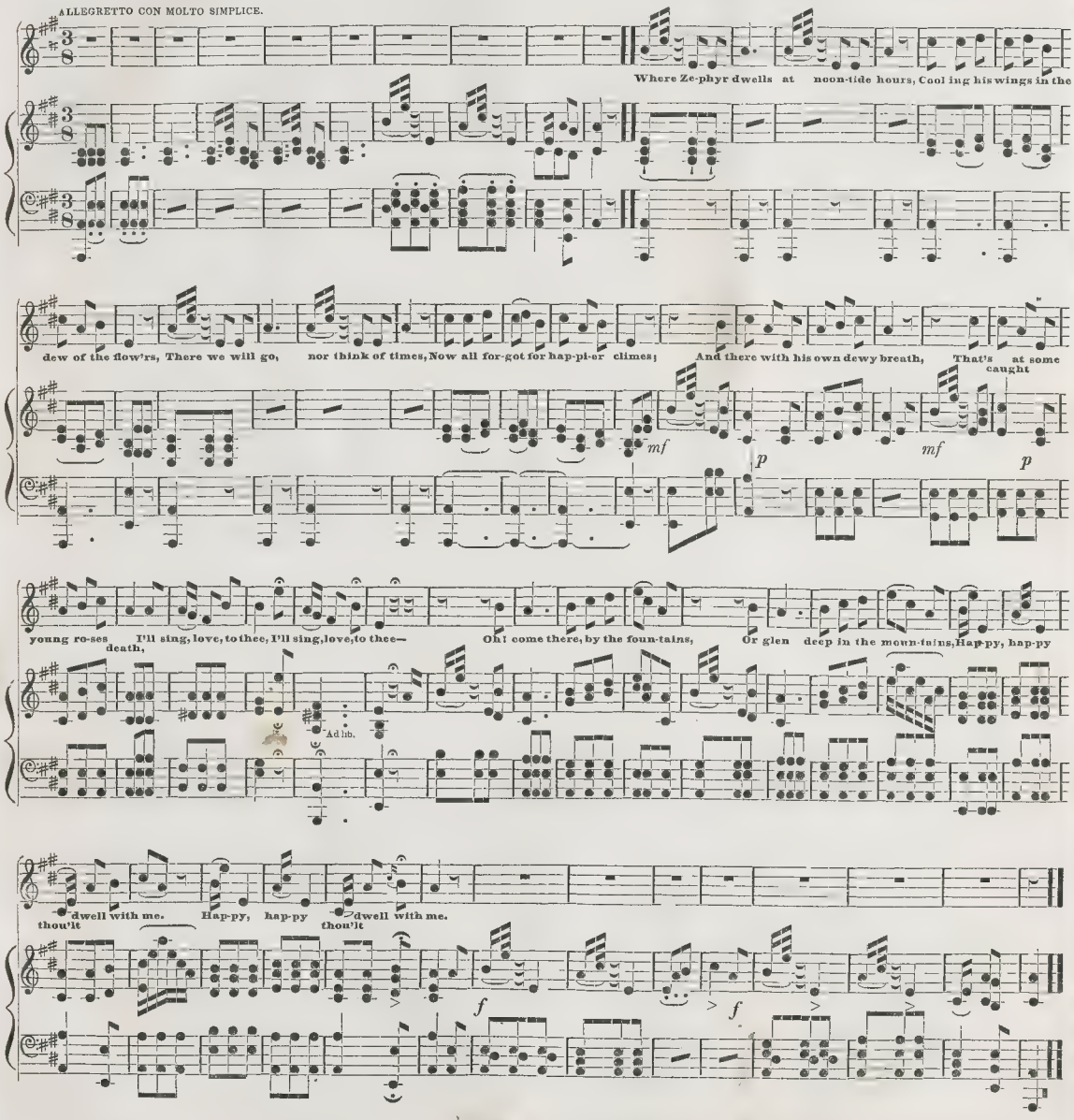
Lozenge Warehouse.—There is an establishment at 106 Nassau-street, where is the principal manufactory of lozenges in the United States. More than seventy varieties are to be obtained here—some impregnated with medicinal virtues, and others with all the flavours that can gratify the sense of taste.

We observe by the London Herald that the injunction obtained by Mr. Colburn, the publisher, against Captain Marryat, regarding the purpose of the latter to publish his Phantom Ship, in France or America, of which Mr. Colburn purchased the copyright, has been sustained by the decision of the vice-chancellor.

We have much pleasure in presenting the following exquisite melody to the lady-readers of the New-York Mirror. It was first sung by Mrs. Horn at the Musical Soirées of Charles E. Horn, by whom it was arranged, expressly for her. It was received with universal applause; and, before the lady could leave the pianoforte, she was obliged to repeat it. We esteem it an especial favour, that, through the politeness of Messrs. Davis and Horn, we are enabled to enrich this number with a musical gem of no ordinary value. It will be seen that the song is a copyright, and we presume, of course, that this right will not be infringed. It may be bad, beautifully printed, of the publishers, 411 Broadway. We may mention here, that frequent applications are made to us, couched in the persuasive terms so well understood by that sex, to whom this department of the paper is especially dedicated, for the republication of favourite melodies, which have already appeared in the Mirror; and, in a few instances, we have complied with these requests, when the song could not otherwise be procured. But we are constrained to give notice here, that we must, in future, be more chary of our space, as we have made arrangements with a well-known amateur in London, by which we shall receive all the new and popular melodies by the principal composers of Europe. As these will be selected with great care and taste, we hope to present, in our coming volume, a selection of new, rare, and beautiful musick, which, of itself, will be a feature in this periodical, that will render to its subscribers more than a full equivalent for the amount of subscription for the entire volume. That this has always been the case, however, we think will be cheerfully admitted by the accomplished class of readers, who weekly place the Mirror upon the desk of their pianofortes. The selections made by Messieurs Berkeley, Horn, Russell, Knight, and other amateurs and composers, have given to this page a character and popularity, which will suffer no diminution, while they continue to contribute, not only their own beautiful compositions, but various *morceaux* from the new operas and lyrical treasuries, to which they have access. But we will not longer detain the fair reader from the enjoyment of the musical repast prepared for her this week.

WHERE ZEPHYR DWELLS.

A POPULAR FRENCH MELODY—ARRANGED EXPRESSLY FOR AND SUNG BY MRS. C. E. HORN AT THE PUBLICK CONCERTS, AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS GALE—THE WORDS BY J. A. W. ESQ.—THE SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS BY CHARLES E. HORN.



SECOND VERSE.—Come where no wind chills the young flow'r,
Where all is one sweet summer hour—
Here, ev'ry tear comes but for grief—
There, even tears are joy's relief.

Oh come to this land of delight,
And, there, from the day-break till night,
I'll sing love to thee!
I'll sing love to thee!

Oh! come, if earth can show thee,
One joy, I will bestow, thee—
Happy, happy thou'lt dwell with me!
Happy, happy thou'lt dwell with me!

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1839, by Davis and Horn, in the Clerk's Office of the Southern District of New-York.

NEW-YORK MIRROR,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Embellished with Fine Engravings, and Musick arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

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REMINISCENCES OF BYGONE DAYS.

NEW-ENGLAND WITCHCRAFT.

BY JOHN NEAL.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

It was dark when he arrived at the house of the preacher; and his heart failed him as he walked up to the door and set his foot upon the broad, rough step—a stone which rocked and trembled under his tread; for the windows were shut and secured with heavy wooden bars, running from corner to corner and bolted through the frames, and, what appeared very surprising, there was no light, no sound of activity, neither life nor motion, within nor without the house. He knocked, but there was no answer, nothing but a heavy, dull echo within; but as he withdrew his hand he heard a noise within, and a heavy, black shadow moved stealthily athwart his way, and he felt as if he had been pursued up to the very door. And for what?—and *by* what? Brave though he was, a slight thrill ran along his arteries, and he caught his breath; and the next moment his heart leaped with a joy he was half ashamed of, as a light flashed through a single pane of glass along the damp step, and the voice of the preacher himself answered the summons by bidding him *walk in!* as he fumbled within at the heavy door. "I will, sir," said Burroughs, lifting his foot—and then half-recoiling—"I will, though when I passed over your threshold three years ago, this very month—nay, this very night, as I live! Strange I should not have remembered this till now! I had well nigh determined never to recross it while I breathed;" and he stood for a moment as if debating with himself whether to go forward or back.

"Ah, brother Burroughs! ah, is that you?" said his aged friend; "why, man, how pale you are!" lifting up the candle so as to see the face of Burroughs, while he shadowed his own eyes with a trembling hand, as if not altogether satisfied with himself or his visiter. "You are tired, maybe—yes, yes, I see how it is—very tired; you have come a long way, haven't you? But why do you stand there? Why do you hold back, as if unwilling to enter? Walk in, walk in, I pray you, and make yourself at home, brother."

"No, no," said Burroughs, talking to himself in a low voice, and without appearing to heed the preacher. "No, no, it is too late now; I cannot go back if I would; but of a truth, it is very strange, that I should not have recollected my bad wish, till my foot had actually overpassed that rocky threshold, which I made a vow never to cross again while I breathed—never, *never*—under the penalty of death! Pray, forgive me, brother,"—entering as he spoke—"but how is this? You appear less cordial than of yore."

"Less cordial, brother?—I hope not. I did not mean to receive you less kindly; but your visit was rather unexpected, though I knew of your being in the neighbourhood; and in short, brother, after what happened at the court-house—to tell you the truth, I—I—I was taken a *little* by surprise. But I have a right now, I think, to complain of you. You made no answer when I called to ask who was there; and when you saw me after I unbolted the door, you hesitated and half drew back, and appeared as if unwilling to trust yourself beneath my roof."

"*Did I!* well, that *is* strange! But I did not hear you ask who was there, and stood wondering at the stillness after I knocked."

"Pray, walk in, you are evidently much disturbed; something *must* have happened to you. There, there, let us fasten the door," and they entered the house together.

"*Did I!*" exclaimed Burroughs, after they had seated themselves; "*did I, indeed!* How wonderful! Pray, give me a drop of cold water and allow me to rest myself. Are the children up?"

"Ah, brother, brother, you have not forgotten the dear child, I see."

"Which dear child?"

"*Which!* ah, ah, I took it for granted your inquiry was about my poor little Abby, the image of my dear departed wife; you never had a truer friend, brother."

"Is Bridget Pope with you still?"

"Why, George Burroughs!" looking at him with a mixture of pity and astonishment, "that poor child has never been out of your head, I dare say, from the day you first *gathered* her, as it were, among the thistles and rocks. Were she six or eight years older, I do believe in my heart you would almost—nay, nay, forgive me, I did not mean to speak lightly of her resemblance to your wife, nor of your astonishing *partiality* for her. Poor things! poor things! they are no longer the happy little creatures that you saw about my table three years ago; but I begin to have a hope now, some little hope, that we may yet see them as they have been; for within a day or two, Bridget has begun to look more cheerful, and to go about the house in that quiet, graceful, easy way which used to bring the water into your eyes whenever you saw her *gliding*, as you called it, from one part of the room to another. I do wish you had come earlier; why didn't you? We have been expecting Robert Evelett here, and if we can but persuade the children to play together, and be noisy and cheerful as they were wont, I have a notion that both will get over their melancholy ways. Their health is much better; but they are too much alone, perhaps. Why, what ails the man! what is the matter with you, my friend? I believe in my heart you haven't heard a word I've been a sayin' all this time."

"*Did I!*"

"Did you what! Really, I don't understand you."

"At any rate, I should like to see the children."

"Very well, they have but just done their supper; and we shall find them getting ready for bed." Saying this, he opened the door, and walked into a room, which appeared to be the kitchen, though there were no less than three beds in it—one a turn-up.

Burroughs followed—and great, indeed, was the consternation and sorrow he felt on seeing the poor children. They were so pale, so wasted, so full of care, so unlike what they should have been at their age—the age of innocent looks and cheerful hearts. They started up as he entered—and Abigail ran away into a far corner and hid herself; and as for Bridget Pope, though she stood still and stared at him with a steady look, she made no reply when he spoke to her, but grew paler and paler, till she seemed just ready to drop, in the changeable light that issued from the kitchen fireplace, upon which an armful of hemlock brush had been heaped, as if to extinguish the fire and fill the room with smoke, and the chimney with a rush of sparks whenever the wind swept through it.

"Father! oh father! oh *my!*" cried the little Abby, peeping out from between her fingers at Burroughs, and speaking with a sort of impatient peevish whine. "There—there—there it goes! don't you see it now, father?"

"See what, my dear?"

"Burroughs—Burroughs—there—there—there it goes! there it stands!—it's looking at me now. Oh, father! father! I never saw him before; but I've seen all the rest—in my sleep, father—oh my! can't you see him now, father?"

"See him! to be sure I do, my child."

"Gracious God! Father of mercy! what is the meaning of this?" cried Burroughs, locking his hands with terrour, and lifting them in vehement supplication.

"There, father! Didn't you hear that? Oh, father! if it aint makin' believe pray!"

"Why, Abby, don't you know me?—*Me*, your old friend Burroughs?"

"There, father, that's just the way he used to speak! Anybody might know that shape anywhere. Why, as sure as you are alive, father, that's parson Burroughs himself."

"To be sure it is, and most happy am I to see you, my dear child," he answered, in a soothing voice, and moving a little nearer. "What ails you? Why do you tremble so? Don't you know me yet, Abby? nor you either, Bridget?"

"Oh, sir! sir! is it you, is it only you yourself, Mr. Burroughs?" cried the poor girl, gasping for breath, and huddling up into the shadow as to avoid his touch.

"To be sure it is! Why, what on earth can possess you both? What *is* the matter with you? What are you afraid of? Who else can it be?"

"Who else—I do not know, sir—I dare not say, sir—I—I—I—I never happened to see you before, sir," said the poor girl, catching her breath at every word.

"Never saw me before! what do you mean by saying that, after the affair at the court-house no longer ago than——"

"No, sir—never, sir, *never!* Your spirit, I mean—your shape—you that stand there, looking just as if you were alive—yourself I saw—to be sure I did—but, oh mercy! mercy! don't touch me!" But he did touch her, nevertheless; he took her hand in his for a moment, and she let it go before she had time to be frightened out of her senses; and instantly—*instantly!*—she stood before him, and the creature completely reassured and happy!

"Oh, Abigail! Abigail!" she cried, on finding herself again at liberty, "Abby! Abby! as sure as you're alive, it is Mr. Burroughs himself! Speak to it, Abigail—don't be afraid—what can you be afraid of? I don't believe he's one of the crew, after all; they may say what they like, but I'm not afraid now, and I won't be afraid again, so there!" And her lips had something of the beautiful petulance you would look for in a spoiled child. "You'd better come out and speak to it, Abby."

"Speak to it yourself, Bridget Pope, you're the *oldest!*"

"Well, an' you're the *youngest!*"

"Ah, but you're the *nearest*, Bridget!"

"Yes, and you're the *furthest* off, Abby!"

"Well, now, an' if you aint afeard, speak to it Bridgy. Let me see you touch it, if you dare."

"If I dare! Well, *there*, Abby, there! I did touch you, didn't I, sir? and I aint afraid of you, am I, sir? and I never mean to be afeard of you again, do I, sir? never! till I see your ugly, wicked shape with my own eyes and the light of the kitchen fire shining through and through you, as I thought it did a minute or two ago. Come out, Abby, you'd better, and take a seat on the bed with me."

After much persuasion, the poor little thing began to creep out of her hiding-place, to feel her way along by the two beds; and by little and little got courage enough at last, holding on by her father's coat-tail, however, to sidle up to Mr. Burroughs, who sat buried in sorrowful thought, lift up her innocent face, and say to him in a faint whisper, just loud enough to reach his ear, "You be Mr. Burroughs, then—aint you?"

"Yes, dear, yes; am I so much altered, then, that you do not know me?"

"You are a good man, sir, aint you?"

"I hope so, dear," drawing her up to his heart so gradually as not to alarm her.

"You never torments the people, do you, sir?"

"I! no indeed, I hope not; I should be sorry to torment anybody."

"There, Bridget Pope, did you hear that? He says he never torments the people; didn't you, sir?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then Elizabeth Hubbard tells a great lie; don't she, father?" The preacher made no reply till Burroughs kissed her forehead, when he smiled mournfully and turned away. "Well, I declare, if that aint as much like father as ever you see!"

Having now passed a whole hour in a careful examination of these poor little sufferers, Burroughs bade them farewell—farewell for ever! and went away utterly confounded by their behaviour, and with a hope of reaching the truth; for if Abigail Paris and Bridget Pope were altogether innocent, and free from evil thought and mischief, as they *certainly* were, how could he say, after all, that they and others were not bewitched?

Still there was one hope. It might be disease in them, or fright, because of their loneliness; through cruel treachery in others of the afflicted. Anxious to follow up the inquiry, without losing an hour, he set off in search of Rachel and Elizabeth Dyer, knowing that under their quiet roof, he should certainly find peace, and, perhaps, obtain further knowledge of the miserable creature, who, in the story of the sheet, had abused the faith of the judges and people, with a tremendous forgery.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

He was not altogether disappointed. Rachel Dyer knew much of Elizabeth Hubbard, whose bold audacious temper and great beauty had made her terrible, and was only waiting for proof that could not be questioned, to impeach her, face to face, before the people. Rachel Dyer had proved her courage before—again and again had she proved it—she was frank and fearless, and everybody acknowledged it; and yet, was there a something mysterious about her, which even her tried and faithful friend, Burroughs himself, was never able to fathom. She knew, that as a grandchild of Mary Dyer, the quaker-prophetess and martyr, she was regarded with awe and terrour by the multitude. She knew also, that, because of her behaviour in the seasons of great publick peril, when, though she was one of that people, who keep away from war and strife, in every possible shape, she had gone forth twice by herself—yea, thrice—a young, helpless woman, without a companion or a guide—unaided and alone, into the thick of the wilderness, to plead for them that had been carried away captive by the Indians; prevailing where there was no hope, in every case, and saving at one time four human creatures, three of whom were the descendants of those who had been foremost in putting Mary Dyer to death; risking her life at night, in the great awful woods of the north, when they were beset and beleaguered with prowling savages, to rescue the grandchildren of a man, who had been the destroyer of her grandmother. She knew that, because of these things, they regarded her, not merely with awe and terrour, but with love, and a sort of affectionate veneration. Still, however, there was that in her lofty carriage, whenever Burroughs and Elizabeth were nigh, which neither was able to account for, though it might proceed, he thought, from a consciousness of great power and authority, and a wish to conceal that consciousness.

He found the two sisters at prayer. They gave him a hearty generous welcome. Though Rachel, who was actually chiding Elizabeth for shyness, appeared whenever he spoke to her, as if she knew not whither to look nor what to say. He was preparing to ask what troubled her, what had so changed her, and why she held

him so aloof with her stately carriage, when a whisper was heard at the door by which he had just entered, a sweet low voice, like that of a frightened woman, saying, "sir, sir!—you are wanted!"

"Ah, I could swear to that voice!" he cried, starting up and running to the door.

"Let me in, I pray you, quick! quick!"

Elizabeth was ready to drop out of her chair; but Rachel, staying Burroughs with a look, as he was hurrying toward the door, went to it, and flung it wide open, without a sign of terrour. It was Robert Evelett.

"Oh, sir!" cried he—his neck all open, his hat off, and his hair flying loose; oh, sir! I have run up here, just to tell you that they are a goin' to have you taken up to-morrow."

"Me——"

"Yes, sir—and you—and you—and all the rest of 'em. Bridget Pope told me to run for my life. There's Mary Walcott and Lizzy Hubbard, they've jist ben over to persuade Bridgy and Abby how't you are one o' them are shapes; but they don't believe a word on't, and so—and so—I've brought you up father's gray stallion, and hitched him jist back o' the orchard there—an' you'd better be off, lickitty-split, I tell you, about the quietest; an' you too, Elizabeth, for they'll swear through thick and thin against you; and as for—a—a—hem—shall I bring up the horse!"

Burroughs made him repeat the particulars, and becoming satisfied in his own soul, that if they undertook to destroy the poor terrified girl, there would be no possibility of her escape, he turned to her, and bidding her be of good courage, added—"If you think as I do, Rachel, we have not a moment to lose."

"I do think with thee, George—Robert, go to the barn, please, with thee—and lead up the black mare. Thee will find her on thy left hand as thee enters the door, with a side-saddle and a pillion by her crib. There—go, go, and look well to her girths—she must carry double to-night."

"Why double? we have another horse, or even two more, if need be," said Burroughs.

"No, George—my sister and I go together. Miriam will carry us both, I dare say—she has carried both a longer journey, and at a swifter pace by far, than we shall need go now, I trust. Get thee ready, sister. George, I was not altogether prepared for this, though I had wagered my life against hers—not for my own sake, however, but for the sake of others; but I shall not weary nor faint, I promise thee; and hope, through divine assistance, to stay the mischief yet, and, if possible, without the destruction of Elizabeth Hubbard. But, what is to become of thee, George?"

"I shall remain here."

"*Here!*" said Elizabeth, trembling, so that she could not fasten the belt of her wrapper.

"Yes—*here*. It is my duty."

"Then, it is our duty, also;" and, she seated herself in apparent despair.

"No, Elizabeth—no. I am a preacher of the gospel—a man; able to bear that, which you, as a woman, would not be able to think of. What may be very proper for me, might be improper; nay, actually impossible for a young and fair——"

"George Burroughs!"

"Forgive me, Rachel—I was carried away by my anxiety."

"What *shall* I do, sister?" said Elizabeth.

"Thou hast my opinion already."

"Well, sister, be it so—but then——"

"Well, what then!"

"If thee could but persuade him to go with us, why, then, sister, we should be safe."

"*Safe*, Elizabeth Dyer! Our safety is not in George Burroughs, I hope; nor in the arm of flesh."

"No, no, sister—I didn't mean that; but—but—we shall find our way through the woods better.—Shouldn't we!"

Rachel made no reply; but stood looking at them both; first, at one, and then at the other, as if about to speak, until her colour changed and her eyes filled; then stepping aside into a small room, she disappeared for a few moments, while they were getting ready; but the door stood open a little way, and a kneeling shadow fell upon the white sanded floor, and shot along the wall. On her return, she spoke to Burroughs, with a profounder earnestness and greater composure. "Thee will go with us, I hope, George," said she. "It will give thee time to deliberate; and I see thee's taken a little by surprise. It will be a great help to ——to——to Elizabeth and me; and if thee should come, after all—why, so much the more would be thy merit, having once got clear."

"I shall go far enough with you, to see you in safety; and then I shall come back, if I live"

"Make no rash promises, George. The Lord may open a different path for thee."

"All ready, sir!" cried the boy, putting his head into the door. "I say though, Mr. Burroughs, a word in your ear; *she's* a goin', I hope, aint she," looking at Rachel.

"Why should she go, Robert?"

"If you'll speak a little lower, and stoop a little more, I'll give you reason enough, I guess, for what I say. Hush, hush—Barbara Shaw and Liz Hubbard, when they came over to see Bridgy and Abby, jist now, they told 'em how't you came to their bedside, only night afore last, with a witch that nobody ever see before—a freckled witch, with red hair, and a hump on her back."

Burroughs clapped his hand over the boy's mouth and interchanged a look of dismay with Elizabeth, whose heart ached to hear that beloved sister so spoken of; and the more, because of the bitter truth of the words, and the innocent guardedness of the poor boy to keep it, from her sharp, sensitive ear. But Rachel was not like her sister. She took the boy's hand with a smile, gave him a hearty kiss, and without more ado, prepared for the journey.

They were on their way immediately. It was a cool, clear night, and the vast wilderness, through which their path lay, appeared to overshadow the whole earth, and to shoot up a multitude of branches into the very sky; so dim was it underneath and about, so bright and motionless overhead. Rachel and Elizabeth were mounted upon a powerful and free-spirited creature; and Burroughs upon the very animal he would have selected for that occasion. At every step he threw up his head, and shook his magnificent mane, and planted his foot, as if he knew that he was the hope of the whole party. The moon was up. The great highroad, by which they were to escape to Rhode Island, was before them—a path only at the best.

"Hush!" whispered Burroughs. "Rein up, and steal into the shadow. I hear the tread of horses afar off—another—and another—oh, there is no time to be lost, now. Farewell!——"

"No, no George—no!—do not leave us yet, I pray thee."

"But it must be so. I shall throw myself in their way, by an opposite path. For your lives do not stir from the shadow, till you hear me pass that hill yonder at a gallop. If I do not return, after waiting half an hour, make the best of your way along that left hand opening. Farewell! and be of good courage! Saying this, he set off to join the pursuers at a place where three roads came together, near the bottom of the hill. He had not gone far, when he caught a glimpse of six or eight horsemen, riding at a furious rate, in the very direction he wished. He reined up with a gush of thankfulness; but his charger grew restive, and on seeing the other horses, and hearing their heavy tramp, which rang through the still night air, like a charge of cavalry, he threw up his head into the air, and sprang off, with a long loud neigh, which was immediately answered by two or three horses of the troop, and then by that on which the poor girls were mounted.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

GAIETIES AND GRAVITIES.

THE AVARICIOUS FATHER.

The following anecdote of the meanness and ingenuity of a Russian father is almost too contemptible to allow us to laugh at it:—A marriage had been arranged between two families in the trading class at Moscow. The father of the young lady was rich, and it was agreed that he should provide her with a handsome trousseau, and that he should pay his son-in-law her fortune of two hundred thousand roubles, about eight thousand pounds, on the morning of the wedding. The happy day at length arrived, the trousseau or *pridannie* was, according to custom, packed in handsome chests, placed on cars, and paraded through the streets to the bridegroom's house, to display the wealth of the family; it having been already, with the same laudable object, exhibited as usual in the bride's apartments to all who chose to come, either to criticise or to admire. Before the wedding, the father of the lady presented her intended husband with the promised dowry of his daughter; as, however, it was now time to proceed to church, he remarked to the young man, "You can't carry such a sum of money as this about you, so you had better leave it with me, and you can take it home with you at night." To this proposal the other readily assented; the wedding was duly solemnized, and was, as usual, celebrated afterwards by a vast deal of eating and drinking; and when the happy couple went home at night, the bridegroom, unsuspicious from wine and love, was easily persuaded to leave his money in his father-in-law's care till the morning. The next day he was hardly dressed, when he was told that there were some men inquiring for him; he at first refused to see them, saying, "it was not a moment for business, and he would attend to none that day;" the people, however, persisted in their demand for admission, and were at length let in. On seeing the bridegroom, they immediately told him they were come for the *chests*. "What chests?" was the reply. "Why, the *pridannie*," to be sure. "Pooh!" said the young man, who supposed that the ornamented chests had been hired for the occasion, "you shall have your boxes, but you are in a great hurry; my wife has not had time yet to unpack her things, and put them in their proper places." The lady, who was standing by, looked very foolish at this, while the men replied, that they must have not only the chests, but also their contents. Upon this the bridegroom got in a rage, and asked if they meant to carry off his wife's wardrobe. "Don't talk nonsense about your wife's wardrobe," said the intruders with a provoking laugh; "you don't really suppose all those things belong to her; the old gentleman only hired them for the occasion, to make a show, and we are now sent to fetch them back." The bride, on being appealed to, was obliged to admit that all the men had said was true; and accordingly, they carried off the handsome furs, silks, jewels, and other valuable articles of a Russian trousseau in that class of life; while the husband betook himself in no good humour to his father-in-law, to complain of his deceit, and to get the money which he had left in his charge. "What money?" said the old man, in pretended surprise. "Why," said the other, "the two hundred thousand rubles which you paid me yesterday as your daughter's dowry, and which I left in your care last night." "Ah!" said the father-in-law, laughing, "you can't pretend to be serious. I gave you the money yesterday to make a show before the company, and you gave it me back afterwards, as it was always understood between us that you should." In vain the young man denied the assertion, and claimed the payment of the money, and the fulfilment of the contract; argument and entreaty proved alike useless, and he was obliged to go home, with the satisfaction of having been cheated out of his wife's fortune, as well as her wardrobe, by her own father.

A requisite for an artist.—A nobleman, who painted remarkably well for an amateur, showing one of his pictures to Poussin, the latter exclaimed—"Your lordship only requires a little poverty to make you a complete artist."

EXTRACTS FROM BULWER'S RICHELIEU.

POLITICAL DISTRUST.

At our statelier homes
The very walls do play the eaves-dropper.
There's not a sunbeam creeping o'er our floors
But seems a glance from that malignant eye
Which reigns o'er France; our fatal greatness lives
In the sharp glare of one relentless day.

FRIENDSHIP.

Confide in me! our young days rolled together
In the same river, glassing the same stars
That smiled in the heaven of hope; alike we made
Bright-winged steeds of our unformed chimeras,
Spurring the fancies upward to the air,
Wherein we shaped fair castles from the cloud.

LOVE AND ITS OBJECT.

The thoughts of lovers stir with poetry
As leaves with summer wind.—The heart that loves
Dwells in an Eden, hearing angel-lutes,
As Eve in the First Garden. Hast thou seen
My Julie, and not felt thenceforth dull
To live in the common world, and talk in words
That clothe the feelings of the frigid heart?
Upon the perfumed pillow of her lips—
As on his native bed of roses flushed
With Paphian skies Love smiling sleeps: Her voice
The blest interpreter of thoughts as pure
As virgin wells where Dian takes delight,
Or fairies dip their changelings! In the maze
Of her harmonious beauties—Modesty,
(Like some severer grace that leads the choir
Of her sweet sisters) every airy motion
Attunes to such chaste charms, that Passion holds
His burning breath, and will not with a sigh
Dissolve the spell that binds him! Oh those eyes
That woo the earth—shadowing more soul than lurks
Under the lids of Psyche!

DESPAIR AND MIRTH.

There is a brotherhood, which calm-eyed Reason
Can wot not of, betwixt Despair and Mirth.
My birthplace mid the vines of sunny Provence,
Perchance the stream that sparkles in my veins
Came from that wine of passionate life which, erst,
Glow'd in the wild heart of the Troubadour!
And danger, which makes steadier courage wary,
But fevers me with an insane delight;
As one of old, who, on the mountain crags,
Caught madness from a Mænad's haunting eyes.

RULE OF RICHELIEU.

What class of men, whose white lips do not curse
The grim, insatiate, universal tyrant?
We noble born—where are our antique rights—
Our feudal seignories—our castled strength,
That did divide us from the base plebeians,
And made our swords our law—where are they?—Trod
To dust—and o'er the graves of our dead power
Scaffolds are monuments—the kingly house
Shorn of its beams—the royal sun of France
'Clipsed by this blood-red comet. Where we turn,
Nothing but Richelieu!—Armies—church—state—laws—
But mirrors that do multiply his beams.
He sees all—acts all—Argus and Briareus—
Spy at our boards, and deathsman at our hearths;
Under the venom of one laidley nightshade,
Wither the lilies of all France.

POLICY.

Bah! in policy
We foil gigantick danger, not by giants,
But dwarfs. The statues of our stately fortune
Are sculptured by the chisel—not the axe!

POWER OF THE PEN.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold
The arch-enchanter's wand!—itself a nothing!
But taking sorcery from the master hand
To paralyze the Cæsars—and to strike
The loud earth breathless!

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

"Ven you arrive at the dignity of sawin' wood, Lafayette, if you is elewated to that 'ere profession, mind an' always saw the biggest fust, 'cause yy! you'll only have the little uns to saw ven you gets tuckered out. Ven you eats pie, as I 'opes you may, if you lives to be a man, alwuz eat the crust fust, 'cause the crust aint a good thing to top with, 'specially if it's tough and thick as sole leather. Ven you piles up wood, alwuz put the big 'ns to the bottom—alwuz, Lafayette, 'cause it's mighty hard exercise to lift 'em to the tip of the pile. These are the r'sults of hobservation, Lafayette, an' may be depended on, an' ist all for your good that I say it."—"Vy, father," responded young Hopeful, "vat a 'normous 'sperience you must a had!"

The wits at the Garrick were the other day discussing the question of the interference of ministers in preventing the performances at Drury-Lane. "It is, indeed, too bad," remarked Hook, "to *cross* Bunn the whole of Lent, when Good Friday is the only day properly set apart for that process."

The general impression is, that Madame Vestris has not managed the infernal machine plot with half the dexterity that she *manages* her *plots* on the stage: the *part* well *filled*, it appears, was the box.

T. Cook having an obstinate cigar the other night that would *not* light, declared that he was just in the same situation as Charles Kean, "for," says he, "I've been *puffing* and *puffing* for a long time, but curse me if I can *draw*."

When poor Edmund Kean first appeared at Drury-Lane theatre and excited the admiration of the metropolis by his great tragick powers some one said to Jack Bannister, that he was an excellent *Harlequin*. "Yes," replied he, "he leaps wonderfully; he has already jumped over the heads of those who stood highest in the theatre."

The remark of Sir W. Curtis might be applied to many of the enjoyments of life as well as eating—that after all, the rich and the poor are equally *ill off*. The one can seldom find a dinner for an appetite, and the other can still seldomer find an appetite for a dinner.

Formerly in France a great foot was much esteemed, and the length of the shoe, in the fourteenth century, was a mark of distinction. The shoes of a prince were two feet and a half long.

KATE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I know her by her angry air,
Her bright black eye, her bright black hair,
Her rapid laughter, wild and shrill,
As laughter of the woodpecker
From the bosom of a hill.
'Tis Kate—she sayeth what she will:
For Kate hath an unbridled tongue,
Clear as the twanging of a harp.
Her heart is like a throbbing star.
Kate hath a spirit ever strung
Like a new bow, and bright and sharp
As edges of the cimeter.
Whence shall she take a fitting mate?
For Kate no common love will feel;
My woman-soldier, gallant Kate,
As pure and true as blades of steel.

Kate saith, "the world is void of might."
Kate saith, "the men are gilded flies"
Kate snaps her fingers at my vows;
Kate will not hear of lovers' sighs.
I would I were an armed knight,
Far famed for my well-known emprise,
And wearing on my swarthy brows
The garland of new-wreathed boughs;
For in a moment I would pierce
The blackest files of clanging fight,
And strongly strike from left to right,
In dreaming of my lady's eyes.
On! Kate loves well the bold and fierce;
But none are bold enough for Kate,
She cannot find a fitting mate.

JOHN KEMBLE'S MARRIAGE.

In our last, we published a curious fact in relation to John Kemble's marriage. The following, which we procure from the same source, is highly characteristick of that singular man:—One evening, Mrs. Brereton addressed Mrs. Hopkins: "My dear mother," she said, "I cannot guess what Mr. Kemble means: he passed me just now: going up to his dressing-room, and chucking me under the chin, said, 'Ha, Pop! I should not wonder if you were soon to hear of something very much to your advantage.' What could he mean!" "Mean," the sensible mother answered, "why he means to propose marriage; and, if he does, I advise you not to refuse him; you will not meet with a better offer." Thus the matrimonial galley was launched; and the voyage proceeded rapidly, merrily, and to a joyous conclusion, although not unmarked with some peculiar circumstances. When the lady's consent was obtained, and the happy day fixed, Mr. Kemble was living purely *en garcon*, the elegancies of female life never thought on, in a lodging in Caroline-street, Belford-square. His intimacy with Jack Bannister, and the true regard he felt for him, rendered it natural and easy to request Mr. Bannister's attendance at the ceremony. This was readily agreed to, and on the appointed morning, the eighth of December, Mrs Hopkins and Mrs. Brereton, presenting themselves at Bannister's abode in Frith-street, they all prepared to the bridegroom's dwelling. Whether he had been late over-night, or whether "dreaming of golden joys," he had been unwilling to shorten his morning slumber, certain it is that, when the ladies arrived, there was not the slightest sign of preparation for breakfast. A number—they could not be termed a set—of tea-things at length appeared, the meal was discussed, the parties reached the church in proper time, and the ceremony was completed by an intimate friend of Kemble, the well-known Parson Este. They were departing in separate coaches, the gentlemen in one, the ladies in another, when Mrs. Bannister said, "As you do not seem to have made any preparations, suppose you dine with us; but, as both Mrs. Kemble and Mr. Bannister play to-night, the dinner must be early and punctual." This good-natured and considerate offer was readily accepted; the ladies went to Frith-street, and, having waited to the utmost extremity of time, were obliged to dine without the newly-married man. Bannister and Mrs. Kemble had departed before his arrival; dinner was served up again, and at a proper hour Mrs. Bannister left him to his wine, expecting continually that he would appear at the tea-table; at last he did come, but not until it was full time that he should escort his wife home from the theatre. Thither he repaired in a hackney-coach; his wife popped in, and from that moment was installed mistress of a new abode.

EARLY HISTORY OF STEAM NAVIGATION.

In 1785, John Fitch, a watchmaker in Philadelphia, conceived the design of propelling a boat by steam. He was both poor and illiterate, and many difficulties occurred, to frustrate every attempt which he made, to try the practicability of his invention. He applied to Congress for assistance, but was refused; and then offered his invention to the Spanish government, to be used in the navigation of the Mississippi, but without any better success. At length a company was formed, and funds subscribed, for the building of a steamboat, and in the year 1788, his vessel was launched on the Delaware. Many crowded to see and ridicule the novel, and, as they supposed, the chimerical experiment. It seemed that the idea of wheels had not occurred to Mr. Fitch; but instead of them, oars were used, which worked in frames. He was confident of success; and when the boat was ready for the trial, she started off in good style to Burlington. Those who had sneered began to stare, and they who had smiled in derision looked grave. Away went the boat, and the happy inventor triumphed over the skepticism of an unbelieving publick. The boat performed her trip to Burlington, a distance of twenty miles; but unfortunately burst her boiler in rounding to the wharf at that place, and the next tide floated her back to the city. Fitch persevered, and with great difficulty procured another boiler. After some time the boat performed another trip to Burlington and Trenton, and returned in the same day. She was said to have moved at the rate of eight miles an hour; but something was continually breaking, and the unhappy projector only conquered one difficulty to encounter another. Perhaps this was not owing to any defect in his plans, but to the low state of the arts at that time, and the difficulty of getting such complex machinery made with proper exactness. Fitch became embarrassed with debt, and was obliged to abandon the invention, after having satisfied himself of its practicability The ingenious man, who was probably the first inventor of the steamboat, wrote three volumes, which he deposited in manuscript, sealed up, in the Philadelphia library, to be opened thirty years after his death. When, or why, he came to the west, we have not learned; but it is recorded of him, that he died and was buried near the Ohio. His three volumes were opened about five years ago, and were found to contain his speculations on mechanicks. He details his embarrassments and disappointments with a feeling which shows how ardently he desired success, and which wins for him the sympathy of those who have heard enough to mourn over the blighted prospects of genius. He confidently predicts the future success of the plan, which, in his hands, failed only for the want of pecuniary means. He prophesies that, in less than a century, we shall see our western rivers swarming with steamboats; and expresses a wish to be buried on the shores of the Ohio, where the song of the boatmen may enliven the stillness of his resting-place, and the musick of the steam-engine soothe his spirit. What an idea! Yet how natural to the mind of an ardent projector, whose whole life had been devoted to one darling object, which it was not his destiny to accomplish. And how touching is the sentiment found in one of his journals:—"the day will come when some more powerful man will get fame and riches from my invention; but nobody will believe that *poor John Fitch* can do anything worth of attention."

THE BRITISH QUEEN.

We copy the following notice of the youthful Queen of England, from a letter recently published in the Richmond Enquirer, and said to be from the pen of the American minister at that court:—"Of the Queen I suppose you will expect me to say something, and express my opinion. The press in both countries give the most flattering accounts of her beauty, wisdom, etc. Indeed, it is the fashion here to represent her, as I suppose they do all queens, as something short only of divinity. Now I will tell you very frankly what I think of her, and I have had a fair opportunity of judging. As to her person and face, they are pretty fairly represented in many of the numerous paintings and prints, some of which I suppose you have seen. Sully's I think as good and pleasing a likeness as any that has been taken. It has been sent to Philadelphia. None of them, however, do justice to the expression of the face. It is certainly not the sort I should call beautiful—but when lighted up by animated conversation, the face is full of expression and sweetness, and strongly indicative of character. Her manners are bland and unaffected; indeed, there is a simplicity and frankness and engaging affability about her quite remarkable for a queen. Another striking thing is, the total absence of all ambitious display or desire for admiration, which might be expected from such a person, and she a sovereign. No one can approach the present Queen without being struck with admiration and surprise, not only with her easy and charming deportment, and that peculiar softness of disposition and temper, for which she is so remarkable, but the entire self command and repose of manner, which might be expected to guard a sovereign of more advanced years and experience. She has, besides, all the characteristick *bon nature*! and good temper of the English. In relation to the Queen's personal habits, I understand she rises between eight and nine o'clock, breakfasts at ten, devotes herself to business till two, then exercises, generally on horseback, and that at a rapid pace, going at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour. Of her horsemanship I had an opportunity of judging, having myself been present in one of her excursions of twenty miles in about two hours; and I can assure you, if she does not ride like Cæsar, or hunt like Diana, she is yet one of the boldest and finest female riders I ever saw. Her attention to business is such, that I understand if a despatch comes while she is at dinner, she commonly rises and attends to it. She has a turn and capacity for business, and will, as she advances, doubtless take even a deeper interest in affairs of state than she does at present."

I HAD A HOME.

I had a home wherein the weariest feet
Found sure repose;
And Hope led on laborious day, to meet
Delightful close:
A cottage with broad eaves, and a thick vine;
A crystal stream,
Whose mountain-language was the same as mine;
It was a dream!

I had a home to make the gloomiest heart
Alight with joy—
A temple of chaste love, a place apart
From Time's annoy:
A moonlight scene of life, where all things rude
And harsh did seem
With pity rounded, and by grace subdued—
It was a dream!

WHEN TO LEAVE OFF.

It is the standard of complaint against jokers, and whist-players, and children, whether playing or crying—that they "never know when to leave off." It is a common charge against English winters and flannel waistcoats—it is occasionally hinted of rich and elderly relations—it is constantly said of snuff-takers, and gentlemen who enjoy a good glass of wine, that they "do not know when to leave off." It is the fault oftenest found with certain preachers, sundry poets, and all prosers, scolds, Parliamentary orators, superannuated story-tellers, she-gossips, morning calls, and some leave-takers, "that they do not know when to leave off." It is insinuated as to gowns and coats, of which waiting-men and waiting-women have the reversion. It is the characteristick of a 'Change-alley speculator; of a beaten boxer—of a builder's row, with his name attached to it—of works in numbers—of buyers and sellers on credit—of a shocking bad hat, that they "do not know when to leave off." A romp, all Murphy's frosts, showers, storms, and hurricanes—and the Wandering Jew, are in the same predicament.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Original.

THE ANTHEM AND INCENSE OF NIAGARA.

BY T. GRINFIELD.

An Anthem, "like the sound of many waters!"*
The Prophet heard it, as in wondrous visions
He lay entranced upon the cliffs of Patmos;
And wouldst thou hear its emblem, go and listen
In deep and dread delight—to Niagara!
That everlasting anthem, which has peal'd,
Nor paused a moment, from the birth of ages!
And there an offering of eternal incense
From Nature's altar—(in the vapoury column
On which the rainbow beams the smile of mercy,)
Has risen to heaven, well nigh six thousand years,—
In unison with that astounding chorus
Of multitudinous and white-robed waters,
How glorious in the fury of their rapture!
And still the thunder of the ceaseless anthem,
And still the column of attendant incense,
Shall greet the far-off pilgrim's ear and eye;
Till the "great globe, with all that it inherits,"
Shall vanish with a crash—like Niagara's.

NOTES.

See a very eloquent description of the Falls, in *C. I. La Trobe's* "Rambler in America." 1832

The name Nia-gara, is said to be composed of two Indian words, denoting "Thunder of Waters"—it is correctly pronounced with a long sound on the penultimate syllable, as in the line of Goldsmith's "Traveller,"

"Where Niagára stuns with thundering sound."

Line 10.—"On which the *rainbow* beams the smile of mercy."

"From the abyss below the Great Fall, a host of pyramidal clouds rose majestically, one after another; and each, when it had ascended a little above the edge of the cataract, displayed a beautiful *rainbow*, which in a few moments was transferred into the bosom of the cloud, which immediately succeeded. The spray had extended itself through a wide space directly over me: and, receiving the full influence of the sun, exhibited a magnificent *rainbow*, which continued to overarch and irradiate the spot where I stood in enthusiastick contemplation of the indescribable scene."—*Howison's Canada.* 1821.

Professor Dwight states that "the *red*, *orange*, and *yellow* colours, were the brightest he had ever seen in a rainbow; the others more faint."

Line 18.—"Shall vanish with a *crash*—like Niagara's!"

It is remarkable that the word rendered "with a great noise," II. Peter, ch. iii. 10. (ῥοιζηδὸν) alludes to *the rushing of waters;* being derived from ῥέω, *fluo.*

* Rev. ch. xix. v. 6.

THOUGHTS ON MATRIMONY.

Great disparity in matrimony is an evil in many particulars; and what is more unnatural than to see a young miss wedded to a man old enough to be her father? He ought to have sense enough to know, that unless she is an eccentrick character, she never married him for love; and she ought also to know, that in consenting to marry him, she in all probability consented to make herself a wretched slave—to put herself in the power of a man who had already expended his first and warmest love upon others; and who, by his superiour age, his matured habits of pleasing himself and of having his own way, and the self-importance which property gives, was well qualified to act the part of the tyrant, rather than that of the husband. If a young man has property, he may of course marry at a suitable age, and adopt the style of living which is justified by his means. But if he is destitute of property, he has three alternatives, and he can take his choice between them. Selecting a prudent and industrious person for his wife, he may marry young and live in the style of simplicity adapted to his income; or he can wait till he has acquired a property, so as to be able to support a family in the more modern and fashionable style; or he can marry at any rate, launch fearlessly out into all the expenses of a fashionable establishment, and run his chance of bringing his wife and children to want. The first is the best, the second is next, the third is too bad to be thought on.—*Winslow.*

OPPOSITE CHARACTERS.

Mole-catchers are a singular class of men—what one would call *characters*—with a considerable share of low wit, and a sly, cunning look, slow and deliberate in all their movements and parts of speech. They are silent and stealthy in their walk, as if the very success of their operations depended on their not giving the alarm to the little animal they wanted to entrap. I also observe that they are much bent, from the constant habit they have of stooping to look for the runs of the mole. They are, however, possessed of much acuteness, and by means of a small fee, are generally tolerably communicative. The rat-catcher is a very different kind of person. There is frequently an impudent, saucy look about him, which seems to partake of the character of the animal he destroys. His very dogs are afraid of him, and they appear sulky and half-starved. His conversation is generally in praise of his dogs and ferrets, and the number of rats he has destroyed with them. He is a great frequenter of the alehouse, and conveys all the scandal from one village to another in the progress of his calling. My friends, the mole-catchers, on the contrary, are a sober and quiet race of men, fond of accumulating money, and are seldom to be met with in an alehouse. Their cottages are generally neat and clean, and the implements of their calling tidily bestowed in them—such as two or three spades, a bundle of tough hazels, and some wooden traps—and in an evening may frequently be seen twisting their horse-hair nooses, or cutting a hazel stick to its proper length.

When a man misses any thing, his first idea is that somebody has stolen it; though he ascertains, ninety-nine times in a hundred, that the loss is from his own carelessness.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATIONS.

THE FAMILY OF THE GREAT SULLY.

If our readers want any further proof of the neglect into which great names soon fall, and the speed with which riches and renown melt away into nothing, they will find it in the proceedings of the French Academy, at the last distribution of the *prix Monthyon*. This, it may not be amiss to remind them, is an annual prize, founded by M. Monthyon, awarded, under the direction of the academy, to such as have distinguished themselves by acts of courage, or disinterestedness; by the practice, in a word, of either the active or passive virtues. The highest of these prizes was awarded at this last anniversary, to Martin, a poor workman, and an old servant of the Sully family, who had saved the last of that noble race from suffering, perhaps from perishing, with actual want.

Maximilian de Béthune, Duke of Sully, was descended from one of the oldest families in France,

——"Béthune's line of Picardie,"

a family indeed of such pretensions, that when a Mademoiselle de Béthune not long since danced with the Duke of Orleans, (the heir to the French crown,) the whole *Faubourg St. Germain* was in an uproar at her want of self-respect, and the legitimist papers were at some pains to explain away the circumstance of her having forgotten herself so far as to dance with "an Orleans." Yet, the descendants of this proud stock, the children of Sully, have been forced to owe their support to the benevolence of a grateful menial! But to our story.

We translate from the address of Mde. de Salvandy, then Minister of the Department of Publick Instruction, (who lately went out with Count Molé,) who awarded the prizes. The presence of the faithful Martin, and also of a lineal descendant of Sully, one of the objects of his gratitude, added to the interest of M. de Salvandy's address. We fancy it will be some time before we shall see one of our cabinet ministers a member of an Academy of Literature like the French, and awarding prizes for virtuous conduct. "They manage these things better in France." But let us hear M. de Salvandy After mentioning several instances of courage and self-devotion, which had been deemed worthy of reward by the Academy, he proceeds:

"The last picture to which I shall call your attention, gentlemen, shows that an illustrious example is the only inheritance that parents can ever rely upon transmitting to their offspring.

"The great Sully left at his death a fortune equal to his publick services and to his fame. The line of male descendants from him became extinct, about the middle of the last century. The daughter of the last Duke of Sully, Maximilienne de Béthune, married the Marquis de l'Aubespiere, and brought him an immense dowry. But the affairs of the Aubespiere family soon fell into confusion; nothing whatever of the large patrimony of Sully is left, and it is now my duty to inform you of the miracle of self-devotion, but for which his descendants would have been without food or shelter.

"At Champrond-en-Gâtine, in the *arrondissement* of Nogent-le-Rotron, all of which once belonged to the Duke of Sully, there lives a joiner, named Alexander Martin, whose family was in the service of the l'Aubespiere, during their prosperity. He himself owed his education and his establishment in business to the liberality of the Marquis de l'Aubespiere, formerly colonel of the regiment *de la Reine*, who took him into his service during the disasters of the revolution. Nor was he insensible to his master's kindness. For thirty-five years he never quitted him. He had the grief to see the wealth acquired by the great Sully, gradually melt away. Little by little, everything was mortgaged and sold. The severest blow to him was a few years since, when he saw the chateau of Villebon, hallowed in the feelings of the publick by the memory of its great occupant, pass into the hands of a stranger. The Marquis de l'Aubespiere, saved from the wreck of his estate only three annuities; one of six thousand francs for his son, one of twenty-four hundred for himself, and one of four hundred for Martin. Soon after he died Martin went home to his family, counting on the enjoyment, for the rest of his days, of his well-earned pension; but in vain. It was attached by the Marquis's creditors, and being now destitute of all means of support, he was forced to resume the trade he had learned in early life, which he did, without a murmur. So he lived, when on the sixteenth of June, 1830, his door opened, and his old master's son, Count de l'Aubespiere entered, with his three children, Angélique, a girl of five, Joséphine, four years old, and Louis, who had not yet seen eighteen months. The father of these infants was forced to leave his native country, and for ever. But he talked to Martin, as though his absence was to be but temporary, and bade him farewell, leaving in charge of a joiner of Champrond all in whose veins flowed any of the blood of the great Sully.

"Martin had himself three children. Fortunately his eldest daughter had just finished her apprenticeship, and was able to work for herself. Her mother and she earned together twenty-four sous a day; Martin himself earns thirty. It was on such an income as this, that they undertook the care of the new family, superadded to their own by a mysterious Providence. When work could not be had, they borrowed; when they could not borrow, they sold their furniture. They regarded no privations for themselves, so long as their master's children felt none. They lived on black bread, but the children of Aubespiere never wanted for white. Nor are you to suppose that Martin and his family eat down at the same table with them: the old servant paid his master's blood the same respect as in the days of their prosperity. He waited on them at meals in his own little hovel, as he would have done in their castle of Villebon; never imagining that he was their equal, because they had been unfortunate; and still less, that his virtues made him their superiour.

"Meantime, Martin's devotion became known in the neighbourhood. The Charbrain country, which was once full of the power, and is still full of the memory of Sully, began to move. The venerable ladies of the convent of St. Paul, at Chartres, claim the privilege of providing for the granddaughters of the Marquis de l'Aubespiere. They were rapidly growing up. The curate of Champrond had bestowed on them the rudiments of education, but more was required. Martin yielded with regret to a separation, which he felt to be necessary, and gave up his young charge to those pious hands, who will finish the work so well begun by him. The education of Louis, though he was still young, demanded attention. The convent of Nogent-le-Rotron, which was founded by Sully, and which contains his ashes, sent some aid for this purpose. So that of all the wealth of the minister and friend of Henry IV., the portion he bestowed on the poor is the only one of which any pittance will reach his posterity! But these resources were inadequate. Some generous spirits opened subscriptions to supply their deficiency, and a benevolent prelate offered a home in his palace. But it was necessary for government, with its ample means, to interpose. And, gentlemen, the king has bestowed on him a *bourse* in the college of Henry IV. He has done so, for the sake of the memory of a minister who served France faithfully, and left behind him a pure and venerable name; he has done it, too, for the sake of the virtuous servant, who deserves to have the consolation of seeing his pupil placed in a situation to reascend, if he will, to the station from which he has fallen.

"Martin, your task is ended. You have deserved the regard of all the virtuous and the good. You have afforded this age the spectacle of virtues that have been but too rare in all ages—gratitude, fidelity, and respect. The academy awards you a prize of three thousand francs.

"And you, Louis de l'Aubespiere, as you are present at this solemnity, may it make a deep and durable impression on your young heart! You make your first entrance into life in the manner in which many are condemned to pass it in maturer age, in full view of the publick, with the eyes of all upon you. Know, that the greatest of this world's goods, is the esteem of one's country, and pray to God, who has watched over your infancy, that he will enable you to obtain that wealth which depends on ourselves alone, and of which no ill-fortune can deprive us. You will learn, one day, that all the streams that flow in your veins, are of pure and illustrious blood; but never forget, that you must go back to Sully, to find, in all your race, a single name that is not eclipsed by that of Alexander Martin; and grow to manhood to show yourself worthy of the memory of your ancestor, of the devotion of your benefactor, and of the adoption of your king."

FROM CORRESPONDENTS AT HOME.

LETTER FROM JOHN SMITH.

Smithville, Down East, in the State of Maine, April 20, 1839.

Dear General Morris—You can't think what rejoicings there is in Smithville. The war in our disputed territory is all over; and Sargent Johnson and his company and my son John has got back, and nobody killed, and only one wounded, and that's poor Billy Wiggins, that had his leg broke by the moose that my son John told about in his last letter The company is all as hearty as bucks, and look as well as they did when they went away, only they've got their clothes wore out pretty bad. They got along here yesterday noon. We was setting to the table and jist a finishing our dinner, and my wife was jist a saying, "Oh, dear, I wish I knew what was become of poor Johnny; we haint heard from him for nigh about a fortnight, and I am afraid something has happened to him;" and she hadn't more than got the words out of her mouth when all to once we heard a terrible cracking and a roaring, like a platoon firing at a muster. We all jumped up and run to the door, and looked out one way and 'tother, and as soon as we looked away up to the top of the hill, we see Sargent Johnson's company jist beginning to march down; and the smoke of their guns was rolling away over their heads, where they had jist fired a salute to let the folks in the village know they was coming. As soon as we got out to the door my son John see us, and he sprung out a little one side of the company and jumped up on to a great rock, and took off his hat and swung it round and hoorah'd like a house afire. At that my three boys next to John, they turned to, and they hoorah'd as loud as they could bawl; and then they sot out and run up the hill like young colts, and when they met the company they run up to John and tried to shake hands, but John never turned his head to the right nor to the left, but marched straight ahead like a soldier. Sargent Johnson had give 'em their orders before, not to stop for nobody nor nothin', but march straight forward with heads up, right through the village, clear to the tavern, and there he would dismiss 'em.

When they got along down against our house, my wife was all of a ddder, she wanted to get hold of John so. She sot out to run right to him, and called out to him, "John, oh, John, aint you going to stop?"

But Sargent Johnson shook his head at her, and called out to his company, "heads up, keep time!" and they marched right by us straight as loons. Old grandfather by this time had hobbled out to the door, and stood leaning over his staff, and when he see them march by so straight without stopping or looking one way or 'tother, says he—

"Ah, that looks military. How that company has improved in discipline since they've been gone! Why, they march as well as British regulars, and seems to me John holds his head up and steps the best of any of 'em."

We stood and watched 'em till they got clear up to the tavern, and then they wasn't so far off but what we could hear Sargent Johnson give off the word of command.

"Halt; front face. Make ready; take aim; fire." When they'd let go their broadside, Sargent Johnson made a speech to 'em, and thanked 'em for their bravery and good conduct while they'd been gone, and told 'em if ever their country was in danger again, he hoped they'd always be ready to go at a moment's warning and fight to the last drop of their blood, if it was necessary, to keep off thieves and trespassers, and all sich like. And says he—

"Now, my brave feller soldiers, I bid you farewell, and take leave of you, as Gineral Washington took leave of his feller soldiers when he got through the revolutionary war. I've read it in his life, and I feel as if I wanted to cry every time I read it. Now I'll stand here, and I want you all to come round one arter another and shake hands with me, and that'll wind the business up."

And they all marched round one arter another and shook hands with Sargent Johnson, and then he told 'em they was dismissed, and would carry the thanks of their country with 'em the longest day they lived. As soon as they was dismissed, John turned and run right down towards our house full chisel. We was all out doors waiting for him, and sich a time as there was when he got there, I guess you never see. Sich a flocking round him and shaking hands, and sich a hugging among the children, it beat all nater. My wife, she couldn't help kissing him, for all he's sich a great boy, most seventeen years old. When the first hug among 'em was over, we all went into the house, and old grandfather he hobbled along and went into our house tu, for all he's so lame he hadn't been in before for nigh upon six months. My wife she flew round John like a hen that's found a lost chicken. She got hold of his arm and looked in his face, and says she—

"Now, Johnny, haint you been shot no where? Seems to me you look kind of pale and thin; I'm afraid you aint well."

John said he never felt better in his life, and as for being shot, he hadn't come any wheres nigh it but once, and that was when they took the logging camp.

"Well, John," said old grandfather, "did you mind, my boy, what I told you, not to be in too much of a hurry to fire? Did you keep your fire back till you got up so near the enemy you could see the whites of their eyes?"

"Why, as to that," said John, "we kept our fire back till we got as fur as we could go, for we got clear to the outer line of our disputed territory, and stood on it, and hollered, but there was no enemy there. We couldn't see the whites of their eyes nor nothin' else of 'em. So we let drive over into their own territory, hit or miss; and then turned about and went back to the fort"

"Well, that was well done," said grandfather; "it showed your spunk, any how; and proved that you wasn't afraid of the enemy, let him be where he would."

"Well, now John," says I, "my son, I want to ask you one question, if there's room enough for me to get in a word edgeways. And that is, how is it you got through this war so soon down there to our disputed territory, and got along with it without any more fighting? Somehow or other, it seems to me it's cooled off dreadfully quick; I don't exactly understand it."

"Nor I neither," said John; "I don't exactly understand it myself. Some say it's all owing to Gineral Scott. They say he's been down to Augusta and talked to Governor Fairfield till he got him nigh about as cool as a cowcumber. And then he writ some letters to Governor Harvey of Newbrumsick, and coaxed him to let the matter drop, till the United States should have a chance to talk along with old England about it a little, and see if they couldn't settle the hash. But some say they don't think Governor Harvey would a minded what Gineral Scott said, if he hadn't heard about Sargent Johnson's company being down there so near the line, and cutting up sich shines among the loggers. And he might have heard our guns, too, when we fired over the line, and thought it was best for him to keep out of the way and be quiet. At any rate, I guess, between Gineral Scott and our company, that war is put a stop to for one while. They say Gineral Scott is a master feller to talk to folks and keep 'em from fighting; but if they *will* fight, they must look out, for he'll put it into 'em jist like old Gineral Jackson."

While we was talking Squire Bean come in, and said the folks over to the tavern thought it was best to get up a publick dinner for Sargent Johnson and his company, and wanted to know if I wouldn't jine 'em. I told him I was perfectly willing to, for I believed the boys deserved a good dinner as much as any set of fellers ever did. So he went back to the tavern, and they concluded to go right to work and get the dinner ready for to-day.

Says I, "John, what a pity 'tis Gineral Scott didn't come round this way ftom Augusta, so as to eat this publick dinner with us."

"They say he never does sich things as that," said John; "he never stops any where to eat publick dinners, and never goes *round* to do anything; but let his business be what 'twill and where 'twill, he always goes straight to it and *does* it."

"Well," says I, "I think that's about as good a way as any, arter all."

There was considerable of a bustle over to the tavern last night and this morning, cooking and getting the dinner ready; and we let two of our gals go over and help 'em. John offered to go over and

help about it, but I told him, bein' the dinner was goin' to be given in honour of him and his company, it wouldn't look well.

"Why," says he, "father, who carez for looks? looks is nothin' —behaviour's all."

I told him, as to behaviour, he stood very well on that score, but still I thought he better not go over till dinner was ready.

Accordingly, to-day about twelve o'clock, they blew the horn over to the tavern, and that was the signal that the dinner was ready, and so I and John walked over. There was about fifty collected there to eat the dinner, and we all marched into the hall where the table was sot, and it was enough to du any one's eyes good to look at it. A better dinner a body couldn't hardly wish to see, even on thanksgiving day. There was biled salt beef, and pork and potatoes and cabbage, and pots of baked pork and beans, and baked Indian puddings, and fried pork and eggs, and pickled cowcumbers, and punkin pies, and fried sassages, and soused tripe, and roast spareribs, and stewed apple, and butter, and cheese, and hot bread, and cider, and I don't know what all.

Squire Bean was president of the table, and he made Sargent Johnson set down at his right hand and my son John at his left, and the rest of the company along next to 'em, and we spectators sot round the rest of the table.

So we all sot down and fell tu and eat as hearty as bears. Them victuals didn't stand no more chance afore us, than the British would afore Sargent Johnson and his company, if they'd a met 'em. Arter we got through eating, Squire Bean says—

"Now we must have some toasts. Now bring on the jugs of cider and the tumblers."

We are most all temperance folks up here in Smithville, and don't drink much of anything stronger than cider. So they brought on five or six gallon jugs full of cider, and a tumbler apiece for about three quarters of us, and the rest of us had mugs. Then Squire Bean says—

"Now, gentlemen, please to charge for my toast."

So we poured out the cider all round, and got all ready, and then Squire Bean got up and says he—

"Now, gentlemen, I give you the memory of one of our feller soldiers that's been wounded in the cause of his country, and by that means prevented from jining with us on this festival occasion. I give you the memory of Billy Wiggins—a leetle apt to go off too quick, but always good spunk, and as ready to put it into the British if they don't let our disputed territory alone and quit stealing our logs, as I am to pour this cider down my throat."

At that we took a drink round and then give three cheers for Billy Wiggins. And then Squire Bean says—

"Now, gentlemen, please to charge for Sargent Johnson's toast."

We poured out again and got ready, and then Sargent Johnson got up, and says he—

"Gentlemen, I give you the memory of Sir John Harvey. He wasn't a bit too perlite in his letter to Gineral Scott, calling of him his dear friend, and all that, for if it hadn't a been for Gineral Scott, we should a given him the most confounded licking that ever he had."

At that we begun to give three cheers for Governor Harvey, but Squire Bean sung out to us to stop, and told us not to give 'em to Governor Harvey, but to Gineral Scott. So we give three roarin' cheers for Gineral Scott. Then Squire Bean told us to please to charge for a toast from John Smith the tenth. That was my son John, setting on the left hand of the cheer. I felt a little uneasy for fear John might not get through it very well, for he never had done sich a job afore; but when we got ready, John sprung up and looked as sharp as he did that night he listed to go to the war, and says he—

"Gentlemen, I give you our disputed territory; a most capital place to get pine logs, to ketch moose, and to teach the British how to *toe the mark*."

Then we give three cheers for the disputed territory; and Squire Bean told us to please to charge for Mr. Jonathan Downing's toast. So we poured out and got all ready again; and Jonathan Downing got up, and says he—

"Gentlemen, I give you the British loggers on our disputed territory. They have to knock under, whenever the Yankees come among 'em; there's no mistake about it. But about one thing, we must give in, that they can beat us a leetle. We aint slow at pork and beans, as we have proved at our dinner here to-day; but we must acknowledge, that them loggers sometimes *make the beans fly* a leetle faster than we do."

At that we hoorah'd, and give three cheers for the loggers, beans and all.

There was a good many more toasts before we got through, but it's got so late I haint got time to write 'em off before the post goes. We had a very good time, and got through about two o'clock, and cleared out for home. There wasn't nobody intoxicated, for all we dreaned the cider jugs pretty close. So I remain your old friend and subscriber,

JOHN SMITH, ESQUIRE.

How to bully and extort.—He who trusts to his merit only, will get little in life but words of compassion. Extort what you desire to have; yet neither humble the man in the eyes of others, nor appear to be aware that he is humbled in your own. There are men you should never confer with, *till you have drawn your pistols* and laid them on the table before you. To bully a man, in fact, while you solicit in appearance, and to oblige him to concede, while you hold such a position as to suffer him to think that both others and *you* believe it is a favour on his part, is the proper method of prevailing. Frighten a man, seeming to be ignorant that you have done so. If he thinks you meant to coerce him, he may yield, but he will hate you.—*Advice to a Young Gentleman.*

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

MODERN YOUNG GENTLEMEN AND LADIES.

Our modern young gentlemen are but ill plants, grow like cucumbers, and have but little pips for hearts. It was quite different in my younger days. Who would believe it now! but we were certainly in some way gifted then. We saw angels, and now one scarcely even hears of them. It was an angel-seeing age; I myself have seen many. I first began to see them at about seventeen years of age, and that was in the year ——, but no, there is no occasion to mention the year: the angels might not like again to visit me, if I did—and I still live in hope. I cannot exactly say how many I saw before I was twenty, but they all struck me as having very beautiful hair—their eyes were heavenly; but if the first sight was enchanting, the first touch of the little finger of one thrilled me all over, and then I knew and felt it was an angel. What is extraordinary is, that I have seen them of all ages, and up to a certain point they seemed to advance in age as I did, and after that to grow somewhat younger. I have seen them in cities, and towns, in villages, in the country, in theatres, at concerts, in churches and chapels, and some few, very few, at balls, private and publick; yet at balls I have seen many that at the first glance had an angel look, particularly those in cerulean blue, as they stood up in the long contra-dance, but their mothers mostly sat behind them, and seemed to disenchant them by resemblance, and you could then see right through the seeming angels to their mothers in perspective.

Those were happy days: sorry am I to say I have not seen one for some years—sorry, and ashamed too—for were I worthy, they would sometimes give a glimpse of their persons. Their persons—it was not then the least extraordinary thing that we angel-seers could read their minds—and it was the very first conception we ever had of the wonderful power of all the virtues united—united in one angelick form—not one left out. The sight did infinite good to the youth of that generation; that angels of the very same kind still walk the earth cannot be doubted, but the gift of discerning them is removed.

I do not wonder that men of sense have ever—and men of sense are alone worthy of their regard—almost adored the sex. Consider for a moment what wonderful endowments they must necessarily have—what gifts of nature, to conduct themselves as they do. They must have, as the wise Medea says, a sort of witchcraft about them—and yet a strange witchcraft, for they cannot divine, she asserts, into whose house and home they shall walk, nor whether they shall meet with good or bad husbands; and yet they must, and they do, adapt themselves to all the ways, whims, and vagaries of their husbands, and, oftentimes, of all their husband's relations. They are called upon to act in a thousand capacities which they never dreamed of; they have too often to unlearn courtship, and to learn hard duties. They are required to have at ready command real smiles for home, and artificial good-humour for company; tears are their own, and almost all they can call their own—their power and their privilege. In higher life they must be content with a thousand friends at home, instead of one husband, who is at his club; in low life, with a sorry cinder and lonely fire, and a sickly infant, for the sot of a husband is at the pot-house. All these capabilities and superhuman powers are expected of woman; and, happy as the state of wedded life must be in general, or must at times have been, though now deteriorating, who can doubt that women have had, and have, all these duties to perform, and that they do perform them with patience, with every virtue—in one name, with love!

Take the best man the world ever saw, and, were it possible, convert him into a woman, and let him retain his inward character, and he would be nothing—worse than nothing. Then how would the feminine virtues and graces shine, as seen by the side of this defective creature! The man-woman couldn't go through a day with patience, nor without discomfiture and disgrace. As to nursing his sick children, he would whip them, and forget to put them to bed. No, the sex must bear all our pains, and we inflict upon them all the penalties, too. They bear all—the least we can give them is our love. *Our* love—if I speak to a degenerate race, let me say your love—that is, the love of us who have been angel-seers, is quite a different thing. Women do not always know this, but there really is no other love worth their having. They do not know it. Many a time have I seen them turn away from one of us, who would have even died for them if necessary, and have bound ourselves to do so in unalterable verse. Yes, I have seen them turn from one of us, under the fascinations of a pert, prating, empty-headed coxcomb, with no more feeling than his buttons—a grinning, teeth-showing coxcomb, incapable, utterly, of loving any but himself—who could twist, and turn, and waltz, and look impudent, which the sweet innocence could not perceive nor understand. And then the coxcomb would turn away, and say to another coxcomb—"Devilish fine girl that; I've been making an impression, I conceive, but don't intend to go too far, and be trapped—not to be trapped, hey!"

Oh, this insufferable state of things! When the one who would have been the real true and good lover, suiter, husband and father, for lack of grace in these minor accomplishments, either dies a bachelor, or, in romantick despair of any better angel, marries, late in life, "Mary, the Maid of the Inn." Let me give this one friendly hint to the dearest sex:—Do let the scholar, the gentleman, the man of sense, if he be not irrevocably ugly, have a fair hearing. You will find such your best and truest worshipper. He will not saunter listlessly up to you nor run, nor jump, nor skip up to you, grinning, and roaring his loud inanities of thought; he will not be voluble in slang to you, for that is the language in which he has not been a candidate for honours; he will not send you presents of jewelry for which he does not pay, because he is a man of principle; he will not deceive you in any way, much less in flatteries, because nature moulded his lips for truth; they are, therefore, rather of a manly shape, which you must quite love when you know their character, than of that versatile and changeable grimace, which, when you do understand, you will no more like than you do the unnatural evolutions of tumblers—but are like the early distortions from the original stamp of truth. And, when such a one does utter sweet things—how sweet!—they will not come from a mouth tainted with cigar His soft and pure breathings will need no fumigation—they will have a natural enchantment. You will be spared the incense of tobacco—the odious incense of a lying breath—the insult of tobacco.

Were I a woman, I would rather be a widow and wear weeds, such as might become a widow, than admit a filthy fellow to blow his weed into my nostrils. But oh! I am raving like an impatient, ill-conditioned man; and showing how unfit we are for conversion into woman. They have patience—can endure that and a great deal more. Do I forget Griselda—patient Griselda! Every woman is a "patient Griselda" who has a smoking husband. It must be the poison of that noxious weed that has pinched in, and deteriorated to such a degree as we see them, the bodies of the young men of the present day. Half of them are dwindling fast into shadows, nipt, cast off, smoking away their own epitaphs—"*Fumus et umbra sumus*"—we are but smoke and shadow.

Who shows disrespect to woman-kind, insults his own mother; who shows disrespect to age, offers his own person for scorn to shoot at, at twenty paces. For to that age is he progressing, and some twenty paces will bring him to the point. Yet, is such disrespect too common. It is a mark of a selfish heart and a mean mind. Whence comes it, and to what degradation is it to lead? We never shall go on as we ought to do, until there be in our feelings and manners an infusion of the spirit of chivalrick days. Men were then brave and gentle, that could neither write nor read. And now we read ourselves out of all that is good. There never can be a better time to commence a change.

"THE WAY THEY NOTICE THINGS IN ENGLAND."

The following is the "notice" the *Sunday Times* takes of Haynes Bayly's last song, "Beauty, Wit, and Gold," recently published in the Mirror.

"Butterfly Bayly has written this song (which has been sung by the late Madame Vestris) as a sort of metrical history of the loves of that lady and Mr. C. Mathews. It seems that Beauty, Wit, and Gold, wooed, and (what less could we expect from a lady so high-minded and highly-gifted) Wit won her. Beauty, though Bayly does not tell us who he was, must have been a very "*pretty* man," for he is thus described:

> 'Red his lips, and white his skin.
> Could such beauty fail to win?'

We should have thought not; but it did. Then came the man of gold—

> 'Cash he counted, coin he told,'

by which we learn that cash and coin, and counting and telling, are not the same things. Under this allegory, we presume, the butterfly bard means D'Orsay, the only red and white beauty we know for the first lover, and the Rothschild, the man of coin, for the second, but

> 'Then the man of wit and sense
> Woo'd her with his eloquence.
> Now she heard him with a sigh,
> Then she blush'd, scarce knowing why.'

What the man of sense could be about to make the lady blush now and then we can't imagine; however, it ended as we all along suspected,

> 'Wit has won the widow's heart.'

We believe the successful lover is admitted to have had neither beauty nor gold, but where the deuse did Bayly discover his wit? However, the fact is recorded in the undying stanzas of the author of "The butterfly was a gentleman." We wonder publishers can be found for such wretched trash; the air is common-place, but just of that character that finds favour in the ears of singers and auditors in Wych-street."

Following this notice of Haynes Bayly is the annexed review of a book, which we also transfer to the columns of the Mirror, as another specimen of "the way they notice things in England:"

"'*The Plain Instructor for Debtors, Creditors, and Assignees of the Court for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors. By W. H. Sadgrove. J. S. Hodson.*'—We have received a small volume under the above title, and certainly should, in due course, have reviewed it, had not the mode in which it was forwarded induced us to expose the means that certain publishers take to obtain notoriety and praise. The great bibliopolists have hitherto forwarded the books they produce to the editor of the *Sunday Times* without the impertinence of request or comment; but Mr. James S. Hodson appears to entertain a very different notion of things in general and reviewing in particular. With the little volume to which his name appears, he obliges us with the following note:

"112. Fleet-street, March 4, 1839

"The publishers of 'Sadgrove's Practice' would feel obliged by a notice of it in the 'Sunday Times.' It has been noticed by Mr. ——, who has some experience in the court. A copy is enclosed, which the editor is at full liberty to do with as he pleases.

"The Editor of the 'Sunday Times.'"

Our being at liberty 'to do with the copy as we please,' is a vast privilege which we, unhappily for Mr. Hodson, have become blunted to by long enjoyment. The enclosure of the precious epistle above quoted, is a critique '*monsfolded*,' to use a reporting term; and no doubt a copy of it is forwarded to all our contemporaries. Of course it praises the work in very high terms. We have deemed it right to expose this extremely impudent attempt to foist a puff upon the publick, and beg to warn Mr. J S. Hodson that he may receive severer castigation at other hands should he again make an attempt so reprehensible and impertinent."

HANDEL'S MESSIAH.

We extract the following anecdote of Handel, from an article by Mrs. Ellet, in the Baltimore Museum:

"Amen!" resounded through the vast arches of the church, and died away in whispered melody in its remotest aisles. "Amen!" responded Handel, while he let fall slowly the staff with which he kept time. Successful beyond expectation was the first performance of his immortal masterpiece. Immense was the impression it produced, as well on the performers as upon the audience. The fame of Handel stood now immoveable.

When the composer left the church, he found a royal equipage in waiting for him, which, by the king's command, conveyed him to Carlton-house.

George the Second received the illustrious German, surrounded by his whole household, and many nobles of the court. "Well, Master Handel," he cried, after a gracious welcome, "it must be owned, you have made us a noble present in your Messiah; it is a brave piece of work."

"*Is it?*" asked Handel, and looked the monarch in the face, well pleased.

"It is, indeed," replied George. "And now tell me what can I do, to express my thanks to you for it?"

"If your majesty," answered Handel, "will give a place to the young man who sang the tenor solo part so well, I shall be ever

grateful to your majesty. He is my pupil, Joseph Wach, and he would fain marry his pupil, the fair Ellen, daughter to old John Farren; the old man gives consent, but his dame is opposed, because Joseph has no place as yet. And your majesty knows full well, that it is hard to carry a cause against the women."

"You are mistaken, Master Handel," said the king, with a forced smile; "I know nothing to that effect; but Joseph has from this day a place in our chapel as first tenor."

"Indeed!" cried Handel, rubbing his hands with joy, "I thank your majesty from the bottom of my heart!"

King George was silent a few moments, expecting the master to ask some other favour. "But, Master Handel," he said at length, "have you nothing to ask for yourself? I would willingly show my gratitude to you, in your own person, for the fair entertainment you provided us all in your Messiah!"

The flush of anger suddenly mantled on Handel's cheek, and he answered in a disappointed tone—"Sire, I have endeavoured not to *entertain* you—but to make you *better*."

The whole court was astonished; King George stepped back a pace or two, and looked on the bold master with surprise. Then bursting into a hearty fit of laughter, and walking up to him—"Handel!" he cried—"you are, and ever will be, a rough old fellow, but"—and he slapped him good-naturedly on the shoulder—"a good fellow withal; go—do what you will, we remain ever the best friends in the world." He signed in token of dismission; Handel retired respectfully, and thanked heaven as he turned his back on Carlton-house, to hasten to his favourite haunt, the tavern.

We shall not attempt to describe the joy his news brought to the lovers, Joseph and Ellen, nor their unnumbered caresses and protestations of gratitude. John Farren took his "good wife" in his arms and hugged her, "spite of her resistance, and scolding, crying "D—me, Bett! we must be friends to-day, though all the bells in old England ring a peal for it."

For ten years more Handel travelled throughout England, and composed new and admirable works. When his sight failed him in the last year of his life, it was Ellen who nursed him as if she had been his child, while her husband Joseph wrote down his last compositions, as he dictated them.

Proud and magnificent is the marble monument erected in Westminster to the memory of Handel. Time may destroy it; but the monument—he himself—in his high and holy inspiration, has left us—his Messiah, will last for ever.

FLORIDA SCENERY.

The scenery of Florida is not all uninteresting. He who has seen from some quiet nook a graceful bend of the river bordered with orange bowers and groves of the holly and magnolia and oak, and (truly tropical and stately) the cabbage palmetto and cocoanut, will find in his memory recollections wherewith to frame a dream of the loveliness of Mahomet's paradise. There are "sinks," too, in Florida—places where rivers suddenly sink or vanish in the sand, or where they rush with abandoned plunge into dark caverns, mingling there with subterranean torrents, and gliding away through thickest gloom with many murmurings and discordant sounds. At some future time, the poet, looking into these dark and misty caverns, may imagine, while he feels the inspiration of horrour, that these melancholy and subterraneous sounds are the moans of the water-genii, lamenting that the river amid whose spray they spread their wings, has left the cypress shades and open sunshine to wander on through the chillness and mist and sunless glooms of caverns.

Some of these Stygian waters rise and sink with the tide, thereby indicating their connexion with the sea. Lakes, once wide and beautiful, have sunk in a single night, leaving their beds covered with the fish. During the present winter a lake sank thus, leaving millions of fish dancing upon the land. Cart loads of these were carried off and cured by the neighbouring "crackers," (squatters and herdsmen.) The remainder, putrifying, tainted the whole atmosphere for miles around, reminding the traveller of the plagues of Egypt.

I was speaking of trees. Unanimously we voted the magnolia to be the most beautiful. The exquisite fragrance of its blossoms, and the "imperial pride" and beauty of its foliage, have made it a great favourite. The live oak attains, however, to great size. We passed some groves certainly magnificent. When growing in the low grounds, they are hung with dismal festoons of moss. A contractor, furnishing timber for naval purposes, informed me of an enormous tree growing on the banks of a river. He measured it, and found it thirty feet to the first bough and thirty-six in circumference at base! He compared its trunk to the shot tower at New-York. I regarded his assertions as exaggeration and extravagance of language, but was assured by the planter over whose grounds its mighty shadow moved, that the statement was correct. The giant of the forest was beginning to feel the inroads of decay. It was not cut, as it was found hollow in the middle. These trees are almost invariably hung with the festoonery of the grape. The vines of the grape in Florida are sometimes of great size, bearing abundantly. From the fruit good wine has been made. The *acconta* or Indian bread is a vine which clambers up the forest trees. Its thorns are very sharp and malignant. From the roof the Indian prepares a species of flour in taste not unlike the flour made from potatoes. The palmetto is a shrub which gives character to the scenery. Its leaf is fanshaped and beautifully green.

The pine of Florida is the long-leafed kind. It grows sometimes to a great height, towering above all in lonely stateliness and strength. When the wind rages, the roar of the pine forest is indescribably grand. In Alechua county, the soil is generally rich; there the pine is oft enormous in stature, and its roots strike deep into the fertile earth, so that the ploughman may drive his plough close to the very trunk.

The cabbage palm resembles the palmetto in its leaf, but it is a tree, and grows sometimes to the height of fifty feet. The trunk is pointed with a thousand shafts of bark, shooting out like bayonets. It resembles the cocoanut.

The orange is of three kinds—the sweet, the bitter-sweet, and the sour. The latter are not unlike the lemon as to flavour. The first mentioned is the delicious fruit brought to the north from the West Indies. The bitter sweet is most abundant, and is certainly pleasant. Figs, white and purple, are found in the hammocks of Middle Florida, and are as agreeable as the cultivated fruit.—Peaches are also found wild, strange as it may seem. Perhaps the botanist may say that they must have been introduced by the natives—by the men who wandered through the wilds of the territory, before the savage had passed the frozen ocean in his descent to the temperate and tropical climes of America.

A RECIPE FOR MAKING TIME STAND STILL.

BY W. P. PRAED.

Dear Tom! if you would learn the way
To quaff life's true elixir,
To keep your curls from growing gray,
And, as joy flies, to fix her:
Though scholar in no modern schools,
Skilled but in old romances,
I've yet a few old-fashioned rules
To check grim Time's advances:
And this the first—If day and night
You'd shun the dotard's hold,
"Keep all about your Conscience right,"
And then—you'll *not* grow old.

And never mind, whate'er they tell,
Dear Tom, of modern uses,
Be sure you'll do just twice as well
To stick to old abuses;
So pay your taxes—love your king,
Howe'er our sages bore you,
Take opening medicines in the spring,
As your fathers did before you;
Don't lend your razor—nor your back,
And when you lend your gold,
Be sure you don't expect it back,
And then you'll not grow old!

And stern howe'er you play your part
In Life's more sober stages,
Keep one small corner in your heart
For boyhood's sunny pages;
Don't cut a friend because he's poor,
But pause before you choose him;
And when a man has shut the door,
Don't let *his friends* abuse him:
Sell off your claret—if you must—
But keep *yourself* unsold,
Then live upon a laugh, or crust,
And still—you'll not grow old!

And when to dissipate your gloom,
You wander down, some even,
And sit within the long brick room
Re-formed since old Saint Stephen,
If you should hear a sacred name
First taught by her who bore you,
And your father's ancient faith and fame
Denounced as "*cant*" before you;
Don't fancy that we're turned to Turks,
But just go home unfold
Some page of Pitt's, or Fox, or Burke's,
And then—you'll grow not old!

And welcome, Tom, on heath or hill,
Each bright green spot may greet you;
Call Hope delusion, if you will,
But let her—let her *cheat* you!
Don't rob Life's roses of their bloom,
Though Benthamites denice you—
Don't sit within a childless gloom,
Though Martineau may chide you;
But trust, when bright things round you die,
Something our mothers told
Of hopes and homes beyond the sky;
And then—you'll *not* grow old!

MAGAZINE DAY.

The most remarkable feature in modern book-selling is the trade in periodical literature. "Magazine Day" is a sort of a monthly era in the history of a London bookseller. The orders of the forthcoming numbers of the various periodicals which he is in the habit of receiving for some days previously, keep it constantly in his mind's eye; and when it does arrive, the great contest among the trade is, who shall be able to supply their customers earliest. Magazine Day can only be said fairly to commence about half-past nine o'clock, and before twelve you will see the various periodicals in the windows of every retail bookseller throughout the length and breadth of the metropolis. Perhaps in no other instance, that of newspapers alone excepted, is an article so rapidly circulated over town, as is periodical literature on that day. The point from which the magazines and other periodicals all start, when their distribution is about to take place, is, as in the case of larger works, Paternoster Row; which, with that fondness for brevity of expression, so characteristick of the people of London, is invariably called "The Row." The actual publishers of periodicals have, properly speaking, nothing to do with the sale of their respective works on Magazine Day, and they seldom have even any idea of the actual number sold of their own publications on that day.

The quantity of business which some of the larger houses go through on Magazine Day is immense. I know one house which draws, on an average, from twelve hundred pounds to fifteen hundred pounds. Only fancy the number of periodicals, varying from twopence to three shillings and sixpence, which must be turned over from the shelves of this establishment to the hands of the purchasers, before such a sum of money could be taken! * * The constant bustle kept up from morning till night, in these wholesale houses, exceeds any thing of which a person who has not witnessed it could form any conception. The premises are full of young men and boys, all struggling for priority of "supply." I have often seen as many as fifty or sixty wedged into a shop of ordinary size.

To a person unacquainted with such matters, who chanced to spend a few minutes in a large house in the Row on Magazine Day, all that he heard would be quite unintelligible. The individuals ordering periodicals scarcely ever call the periodicals they wish to procure by their proper names. The love of brevity, to which I have already referred, is observable in every word they utter. The "Gentleman's Magazine," never gets any other name than the "Gents." "Tait's Magazine" is simply "Tait." The "New Monthly Magazine" is the "New Month." The "Metropolitan Magazine" is abbreviated to the first three letters, with the addition of ans. The "Encyclopedia Brittannica" is the "Ency. Brit." The "Court Magazine" is the "Courts." The "Ladies' Magazine and Museum" is reduced to the dissyllable of "Ladies;" so that it is quite common to hear one person sing out in one breath, "two Gents," "six Taits," and "four Blackwoods."

Since the late establishment of steam communication between London and almost every port of any importance in the kingdom, the periodicals which first see the light in the Row on Magazine Day, are in the hands of the remotest readers in less than a week.

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

Vitality of seeds.—Jesse, in his excellent and amusing work, the "Gleanings of Natural History," gives a singular instance of the vitality of seeds after lying dormant in the ground for many years. "In still further confirmation of this fact," he observes, "it had long been remarked, that in some meadows at Kingston-upon-Thames, contiguous to the Middle-mill in that town, there had constantly appeared in these grounds, for the last thirty years, a vast quantity of young and very small tendril shoots, having all the appearance and characteristicks of the vine in miniature. This fact excited the attention of Dr. W. R, who at first was greatly disposed to attribute their existence to the probability of the fields having been in former ages the site of vineyards; this opinion was still strengthened by my friend taking up one of the tendrils and carefully planting it in a good soil against a wall of genial aspect, and rearing a flourishing vine bearing the true *claret grape*, with its deep red juice, so little cultivated or adapted to the present state of our climate. On prosecuting, however, this interesting inquiry, it was ultimately discovered that the owner of these lands had, for a number of years, been in the constant habit of making *raisin wine*, and that, after the usual fermenting process of the fruit had been brought to a termination, husks, seeds, and stalks were thrown altogether upon the dung-hill, which at length found its way as a coating of manure to the fields in question, thus depositing the germ of these foreign vines, whose vital principle had not been destroyed by the several stages they had undergone, not even by that last and most fearful action—the process of fermentation."

Difference in boys.—Some years ago, as a Sussex coach was passing by an avenue leading to the residence of a Mr. Bull, the coachman pulled up on seeing a boy walking leisurely along, and handed a small parcel to him, telling him to take it directly to Mr. B Upon the boy looking rather vacant and doubtful, he was told to look sharp, and not stand gaping there, but deliver it instantly; upon which the boy began to cry. Upon a passenger remarking this to the coachman, "Ah!" says he, "the boys always cry hereabouts if you speak sharp to 'em; but about Linfield they are saucy enough I recollect last summer taking a walk in that neighbourhood with the driver of the ———; we happened to lose our way; on seeing a boy sitting on a gate as we turned down a lane, my companion said, "I say, Jack, can you tell us which is the nearest way to Linfield?" "How did thee know my name was Jack?"—"Oh! we only guessed so." "Then thee may guess thee way to Linfield, for I'll be damned if I tell thee." A lady travelling on horseback in Hertfordshire, were told that the boys in that country were very rude and impudent; upon coming to a five-barred gate, she requested a boy who was lolling against it to open it for her, which, to her great surprise, he did. She then gave him a shilling, saying, that she was sure he was not a Hertfordshire lad, as he was so civil? "Ther't a loir," quickly replied the boy, "I be'n."

Substitute for the sun.—The most extraordinary discovery of the day is that by which a French philosopher proposes to dispense with the services of the sun, by means of an artificial contrivance answering similar purposes. The newly-invented light of M. Gaudin, on which experiments were recently made at Paris, is an improved modification of the well-known invention of Lieutenant Drummond. While Drummond pours a stream of oxygen gas through spirits of wine, upon unslacked lime, Gaudin makes use of a more ethereal kind of oxygen, which he conducts through burning essence of turpentine. The Drummond light is fifteen hundred times stronger than that of burning gas; the Gaudin light is, we are assured by the inventor, as strong as that of the sun, or thirty thousand times stronger than gas, and of course ten times more so than that of the Drummond The method by which M. Gaudin proposes to turn the invention to use is singularly striking. He proposes to erect in the island of the Point Neuf, in the middle of the Seine and centre of Paris, a lighthouse, five hundred feet high, in which is to be placed a light from a hundred thousand to a million gas pipes—the power to be varied as the night is light or dark. Paris will thus enjoy a sort of perpetual day; and as soon as the sun of the heavens has set, the sun of the Point Neuf will rise.

Incledon and Mathews.—On one occasion Incledon and Mathews were travelling on a very fine summer's day, on the outside of a stage-coach soon after the death of Incledon's first wife, to whom he had been greatly attached. A very consumptive-looking man sat near him, about whom Incledon's humane heart made him feel an interest, and he frequently spoke to him, inquired into his history, and found that the poor man was going home to his friends to be nursed Incledon, when the coach stopped, addressed the poor invalid for the last time, as follows—"My good man, we're going to leave you. It's my opinion, my poor fellow, that you're *bespoke*; you're now, I take it, as good as ready money to the undertaker. In fact, you're *booked*—so there's a seven-shilling piece for you, my good man and if you see my dear, sainted Jane, pray tell her you saw me, and that I'm well!" The poor creature stared, and took the money with a humble bow, but made no reply to this extraordinary address, which he doubtless supposed to come from a lunatick.

Influence of the weather on temper.—I do not say that the state of the weather will always point out the condition of a man's temper, because there may be counteractions in the state of his health or affairs; but I do say, that whatever may be his peculiar situation in those respects, he will be more or less affected by the secret influence of the condition of the atmosphere and the direction of the wind. Consequently, if we know what will be the probable effect of the weather upon certain temperaments, we must look to that effect as well as to other peculiar circumstances in selecting a proper time to make our advances.

Rights of scene-painters.—The Court Royale of Paris has decided on an appeal in a case of the scene painters and decorators of the French Opera, prosecuting the directors for refusing them their right of admission behind the scenes during the representations, that, since the scenes and decorations form a principal part of *spectacle* at the opera, these artists are to be placed on the same footing as authors, and to enjoy the right of admission which had been contested.

The best we have seen.—"Be collected," as the printer said to a huge batch of old newspaper bills vat vasn't paid, lying scattered over the bottom of his desk.

Matrimony.—Matrimony is a state which admits of no compromise between authority and obedience. Pompey and Cæsar could not rule under the same meridian, nor can man and wife.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"Advice to a Young Gentleman, on entering Society." By the author of the "Laws of Etiquette." Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard, 12 mo. pp. 295.

The author of this little volume evidently belongs to the school of Rochefoucault and Chesterfield. His advice is admirably calculated to teach "the manners of a monkey and the morals of a rascal." The young man who should gather his rules of conduct from these fatherly monitions would be a mingled compound of the jesuit, the coward, and the scamp. Jeremy Diddler must have had the advantage of precisely such instruction; and Joseph Surface undoubtedly derived his delightful code of morality from the same source. We would as soon think of confining a boy's studies to a perusal of "the complete house-breaker," as of commending the detestable principles of this book to his adoption. In the estimation of our author, language is given to us for the purpose of concealing our thoughts, while manners and accomplishments are to be formed and employed for the great object of duping our fellow-men. Society should be cultivated not for the purpose of improvement and relaxation, but merely as the means of worldly advancement, and as a school of hypocrisy. Such advice may accord very well with the tastes and pursuits of a class, with whom pleasure is a vocation, and sensual enjoyment a study, and conjugal fidelity a mockery, but it will never do for the young men of a republick like ours. We want no whited sepulchres, no smooth-tongued courtiers, with the smile upon the lip and the black treachery in the heart. Long may we be removed from that point of "civilization," where such a class, and the prevalence of such principles, are a necessary consequence! Ever may we continue

"A free—a gentle—simple—honest people!"

That the reader may satisfy himself that we have not misrepresented the character of this "Advice to a Young Gentleman," we select a few passages, at random. The whole tone and tenour are such as to make us strongly suspicious that the book is the production of the senility of a retired pickpocket. We think we can prove this from internal evidence. We have taken the liberty of appending captions to the following quotations:

How to gloze and wheedle.—"It is often necessary in conversation to give men credit for morals and principles which they do not possess, and drawing a maxim from the chancery, "consider that as done, which ought to be done." Thus in talking to an undutiful son or false wife, we must assume that all is right; in truth, in most cases, such persons are right in sentiment and theory, and wrong by fact, not feeling. The general staple of our conversation, upon all occasions and subjects, should have the same liberality, by giving life credit for excellences which it has not got. *It is necessary to cant a little* on the side of optimism both in matters of virtue and happiness, and not look at humanity and the world "in utter nakedness.'"

How to push and wriggle.—"Recollect how Lord Chesterfield exhorts his son to "push" and "wriggle" himself into the best company; and learn never to be turned by the sneer of a dunce from a course which is recommended by benefit or inclination, and is not stayed by honour."

How to get at the silver spoons.—"You must make yourself *intimate* with people of fashion, and endeavour to gain their affection and confidence, that you may penetrate all their system and compass all their arts. Try to get familiar in the best houses, so as to be considered as one of the family, and invited to assist at domestick celebrations. Try to see frequently their common day-light life, apart from the gas-light glare of state and ceremony.

How to backbite and truckle.—Wherever there exists a jealousy of another, nothing gives a serener satisfaction than to have the merit of that other detracted from; and where the relation of feeling between two parties is that of mere affection, or of pure and lofty admiration, all observations of an accordant character, which, therefore, tend to strengthen the person's sense of the justness of his own sentiment, give a sincere and cordial pleasure. In either instance, it is plain that the person whose conversation gives this gratification is in a way *not merely to advance himself* in the liking of him to whom he is thus the occasion of a delight, but also to give an influence and leave an impression which may be of signal service.

How to pry into secrets.—There are two ways of finding out secrets which you wish to discover; one by professing yourself wholly ignorant, and curious about the subject; the other by appearing wholly informed. In the former case, vanity will induce a disclosure; in the latter, the conversation that ensues will develope what is hidden. These different methods belong to different occasions and different persons. The latter is more delicate and more certain, but demands more tact.

How to smile and be a villain.—When a man has treated you ill, and you cannot crush him, or, having the means of doing so, find it, on other grounds, more expedient to make a friend of him, treat him with cordial courtesy, which will pass for magnanimity.

How to pick a lock.—To the courtier, manners are a key to unlock the privy closets of the great; to the soldier they are better than the baptism of Thetis; to the man of business, they are a universal letter of recommendation; to the mind, they are as good as an Indian dowry.

How to juggle and impose.—A man of the world should have it in his power to assume almost any manner, if the person or situation shall render it advantageous. Thus, in an interview with a common person, *whom you wish to embarrass and put out of countenance*, a ceremonious manner, watchful and scrupulous in the etiquette of politeness, may be of great service. Again, the *affecting* of an open, blunt, free and easy manner, is good to throw persons, especially those who are restrained and embarrassed, off their guard, and betray them into real frankness and openness, and thus you may traverse and ransack their thoughts and characters, and get their secrets. Another style, which will accomplish the same thing in better taste, and is adapted to be more frequently used, is a quiet, indifferent, and apparently natural manner, which will cause the person you talk with to desire to be at his ease, and, to gain that state, he will make himself actually so, by becoming really natural.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are not surprised to find that John Neal's admirable paper on "[New-England Witchcraft" has excited general attention—but we are surprised to find a number of our contemporaries transferring it to their columns without the slightest acknowledgment of indebtedness to the New-York Mirror, for which journal it was particularly written. We pay for our original papers, and, although we have no objection to their free circulation, yet, in justice to our interests, we must request that the proper credit should be given. We look for this courtesy from American journals at least. As for the foreign depredators, we have so long been accustomed to being robbed by them, that we are not sensitive upon the point, but submit to their pillagings with resignation, and—pillage from them in return.—Our readers will be gratified to learn that it is probable that our old friend and correspondent, Wm. Cox, will return to New-York. What with the dozen theatres and the thousand frivolities and fashions of the day, we stand in need of just such a correspondent at home. We have made arrangements with a well-known popular writer for a London correspondence, which cannot fail to prove unusually piquant and interesting. Other changes and improvements are in contemplation, which we shall shortly have the pleasure of announcing to the innumerable well-wishers and subscribers of the New-York Mirror.—We publish to-day the concluding letter from John Smith, in relation to the difficulties on the border. Happily those difficulties have ceased, and John has returned to Smithville to resume his agricultural pursuits. His letters, however, have extended his reputation far beyond the bounds of his native village. We learn that Mr Samuel Cohnan has collected them into a volume, which he will shortly publish, embellished with spirited engravings on steel, illustrative of the hair-breadth escapes and perilous adventures of John Smith, Billy Wiggins, and the other members of the illustrious corps who accompanied Sergent Johnson into the disputed territory.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1839.

A glance at the exhibition of the Academy of Design.—We can afford but a brief and desultory glance at the exhibition at Clinton-Hall this week, and candour compels us to say, that, with some eminent exceptions, it is deserving of little more than a glance. Weir's painting of the "Indian Captives" will, however, alone repay the trouble of a journey up the interminable stairs, which lead to the hall—and there are several pieces, by Inman, Durand, Gambardella, Richardson, Huntington, Sully, Spencer, Frothingham, Freeman, Cranch, and Powell, which would more than redeem a much worse collection. The "Indian Captives" will, we suspect, long be considered a chef-d'œuvre among the productions of American artists. The figure and position of the squaw are admirable, and there is a touch of pathos and poetry even in the disposition of the withered leaves that lie at her feet. The hewn log, on which sits a mailed soldier, (there were several hundred suits of steel armour in New-England at the time of the scene,) is painted with astonishing accuracy. It really seems to be protruding from the canvass. The figure of the Indian is graceful and expressive. Among some of the most attractive pieces in the exhibition are the exquisite landscapes by Richardson. There is a warmth and richness about them, that is in beautiful unison with the subjects. The landscape by Oddie (fifty-two) is worthy of the encomiums that have been passed upon it. The portraits by Inman are as usual excellent, especially that of Master Sconcia (two hundred and forty-seven.) The "Boy Fishing" (one hundred and twenty-five,) by Watson, shows more than ordinary talent. The expression of the boy's face is nature itself. We wonder at the taste of Mr. A. Smith in painting his excellency, Governour Mason, of Michigan, in his shirt sleeves, with an under vestment of flannel! We should as soon think of painting a hero in his night-cap. Passing into the small saloon, one of the first paintings which arrest the gaze, is the "Caius Gracchus" of Gambardella. The "Young Lady," (two hundred and six,) by the same artist, pleases us better; and the "Portia" is a highly beautiful and poetical conception. The "Lovers' Surprise," (two hundred and sixty-four,) by Huntington, is not unworthy the pencil of Leslie. It conveys at once to the eye the whole plot of a modern romance or melodrama. The "Summer Evening," by an amateur, (two hundred and sixty-nine,) would do no discredit to the hand of a master. The colouring beautifully portrays the golden exhalations of a summer twilight, and the repose of the hour is faithfully expressed. The Group (two hundred and eighty) by Inman, reminds us of some of the most exquisite productions of Lawrence. It is a perfectly successful specimen of a style, perhaps the most difficult that can be attempted. We will resume our comments upon the exhibition next week.

Literary chit-chat.—Among the novelties in press, we see mentioned the new novel of "Sydney Clifton," from the pen of one of our own citizens, and founded on events that occurred in this city "long time ago." There is considerable curiosity respecting it, and we feel satisfied, from the accounts of those who have read the work in manuscript, that it will not disappoint publick anticipation. We understand that it is already in the hands of a dramatist, at the instance of the manager of one of the principal theatres, and that it will be produced upon the stage soon after it is issued from the press. In these days of foreign reprints, we shall be pleased to see a good American book succeed. Mr. Fay's "Countess of Ida," the scene of which is laid in Berlin, we perceive is announced by the London as well as the American papers. This work has been long in preparation, and our worthy colleague has devoted to it his best powers. It will also no doubt be dramatised; and its publication will, we are sure, excite interest both at home and abroad, for Mr. Fay holds no common pen, and his friends and admirers are numerous as the

"Piled leaves of the west—
His own green forest land."

By the by, quoting from Halleck, reminds us that the Harpers have in press his poetical works, including "Fanny," and "The Croakers"—also, another edition of Bryant's poems, which is soon to be issued, with additional pieces. An edition of "Sprague's poems" is also talked of. We hope it will not end in talk, for Sprague is one of the few writers of verse, who truly possess the "vision and the faculty divine." The "Romance of the Ring," with other tales and sketches, in prose and verse, by James Nack, is announced as ready for publication. Coming as it will from the pen of a deaf and dumb poet—one who has been pronounced by a distinguished English critick, "one of the wonders of the day," —it cannot fail to be duly welcomed by his own countrymen.—In reply to many applications at this office for copies of "The Little Frenchman and his Water Lots, with other Hits at the Times," we take occasion to say that we have had nothing to do with its publication, and that it may be had at any of the book-stores *for a trifling consideration!* We believe that a few copies yet remain on hand—ahem! D. Appleton and Company, Broadway, have published a handsome octavo edition of the "Life and Times" of John Bunyan, one of those standard works, which will be in demand so long as a taste for reading shall prevail. Mr. Samuel Colman has in press, the "Letters of Eliza Wilkinson," descriptive of scenes in Charleston and its vicinity, during the war of the revolution. The work is edited by Mrs. Gilman, of South Carolina, and from the specimens we have seen, we should think it a valuable contribution to the historical records and collections relative to the events of the revolution.

New buildings.—Niblo's Opera House is completed, and will be opened in the course of a few days. The new Bowery theatre is quite a stately edifice, and reflects credit alike upon the skill and good taste of the architects, and upon the enterprise of Hamblin, under whose sole management it is conducted. The foundation of the new Chatham Theatre is laid, and the building, it is said, will be ready for the reception of the publick by the fourth of next July. From present appearances, there will not be a private residence in Broadway, ten years hence. Thirty dwelling-houses, between our office and Canal-street, have been converted into spacious stores since the first instant. The number of contracts for new houses exceeds that of any former year. So rapid are the changes that are taking place around us in this goodly city of Gotham—and so wonderful is the increase of population, that those who have not visited it for the last ten or fifteen years, would scarcely recognize, in the present huge and crowded metropolis, the features of the old town of "New-Amsterdam"—a town, which but the other day, as it were, was dotted with the tiled roofs and gable ends of edifices erected by our worthy Dutch ancestors, the materials of which were imported from Holland, and the effigies of which are preserved only in the pages of the New-York Mirror. Of these old mansions, not one remains—no, not one! It is not the *fashion* here to live in the house of one's forefathers. Every succeeding generation *improves* upon the primitive habits of the past, and we are becoming so overrun with strangers from every quarter of the globe, that we begin to apprehend that the time is not distant, when a New-Yorker will be a stranger in New-York. Alas, the "mutability of human affairs!"

Theatrical.—The tide of publick favour seems to be once more setting in favour of the *Park*, if we may judge from the well-filled houses of the last two weeks. The "Lord of the Isles" has been produced in quite an effective manner. Sinclair sings some capital songs in his usual graceful style, and Mrs. Gibbs sustains her part with commendable spirit. Hield, as Bruce, is picturesque and melodramatick, and Chippendale and Ritenings make the most of their parts. Madame Lecompte has appeared during the week in La Bayadere, and a new ballet. She is as attractive as ever. At the *National*, the opera has been the "order of the evening." The "Mountain Sylph" did not seem to *hit hard*, and the ever-welcome "Amilie" has been reproduced to good houses. The *Bowery Theatre* was opened by Hamblin on Monday evening, a crowded audience being in attendance. The new drama of "Nick of the Woods," taken from Doctor Bird's novel of that name, was quite successful. This theatre will undoubtedly do a prosperous business.

Which shall it be?—In the letter of Doctor William E. Channing, just published, are the following words:—"How few women there are that a man of refinement would consent to marry—yet he honours the sex." The Boston Post appeals to the ladies from this sentence, and thinks it must be a blunder of the printer; the original must have run—"How few *men* there are, that a *woman* of refinement would consent to marry," etc. In this form we accept the argument, and acknowledge the conclusion.

Do you give it up?—The latest absurdity that we have heard perpetrated in the way of a conundrum, is the following:—"If Mr. Catnerwood's panoramas of Thebes, Jerusalem, and Niagara, at the corner of Prince and Mercer-streets, should be destroyed by fire, why would he be like an orphan?"—Because, he would have no *pa-nor-a-ma* left.

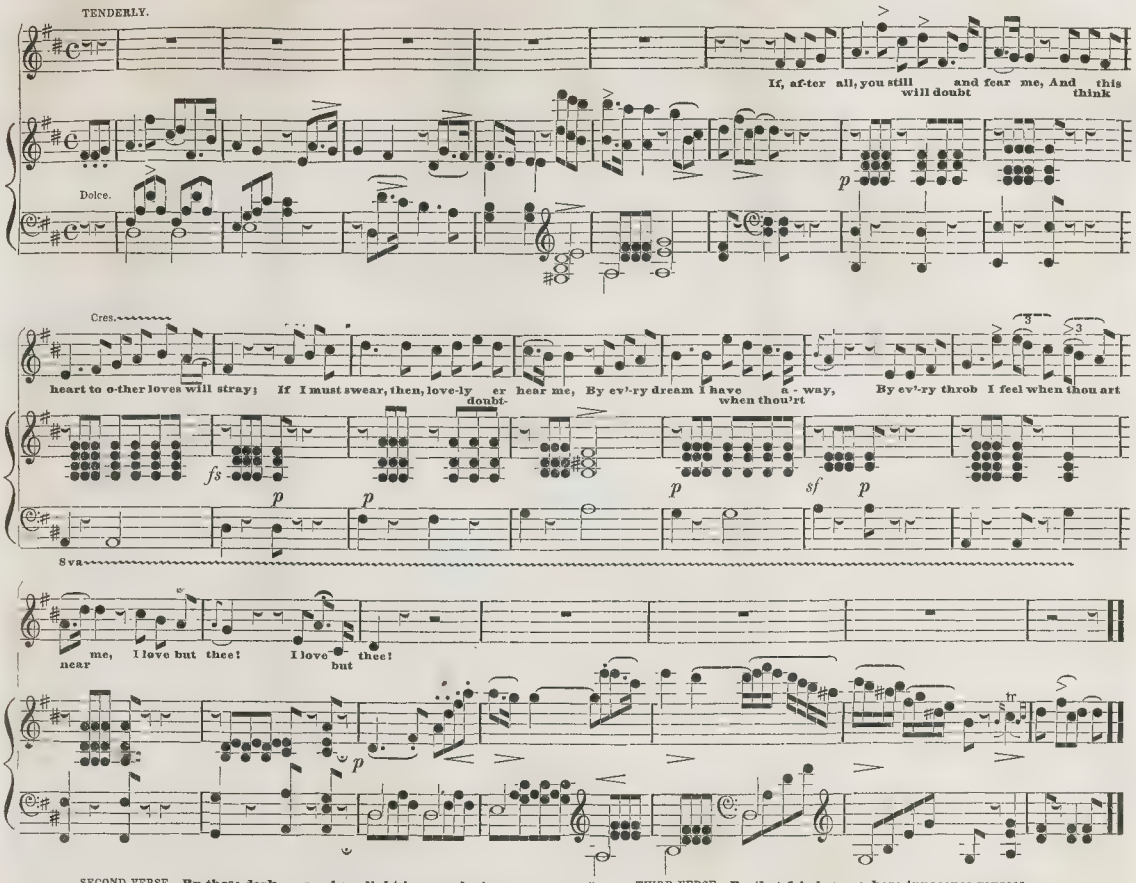
Moving.—It is estimated that more than two hundred thousand persons, nearly two-thirds of the whole population of the city, changed their places of residence on the first of May! Those of our subscribers, who have not given notice at the office of their present "whereabouts," must not find fault with us if they do not receive the Mirror with the accustomed punctuality.

Tragedy and Farce.—We have seen it stated in a letter from London, that a farce by Serjeant Talfourd is to be produced soon at Madame Vestris's theatre, the Olympick. The author of "Ion" must possess a remarkable versatility of genius, if he succeed as well in "l'Allegro" as in "Il Penseroso."

Musick.—Mr. Horn has arranged the ballad, "Near the lake where drooped the willow," as a trio. It may be had, as sung by Mr. and Mrs. Seguin and Mr. Knight, at Hewitt's, corner of Broadway and Park-place.

I LOVE BUT THEE.

A NEW SONG—WRITTEN BY THOMAS MOORE—MUSICK COMPOSED BY P. CIANCHETTINI.



MISCELLANY.

THE STRATAGEM OF LOVE.

A sprightly youth and maiden gay,
In smiling summer weather,
Where Love, within a garden lay,
One morning stroll'd together:
The nymph had laugh'd the god to scorn,
Which served but to amuse him;
And he had vow'd that very morn
To lodge within her bosom.

She tripp'd along with fairy feet
That scarcely bent a flow'r,
And cull'd full many a blossom sweet,
Deriding Cupid's power.
Just then the youth, who'd ask'd his aid,
And begg'd he'd not refuse him,
Pluck'd a fair moss-rose for the maid,
And placed it in her bosom.

Sly Love within the leaves lay hid,
While to her heart she press'd him:
Unconscious thus of what she did,
The simple maid caress'd him;
A transient life the buds retain'd—
The maiden sigh'd to lose 'em,
But Cupid and the *thorns* remain'd,
And long disturb'd her bosom.

Patronage.—A carpenter having met his employer in the street, the latter reminded him of the gratitude due for his patronage.—"True," said the mechanick—"but if you had not patronized me so far as to give me a house to build, you would have been obliged to live out doors."

Paradox.—When we reflect that every mother has children of surprising genius, it is matter of serious inquiry where all the ordinary men come from who cross our path in every-day life.

Booksellers.—There is this difference between the booksellers of our day and the Scandinavian warriour in the Hall of Valhalla,—that the former drink their wine out of the skulls of their friends, the authors, whereas the latter quaffed theirs out of the skulls of their enemies. In ancient times the *Vates* was considered a prophet as well as a bard, but now he is barred from his profit, most of which goes to the bookseller, who, in return, generally allows the scribbler to come in for the whole of the critical abuse. It has been invidiously said of the bibliopolist that as he lives upon the brains of others, he need not possess any himself. This is a mistake.—He has the wit to coin the wit that is supplied to him and thus proves his intellectual by his golden talents. Many a bookseller rides in his carriage, but we do not know a single bookwriter who does not trudge a-foot. "*Sic vos non vobis*," says the old proverb If they take our honey they cannot quarrel with us, if we now and then give them a sting.

Negro shrewdness.—A gentleman sent his black servant to purchase fish. He went to a stall and took up a fish. The fishmonger observing, and fearing the bystanders might catch the scent, exclaimed, "Hallo! you black rascal, what do you smell my fish for" The negro replied, "Me no smell your fish, massa." "What are you doing then, sir?" "Why me talk to him, massa. Why me ask him what news at sea—that's all, massa" "And what does he say to you?" "He says he don't know; he no been dere dese tre weeks!"

Anecdote of a poet.—A Paris paper relates the following anecdote of a poor but distinguished poet in that city. While dining at a restaurant on the Boulevards, he called for a bottle of Bordeaux *premiere qualite*. The waiter, struck by the broad Marseillaise accent of the guest, and observing the thread-bare condition of his coat, considered it necessary to remind him that this wine was marked in the *carte* at ten francs a bottle. "I thought it was twenty," said the poet; "*bring me a couple!*"

Gipsies.—The number of this extraordinary race in Europe, Asia, and Africa, is calculated to amount to seven hundred thousand.—In America they have been hitherto unknown, though a small number are said to have emigrated to that quarter recently. Throughout the world they speak the same kind of gibberish, which is very similar to the language of Hindostan, to which country their origin has, on that account, been assigned.

Modern xenophon.—An Irish adventurer, O'Bryne, some thirty or forty years ago, got himself insinuated into the very highest circles, and was visited by the first people in the land, on account of his address at play. Sitting down one night to play in private at piquet, with a certain person whose name there is no occasion to mention, he found himself the winner of a hundred thousand pounds. Being aware of the inability of his antagonist to pay the whole of the sum, and suspecting that, if he could not pay the whole, he might pay none, he designedly suffered him to recover all he had won from him, except ten thousand pounds, which he received.—In consequence of this masterly manœuvre, the witty Mr. Hare gave him the name of "Xenophon O'Bryne," from his retreat with ten thousand.

Doctor bentley.—In his life of this literary Thraso, the editor has omitted to insert an anecdote which is worth preserving if it were only for the pun which it embalms. Robert Boyle, afterwards earl of Cork, having, as it was generally thought, defeated Bentley in a controversy regarding the authenticity of the letters of Phalaris, the doctor's pupils drew a caricature of him, when the guards of Phalaris were thrusting him into his brazen bull for the purpose of burning him alive, while a label issued from his mouth with the following inscription, "Well, well! I had rather be roasted than *Boyled*."

A bore.—A new elected M. C. lately consulted his friend as to the occasion that he should select for his maiden speech. A very important subject was suggested, when the modest member expressed a fear that his mind was hardly of sufficient calibre to embrace it. "Pooh! Pooh!" said his friend, "don't be under any apprehension about your calibre; depend upon it, they will find you *bore* enough."

Pope's oath.—Pope's oath was "God mend me." A little boy to whom he had refused a penny, looking at his diminutive stature and crooked form, cried out, "God mend you, indeed! it would be less trouble to make a new one."

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REMINISCENCES OF BYGONE TIMES.

NEW-ENGLAND WITCHCRAFT.

BY JOHN NEAL.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

But why delay the catastrophe? Burroughs and Elizabeth and Rachel were taken. They were led back in triumph; he, prepared for the worse, Rachel afraid only for Elizabeth, and Elizabeth more dead than alive.

On the fifth day of August, 1692—less than one hundred and fifty years ago—he was put upon trial, *he*, a minister of the gospel, in the very heart of New-England, for witchcraft! It happened in the midst of a terrible thunder storm, and lasted all day and a part of the night. His behaviour was that of a good and brave man; but he shook, nevertheless, two or three times after nightfall, when he saw beside eight confessing witches, and five or six poor distempered creatures, Elizabeth Hubbard herself, a woman whose character had been at his mercy for years, John Ruck, his brother-in-law, a pious, weak man, two or three old and very dear friends, and half a score of neighbours arrayed against him, as if each were encouraged by the others. What was he to believe? what could he believe? These people were not, like Elizabeth Hubbard, in his power, nor like the multitude, either hostile to nor afraid of him. They were there to take away his life—under a deep sense of duty. His manly heart swelled when he saw this—and a shadow fell upon the faces about him. It was the shadow of death, and he knew it.

"The confessing witches testified," to borrow the very language of an eye-witness to the whole, "that the prisoner had been at witch meetings with them, and had seduced and compelled them to the snares of witchcraft, that he promised them fine clothes for doing it, that he brought poppets to them and thorns to stick into those poppets for the afflicting other people, and that he exhorted them to bewitch all Salem village, but to do it gradually."

Among the bewitched, or afflicted persons, one declared, "that in her agonies, a little black man came to her, saying his name was Burroughs, and bidding her set her hand to a book which he showed her, bragging that he was a conjurer, and above the ordinary rank of witches;" and others, that "in their torments, the prisoner tempted them to go to a sacrament, to which they heard him summoning other witches by the sound of a trumpet, who came from all quarters, helter skelter, to the rendezvous;" another, on recovering from a trance, declared, "that he had carried her away into the top of a very high mountain, where he showed her mighty and glorious kingdoms, and offered them all to her if she would but write her name in his book." His sudden appearance at the trial of Sarah Good, his look of premature old age after an absence of only three years, about which everybody spoke with surprise when he appeared in court; his loud voice and swarthy complexion, both so unlike what they had been, that few could remember in him the gay, high-spirited youth, whom they had known but a few years before, and been so well acquainted with when a preacher; his behaviour to the boy, his reproduction of the lost knife at such a critical moment, by the help of that boy; his bright, fierce look, his undaunted carriage, and his remarkable words when they asked him by what authority he was abroad again, and he answered, by the authority of the Strong Man! Who was that *Strong Man?* "By authority of One who hath endowed me with great power!" Who was that *One?*

The judges were not long in doubt, for it being proved by a great number of respectable and trustworthy witnesses, that the accused, though a small man, had lifted a gun of seven feet barrel, with one hand behind the lock; nay, that with his fore finger in the barrel, he did so, and that in the same party, at the same place, a stout, formidable savage did the same thing, it was adjudged by the court, after consulting together a while, that Burroughs had been aided and assisted by the Black Man, who was near in a bodily shape, and after this, it having been satisfactorily proved that Burroughs "*made nothing*" of other feats requiring a bodily strength, such as no one there had ever seen or heard of out of the holy scriptures, it was solemnly adjudged by the same court, after a further consultation, that George Burroughs had a devil; and after this, it being proved by Mr. Ruck, the brother-in-law of Burroughs, "that one day, when Burroughs and his wife and Mr. Ruck went after strawberries together, three miles into the country, Burroughs on foot, and they on horseback, Burroughs went aside into the bushes, whereupon they halted and hallooed for him, and he not making them any reply, they went homeward with a quickened pace, not expecting to see him for a considerable time, but when they were near home they saw him ahead of them all at once, and afoot as before, with a basket of strawberries newly gathered, waiting for his wife, whom he chid for what she had spoken to her brother on the road, which, when they marvelled at, he said he knew their very thoughts; and Ruck saying that was more than the devil himself could know, he answered with heat, "Brother and wife, my God makes known your thoughts to me." All this being proved, the court after a third consultation, gave judgment in the following words:—"That Burroughs then stepped aside only that, by the assistance of the Black Man, he might put on his invisibility, and in that fascinating mist, gratify his own jealous humour to hear what they said of him."

Others now testified that both his wives had frequently complained of their house being troubled with wicked spirits; and others, who had sworn before the committing judge to the same story, now repeated, while it thundered and lightened in their upturned faces, and the big sweat stood upon the forehead of Burroughs, who appeared as if his heart was broken, though about his mouth was a patient, proud smile; for near him were Elizabeth and Rachel Dyer waiting to be called up, one pale as death, watching his look as if she had no hope on earth but in him, while the other stood up with her majestick forehead flashing to the storm—ay, repeated, even at such an hour, and in such a place, that they had been visited by the apparitions of his buried wives, who charged him with having caused their death, and promised, if he denied the charge, to appear in court against him.

"Prisoner at the bar," said one of the judges, after consulting with Lieutenant-governour Stoughton, a Mr. Winthrop, and a Major Saltonstall, three other judges, "prisoner at the bar, what say you? will you venture to deny the charge?"

"Will I deny the ——." He was interrupted by a crash of thunder that shook the whole house, and was followed by one universal cry of horrour from the multitude, rushing together, and falling upon their knees and covering their faces, "will I deny the charge? Yes, that will I! that I do! Let my accusers appear! Let the grave open before me—I am not afraid. If they but wear the blessed features of them that I loved while on earth, I shall but tremble with joy to meet them."

Another crash of thunder followed—another similar outcry—and lo! the afflicted began screaming that the apparitions had actually kept their promise—accepted the challenge—and were seen standing face to face with the prisoner!

For a long time nothing could be heard but shrieks of horrour, and the loud voices of the constables trying to make themselves heard.

At last, willing to hear what Burroughs would say, one of the judges asked him what hindered those people from giving their testimony—for they had all been seized with fit after fit, while proceeding with their stories.

"I do not know," was the reply. "I am utterly confounded by their behaviour. It may be the devil."

"Ah," said the judge, "and why is the devil so loth to have testimony borne against you? answer me that. Whereupon," says an eye-witness, "the prisoner was cast into very great confusion."

Here the trial ended. The minds of the jury were made up; for though he spoke in a way that made everybody about him shudder, for what they called the misapplication of his mighty power, and although he gave up to the judges a written argument of wonderful vigour and beauty, which is yet preserved among the records of that people, he was found guilty, and straightway condemned to death—nay, for a time, it was a question whether he should not be burned alive or stoned to death.

He showed no sort of emotion. He made no sort of reply. He neither moved nor spoke till he saw the women gather about a place where Elizabeth Dyer sat, and lift her up and carry her forth into the air, as if she were a dead creature, followed by men with firelocks and drawn swords. Then, and for the first time, he was moved; but, before he could open his mouth, he saw Rachel Dyer stand up, and heard her say to the judges, "Let me be tried, I entreat ye, oh, judges of Israel, before the maid be brought back! Let her be kept away, I beseech ye; if—if"—her voice quavered for a moment here; "if her presence be not required by the law."

"Let it be so," was the answer from the bench. "Proceed."

But why stop to detail a process, the result of which everybody foresaw and foreknew? Enough to say that she was found guilty like the others.

"Why are these poor women troubled?" quoth Judge Winthrop, just before giving judgment of death against her.

"I do not know," was the reply.

"But according to your belief?"

"I don't wish to say what I think of the matter, friend Winthrop. It can do no good, and it might do harm."

"Don't you think they're bewitched?"

"No, I do not."

"Give us your thoughts of the malady," added another of the judges.

"No, Ichabod, no! My thoughts can be of no value to thee. If I had more proof, I might be willing to speak of their master—"

"*Of their master, hey!*" cried a little man, with a sharp, eager look, and a pinched-up mouth—"and who is their *master?*"

"If they deal in witchcraft, or in the black-art, Joseph, thee need not be told by me, who their master is——"

"Woman—you smile. Are you not afraid of death?"

"No—not afraid of death. And yet, if I might be spared for a little time, I should be very thankful."

"Not afraid of death, Rachel Dyer!"

"No—and why should I be afraid of anything but life, and the sorrows and the transgressions of life! Why should I desire to live? What is there to attach a miserable creature like me to life? —No, no—but for one thing—the poor dear child, Elizabeth—I should say, Lord! let now thy servant depart in peace! nay, I should long to be where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!—"

"What have you done, Rachel Dyer, to disturb the faculties of that woman?"

"Speakest thou of the witness, Elizabeth Hubbard."

"Yea."

"Much—much—though nought of evil."

"It is your apparition, perhaps."

"If so, I cannot help it."

"Why does your apparition pursue her?"

"How should I know? He that appeared in the shape of Samuel, may appear in the shape of another."

Judgment was pronounced forthwith, and she was ordered for execution within three days.

Elizabeth Dyer was then put to the bar; but half dead with terrour, and so alarmingly ill, they concluded to put off her trial, and allow her to have a short interview with her sister.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

The two wretched young women met once more—and but once—before they were to be separated for ever. Elizabeth grew ashamed of her own weakness, on perceiving how steadfast and womanly was the faith of Rachel. "I pray thee, dear sister, to forgive me," said she, falling suddenly upon her sister's neck, after they had been together a whole hour.

"Forgive thee—for what, pray?"

"Do, do, forgive me, Rachel!"

"Why, what *can* be the matter with the child? Here we sit for a whole hour together, in the dead of night, looking death in the face, without a sob or a tear, comforting our hearts, weary and wayworn as they are, with the hope of soon meeting our beloved mother, and our high-minded father—and yet, all of a sudden, as if we had never thought a word of death——"

"Oh, but I have thought of it, sister!—indeed, I have! and what is more, I have brought myself to be very willing to die now—*now*; but——"

"But what, pray?—why does thee stop?—why turn away thy face?—why break out even into such bitter lamentations?"

"Oh, my dear, *dear* sister!"

"Why, what ails thee, Elizabeth Dyer? What am I to believe? What has thee done? Why does thee cling to me so? And wherefore do thee hide thy face?"

"Oh, Rachel! Rachel! I dare not speak to thee—I dare not look at thee!—I cannot!"

"Lift up thy head, this minute, Elizabeth Dyer! Let go of my hand, and let me see thy face!"

"Oh, no—no, no—I dare not; I am afraid of thee."

"Of me!—afraid of me, Elizabeth! Why, what has thee done, my poor sister—and what have I done to deserve this, at thy hands?"

"Oh nothing, sister, dear sister—thee has done nothing. It is I only that have been so foolish and so wicked!"

"*Wicked!—foolish!*—in what way!—would thee drive me crazy?"

"I am very sorry, sister—very, *very*—but oh, I could not help it."

"Could not help what? Speak!—and whatever it is, I will forgive thee—speak, in mercy!—we have but a few minutes left, the day is breaking now, Elizabeth; oh, speak to me!"

"I will, I will!" whispered the poor girl, sobbing, as if her heart would break, and burying her face in the lap of her terrified sister, at whose feet she had fallen, with her magnificent hair all abroad—"I will, I will, but"—with the low sweet murmuring of a pure heart, as though it were a confession of guilt and shame—"Oh, do not look at me so; I cannot bear it, Rachel!"

"Look at thee! my poor bewildered sister; how can thee tell

whether I am looking at thee or not, while thy heart is there? Get up—I don't half like that posture; it betokens too much fear—too much humility—at a time like this. Get up, Elizabeth, get up; if thee wouldn't raise a trouble in my heart, which I wouldn't have there now for all the world; get up, I beseech thee, Elizabeth Dyer!"

Elizabeth arose, and fell again upon her sister's neck, and putting her mouth close to her ear, while her innocent face glowed with deep shame, whispered—"I pray thee, Rachel, *dear* Rachel, I pray thee—*do* let me see once more, though it be only for a few minutes, before we are separated by death—never to meet again, perhaps—never! never!

Rachel made no reply, but gathering the sweet girl into her bosom, with a convulsive sob, she wept for a long while upon her neck. They were interrupted by the jailer, who came to read a warrant, saying, that inasmuch as the man called George Burroughs, otherwise called the Reverend George Burroughs, having desired to see Rachel Dyer and Elizabeth Dyer, the confederate witches, before his death, he had been permitted by the merciful and honourable judges to see the said Rachel Dyer, and he the bearer was, therefore, empowered to fetch the said Rachel to the said George—for the reasons aforesaid; and thereof he was to fail not at his peril, etc., all which he read with great emphasis and solemnity, even to the signatures of the judges, and the day of the month, and year.

A separation like that of death followed between the two sisters. They had no hope of ever meeting again on earth. Poor Elizabeth was quite speechless; but her large blue eyes were turned up to the face of Rachel, as if to implore a consideration of her dying prayer. "If it may be," said Rachel, "if it may be, dear Elizabeth, it shall be. Have courage. Be prepared for the worst, while hoping for the best, however; and now farewell! my dear, dear sister—we shall not see one another again, this side the grave—oh, my sister, forgive me that I have been harsh to thee! and if thy life be spared—as it may, dearest—oh, think of me, as of one that suffered much—*much*, from untold sorrow, and a weariness of spirit, known but to our Father, our *dear* Father in heaven.—Let us pray!"

They prayed together, each with her arm about the other's neck—the jailer standing over them, and wondering to see witches pray; but accounting for it upon the principle of their being deserted by their betrayer, and driven to repentance by the wholesome severity of the law—interchanged their trembling farewell kisses, in a transport of affection, and parted for ever.

Rachel was led straightway to the dungeon, where she found Burroughs, chained like a wild beast to the wall. "There is yet one hope, dear Rachel," said he, and but one; striving, as he spoke, to wrench the pillar from its place, to which he was chained; though at the risk of bringing down the roof with it, like the strong man of old.

"No, George—there is no hope; and I could not have thee deceive thyself; nay, nay—wouldst thou, if thou hadst the power, pluck down destruction upon the heads of the innocent.—Forbear, my friend, forbear!"

"Nay, it is not for myself that I speak. I am prepared for death, and ready for death; but oh, Rachel! if I could but persuade you, there might be hope for Elizabeth and for you."

"George!—what hope on earth is there for me?"—and she stopped suddenly, as if she had betrayed herself, and withdrew her hand, which he had been holding to his heart.

"Hear me, thou high-hearted, generous woman! I have, indeed, no hope of myself, and but little for thee; but—but—I do believe we might manage to save her."

"*Manage!*——"

"Be patient, my dear friend. There will be a change here—a great change, before long—it must be so—it cannot be otherwise. The conspirators are beginning to overstep the mark. They are going too far—flying too high. The prisons are crowded with people of distinction. This very day they have begun to whisper about our friend, Matthew Paris—nay, even the governour is mentioned, and that story of the Spanish wreck, may yet be a snare to him—or the salvation of hundreds! If they persist—if they go up to the seat of power—mark my words!—there must, and there will be, a speedy overthrow of all these banded wretches and blasphemers. And, therefore——"

"Well, George—why do thee stop short, and turn away, as if unwilling to have her look into thine eyes?"

"Because, my friend, I—I—in short, *Rachel*, I am anxious to persuade Elizabeth—to have you persuade her, I mean, if possible—to—to—to confess."

"To *confess* what?"

"Why only to confess—that—that she is a—a——; but you understand me, Rachel."

"Yes, George; I do understand thee. Thee would have me confess that I am a witch, and ask Elizabeth to do the same."

"Exactly!" said he, quite amazed at her composure.

"And wherefore? What shall we gain by it?"

"Gain by it!—life—an opportunity of doing much good—of sparing to our judges and people the guilt of innocent blood—of bringing the transgressors to punishment."

"And what more, George?"

"What more! Is not this enough?"

"No, George."

"Hear me out, Rachel. Do not wonder at me—nor look at me thus, until I have ended."

"Proceed."

"You are guilty of untruth, to be sure; but you save your life by it—the life of poor Elizabeth—you are moved, I see: and now let me ask you, my friend, which were the greater crime, *to die*, where you have the power of escape within your reach—trusting to a miracle for safety—or *to live*, when you may do so, by a few words of untruth, involving no injury to others, nor to yourself?"

"George Burroughs—farewell!"

"Nay, not yet! Hear me through. By this word of untruth, you save your own life, and, perhaps, many other lives; you punish the guilty—you have leisure to repent, if such untruth be sinful; you have an opportunity of establishing your innocence; you may profit by a change of popular faith; and will, hereafter, obtain praise for that very untruth, and real heartfelt gratitude from those who are stopped midway in the career of guilt, and spared, perhaps, the consummation of their wickedness on earth—withheld, perhaps, from the unforgiveable sin!"

"Oh, George!"—and she turned away trembling, and covered her face with her hands.

"But," he continued with eagerness—"but, on the contrary, my dear friend, if you die, and if you should happen to be mistaken—if *your death be sinful*, you have no time for repentance or godly sorrow; no opportunity to prove your innocence. The guilt of your death, if not charged hereafter to you, will be charged to your destroyers, the judges and the people; and every human creature that perishes hereafter, who might have been saved by you, will have reason to lay his death at your door. Nay, if your character be that, for the preservation of which you are willing to die, consider, that by dying, you leave behind you the character of one, who being charged with witchcraft, foul and abominable witchcraft, was tried and executed for witchcraft, found guilty, and punished as murderers and witches are punished—hung up between heaven and earth!—You shudder, my dear friend—if you cannot bear the picture, how will you ever be able to bear the steadfast and overpowering reality?"

"George Burroughs! I have but one reply to make to thee. Do thee wish me to confess, *and live?*"

"I do, as I hope for mercy, Rachel."

"Thee would have Elizabeth confess—*and live?*"

"I would."

"Wilt thou?"

"I!"

"Yes, George, yes—*wilt thou?*"

"No, Rachel—no, my friend—but our circumstances are so different, you perceive, that I—I—in short, I would rather die ten thousand times over!"

"So would I, George! and so *will* I—"

"But Elizabeth?"

"Elizabeth may do what she thinks right. I shall not endeavour to influence her, either one way or the other."

"Oh, but Rachel, if you were to urge her—"

"Urge her! would that be doing as I would be done by? Shall I urge a beloved sister to that which no power on earth could make me do?"

"But if I should be permitted to see her, will you promise not to interfere? will you authorize me to say to her, that you are willing to have her confess, and live?"

"Willing!—yes,—but oh, George, let not the maiden be deceived by thee or me, nor even by the fear of death!"

"Say so on this bit of paper, and I will take it with me."

"Oh, is it certain that she is to see thee, George; and without me?"

"Yes—if she sees him at all;" (said the jailer, looking in at the door, and quickly too, I promise you; for the worshipful judges, when they authorized and empowered me, their unworthy—"

"Silence, sir!" cried Burroughs, lifting his manacled hand at the jailer, who started back from the door with affright, and called for help.

"Enough—there—take it, George"—handing him the paper. "Enough! I would have my dear sister live." She will have much to make life dear to her; she will be sure of sympathy and love, all her life long, whatever may come of this; but as for me—I have no desire to live, George!—"

"No desire to live!"

"None, except for her sake—and so—and so—we are to part now, George—and the sooner we part, the better." "Let me kiss thee, now, my *brother!*—let me but kiss thee before we part, and I shall be happy!"

"He stooped reverently toward her, stretched forth his manacled hand and embraced her and then they parted—parted for ever! she, saying with a smile, in a very low quiet voice, her mouth trembling, and large tears dropping on his locked hands, "Thee will kiss her too, George!"—thee *must*, "Thee's very dear to the maiden; and she—she—but no matter—whether alive or dead, she will be happy, *for they will pity her and love her!*"

"And you too, bravest and best of women!"

"No, George—love and pity are not for such as I am." There may be hope for a *beautiful witch, with large blue eyes, and a sweet mouth;* but—but——*for a freckled witch, with red hair and a hump on her back*, there is no hope!" She was gone.

And lo! he prevailed upon Elizabeth to confess and live. Upon his knees, and in tears—with clasped hands—and with the voice of a broken-hearted man, he besought her to have mercy on herself and live. She consented at last; and they spared her life. But he was put to death on the following day; he bearing with high and steady courage to the last; forgiving all, and predicting with a voice, like that of a prophet, a speedy and perpetual overthrow to the belief in witchcraft.

Being dead, the jailer was ordered to the women's dungeon, to apprise Rachel Dyer, that on the morrow, early, she would be brought forth to suffer.

And lo! on the morrow, when the multitude were gathered together about the jail, waiting for her to be led forth, a man appeared at the window, pale with fear, saying that she was asleep, or somebody that resembled her, and that he could not wake her. Wherefore the High Sheriff entered the jail, and went up to the bed—and spoke to her—faltering and thrilling as he did so, at the mighty change of countenance which had taken place within forty-eight hours; but she made no reply—she stirred not—moved not—breathed not. The bed was drawn forth to the light—the people gathered round in silence and awe; and she was lifted up, and carried out into the cold morning air, on the way to the gallows. But in vain. *She was dead!*

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

SINGERS AND SINGING.

The Italians are the only people who have cultivated vocal science with pre-eminent success. From them are deduced the few principles that are established in other countries. Perhaps we may trace certain national vitiations of tone in singing to the predominance of peculiar actions of the organs of speech in pronouncing the several languages. The French are nasal, the Germans are guttural, and the English sibilant. These are the characteristicks of their several languages. Their own singers differ too in their manner of voicing, while the Italians, whose smooth and gliding syllables are lubricated by the constant succession of vowels, evince in the uniformity of their conduct of the voice, their *portamento*, as it is termed, that they have a regular and certain method of producing tone; and it must be conceded to them that it produces the purest and the best that art has hitherto attained. They appear, as far as such an act will admit of being described, to form the tone more at the back of the mouth, keeping the throat moderately open, than either in the chest, the head, or the throat itself. We should say that there is a place near the back of the mouth, where the voice, whether from the head or the chest, must pass, and it seems as if the method brings the tone to this spot previous to production, and sends it forth in its finished state, from that precise point, untainted either by the nose or the throat, the mouth or the lips. The mouth, which the English singer causes to take a very principal direction, has little, if any, immediate influence in the formation of the Italian tone. The mouth and lips are much more visibly at rest; they assume a gentle smiling character; the aperture is lengthened rather than rounded as in English singing. Upon such a matter, words convey very inadequate ideas; but if the reader will closely observe and endeavour to imitate the tone of a fine Italian singer, a sort of sympathy will direct him to that immediate action of the organs employed in the production and emission of sound which we have attempted to describe, and he will clearly understand these differences.

Besides these grand essentials of purity, richness, sweetness, and brilliancy, I have said it is important that the voice in all its compass and variety should carry with it a distinguishing and predominant characteristick by which it may always be recognised. This property is perfectly compatible with the most sublime, the most lively, or the most pathetick expression of tone. The auditor, even with his eyes shut, should never be at a loss to determine whether the notes proceed from the same person; the conduct of the voice should be equable, and the tones in pronouncing the different vowels, as nearly alike as is consistent with pure and unaffected pronunciation, which ought upon no account to be sacrificed to erroneous notions of tone. The license which the Italian language grants in this point, in permitting something like the insertion of vowels between words beginning and ending with consonants, is not to be endured in an English singer. *Moy* for *my*, *doy* for *die*, must always be disgusting to a classical ear in any tone. The transitions, though well-marked and well-defined, should never be too violent or sudden, but should seem to melt into each other by proper gradations, unless in compositions where a change of the sentiment demands an entire and rapid alteration. The notes should never be quitted abruptly, but should sink as it were into silence. These appear to be the only general rules.

SINGULAR VERIFICATION OF A DREAM.

A letter from Hamburgh contains the following curious story relative to the verification of a dream. It appears that a locksmith's apprentice one morning lately informed his master, (Claude Soller,) that on the previous night he dreamt that he had been assassinated on the road to Bergedorff, a little town at about two hours' distance from Hamburgh. The master laughed at the young man's credulity, and to prove that he himself had little faith in dreams, insisted upon sending him immediately to Bergedorff with one hundred and forty six dollars, which he owed to his brother-in-law, who resided in the town. The apprentice, after in vain imploring his master to change his intention, was compelled to set out about eleven o'clock. On arriving at the village of Bilwaerder, about half way between Hamburgh and Bergedorff, he recollected his dream with terror; but, perceiving the baillie of the village at a little distance, talking to some of his workmen, he accosted him, and acquainted him with his singular dream; at the same time requesting, that as he had money about his person, one of his workmen might be allowed to accompany him for protection across a small wood which lay in his way. The baillie smiled, and, in obedience to his orders, one of his men set out with the young apprentice. The next day the corpse of the latter was conveyed by some peasants to the baillie, along with a reaping-hook, which had been found by his side, and with which the throat of the murdered youth had been cut. The baillie immediately recognized the instrument as one which he had on the previous day given to the workman who had served as the apprentice's guide, for the purpose of pruning some willows. The workman was apprehended, and, on being confronted with the body of his victim, made a full confession of his crime, adding, that the recital of the dream had alone prompted him to commit the horrible act. The assassin, who is thirty-five years of age, is a native of Bilwaerder, and previously to the perpetration of the murder had always borne an irreproachable character.

THE THREE SHARPERS—AN ARABIAN TALE.

A PEASANT was conducting a goat to Bagdad; he was mounted on a mule, and the goat following him with a bell hung to his neck. Three young bucks observing him, one of them proposed an even bet that he would take the goat without the countryman's knowledge, notwithstanding the tinkling of the bell. "Done," said the second, "and at the same time I will lay you a wager that I will steal from the fellow the mule he rides upon without exciting his suspicion." "That must be a difficult task, indeed," observed the third; "but if you will double the stakes, I will engage to take from him all the clothes upon his back, and carry them off, without his trying to hinder me!" These proposals being mutually agreed to, the first commenced his task, which was to steal the goat. Having dexterously loosened the fastening to the bell, he slipt it from the goat's neck, tied it to the mule's tail, and made off with the goat undiscovered. The peasant, hearing the tinkling of the bell, never doubted but that the goat followed. However, happening to look behind him some time after, he was strangely surprised at missing the little animal, which he was to sell at market. He now made inquiry of every passenger, in hopes of hearing of his strayed goat; at last, the second sharper accosted him, and told him he had just seen a man make down the next lane precipitately, dragging along a goat by the hind-legs. The peasant, thinking he could run faster than his old mule could carry him, instantly dismounted, and requested the young fellow to hold his mule, while he set off in full speed in pursuit of the thief. After exhausting himself in running without getting sight of the man or the goat, he returned quite spent, and almost breathless, to thank the stranger for taking care of his mule, when, to add to his misfortune, behold, his mule and keeper were vanished.

The two successful rogues had gained a secure retreat, and were triumphing over their associate, while he waited for the countryman at the side of a well, in a part of the road he knew he must pass. Here he sent forth his lamentable cries, and made such bitter wailings, that the peasant was touched with commiseration as he approached him, and reflecting on his own misfortunes, found himself disposed to listen to the afflictions of others. As he appeared to be overwhelmed with grief, he thus addressed him: "How can you take on so piteously? surely your misfortunes are not so great as mine; I have just lost two animals, the value of which is more than one-half of my substance; my mule and my goat might, in time, have made my fortune." "A fine loss, truly," said the man at the well, "to be compared with mine! you have not, like me, let fall into this well, a casket of diamonds delivered into my hands, and entrusted to my care and discretion, to be carried to the Caliph of Bagdad; no doubt I shall be hanged for my negligence, which will be called an excuse for having clandestinely sold them." "Why don't you dive to the bottom of the well, and fetch up your treasure," said the peasant; "I know it is not deep." "Alas," replied the sharper, "I am quite awkward at diving, and had rather run the risk of being hanged, than meet inevitable death by drowning: but if any one who knows the well better than me, would undertake the kind office, upon recovering the jewels, I would give him ten pieces of gold."

The unwary dupe poured out his pious ejaculations in gratitude to Mahomet for having thrown in his way the means of repairing the loss of his mule and his goat. "Promise me," said he, in an ecstacy, "the ten pieces, and I will recover your casket." The sharper agreed, and the countryman stripped himself and jumped with such alacrity into the well, that the sharper saw he had no time to lose, and immediately took to his heels with the clothes. The poor peasant felt all round the bottom of the well to no purpose, and then raising himself to the brink to take breath, and recover strength for a second attempt, he found that the stranger had decamped with his apparel. Grown wise too late by woful experience, he returned home by many a lonely path to conceal his shame; and relating his tale to his affectionate wife, the only consolation he received from her was, "that from the king upon the throne to the shepherd on the plains, two thirds of the human race owed the greatest part of the vexations of life to imprudent confidences." The next day he not only received back both his animals and his clothes, but in one of the pockets he found the full sum he so much coveted, to wit: ten pieces of gold.

A RUSSIAN AND A CHINESE TOWN.

Kiachta, the famous border station of the two greatest empires in the world—namely, the Celestial Empire, and that of All the Russias—is situated about two hundred miles south-east of Irkutsk, half-way up the ascent to the Desert of Gobi. The town is fenced round, and strictly guarded to prevent contraband traffick. The houses are well built, and handsomely painted; proofs of opulence offer themselves to the eye at all sides. Chinese merchants are seen pacing the streets demurely, in cloaks of black silk, and felt caps, in form like a crown, with a small tassel of red silk at the top, in the middle of which the officers and mandarins wear the button or precious stone which distinguishes their rank. At sunset they all hasten back to Maimachin, or the Chinese town, which is separated from Kiachta, or the Russian quarters, by a high wooden wall, that marks the boundary of the two empires. Above the broad portal, through which the two towns communicate, is placed, facing the month, the Russian eagle. In spite of the wealth of Kiachta, the place has the grave and earnest appearance characteristick of all Russian towns; and, to a stranger passing through the gate which leads into Maimachin, the immediate change of scene appears like the work of enchantment.

A more striking contrast is nowhere to be found on the face of the earth. On the one side everything wears a sober appearance; on the other is such a display of bright colours and varnish, as rarely meets the European eye. The streets in Maimachin are made smooth with a hard cement. The houses on both sides are plain plastered edifices, only one story high, and the flat roofs not being visible, it is only by the windows of Chinese paper that the stranger discovers that the walls on both sides are those of dwellings. They are covered over with paper lanterns, and the poles projecting from them bear flags and streamers of the gaudiest colours, on which are inscriptions (setting forth the name and business probably of the merchant), and sundry fantastick devices. At the corner of a street was a tall brazier of cast iron, with burning coals, round which the Mongolian porters and camel-drivers sat preparing their tea and smoking tobacco. At the junction of the two chief streets stands a temple of considerable dimensions, with four towers, open arcades, and galleries, and having long coloured flags hanging from every projecting point. Sunset is proclaimed by the ringing of cymbals from the upper galleries of this building.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

The African magician in Aladdin, traversing Ispahan, and crying out for his own private purposes, *Who will exchange old lamps for new ones?* is an excellent vaticinatory hit at the *soi disant* illuminati of modern times.

Very crafty persons may be at once known by the great breadth between their eyes. I have remarked that persons with this peculiarity of feature are also better qualified than others to judge of physical beauty and the harmonies of external appearance.

When you pen a commonplace you should always strain a point to redeem it by a *jeu-de-mot*. Yet perhaps I am unphilosophical in my advice, for most great truths are essentially commonplace. So, for that matter, are all the dogmas and dictates of reason—the reason of many, *cest a dire*, not of all, for what is high treason with the old-clothesmen is high treason with the purple-and-fine-linemen.

Life is a game which perversely varies its character according to the age at which we play it: in youth, when much may be lost, it is a game of chance; in manhood, when little remains to be won, it is a game of skill.

Gay people commit more follies than gloomy; but gloomy people commit greater follies.

The intellect of poets feeds their vanity; that of philosophers counteracts theirs.

The Irish annalists sustain the literary character of their country famously. I like samples of style such as those *que voici*. "MacGiolla-Ruadh plunged into the river and swam to the shore, but he was drowned before he landed." "The Kinel-Owen defeated the Kinel-Connell with terrible slaughter, *for* Niall Garbh O'Donnell lost one leg in the battle." "The Lord Lieutenant and Maurice Fitzgerald then returned to Ireland, both in good health, except that Maurice Fitzgerald caught a fever on the way, from which he did not recover." "Hugh Roe now sent word to the Italians to come and assist him, but this they were not then able to do, for they had all been killed some time before by," etc. Pope, it occurs to me, has an Irish line in his *Essay on Man*—

> "Virtuous and vicious every man must be:
> *Few* in the *extreme* but *all* in the *degree*."

And Schiller another in his *Robbers:*

> "Death's kingdom—*waked* from its *eternal* sleep!"

And Milton another in his *Paradise Lost:*

> "And in the *lowest* depth a *lower* deep."

I disapprove of encouraging the working classes to read too much. One inevitable result of their knowledge must be, that their wants will become multiplied in a greater degree than their resources.

Apropos of poetical prophecies, Shelley has recorded a remarkable prediction by Byron anent the mode of his (Shelley's) own death:

> "'O, ho!
> You talk as in times past,' said Maddalo.
> 'Tis strange men change not: you were ever still
> Among Christ's flock a perilous infidel—
> A wolf for the meek lambs: *if you can't swim,*
> *Beware of Providence!*' I looked at him,
> But the gay smile had faded from his eye."

One of the finest passages in modern fiction is the meeting between Watson and Welbeck in Brockden Brown's "Arthur Mervyn." The stern concentrated rage of the avenger, the more awful from its calmness, and the wordless resignation and despair of the wretched seducer are portrayed with a terrible faithfulness to nature. The introductory words of Watson—"It is well. The hour my vengeance has long thirsted for is arrived. Welbeck! that my first words could strike thee dead! They will so, if thou hast any claim to the name of man;" prepare us for the harrowing disclosures that follow: the death of Watson's sister "from anguish and a broken heart," and the suicide of their lunatick father in consequence. And when Watson, having narrated the latter circumstance, draws a pistol from his breast, and, approaching Welbeck, places the muzzle against his forehead, saying, with forced calmness: "This is the instrument with which the deed was performed," who, even of those that cannot *feel* the scene, but must acknowledge the graphick nature of the conception? The duel, also, across the table, with its unlooked-for result in the death of Watson, and the whole of the subsequent narrative of the interment of the corpse in the cellar, how peculiarly, but how powerfully they are given! Our interest in the entire affair is heightened by the singular character of Welbeck, who, by the way, is not at all like the Falkland of "Caleb Williams," though Dunlop, Brown's biographer, fancies he perceives a marked resemblance between them. Let us hope that "Arthur Mervyn" will find a place among the standard novels. It deserves the honour fully as much as "Edgar Huntly."

Whenever you buy or sell, let or hire, make a clear bargain, and never trust to "We shan't disagree about trifles."

Narrow-souled people are like narrow-necked bottles, the less they have in them the more noise they make in letting it out.

DISAGREEABLE PEOPLE.

Never ask a disagreeable man to dine with you. We do not here allude to stupid men, or silent men, or mere chatterers; for if all these are excluded, the party, instead of exceeding, as it generally does, the number of the muses, would hardly reach that of the graces. Besides, listeners and talkers are necessary, or at least often useful, and the gentlemen we have alluded to are generally well qualified to enact these parts. But your disagreeable man! (an animal, by-the-by, that requires no description, as everybody would recognise him at a glance,) it is always a matter of surprise to us dinner-eaters how you most worthy dinner-givers can permit the really disagreeable man to join your parties, and "spoil the pleasure of the time." And yet we meet such people at what would otherwise be the pleasantest parties, but which they contrive to spoil, and to which they come (strange to say) not in sheep's clothing, but with all the snarl, tusks, and hide of the undisguised wolf. If you are a man of sense, gentle reader, you most likely have no such creature within that limit of acquaintanceship which makes it possible that you should invite him. If, however, your ill-fortune, or your own imprudence, has placed you in that predicament, I would merely say—get rid of him as soon as you can; and you will find no mode of more certainly, nor more satisfactorily effecting it, than by leaving him out of your dinner invitations.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

CORN-FIELDS.—BY MARY HOWITT.

> In the young merry time of spring,
> When clover 'gins to burst;
> When blue-bells nod within the wood,
> And sweet May whitens first;
> When merle and mavis sing their fill,
> Green is the young corn on the hill.

> But when the merry spring is past,
> And summer groweth bold,
> And in the garden and the field
> A thousand flowers unfold,
> Before a green leaf yet is sere,
> The young corn shoots into the ear.

> But, then, as day and night succeed,
> And summer weareth on,
> And in the flowery garden beds
> The red-rose groweth wan,
> And hollyhock and sunflowers tall
> O'ertop the mossy garden-wall:

> When on the breath of autumn breeze,
> From pastures dry and brown,
> Goes floating, like an idle thought,
> The fair, white thistle down;
> O, then, what joy to walk at will,
> Upon that golden harvest-hill!

> What joy in dreamy ease to lie
> Amid a field new-shorn;
> And see all round, on sun-lit slopes,
> The piled-up shocks of corn,
> And send the fancy wandering o'er
> All pleasant harvest-fields of yore.

> I feel the day; I see the field;
> The quivering of the leaves;
> And good old Jacob and his house
> Binding the yellow sheaves;
> And, at this very hour, I seem
> To be with Joseph in his dream.

> I see the fields of Bethlehem,
> And reapers many a one,
> Bending unto their sickle's stroke,
> And Boaz looking on;
> And Ruth, the Moabitess fair,
> Among the gleaners, stooping there.

> Again, I see a little child,
> His mother's sole delight:
> God's living gift of love unto
> The kind, good Shunamite:
> To mortal pangs I see him yield,
> And the lad bear him from the field.

> The sun-bathed quiet of the hills
> The fields of Galilee,
> That, eighteen hundred years ago,
> Were full of corn, I see,
> And the dear Saviour take his way
> 'Mid ripe ears on the Sabbath-day.

> O golden fields of bending corn,
> How beautiful they seem!
> The reaper-flock, the piled-up sheaves,
> To me are like a dream:
> The sunshine and the very air
> Seem of old time, and take me there!

BIGOTRY.

Many persons, who jump too suddenly from premise to conclusion, are fond of attributing the persecutions of the church, and all cruelties of which professors have been guilty, to *religion* itself. I am rather inclined to ask, with Dr. Franklin, "If they were so bad with religion, what would they have been without it?" I never heard Nero's barbarities attributed to his Christianity, and the same may be said of many other monsters of a former age. The Puritans are justly censured for persecuting contemporary sects, and hanging the witches—but how much more cruel would they have been, had they felt no religious restraint! If the harvest is backward on account of a late spring, how much would the reapers have gathered, had the frosts of winter continued through the year? Is it the fault of the moon and stars, that the wayfarer cannot find his way through the forest so well in the night, as he could in the meridian day? How much worse would be his condition, if these lamps of the night were also obscured. Christianity had nothing to do with the horrours of the French revolution.

CLEANLINESS.

There is a homely, but very forcible, expression (most homely expressions are forcible) that "cleanliness is next to godliness" meaning thereby that habits of cleanliness tend not only to health of body, but to that state of moral feeling, which becomes man as the chief creature of the Almighty. One of the first acts of mental degradation is neglect of the person; filth and rags are always associated with misery, and often with vice and crime; and this remark applies to nations as well as to individuals; for we find that the nations lowest in the scale of civilization, are those which are deprived of political freedom, of domestick comfort, and of mental culture, which arises from the liberty of the press.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

Brilliant talents, graces of person, and a confirmed intrepidity, and a continual habit of displaying these advantages, is all that is aimed at in the education of girls: the virtues that make domestick life happy, the sober and useful qualities that make a moderate fortune and a retired situation comfortable, are never inculcated. One would be left to imagine, by the common modes of female education, that life consisted of one universal holiday, and that the only contest was, who shall be best enabled to excel in the sports and games that were to be celebrated on it.

ORIGINAL DRAMATICK EXTRACTS.

SCENE FROM AN UNPUBLISHED COMEDY.

Present—VICTOR *and* PEDRILLO.

Victor. How now, Pedrillo? Prithee, what's the matter?
Have you been bitten by a rabid dog,
That you do chafe, and foam, and gnash your teeth,
As baited unto madness?
Pedrillo. Look at that!
And wonder at my equanimity.
Victor A perfect Stoick truly! Mild as moonbeams,
And quiet as a riband in a whirlwind—
Patience personified!
Pedrillo. Will you read that?
Victor. An if you roar so loudly, my Pedrillo,
You'll rouse the watchman snoring on the door-step.
Compose yourself.
Pedrillo. I shall go mad, indeed!
What! You have seen it—read it—laughed at it—
Retailed it, at the club, as a good joke!
But, as the sun's in heaven, I will have vengeance!
Victor. Well done! the action and the word well suited!
How such an exit would bring down the bravos!
Pescara, Hotspur, Gloster,—say, what part
Shall be selected for your first appearance?
Pedrillo. Torture! I thought you were my friend. Farewell!
Victor. Stay, till you prove me otherwise. Explain.
What direful, strange affliction has o'erwhelmed you?
Have you been cut off with a paltry shilling
By your old, doting uncle? No? Has Laura
Eloped with that long-haired, black-whiskered bandit,
Count Loferini?
Pedrillo. No. He's her abhorrence.
Read—read that paragraph in that vile print.
Behold me dragged before a grinning publick!
Pointed at, squibbed, traduced and ridiculed.
Made the town's butt—the mockery of my friends!
'Sdeath! I'll be no man's butt! The lying caitiff!
The scribbling, paltering, venom-bloated caitiff!
The inky cutthroat—the pen-stabbing footpad!
The prying, pilfering, prostituted pander!
I'll have his ears or his apology!
Victor. Bah! Give me a Regalia. Can it be
Abuse from such an one can stir your choler?
Wait till the blackguard praises you, and then,
Curse if you please, the fellow's impudence.
Pedrillo. What! Shall I take no notice of the knave
And his base lies?
Victor. By all means, notice him,
If you would flatter. Challenge—flog—demand
Instant retraction—sue him for a libel—
So may his aim be answered, and the kicks
Of a true gentleman may do him honour,
As royalty dubs knighthood with a blow.
Pedrillo. Would you not have me show a due resentment?
Victor. Tell him his sting is felt, he will rejoice—
Let it strike harmless on the triple mail
Of conscious honour, and the baffled viper
Will writhe and hiss to find his venom wasted.
Pedrillo. Ah! but the publick scorn!
Victor. The publick scorn!
Tell me what scorn the publick can inflict,
Which, if unmerited, an honest man
Cannot repay ten-fold? The publick scorn!
Oh! paroxysm of insane conceit!
To think such obscene, feeble ribaldry,
Could bring upon your head the publick scorn—
Could raise you half an inch above the mass,
For publick contemplation! Ah, my friend,
The years, "which bring the philosophick mind,"
Will teach you soon, that, in this jostling world,
The most notorious are but little known.
The "observed of all observers," little thought of—
The loftiest low, the noisiest rarely heard!
And that attacks like this, false, flippant, mean,—
Ephemeral vermin festered from corruption—
By the judicious are despised and spurned—
By the unthinking are at once forgotten.
Oh! shallower than the ostrich's device,
Who buries in the desert sand his eyes,
That no one may discern him—is the folly,
Which could persuade you that the publick gaze,
From the innumerous concerns of life,
Was turned, by this frail clamour, on yourself!
So, never fear to walk the street to-morrow.
The boys will not hoot after you. The ladies
Will not ejaculate as you pass by.
My life upon it, you will go unharmed,
Unpersecuted. But I'll flout no more.
Though, sooth to say, this sensitive alarm,
This prurient shyness, and unmeasured anger,
Spring merely from egregious self-conceit
Or grosser ignorance. Yet have I known
Mistakes as marvellous—have seen a man—
A high-souled, honourable, valiant one,—
Sickened and blasted by a slanderous breath,
Fumed from the foulest throat that ever swarmed
With lies, as carrion with engendered grubs.
And I have witnessed, too, a sadder sight—
A maiden in the blooom of youth and beauty—
And "good as fair, and innocent as young"—
By the same pestilence struck down and killed:—
While he, the spotted wretch, who did the murders,
Was—oh! the puniest of all creeping things!
The press! What is that terrifying engine
In hands of fools and knaves? An empty scarecrow!
A sword of lath! a pop-gun! a tin-trumpet!
O, piteous the delusion, that could fancy
The minds of men, of veritable men,
Were swayed by such impostures!
Pedrillo. Are they not?
Victor. No. Dupes and fools may be. For such I care not.
Their good esteem is worthless as their hate!
Pedrillo. True, every word! You have prevailed, my friend.
The smart is over, and the anger vanished.
Henceforth these slight and slimy paper-hoppers
Shall less annoy than that superiour insect,
The shrill cicada of our summer pathways;
Which harmless springs before us from the grass,
Sinks at our feet and straightway is forgotten!

E. S.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATIONS.

THE OLD MARQUIS.

I DID not know what to make of him. He was not a judge, for he did not take his seat on the bench; nor a lawyer, for he never pleaded; nor a reporter, for he never took notes,—and yet he never missed a session of the police court. I found at last what he was—a perfect type of a race of men which is fast disappearing from the world; whose good and bad qualities were alike peculiarly its own. He was a tall, stout old man, slightly bent, with a powdered head, a fresh, strongly marked countenance. Everybody about the court knew him. He always was admitted at the private door, had a place for his hat, and one for his umbrella, a seat by the window in summer, and a chair by the fire in winter, all to himself; and the door-keeper would sooner have kept out a hundred lawyers than *the marquis*.

For a marquis he was, and that of the old stock, M. de Commandaire de Saint Génies. His family went back to the old kings of Arragon, and had furnished the church with princes, the province with governours, the army with generals, and the parliament with presidents. He was born in 1766, in the department of Var; but if you had mentioned such a department to him, he would have asked you what you meant. To him, France was still divided into provinces, and he recognized no alteration, geographical or otherwise, made since 1789. That year divided our history into two parts; all that went before it was noble and excellent; all that came after it mean and wretched. He never walked on the side-walks; he preferred innoculation to vaccination; he used a flint and steel to strike fire; and rejected orthography, lithography, the monitorial system, and the jury. If you talked about omnibusses or gas, he was sure to kindle up; he had rather have been drenched to the skin, than enter the former; he went home before dark to avoid having anything to do with the latter.

It was in the intervals of business, that you saw him in all his glory, sitting by the stove, surrounded by a crowd of attorneys, marshals and reporters. His broad face grew radiant with joy; his stentorean voice drowned all others—but his laugh—to conceive it, you must have heard it. it was a good, honest laugh—a healthy laugh, that seemed as though it would shatter his huge chest, and in which his whole frame participated. Though he had left his native place at the age of sixteen, he had preserved the provincial accent in all its strength. Sometimes, to teaze him, we would criticize his pronunciation:

"What are you driving at?" he would say. "I am a Provençal: with us, French is only the accessory; I speak the language of *oc*, the oldest in Europe, and which is yet spoken by more than half of France."

By more than half of France, he meant Moulins, Grenoble and Lyons

Besides the accent, all his stories had a certain smack of the strange and wonderful. Good or bad, they were always original; and sometimes upset all our ordinary notions of history and geography. And don't suppose he lied—oh no, he believed all he said firmly, and if he was mistaken, it was in the most perfect good faith. Being, as we have said, of a good family, the marquis deemed, as a matter of course, that he was born an officer; and before he was sixteen, he entered the Royal-Comtois regiment of infantry, in which he soon rose to the rank of captain. He had evidently been a magnificent looking man in his younger days. With much mother-wit, and a very tenacious memory, but without instruction and never reading anything but the newspapers, he was a good christian in the way in which men of fashion were under Louis XV. that is, without its interfering in the least with his pleasures or prejudices.

"Marquis," we said to him once, "you speak of the Scriptures, and really you speak capitally; but how do you reconcile it with your many duels?"

"I have all my life long done my duty as a gentleman."

"True, but we are told, that if we are smitten upon one cheek, we should turn the other."

"Pray to whom was this said?"

"To the apostles."

"The apostles were not gentlemen of the modern school. You see that that does not apply to *me*."

And the *me* was uttered in a tone worthy of Louis XIV.

Though the marquis died only last Sunday, he had been buried five and forty years before. He used to tell it thus.

"In 1791, I went to St. Domingo with my regiment. I had hardly landed, before I caught the yellow fever from eating too much fruit—dates, pine-apples, oranges, and especially *advocates*:* the advocates are confounded tough morsels to get along with, (here he would laugh till he cried.) So having eaten too many advocates, I died; that is, they put me in a coffin I was lowered down, and three files were loading their pieces to pay me the last honours, when all at once, I moved a little in the coffin. They raised me up to know if I had any remarks to make: and I had some very important ones, I assure you, for I was only in a swoon. Then Alexandrine, a young negress, who was much attached to me, came up and put some of their herbs into my mouth. I opened my eyes, asked for something to eat—and two days afterwards was at the head of my company."

Those who have lived in the Antilles will readily believe the above, for many tribes have acquainted the slaves with simple specificks, which European physicians have never yet been able to discover.

We used to laugh heartily, whenever the marquis told us of his early burial; which happened, taking one year with another, about twice a fortnight. But we felt no inclination to laugh, when he told us of his return to France, when he first heard of the death of Louis XVI

"In February, '93," he used to say, "we were betrayed to the enemy." (How could he be expected to own that the Royal-Comtois had been beaten by Jean François's negroes?) "The whole regiment went to the devil—(excuse the expression, the marquis was generally pretty energetick)—of two hundred officers of noble blood, we had only forty-five left. We were shipped on board a merchant-man, Captain Robert, bound to Bordeaux; this captain had orders to throw us into the sea, one by one, as soon as we were in blue water. Luckily he was a good man, and one that feared God, this Captain Robert: he did not execute this bloody order, and never told us of it till we had reached the coast of France. Judge if we were then grateful to him! We had suffered so much most of us, that we cared little for life; we were willing to lose it, but we wanted it to be in the king's service, and if possible in his sight. We rejoiced in the idea of once more seeing the virtuous Lous XVI, and of bringing back to him all that remained of his faithful Royal-Comtois. Then all at once, two English cruisers chased us, and we were in great danger of being sent to rot in Portsmouth jail; after being thinned out by the negroes, and the yellow fever. Spite of the storm, a pilot came out to us." "Nasty weather, citizens!" said he, as he sprung on board.

"But the king!" we all cried out, "the king! what is the king doing? how is the king?"

"The king? he is dead."

"Dead! (we all fell on our knees) of what?"

"Guillotined."

"Hats off, gentlemen!" said our good captain. He then walked slowly to the binnacle, took up his prayer-book, and began to read the prayers for those in extremity; we finished the *De Profundis* just as we entered the port of Bordeaux. There we found the new authorities, with red caps on their heads; and, from the dock we landed at, we could see the guillotine. There were five and forty noblemen of us, all on our knees, unarmed, white cockades in our hats, and the cross of St. Louis on our breast: but the people, through pity or respect for us, the people rescued us. We were separated and hurried off, one into a shop, one up an alley to a place of safety. None of us perished then, but we were forced to emigrate, to quit that France we had so long cherished the hope of seeing!"

It was not till the restoration, that the old marquis enjoyed this privilege. His life was simple and regular; he had no enemies, but he could not say he had a friend; he was alone in the world. We missed him lately from the court-room for near a week, and found that he was ill, and that knowing no one to call upon, he had sent a note to the door-keeper of the court, requesting him to collect his quarter's pension. It was, however, too late; he never lived to receive it. He was buried at the publick expense; no stone marks his grave, and nothing but this sketch remains of the Marquis de Commandaire, the descendant of the kings of Arragon.

*What is called the Abogado pear by the Spanish and Avocat by the French.

SELECT NOUVELLETTES.

THE COQUETTE.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

"I WILL not marry yet," was her reply—her face half averted from the kneeling figure beside her, whom still she suffered to retain her hand—whose arm still encircled her waist, unforbidden. "I will not marry yet;" and love was in the tone of the very accents that withheld the boon of love, or deferred the bestowal of it

St. Aubyn was a young man of moderate fortune; accomplished, unsophisticated, of quick sensibilities. A student, and fond of retirement, he had selected for his summer residence a small fishing hamlet, on the romantick coast of Devonshire: where, between his books and the sea-shore, along which he loved to ramble, his time passed anything but heavily. Here he had resided about a month, when the little community received an addition, in a young lady and her mother, who joined it for the purpose of a temporary residence; and St. Aubyn stepped back, in surprise, when, issuing one morning from the cabin in which he lodged, he beheld two females, in the attire, and with the air, of fashion—the one leaning upon the arm of the other—approaching the humble portal whence he had just emerged. He bowed, however, and passed on.

He had scarcely more than glanced at the strangers; but, transient as was his survey of them, he saw that one of them was an invalid—the younger. "How touching is the languor which indisposition casts over beauty!" exclaimed St. Aubyn to himself. "Health would improve the loveliness of that face, but the interest which now invests it would vanish. No visitation," he continued, "but late hours and crowded rooms have sent her hither—for I prophecy she comes to make some stay. Sidmouth would be change of scene, not change of occupation!" He was right. St. Aubyn

returned from his ramble earlier than was his custom. His thoughts, that day, were in the hamlet, and not upon the shore. He approached his lodging with something like the emotions of expectation and suspense. He looked at his landlady, on entering, as if he expected her to communicate something; and was disappointed when she merely returned the ordinary response to his salutation. He entered his apartment, dispirited, and threw himself into a chair near the window, the sash of which he threw up, as if he wanted air. For the first time, he felt the oppression of loneliness. "They have not come to stop," said he to himself, and absolutely with a sigh—and no wonder! In an assembly, a lovely, graceful, and delicate woman, beheld for the first time, would have exacted from him only the ordinary tribute which beauty shares with beauty; but, in a remote little fishing hamlet, inhabited by beings as rude as their neighbours, the sea and the rocks, such a vision could hardly come, and vanish, without leaving a strong impression upon the beholder. St. Aubyn sat abstracted, chagrined—mortified.

The opening of a window, in a cabin opposite, roused him. The sash was thrown up by a white arm shining through a sleeve of muslin, thin as gauze. Presently, a dimpled elbow reposed upon the sill; and a cheek of pensive sweetness sank upon a hand, so small, so white, that it seemed to have been modelled for no other office than to pillow such a burden. A thrill ran through St. Aubyn, quickening him into wakeful life.

How the hand talks! What passion, thought, and sentiment are in it! What tongues are the fingers! Oh! the things that the hand which St. Aubyn sat watching, discoursed to him, as it changed its posture—now with the palm, now with the back, kissing its owner's cheek—now extending one finger upon the marbly, ample temple—now enwreathing itself with one jetty curl and another—now passed over the arched bright forehead—now lowered, and languidly drooping from the window-frame, upon which the arm to which it belonged lay motionless—then raised again, with slow and waving motion, till it closed with the cheek that half met it—then gradually crossed over the bosom that seemed to heave with a sigh as it passed, and pressed to the heart—then clasped with its beauteous fellow, and carried to the back of the head, the full elastick arms swelling and whitening, as they contracted!

St. Aubyn gazed on entranced. Hitherto, the cheek alone of the fair invalid had been presented to him, but now her head turned: her eyes met his and dropped,—she rose and withdrew.

Only glimpses of her did St. Aubyn catch again, that evening,—but they were frequent. A hand—an elbow—the point of her shoulder—once or twice her figure, flitting backwards and forwards, as she paced up and down the apartment. Dusk fell; still he remained at his post. Was it a guitar that he heard? It was but awakened as the first tones of an Eolian harp, which you hold your breath to hear. Her hand was on the strings: one chord at length she struck full; another succeeded—and another. Then all was silence, for a time. St. Aubyn still remained at the window,—nor in vain. The musick woke again, as fairy soft as before; and a voice—soft as the musick, but oh! far sweeter—awoke, along with it. She was singing, but he could hear nothing except the strain; and yet he heard enough to tell him that it was the theme of tenderness, though sung by fits, that rather seemed to help than mar the passionate mood. The stars shone out; the moon, in her first quarter half completed, showed her bright crescent clear though setting; the folds of a white drapery shone dimly through the still open casement. Did the wearer approach, to look out and gaze upon the fair knight? No. The sash was pulled down; the string and the voice were hushed; the interesting minstrel had retired. St. Aubyn retired too; but, though his head was upon the pillow, not a moment of that night were his vision and his ear withdrawn from the open window.

It was broad day before forgetfulness cast her spell over the excited spirits of St. Aubyn, nor was it broken till high noon. He arose, emerged from his chamber, and took an anxious survey of the habitation opposite. The room appeared empty. He partook of a slight repast; and sallying out, made his way to the shore. He had not proceeded far, when, turning a point, he beheld the elder female, about a hundred yards in advance of him, standing still, and looking anxiously upwards towards the cliff. He followed what appeared to be the direction of her eyes, and saw the younger, half way up, reclining upon her side. Something appeared to be amiss. He quickened his pace; and, joining the former, learned, from her, that her daughter, attempting to reach the top of the cliff, had incautiously turned, and, unaccustomed to look from a height, was prevented by terrour from proceeding or descending; that, from the same cause, she had slipped down several feet; and that she, herself, durst not attempt to go to her assistance. St. Aubyn had heard enough; he bounded up the steep. As he approached the fair one, modesty half overcame terrour, and she made a slight effort to repair the disorder into which her dress had been thrown by the accident. St Aubyn assisted to complete what she had effected but imperfectly; he encouraged her, raised her, and propping her fair form with his own, led her, step by step, down to the beach again. Nor, when she was in perfect safety, did he withdraw his assistance,—nor did she decline it; though, as apprehension subsided, confusion rose, colouring her pale cheek to crimson, at the recollection of the plight in which she had been found. Her ankle was slightly sprained, she said, having turned under her, when she slipped What was this, if not a warrant for the proffer of an arm? At all events, St Aubyn construed it as such, and escorted the fair stranger, leaning upon him, back to her lodgings. From that moment, a close intimacy commenced. They were constantly together,—sometimes accompanied by the mother,—more frequently, and at last wholly alone. Communing in solitude, between the sexes and in the midst of romantick scenery, where there is no impediment, no distaste on either side, is almost sure to awaken and to foster love. St. Aubyn loved. The looks, the actions, all but the tongue of Amelia assured him that his passion was returned. Her health had improved rapidly; the autumn was far advanced, and the evenings and nights were growing chill. The mother and daughter now talked of returning to town: a day was fixed for their departure; and, on the eve of that day, St. Aubyn threw himself at the feet of the lovely girl, and implored her to bless him with her hand. Yet, though she did not deny that he had interested her—though her eyes and her cheek attested it—though the hand which was locked in his, locked his as well—though she suffered him to draw her towards him, by the tenure of her graceful waist—still was her reply,—"I will not marry yet."

St. Aubyn did not require to ask if his visits would be permitted in town:—he was invited to renew them there. An excursion to Paris, however, on a matter of pressing necessity, respecting the affairs of a friend, prevented his return for a month. At the expiration of that time, he found himself in London; and with a throbbing heart, repaired to the habitation of his mistress, on the very evening of his arrival. The house was lighted up,;—there was a ball. He was scarcely dressed for a party; yet he could not overcome his impatience to behold again the heroine of the little fishing hamlet. He rang, at the same moment when a knot of other visiters came to the door; and entering along with them, was ushered into a ball-room, the footman hurriedly announcing the names of the several parties. The dance was proceeding. It was the whirling waltz—

> The dance of contact, else
> Forbid! abandoning to the free hand
> The sacred waist; while face to face—that breath
> Doth kiss with breath, and eye embraceth eye,—
> Your tranced coil relaxing, straightening,—round
> And round, in wavy measure, you entwine
> Circle with circle—till the swimming brain
> And panting heart, in swoony lapse, give o'er!

It was the waltz, and the couple consisted of a man of the town and —Amelia!

The party who had entered, with St. Aubyn, immediately took seats; but he stood, transfixed to the spot where his eyes first caught the form of his mistress, in the coil of another. She saw not him. With laughing eyes, and cheeks flushed with exertion, she continued the measure of licence, her spirits mounting, as the musick quickened, until she seemed to float round her partner, who freely availed himself of the favourable movement of the step, to draw her towards him, in momentary pressure. They, at length, sat down amidst the applauses of the company. St. Aubyn writhed! He retired to a quarter of the room where he thought he should escape observation, and threw himself into a chair.

"Who think you, now, is the happy man?" said one of the group of gentlemen who stood within a few paces of him.

"Why, who, if not Singleton?" replied another; "he has waltzed himself into her heart. This is the twentieth time I have seen her dance with him."

"Oh! another will waltz him out of her heart," interposed a third; "she is an incorrigible coquette, from first to last."

Here the party separated. St. Aubyn, scarcely knowing what he did, after sitting abstracted for a few minutes, rose, and passed out of the ball-room.

He descended the staircase, with the intention of quitting the house; but the supper-room had been just thrown open, and the press carried him in Nor was he allowed to stop until he had reached the head of the table. Every seat but two, close to where he stood, was occupied. "By your leave sir!" said a voice behind him. He stepped back; and the waltzer led his mistress to one of them, and placed himself beside her. St. Aubyn would have retreated—but could not without incommoding the company, who thickly hemmed him in. Amelia drew her gloves from the white arms they little enhanced by covering—the waltzer assisting her, and transferring them to the custody of his bosom. His eyes explored the table in quest of the most delicate of the viands, which, one after another, he recommended to her; until she made a selection. He filled a wine-glass with sparkling Burgundy, and presented it to her; then crowned a goblet, till the liquid almost overhung the brim—breathed her name over it, in a sigh—and quaffed it off to the bottom, at a draught. He leaned his cheek to her's, till the neighbours almost touched. He whispered her—and she replied in whispers. He passed his arm over the back of her chair, partly supplanting it in the office of supporting her shoulders. He pressed so close to her, that it would have been the same had both been sitting in one seat. She was either unconscious of the familiar vicinity, or she permitted it. The whispering continued; the word "marriage" was uttered—repeated—repeated again. St. Aubyn heard her distinctly reply, "I will not marry yet;" as she rose, and, turning, met him face to face!

"St. Aubyn!" she involuntarily exclaimed. St. Aubyn spoke not, save with his eyes, which he kept fixed steadfastly upon her.

"When did you arrive?" she inquired hurriedly, and in extreme confusion.

"This evening," replied St. Aubyn, without removing his eyes.

"When did you join our party?"

"While you were waltzing," returned St. Aubyn, with a smile.

"And how long have you been standing here?"

"Since supper commenced; I made way for your partner to hand you to that seat, and place himself beside you."

"You have not supped! sit down, and I will help you."

"No!" said St. Aubyn, shaking his head, and smiling again.

"My mother has not seen you yet! Come and speak to her."

"No; I have not a moment to spare. I leave town immediately."

"When?"

"To-night!—Farewell!" said he, turning to go.

"You surely are not going yet?" earnestly interposed Amelia.

"I *must* not stay," emphatically rejoined St. Aubyn. "For one object alone I came to town. *That* is finally disposed of. The necessity for my departure is imperative. Remember me to your mother. Good night!" he added, moving towards the door.

"Have you been well?" she inquired, almost tremulously. He continued his progress as fast as the throng permitted him—affecting not to hear her. She followed, laid her hand upon his arm, and stopped him.

"You surely are not well *now*," she said in a tone of solicitude

"No," he replied, passing on till he reached the door.

"St. Aubyn!" she exclaimed, heedless of those who surrounded her, "stay a little longer!—an hour—half an hour—the quarter of an hour."

St. Aubyn stopped; and turning, looked upon her, with an expression so tender, yet so stern, that she half shrank as she met his gaze.

"Not a moment!" he replied; "I should be only a clog upon your pastime. I do not waltz!"—Then snatched her hand—raised it to his lips—kissed it—and dropping it, hurried down the staircase, and departed.

Amelia, at once perceived the awkwardness of her situation, recovered her self-possession, and with well-dissembled mirth, affected to laugh.

"A poor lunatick," she exclaimed, "whom I pity, notwithstanding his extravagant aberrations of mind. He is innocent, inhis madness. But come, let us forget him."

The dance was resumed. She was the queen of the mirthful hour that shone, surpassing all. She laughed, she rallied, she challenged, she outdid herself—her spirits towering the more, the more the revel waned. Party after party dropped off; still she kept it up till she was left utterly alone—and then she rushed to her chamber, and cast herself upon a couch—dissolved in tears.

She loved St. Aubyn. Vanity had been touched before—but never sentiment, till she visited the little fishing hamlet, on the coast of Devonshire. At first, she could not persuade herself that St. Aubyn would not return;—but a month set that point perfectly at rest. She drooped. Society, amusement, nothing could rouse her into her former self. Her partner in the waltz in vain solicited her to stand up with him again. She declined the honour; his visits were discouraged. Her mother anxiously watched the depression of spirits that had taken possession of her, and seemed daily to increase. The winter passed without improvement—the spring. Summer set in; bloom and fruit returned—but cheer was a stranger to her heart. Change of scene was recommended. She was asked to make choice of the place whither she would go—she replied, with a sigh, "to the little fishing hamlet."

She and her mother arrived there early on a Sunday morning; and re-occupied the identical lodging which they had taken before. The landlady, a kind hearty creature, expressed her surprise and sorrow at the altered appearance of her young lodger.

"Ah," the young gentleman would be sorry to see this—though he has had his turn of sickness too; but he is now quite recovered."

"Mr. St. Aubyn?" breathlessly inquired Amelia.

"Yes!" replied the landlady, "that same handsome, kind young gentleman."

"Merciful heaven! is he here?" she vehemently demanded.

"He is, my lady," returned the landlady.

"Mother!"—she exclaimed, as she turned upon the latter a look, in which pleasure was painted, for the first time since the momentous night of the ball.—"Where does he lodge?" asked Amelia, turning to the landlady.

"In the same place. He came back, about a month after he left," added the landlady. "Poor young gentleman!" she continued, "we all thought he had come to die amongst us—so pale, so melancholy. He would keep company with no one—would speak to no one, and at last he took fairly to his bed."

Amelia laid her head upon her hand, covering her eyes; her tears had begun to flow.

"But the daughter of our neighbour, who had a rich brother that sent his niece to school, and had determined to adopt her—having completed her time, came upon a visit to her father, shortly after the return of the young gentleman, and her mother made her read to him constantly, to divert him; and he grew fond of listening to her, and well he might, for a sweet young creature she is, and at last his health took a turn; and he was able to quit his bed, and to walk, as he used with you, my lady, rambling, whole hours, along the shore with her."

The eyes of Amelia were now lifted to the landlady's face. Her tears were gone, all but the traces of them; they seemed as they were glazed. The landlady had paused at the sound of several voices and a kind of bustle without; and now ran to the window.

"Come hither, ladies!" she said, "they are just coming out!"

Amelia, by a convulsive effort, rose, and hastily approached the window with her mother.

"Here they come!" resumed the landlady, "and this is the end of my story. The young gentleman, at last, fell in love with his sweet young nurse, and offered to marry her. She had already fallen in love with him: she accepted him, and, this very morning they are going to church. There they are! look! did you ever see so sweet a sight! What a couple! God bless them! They were made for one another!"

The landlady started and looked around. Amelia had fallen in a swoon upon the floor. With difficulty they recovered her. In an hour her mother was on her way with her from the little fishing hamlet

In a month she dressed her in a shroud!

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

The Maine question—Lady Flora Hastings—On dit respecting Lord Melbourne—Equestrianism—Anecdotes of the queen—Dukes and Lords—the Theatres—Mr. James Crow, etc. etc.

Dear ———. War, scandal, agitation, matrimony, routs, balls, monkeys, lions, and the great metropolis crammed to repletion, afford us ample subjects for the signal success in dispelling odious and yawning *ennui*.

We are unquestionably decided upon shirking the *Maine* question, and our reply is, "we prefer being excused." If the old duke was at the helm, perhaps the case might be different, and a friendly rubber indulged to those fire-eaters who so gallantly burnt powder at a print of our little queen. Hard knocks must be exchanged, when John Bull and brother Jonathan go at *log*-gerheads, and the white bear would certainly avail himself of the opportunity, when the former was out of breath. Poor old fellow! to claw that valuable property *in fee*, the possessions in India. So that you really *must* excuse us giving the chance of such a calamity.

Lady Flora Hastings, a lady-in-waiting to the dutchess of Kent, has been the object of slander in the palace, creating a great sensation in all classes of society. Two chattering tabbies—Ladies Portman and Fairstock, reported to her majesty the opinion of one Sir James Clark, physician to the dutchess of Kent, that the interesting Lady Flora, (as fair as the goddess herself,) was in a condition unsuited to the continuance of her honourable station. With impolitick haste the Queen sent instantly a command, "that she was not to appear in her presence." Upon investigation, the shameful story proved totally groundless; and her majesty, "with unshed tears swimming in her eyes," made an ample apology to the much injured lady, expressing a profound regret for the cruel, but unintentional wrong committed. A report is prevalent that Lord Melbourne popped the question to the dutchess of Kent, and is a successful suitor: but in my opinion without reasonable foundation. The Premier is not of a marrying inclination, resembling the gay summer insect in his taste, "flying from flower to flower, sipping all buds that are pretty and sweet." By the way, *creeping* would have been more appropriate, for my lord is far down the hill of life. However, still the glow of beauty's eye quickens his pulse, and the bright approving smile is often awarded for his polished gallantry.

Equestrianism is the reigning fashion. No young fair one dare lisp a negative, when asked "if she rides?" A stare of infinite wonder would follow, if the indispensable accomplishment were wanting. Far better would the confession of *eating beef* sound, than not being in the habit—of wearing a habit. The Queen has rendered the mania for horse exercise so fashionable, that many a learned M. D. sorrows in secret the adopting of this health-bestowing and invigorating amusement. Her majesty's riding costume has frequently been noticed, from its neatness and elegance combined; but her whip, strange to say, has escaped remark, for

"Of all the whips that o'er were made,
This whip outwhips them all."

It is about three-quarters of a yard in length, composed of horse-hair. The handle is dead silver, embossed with flowers, and extends ten inches. At the end is a bird holding a chain, to which is attached a finger-ring, all of the finest gold, and exquisitely worked. Small circles of gold ornament it within a short space of the end, which forms a short thong. The pretty trifle cost thirty-eight pounds.

You probably have seen Fanny Kemble—now, by the by, Mrs Butler—if so, you have a perfect resemblance of the Queen's mode of managing a horse: high-spirited, bold; but not *very* elegant. I saw her upon one occasion display great nerve with her favourite, a small bay horse, with arched neck and switch tail. The animal refused to pass a wheelbarrow in St. John's Wood-road. Twice, with difficulty, he was adroitly turned towards it by the expert hand of his royal mistress, when a groom galloping up, proceeded to remove the object of aversion. "Let it remain," exclaimed the Queen, at the same moment inflicting a sharp cut upon the shoulder of the offending horse. Again he turned from it, when the whip cracked upon his glossy coat—one—two—three—with such earnestness, that the horse, after twirling innumerable capers, rearing upon his haunches almost perpendicularly, and bounding into the air—thought it advisable to obey the imperial mandate, by placing his nose quietly, and close to the wheelbarrow. With flushed cheek, her majesty patted her forgiveness, and with a merry triumphant laugh, cantered away with her young and gay suite.

The balls at the palace commence next month, and are anticipated to be very brilliant. The Princess Augusta is to attend "the festive scenes" this season, and will make her *debut* at one of the Queen's parties.

The Duke of Wellington is in excellent health and very popular. He may be seen rolling about the parks daily, with all the unostentation of a truly great man.

The Duke of Devonshire found it *convenient* to go abroad, notwithstanding his immense income. His magnificence of living exhausted the coffers for a time. His grace visits Athens, Constantinople, etc.

Lord Brougham is very unwell from a disease in his throat, and is still at Paris. His daughter is said to be very handsome. When I last saw her, severe indisposition had rendered her quite an object of pity.

The Crown Prince of Russia will arrive here early in June. This illustrious personage will be regarded with a jealous eye, although great attention will be paid to him.

Our theatres—oh, the taste! are metamorphosed into menageries. Where the immortal Kean was, there a tiger howls—where a Malibran, a lion roars. Now, is not this too hard?—However, it has been patronized by the highest in the land, and therefore, *must* be correct, I suppose.

Hosts of monkeys are at the minor theatres, and lots of apes visit to grin at their prototypes, producing golden results to their respective exchequers. All London is singing "Sich a gettin' up stairs," imported in the person of Mr. James Crow Rice. He is an amusing fellow, and never fails to create plenty of mirth. My purse of news is exhausted. Adieu.

SKETCHES OF THE BAR.

THE COURTS OF LAW.—THE SESSIONS.

Perhaps few scenes among the many which attract the attention of the promiscuous population in a crowded metropolis, are more redolent with instruction, if rightly considered, than the criminal courts. Within their gloomy precincts are gathered the bloated victim of intemperance, the lynx-eyed practitioner of deception, the despairing child of penury, and the hardened veteran in vice. The distinction between colours, grades, ages, and sexes, are lost in the republick of infamy, and one not unfrequently meets, arranged in the same dock, individuals whose outward seeming would separate them "wide as the poles," if their moral obliquity had not thrown them in companionship. The Court of Sessions was, for a great number of years, under the direction of the honourable Richard Riker, our late worthy recorder. The legal acquirements of that gentleman are too widely known and appreciated to need any eulogy. As a jurist, profoundly learned in the depths of criminal laws—as a judge, possessing a mind at once comprehensive, discriminating, and logical—and as a man, merciful, conciliating, and virtuous—his fame will continue to gather lustre from the lapse of years. The honourable Robert H. Morris, the present Recorder and Chief Judge of the Sessions, is a son of the late *Governeur Morris*, whose history is so honourably identified with the early period of the republick. Mr. Morris, although his standing at the bar was not possibly in the first rank, was, at the period of his selection, in the possession of an extensive practice, and with one or two exceptions, which are considered unfortunate by our best lawyers, his decisions have been favourably received. Without any pretension to the experience of his predecessor, his knowledge of criminal law is quite equal to the most of his contemporaries, still at the bar, and time and practice will no doubt qualify him to grasp the most weighty questions, which are mooted in our criminal tribunals. James R. Whiting, Esq., the district-attorney, although still a young man, has exhibited powers of the highest order since his elevation to his present station. Before his appointment his practice had for several years been very extensive, and his talents and legal acquirements were highly appreciated, but in several instances since his induction into his present responsible office, he has elicited the admiration of bench, bar, and auditory, by the comprehensive grasp of his mind, and his fervid and manly eloquence. One prominent characteristick of Mr. Whiting's mind is that of depth and intensity of feeling. Unlike some lawyers who consider stoicism and callousness indispensable to success in the profession, the district-attorney permits the feelings of his heart to go *pari passu* with his reason and judgment, and he is thus enabled to strike every chord of sympathy in the breasts of judge and jury, and to bring forth a favourable response. In the cross-examination of witnesses, his discrimination of character is highly-effective, and he seldom fails to detect perjury, however skilfully veiled. Possessed of a vivid imagination, and armed with the lighter weapons of wit and satire, his efforts, when he chooses to exert his powers, present a rapid succession of assaults on the defences of his antagonist, and a skilful resort to every honourable stratagem to fortify his own position.

In addition to his skill as a jury lawyer, Mr. Whiting is considered an able counsellor; and his native benevolence renders him peculiarly adapted to the nature of his present duties, when innocence is at times confounded with guilt, and where the proper discrimination between veniality and confirmed baseness so frequently aids in snatching the young delinquent from the brink of destruction. The appearance of the sessions during the preparations for an exciting trial, is worthy of note. The recorder and two aldermen, who compose the bench of judges, occupy an elevated seat, which commands a view of the whole auditory. Beneath them are stationed the clerk of the court and the crier, who are flanked on either side within the railing, which separates the court and its appendages from the audience, by counsel, jury, and officers on duty. Without the railing, a motley assemblage are congregated, exhibiting specimens of all the various grades of society, from the mottled complexion of the houseless vagrant to the well-dressed figure of the fashionable "man about town." At length the crier has uttered his nasal "oh, yes"—the jury have been called and tried with as much ceremony as the prisoner whom they were summoned to judge—the counsel gathers up his briefs, and assumes the solemnity proper to the occasion—the prisoner is placed in the dock, and the innocent witnesses are given over to the tender mercies of the legal gentlemen, who whet their scalpels in anticipation of the usual *cutting up*.

In fact, of all the parties concerned in the trial of a celebrated criminal, I know of none more entitled to our sympathy, than the novice who is first placed on the stand as a witness.

Confronted by an array of dignitaries, whose solemn visages, and imposing manner frighten him from his propriety, he no sooner reaches the stand than he is assailed with extreme severity by a practised gladiator, whose blows on his consistency and integrity fall thick and fast, until he retires to his seat overwhelmed with confusion, and in doubt whether in reality he has answered to the name of Tom Jones or John Smith.

In many instances, the prisoner at the bar exhibits less feeling than any other individual in the assemblage, and I have at times witnessed a burst of emotion throughout the crowded auditory while listening to the soul-stirring appeals of the eloquent counsel, while the criminal in the dock was entirely unmoved

In fact, it is a study to view the various degrees of guilt, as represented by the actors in the scene, from the trembling nerves of the novice to the stolid indifference of the veteran in iniquity.

Let the young, therefore, beware of taking the first step in depravity, lest in its gloomy vortex they lose the power of volition, and become steeped in pollution beyond the power of recall. It is painful to witness the talent and adroitness frequently exhibited by arraigned criminals in their efforts to escape punishment; for the same abilities, if exerted in an honourable sphere, would not only insure wordly competence, but might have exalted the delinquent to a station sufficiently elevated to gratify the aspirings of ever-vaulting ambition.—*Madisonian.*

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

THE ANGEL'S WING.—BY SAMUEL LOVER.

There is a German superstition, that when a sudden silence takes place in a company, an angel at that moment makes a circuit among them, and the first person who breaks the silence is supposed to have been touched by the wing of the passing seraph. For the purposes of poetry, I thought two persons preferable to many, in illustrating this very beautiful superstition.

When by the evening's quiet light
There sit two silent lovers,
They say, while in such tranquil plight,
An angel round them hovers:
And further still old legends tell,—
The first who breaks the silent spell,
To say a soft and pleasing thing,
Hath felt the passing angel's wing.

Thus, a musing minstrel stray'd
By the summer ocean,
Gazing on a lovely maid,
With a bard's devotion:—
Yet his love he never spoke,
Till now the silent spell he broke
The hidden fire to flame did spring,
Fann'd by the passing angel's wing!

"I have loved thee well and long,
With love of heaven's own making!
This is not a poet's song,
But a true heart's speaking:
I will love thee, still untired!"
He felt—he spoke—as one inspired—
The words did from Truth's fountain spring,
Upwakened by the angel's wing!

Silence o'er the maiden fell,
Her beauty lovelier making:
And by her blush, he knew full well
The dawn of love was breaking.
It came like sunshine o'er his heart!
He felt that they should never part,
She spoke—and on!—the lovely thing
Had felt the passing angel's wing.

Petticoat government.—The following scrap, from the Army and Navy Chronicle, contains some intelligence which we think will be new to the majority of our readers. For our own part, we are free to acknowledge that we were unaware of such a power behind the throne in Peru. Signora Gamarra must be a modern Semiramis: "The government of Peru is at present in the hands of a woman. Madame Gamarra is a female Bonaparte; and though her husband is nominally the head of the republick, she is the real sovereign. It was owing to her energy that he rose from the ranks of the army, a common soldier, to his present rank. It is said that she never permits any subject, pertaining to the government, to be discussed even in privy council, without her presence; and she always accompanies the President on his official visits, especially those made to foreign dignitaries. General Gamarra made a visit, not long since, to our squadron, accompanied by the different ministers of departments. Madame Gamarra of course with him. After the customary salutes, they entered the commodore's cabin, where refreshments were offered, and the usual compliments exchanged. When Madame Gamarra thought they had remained a sufficient length of time, she rose, looked around her with the air of an empress, and uttering the single word "vamos!" (begone!) left the cabin, the others following her out like a pack of sheep following their leader. She always wears pistols and a dirk, and is said to be a good shot. Not long since, finding some fault with the police and discipline of one of the regiments of the army, she sent for the colonel commanding it, and reprimanded him in a manner to which he did not feel inclined to submit, especially from a woman; he replied that he would hold himself responsible to the President, but not to the President's wife. He was soon taught, however, whom he had to deal with; for Madame Gamarra immediately commanded him to silence, and at the same time, presenting a pistol, told him that if he utterred another word of insolence, she would drive the bullet through his head. Some say that her husband has more than once experienced such a threat; but we all know the world is addicted to scandal."

Wellerisms.—"It appears to me I have seen you somewhere before," as the man said ven the collector called on him the twenty-seventh time for money. "You've got a bite," as the angler said to the pig ven the dog had him by the ear. "No soft soap," as the mouse said ven puss patted him on the cheek, preparatory to taking off his head.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"John Smith's Letters, with 'Picters' to match." Containing reasons why John Smith should not change his name, Miss Debby Smith's Juvenile spirit, together with the only authentick history extant of the late war in our disputed territory. New-York. Samuel Colman.

"Smith—Smith—John Smith! I certainly have heard that name before."—*Burton.*

The last of these letters appeared in the Mirror of the past week; and here we have them in the book form, cleverly illustrated with etchings on steel, from designs by Purcell. This adds one more to the innumerable volumes that have been collated from the pages of this journal. By the following letter from John Smith, to the republisher of his epistles, it will be seen that considerable commotion has been produced in Smithville, by his appearance in print before the publick.

Smithville, Down East, in the state of Maine, April 25, 1839.

To Mr. Samuel Colman, No. 8 Astor House, New-York.

DEAR SIR—I see by some of the papers that you are a goin' to put out a book, containing my letters that I've been writing to the New-York Mirror. That I should ever come to be the writer of a book is what I never expected; but strange things happen now-a-days; and if you think the letters that I and my son John have writ, are worth making into a book, I'm willing you should do it. If you are a goin' to have picters in it, as the papers say you be, I wish you would send me a few of 'em, for there's nothing in this world that my children likes to see so well as they do picters.

Cousin Debby says it is the fashion, when anybody puts out a book, to have it dedicated to somebody: and if you should think it best to put in a dedication, I want it to be to uncle Joshua Downing, of Downingville, out of respect I feel for the memory of my cousin, Major Jack Downing. I don't mean none of your New-York counterfeit Jack Downings, that stole my cousin Jack's name, but my own dear cousin, the Major, that writ all his letters in the Portland Courier, and the Downing Gazette, printed in Portland, State of Maine. I send a dedication that you can put in, if you think it is best. Your friend and well-wisher, JOHN SMITH, ESQ.

"Leonard's Arithmetick." Boston: G. W. Light.

Not all our numerous readers, we presume, will be very deeply agitated by the announcement of this work, the title or publication, for published it is, by Mr. Light of Boston. It has not the popular interest of a new romance, or a spicy tragedy. There is neither murder nor love in it. But now and then, between ourselves, gentle reader, we do feel conscience bound, disbelieve it who may, about these really useful books, which, if they are not popular, most richly deserve to be so. Such, in a word, we mean to say is Leonard's work—a work of extraordinary merit;—clear, simple, natural, yet not *too* simple, (like too many of the new school books); but manly and thoroughgoing, and withal remarkably adapted in every way to the daily, actual, practical wants of the mass of the people, and the people's children in the schools. More explanation would make this obvious, but ours is no journal for lengthened analyses of scientifick works; and this we must leave, therefore, as it now lies, commending it, however, to the attention and the examination of all committees and teachers who may chance to see this notice.

"The Ballantyne Humbug Handled."

Such is the title of a pamphlet published by Lockhart, in reply to the "Refutation of the slanders against the Ballantynes contained in Lockhart's Life of Scott." The English correspondent of the Star says:—"It shows, beyond doubt, that the Ballantynes—improvident and lavish, if not actually knavish and dishonest, had contributed to Scott's pecuniary involvements." From an examination of the two pamphlets, it is evident to us that this sweeping opinion is very superficially and flippantly formed. Thus far the Ballantynes evidently have the 'vantage-ground in the controversy, and prove, by facts and figures, rather than rhetorical flourishes, the truth and justice of their position.

"Cheverley, or the Man of Honour." By Lady Lytton Bulwer. New-York: Harper and Brothers.

The rumour that this work was written by Lady Bulwer, as a satire on her husband, from whom she is separated, is evidently a *ruse* of the booksellers to promote the sale of the book. There is considerable cleverness in some of the sketches of character, but as a whole, the novel is stale and unprofitable. Lady Bulwer may satirize her husband as much as she pleases, but her book gives little promise that she will ever rival him as a novelist.

"Jack Sheppard;" a Romance. By W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq., author of "Rookwood," "Crichton," etc. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

The second number of this work has been issued. It is full of exciting interest, and by the lovers of romance will be sought and read with avidity. The work is to be completed in eight numbers.

"Births, Deaths and Marriages." By Theodore Hook, author of "The Parson's Daughter," "Jack Brag," etc. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

This is much superior to the author's last work, "Gurney Married." In exposing the frivolities of fashionable society, and piercing to the inmost motives which sway the heart of the "man of the world," there is no writer of the day who displays a keener sagacity than Hook. In farce, comedy, and caricature, he may be inferior to "Boz," but in truthful delineations of character and society, he soars far above him. His present work is worthy of his reputation.

"Mr. Adams's Oration before the Historical Society."

Samuel Colman has in press and will speedily publish the address delivered recently before the Historical Society of this city, by John Quincy Adams. The multitudes who were prevented from hearing it delivered, will undoubtedly be gratified by this intelligence.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank our Baltimore friend and correspondent, "D. M.," for communicating the very beautiful verses by "Inez." They shall appear the first opportunity.—The long and minute critique by "Titian," upon the paintings at Clinton-Hall, is, we fear, of too little general interest for our columns. A great proportion of the paintings are wholy unworthy of the structures bestowed upon them. We shall look in at the Apollo next week, and will bear in mind the request of an amateur.—The verses upon Stout's statue of Victoria, are clever in their way, but we must respectfully decline them.—"T.'s" racy article entitled the "Magazine Mania," should appear but for its offensive personalities.—The querulous abuse of "B.," who complains of the withholding of his pieces, is misdirected. If he has anything to say, let him make a personal application, and not indulge in anonymous blackguardism, for, with us, it is as the idle wind, "which we regard not."—We must decline the following pieces—"Spring Sunshine," "Thou art gone!" "The Day-Star," and "Stanzas, written on seeing Sully's painting of Mrs. Wood."—We conclude in the present number John Neal's valuable paper on New-England Witchcraft. It will furnish valuable materials for the future historian of our sister state.—A beautiful sketch from the pen of our old friend, JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, will be found in another column of the Mirror of to-day. Although we have not the pleasure of publishing this as an original production, we take some credit to ourselves in being the first to present it to the American people. It is a literary gem—and has all the delicious freshness of a writer who has no superiour among living authors. Long life to dear, kind, Paddy Knowles, whom we remember with a heart-glow.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1839.

The New-York Gazette, Wall-street, and other matters.—Our friend Daniels of the Gazette advertises for a colleague, to relieve him of a portion of the onerous labours of the editorial department of his valuable journal. A better opportunity for agreeable and profitable investment could not be presented. The Gazette is a thriving, popular, and admirably conducted paper, and its editor is a chaste and vigorous writer, and one of the most true-hearted and high-minded of men. It has long been a matter of surprise to us, that a daily journal so *thoroughly* and ably edited as the Gazette, should be indebted to a single, unassisted editor, for the interest of its columns. In his contemplated association, we trust that Mr. Daniels will succeed in diminishing the *onus* of his duties, though we doubt if he can better please his readers than by communicating with them himself as frequently as possible. While on the subject of the Gazette, we take the liberty of transferring to our pages the following graphick account, from the pen of the editor, of the "progress of demolition" in Wall-street:—"It is as difficult to wend a man's way through Wall-street at this time as it ever was within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant." Physically as well as financially, there is peril in perambulating that street. Stocks may rise, but stones are falling prodigiously in all directions. We know one valuable sconce at least, that can bear witness to the fact. The Manhattan and City Bank buildings are "being" torn down, and there are other edifices in old Wall, also under the besom. New-York ever since we knew it—an acquaintance of very long standing, of course—has been a city of modern ruins—a perfect Balbeck of a day's growth and a day's dilapidation. The builder is abroad one day and is relieved in his labours by the destroyer, the day after. The houses now pulling down would be deemed palaces elsewhere, but not being pretty enough, down they must come for something prettier. Next year their successors will likely enough share the fate of their "illustrious predecessors." The Custom-House and Exchange look as though they might last for several years, with proper care, but we tremble every morning lest we should see them taking down before they are half finished. There certainly can be no objection to the erection of better buildings than the ones to which we have just alluded as being in the full tide of prostration, but we do most fervently entreat their proprietors to build something in their stead that need not be demolished before the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and—thereabouts. We beseech that they may be suffered to stand for about four years, at least. We never expect to see the city finished, but we have the greatest anxiety to see it fairly commenced."

Second visit to the exhibition at Clinton-Hall.—The sins of commission in this exhibition are much greater than those of omission. Far better would it have been to have left one half the walls bare than to have disfigured them with such painful caricatures of humanity as meet our eyes in every direction in the large saloon. What can be more totally uninteresting than a commonplace, characterless portrait, badly designed, and unskilfully executed? It would be invidious and superfluous to point out the instances in which this complaint holds good—as they will be sufficiently apparent to all who may visit the hall. At present it chimes better with our humour to hunt out the beauties than to rail at the defects of the exhibition—and to the more agreeable task we proceed. Powell's portrait of Professor Smith (108) is quite a spirited composition, and withal an excellent likeness. This young artist is particularly successful in the expression and attitude of his faces. The "Wife of an Artist," by Alexander, (231,) is truly a masterly production. We have never seen a more life-like and remarkable "counterfeit presentment." It deservedly meets with general admiration. Gambardella's likeness of Dr. Channing, the distinguished divine, is faithful and good, though by no means flattered. "The Nurse and Child," by Sully, (242,) is an exquisite sketch. The contrast between the umbered face of the mulatto and the clear roseate complexion of the child is startling. We should not omit to make honourable mention of Freeman's "Masaniello," (284,) and also of Spencer's "Mother and Child (107.) They are both admirable. Frothingham's portrait of a British Naval Officer, (97,) is one of the best of the portraits, and in the same list we would number Huntington's portrait of a lady (56.)

Improvements in the City.—"Pull down, and then build up again—always in the ruins." Such is the exclamation of Philip Van Artevelde of Ghent, and most appropriately may it be said with regard to New-York. In Wall-street—besides those two Titanick structures, the Exchange and the Custom-House, which are in progress—the banking-houses heretofore occupied by the Union and Manhattan, the Merchants' and the City Banks, together with the intermediate house between the National and Manhattan Banks, are already levelled to the ground since the first instant. In Broadway, says the American, at almost every turn, something is altering or repairing. The buildings on the upper corner of Broadway and Maiden-Lane, are no more; the large and handsomely finished house next the corner of Park-Place, is roofless and shutterless, and fast disappearing; the whole range on the upper corner of Chambers-street has vanished—and that is no loss, for they were mere shanties; and, in short, at every turn almost, repairs, demolition and construction, are going on. The stocks, they say sometimes in Wall street, are heavy; but there seems plenty of work—high wages—high rents—high markets—and high hopes of peace and prosperity. May these be, as we have reason to think they will, amply realized.

Parisian Literature and Morality.—The Paris Correspondent of the New-York American says:—"One of the popular novelists of Paris has just issued a tale, entitled *Une Larme du Diable*, a Tear of the Devil." The same correspondent significantly remarks:—"I presume that his Satanick Majesty has as little occasion to shed tears here, as in any part of the world, especially on the Sabbath. It is about a year since I heard a French lady of threescore, among the most sagacious and observant I have ever known, who, for thirty-five years, had moved most widely through various circles of this capital, where she was born, express the belief that no one million of people in any one area of the globe, thought or prepared so little for another life as the Parisians. The absorbing idea and aim is *pleasure*, in all the forms and extremes of grossness and refinement, in which it can be yielded by passion, frailty, vice, fancy, taste, genius, talent, money, or labour. According to the medical journal *l'Hygie*, of the eighteen thousand persons who annually quit this life, in Paris, more than six thousand die in the hospitals, most of whom are victims of sensual excess. The fate of the greater part of the hundreds whose bodies are dragged from the Seine, and of the thousands who tenant the lunatick asylums, is due to the same cause."

Boston Engraving.—One of these days we think of getting up, what we are sure would interest all our readers, some account of the progress of the engraving art in this country—a rich subject. Our attention just now is called to it by some beautiful specimens of the work of two Bostonians—we mean George G. Smith, and N. Dearborn and Co. The "Declaration of Independence" of each is a masterpiece in its way. Nothing can be prettier for a little frame to be hung in one's study. Smith's map of "*Mount Auburn*," also a sweet thing, will attract notice at this time; and we might say the same of Dearborn's steel cut of *Webster*, a portrait in a small compass—just in season, by the way, to send to one's English correspondents, now that the great man of America is about making Europe a visit. Dearborn, if we mistake not, was about the earliest of all the wood-engravers in Boston—say twenty-five years since. There are probably hundreds employed there now in the various branches of the art.

Sully's Portrait of the Queen.—The painting of Victoria by Sully is generally acknowledged by the London connoisseurs to convey the best likeness of her majesty that has yet been offered to the publick. A finished proof of the engraving of this painting has been submitted to the Queen and highly approved. Copies have at length been received by the Messrs. Appleton, of Broadway, who are the agents for this country. The engraving is a superb specimen of mezzotint, and is quite an ornamental picture.

The Amaranth.—D. Appleton and Company, who import all the gift books, souvenirs, bijous, gems, etc., have recently received the Amaranth, a magnificent quarto, edited by T. K. Hervey, which is one of the most imposing and beautiful of all the annuals. At the store of the Messrs. Appleton, in Broadway, may be found a large collection of choice, rare, and elegant works, fresh from the English press, besides splendid editions of the classicks and other standard productions.

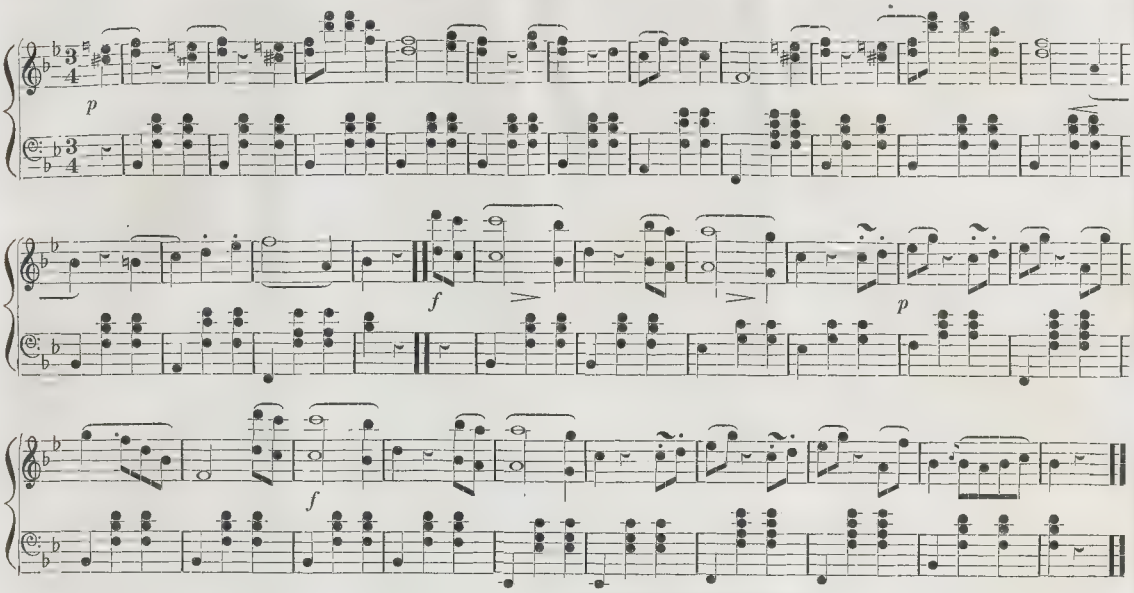
New-York Literary Gazette.—We like the tone of this beautiful journal. Each number is filled with light, graceful and interesting papers. The original matter is in an easy, flowing style, and the selections are made with exceeding good taste. It is occasionally adorned with engravings. The "Game of Life" is an exquisite production. The highest praise that we can bestow upon the Literary Gazette is to state a simple fact—it is under the editorial direction of a gentleman.

Rooke's new opera.—The title of the new opera by the distinguished composer of "Amilie," is "Henrique, or the Love Pilgrim." It was announced for representation at Covent-Garden, on the thirtieth of last month. Macready, it is said, retires from the management of this theatre, at the close of the season, in consequence of the exorbitant demands of the proprietors.

Charm of dramatick representations.—The Edinburgh Review says—"We have heard of many extraordinary tastes and antipathies, but we never knew an instance of a young person who was not delighted the first time he visited a theatre!" Who that has ever read it can forget Charles Lamb's touching and beautiful description of his first visit to a theatre!

THE GREEK WALTZ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE BALL GIVEN IN HONOUR OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S CORONATION—COMPOSED BY J. STRAUSS.



Miscellany.

THE YOUTH AND THE SAGE.

"THERE was a time when I could sigh
At woman's foot, and strive to win her—
Swear heaven was pictured in her eye,
And she a saint, and I a sinner.

"Then would soft musick's dying fall
Melt a fond heart like mine to sadness—
While the loud trumpet's battle-call
Roused my hot blood almost to madness.

"I found the coyest maid will yield—
But love possessed was ever cloying—
And the red trophies of a field
Some orphan's tears were still alloying.

"I tried them all—and all were vain—
Glory a name—and love, untrue;—
Say, shall I risk my peace again,
For counsel, Sage, I come to you"

The Sage gazed on the downcast boy,
And sadly shook his silver head—
"Yes—sorrow follows fast on joy.
And love is but a dream," he said.

"No more by woman's wiles be caught,
And fly from sickening scenes of slaughter—
In winter—TAKE YOUR TODDY HOT,
In summer—STICK TO GIN AND WATER!"

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.—It is not so much the plan of this stupendous work, which is so extraordinary, as the immense distance of fifteen hundred miles over which it is extended, over mountains of two or three thousand feet in height, and across deep vallies and rivers. It consists of a high mound of earth, cased on each side with bricks or stone, with projecting massy towers at stated distances. It has been computed that the materials of all the dwelling-houses of England and Scotland, supposing them to be one million eight hundred thousand cubick feet of masonry or brick-work, are barely equivalent to the bulk or solid contents of the great wall of China. Nor are the projecting towers taken into the calculation. These stone, supposing them to continue throughout at bow-shot distances, are calculated to contain as much brick-work as all London. To give another idea of the mass of material in this stupendous fabrick, it may be observed, that it is more than sufficient to surround the circumference of the earth, on two of its great circles, with two walls, each six feet high, and two feet thick!

A SARCASTICK REPLY.—The Academies of Louvain complained to Margaret, the emperour's sister, and aunt to Charles the Fifth, who was entrusted with the government of the Netherlands, "that Luther, *by his writings*, was *subverting* Christianity." "Who is this Luther?" inquired the governess. The Academicians replied, "he is an illiterate monk." "Is he so," said Margaret; "then you who are very *learned* and very *numerous*, write against this *illiterate* monk: for surely the world will pay more regard to many scholars than to one blockhead."

MODERN AUTHORS.—An experiment, very frequent among modern authors, is to write upon nothing. When the subject is utterly exhausted, to let the pen still move on, by some, called the ghost of wit, delighting to walk after the death of its body. And; to say the truth, there seems to be no part of knowledge, in fewer hands, than that of discerning when to have done.

HAPPINESS.—Our life, it is true, has its bright and its dark hours, yet none are wholly obscured, for when the sun of happiness is set, the reflected moonlight of hope and memory are still around us

GREAT EVENTS CAUSED BY TRIVIAL INCIDENTS.—The first year of the reign of Charles the First were tranquil and prosperous. "For twelve years," says Lord Clarendon, "the kingdom enjoyed the greatest calm, and the fullest measure of felicity." While this calm endured, the most sagacious politicians were so far from perceiving any indication of the storm they were to direct, that, believing the country was doomed and resigned to the loss of its liberties, they resolved upon leaving it, and transporting themselves in voluntary exile, to a land of freedom Lord Brook, Lord Say and Sele and his sons, Pym, and other distinguished men of the same sentiments, were about to remove to a settlement in New-England, where the name of Saybrook (in honour of the two noble leaders) had already been given to a township in which they were expected. Eight vessels, with emigrants on board, were ready to sail from the Thames, when the king, by an order of council, forbade their departure, and compelled the intended passengers to come on shore, fatally for himself; for among those passengers Haslerigge, and Hampden, and Cromwell, with all his family, had actually embarked. There are few facts in history which have so much the appearance of fatality as this. Charles and his ministers feared that so many discontented and stirring spirits would be perilous in a colony which, being decidedly hostile to the Church of England, might easily be alienated from the state. They saw clearly the remote danger, but were blind to the nearer and greater evil.

WHITE RACE OF ATLAS.—M. Guyon, chief surgeon of the African army, writes to M. Dureau de la Malle, that at Bougia there is now living a woman, originally from the interiour, supposed to be descended from the white tribe of Mount Aureps. She is at most twenty-six or twenty-eight years of age, of very agreeable physiognomy, blue eyes, fair hair, beautiful teeth, and has a very delicate white skin. She is married to the Imaum of the mosques, Sidi Hamed, by whom she has had three children, bearing a strong resemblance to herself. M. Arago observes, that these white people are not rare in that part of the world, as might be supposed; for, when he was going from Bougia to Algiers, in 1806, by land, he saw women of all ages in the different villages, who were quite white, had blue eyes and fair hair, but that the nature of his journey did not permit him to stop and ask if they came from any peculiar tribe

FALCONRY.—Falconry, which is now so much in disuse among us, was the principal amusement of our ancestors. A person of rank in England, some three or four centuries ago, scarcely stirred out without his hawk upon his hand, which in old paintings is the criterion of nobility. The expense which attended this sport was very great; among the old Welch princes, the king's falconer was the fourth officer of state, but, notwithstanding all his honours, he was forbidden to take more than three draughts of beer from his horn, lest he should get intoxicated, and neglect his duty. In the reign of James the First, Sir Thomas Monson is said to have given a thousand pounds for a cast of hawks; and such was their value in general, that it was made felony, in the reign of Edward the Third, to steal a hawk. To take its eggs, even in a person's own ground, was punishable with imprisonment for a year and a day, together with a fine at the king's pleasure

LONDON SLANG.—The following is a specimen of the manner in which her most gracious majesty is treated by the London satirical press:—"What are these corn laws," inquired her majesty of her ministers, "about which the people are making so much fuss?" "They have reference, my dear," replied Melbourne, "to the staff of life." "The staff of life," exclaimed the Queen, pray, my lord, has that anything to do with Lord Hill's *staff*, or is it merely confined to the *Life* Guards?" Melbourne would have explained, had not her majesty began amusing herself with the skipping-rope."

MONUMENTS.—Those only *deserve* a monument who do not *require* it; that is, those who have raised themselves in the minds and memories of men.

NATIVE MUSICK.—BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Oh, native musick! beyond comparing
The sweetest far on the ear that falls.
Thy gentle numbers the heart remembers,
Thy strains enchain us in tender thralls.
Thy tones endearing,
Or sad or cheering,
The absent soothe on a foreign strand:
Oh! who can tell
What a holy spell
Is in the song of our native land?

The proud and lowly, the pilgrim holy,
The lover, kneeling at beauty's shrine,
The bard who dreams by the haunted streams,—
All, all are touched by thy power divine!
The captive cheerless,
The soldier fearless;
The mother—taught by Nature's hand.
Her child when weeping,
Will lull to sleeping,
With some sweet song of her native land!

FRANKINCENSE.—Frankincense, which was also used in the worship of the true God, and on the altars of the heathen temples, was obtained from trees which grew in Arabia Felix. The incense trees grew only in that part of Arabia inhabited by the Sabæans, and so strict were their laws respecting them, that persons were not permitted even to see the trees, except those appointed to take care of them. The valley where they grew was surrounded by mountains, and was situated eight days' journey from Sabota, (now Sanna,) the capital, whither the incense was conveyed on camels; and it was forbidden, on pain of death, to enter the city with this drug, except at one particular gate, where the priests took a tenth part for their god Sabis, and no person could either buy or sell it till this duty was discharged. The Gebamites were the only people allowed to carry it out of the country. They also paid a toll to their sovereign. It was taxed again at Gaza, and by the time the kings, the priests, the secretaries, the wardens of the temples, and the various officers had levied their contributions on this drug, but little was left to pay the great charge of bringing it to the coast. At the time the frankincense was taken to Alexandria to be tried, refined, and made up for sale, the workmen were attired only in short trousers, which were sewed up and sealed, to prevent the possibility of their concealing any portion of this valuable drug. Their heads were fixed in a mask of caul, lest they should secrete the smallest portion in their mouths or ears. They were not suffered to depart after all these precautions without a strict examination.

NATIONAL WEALTH—A MODERN DISCOVERY.—The following is a very happy satire on the prevailing folly of the times:—"Get your bread stuffs from the Baltick and Black Seas, and your potatoes from England, Ireland, France, or any where; they may be had for the low price of a dollar a bushel. Raising potatoes is not a vulgar but laborious business—leave it to those who know nothing better. Let us plant our farms (if they have not been sold for city lots) with the Morus Molticaulis. In a few years we may all wear silks, provided we do not, in the meantime, starve to death. This is the new steam process to speedy wealth.

MAGNANIMITY.—Of all virtues, magnanimity is the rarest. There are a hundred persons of merit for one who willingly acknowledges it in another.

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SUMMER FIELDS.

The summer! oh 'tis joyous—
The sunny summer time;
The time of butterflies and bees,
When birds are singing in the trees,
And flowers are in their prime!

The summer! oh 'tis joyous!
We will not think of care,
With such a verdure round us spread,
With such a blue sky overhead,
And such a balmy air!

Leave care until to-morrow,
My best-beloved one;
We have known griefs together—
We have passed through wintry weather—
But the winter, love, is gone!

'Tis summer, joyous summer!
The flowers are on the earth;
And we, like creatures made to bless
The Father, with their happiness,
Will go rejoicing forth.

Look round—how full of life,
Of gladness, are all things!
The slowly-wandering flocks—the herds—
The ceaseless singing of the birds—
The myriad insect-wings—

The sunny water running on,
Mid glancing lights and shadows—
The flowers that sprng up rich and sweet
And beautiful, beneath our feet,
Amid these grassy meadows!

Oh, best beloved one!
Cast round thine eyes, and see
How all these things are good—are sent
To wake a trustful sentiment
In weak ones such as we!

God loveth all his creatures,
Doth bless them hour by hour;
And will He not of man take heed,
Who so much beauty hath decreed
Unto the wayside flower?

Oh, best beloved one!
Come forth this summer day:—
'Twill do our spirits good to go—
'Mong peasant-people poor and low,
And be as blithe as they.

Come forth, this summer day!
We will not think of care,
With such a verdure round us spread,
With such a bright heaven overhead,
With such a balmy air!

SELECT NOUVELLETTES.

SUN-DEW.—A GRUB-STREET FAIRY TALE.

George Selwyn's passion was for witnessing executions—Dragonetti's is for possessing dressed dolls.—I have heard of a nobleman so fond of cock-fighting, that, when he was bed-ridden, it was his wont to have the spurred combatants brought to exhibit on his coverlet. My appetite *was* for 'first nights;'—for a play fresh from Sheridan Knowles' golden mint—for one of Shakspeare's 'beings of the mind,' when, after a long sleep, he was anew presented to us by Macready or Charles Kemble—for Mars in a new part, or Taglioni in a new *pas*, or Weber in a new overture, or Auber in a new *opera comique*, (how is 'Le Domino Noir' haunting me while I write!) Such *was* my passion. Did you, any of you, dear readers, ever father or mother a play—not permitted by a somnolent and good-humoured audience to dwindle and dwindle, till, as Woodward predicted of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' it went out, like "the snuff of a farthing candle"—but fiercely and unanimously hissed to death by a resolute pit, boxes and gallery? If so, you can understand how and wherefore the said passion became extinct.

It was, then, in a state less gracious than that of satiety—namely, disgust—that I dragged myself theatre-ward, to assist at the first night of ——'s tragick comedy, some twelve months ago. To make the matter worse, my seat was in his box; and I was obliged to bear company with the flushed cheek, and the nervous hand, and the restless eye—symptoms of authorship in a state of expectancy so intolerable, but so precious, to the possessor—symptoms, to my fastidious taste, wonderfully irritating! How absurd for a full-grown man thus to agitate himself for such a trifle! If I spoke at all, I was in great danger of speaking in a wrong tone. I resolved, therefore, during the overture, to occupy myself with my favourite pursuit of picking out odd physiognomies among the audience.

My luck, as it chanced, indulged me with a peerless specimen, even at a first survey. In a private box, immediately opposite to ours, there was seated an object, the fellow to which I shall never see. It was a head—not of a negro, for the complexion was paler, —not of a monkey, for superhuman intellect twinkled in those sharp eyes, and wrinkled every pucker that hemmed round that mouth, full of ivory teeth—but with traits borrowed from both races—belonging, it seemed, to a dwarf, or some one placed in a very low chair; alone, too, and framed, as it were, by a box in which it was posted. The head was crowned by a turban of rich shawls, piquant enough in its pattern, and peerless enough in its materials, to destroy Madame Dévy with hopeless envy. There was a rich *ferronière* of large diamonds stuck on the ancient lady's forehead; she wore ear-rings, too, of the same precious stone.

It was impossible, from her face, or her dress, or her gestures, to divine her age or her country. She was never still for a second —looking here, looking there;—now see-sawing on her chair, after the fashion of the Litchfield Boanerges,—now fanning herself with an elaborately carved fan, which might have belonged to some patched Melissa or Cleone of the days of the 'Spectator,'—now beating time to the musick of the orchestra, on the lid of a snuff-box, positively blazing with precious stones,—now screwing up her face to survey us all—*myself*, I thought, with peculiar interest—through the lorgnette, which formed the handle for her crutch. There is nothing so thoroughly piquant, odd, and ugly as she was, to be found in Mr. Beckford's china closet! I looked: and was fascinated for the whole evening.

The overture was done—the curtain up. The two confidantes, according to old-established usage, had, by their very profuse allusions to events which each knew, prepared the way for the hero and heroine—the latter had made their several dispositions and desires known, in scenes of wonderful power and ingenuity, (so said the morning papers):—all was going merry as a marriage-bell—the flush of anxiety upon ——'s brown cheek was already shading off into the flush of triumph—the restless eye was already exchanging its deprecating gaze for one of exultation.

"Is it not magnificent?" said good-natured P——, leaning across to me, as the curtain was falling on the second act.

"Magnificent!" I was compelled to echo; "but I'm dying with this heat!"

At that instant, my eye glancing across the house, caught a glimpse of the queer, little *incognita*, rising with wonderful alacrity; and in another second, she was out of her box.

The curtain rose again. It is but once in a life that the most visionary of dreamers is permitted to look upon such a scene as I saw before me. Fancy a glade in a deep forest—an avenue of gigantick old trees—strong and vigorous in their age,—royally up-bearing their weight of summer-green foliage! Foremost of these stood one so superb beyond all its comrades, that there would have been no mistaking it for any other tree than Herne's oak—the chosen haunt of the fairies,—even if the dim towers of England's one palace, displayed in the back-ground, by the brightest and most cloudless moon that ever clomb the sky of September, had not placed the matter beyond doubt. To the right and the left, opened away paths of a delicious verdure; and where the absence of boughs permitted the moonshine to streak these, there might be seen the dew glittering on a hundred wood-flowers that nodded round the roots of the aged trees. Presently, as I looked, that haunt began to swarm with tiny figures, at first view no bigger or more distinct than glow-worm-sparks among the grass,—but ere long, discovered to be those small beings whom persons of feeble faith have fancied to have utterly taken leave of us "human mortals" somewhere about Cromwell's time. Nay, I feasted my eyes upon the show, the quaint musick of many harps and tabrets was revealed to my ear—and when this ceased, the prattle of innumerable voices.

The little people formed themselves into a ring—but not to dance; for their sovereign commanding silence, there was straightway heard only one speaker. She, it is true—a brown old fairy, the ugliest and most ancient it seemed, of all the troop—made noise enough for ten. She had been on a long and wearisome journey—she had performed a task the most difficult ever appointed for elf; and was now just returned home, and recounting her adventures, with a vivacity and a glibness passing the power of man's language to describe. I know of nothing to which it may be likened—save Dejazet's burst upon the stage, in "Suzanne," when the spell of her dumbness has been broken, and she has to make up in one speech, for the silence of eighteen years of girlhood!

What had been that journey?—what had been that task? Luckily, I am able to answer both questions. From time immemorial, the two most venerable fairy maids of honour, Sun-dew and Woodbine, had been only able to muster one cavalier between them—a certain antique elf, called Pink, whose worn-out courtesies and solemn wrinkled little face made him the amusement of the whole court. The life of Pink was not one of roses—his ladies being exacting and jealous. If he danced with Woodbine one instant too long, Sun-dew would trip up his heels, and keep him on his feet half the night after, by way of revenge:—if some gossipping moth (for gravely though they be clad, moths *are* sad gossips) brought Woodbine news that Pink had presented some new compliment or *homage* to her rival, Woodbine was quite capable of powdering the busy old beau from head to foot with aricula dust, treasured up on purpose against a day of wrath, in the presence of all the court, and when Pink was in full ball-dress! Time sweetens not such tempers as theirs; and their quarrels rose to such an offensive pitch, at the wedding party (I think it was) given in honour of the marriage of Prince Posy to the Princess May-bud, that the Queen, entirely worn out, struck them both dumb on the instant, and ordained that Sun-dew should set forth on a pilgrimage—not to return—and neither antagonist to recover speech—till she had found the most jealous thing in the world.

"Here I am, ladies," exclaimed the little old fairy, already hoarse with glee and talking. "Pink, my parasol!—Woodbine! you are looking frightfully bilious—I declare you are! Here I am!—mercy upon us, after *such* a journey! It is untold where I have been—what I have gone through. Pink will be too happy to read your majesty my journals, whenever your majesty is disposed. I do suppose I must have been twice round the globe, and back."

"So far to find what you wanted?" said the Queen. "We had thought those clumsy people must be jealous enough in all conscience. They fight sometimes, I hear," she added, with a yawn.

"They do, your majesty—I have been in one of their battles myself. Spain, I think, they called the place, but I could not catch the name clearly, because of the firing; and their generals hate one another mortally—but somehow.....Then I went among the lovers—for there I was sure I should find some sigh, or a tear, that would answer my purpose, and do your majesty's bidding. Italy, France, England, Germany, did I try, but you cannot conceive matters in such a shocking state as they are now! Your majesty will do me the favour to believe, that with the minutest search, I could not find one atom of love, even good enough to make jealousy upon! It's all reason, calculation, cupboard love every where, or..... your majesty will spare my delicacy. I became quite thin and ill-humoured with fretting. I began to fear I should never see my *dear* friend Woodbine again!—Pink, you're nodding! Are those your new manners, since I have been gone?"

"Poor earth!" said the Queen, with a sigh, "what a stupid place it has grown! No more true love! But you found what you were in search of at last! Musick! be ready—we are all cramped with sitting."

"Here, please your majesty, I have it in my smelling-bottle.—Don't uncork it, Pink, for goodness' sake; it is enough to poison all our friends!"

"What is it?" cried all the elves, crowding round her, in a transport of curiosity. "How dark it is! How heavy! Has it so *very* bad a smell?"

"It is the yawn of an unsuccessful author,—compelled to sit through the successful play of his friend. And now give me a cup of dew,—I'm perfectly wearied out!—Ouf! Ouf! Ouf!"

"By George!" exclaimed P——'s hearty voice, "I give you joy of your success, my dear fellow! I am as well pleased as if the play had been my own."

"Thank you, thank you!" was the eager answer. "Our friend, there,"—pointing to me, "is hardly so zealous, however. He has been asleep, for the last three acts."

"No, by George! has he? I'll not believe it. It's a sham—all affectation and jealousy!"

TALES FOR THE TIMES.

WAR'S ALARMS.

Thank God! we have done with them now—at least near home; for so selfish is human nature, and so confined the circle of its sympathies, that the wars, and rumours of wars, that come from abroad possess no general interest whatever. Not one person in five thousand has any relative engaged in them, or therefore cares a dott about their progress or their issue. Things were very different in the great French war, which is now becoming an event of the last generation.

My very earliest recollection is of the bonfire to celebrate the short-lived peace of Amiens. The year of its duration I remember not; but the bonfire, and the tearful face of my mother, who wept, in the excess of her thankfulness, when my father brought in a Gazette Extraordinary, and with an air of solemn rejoicing, said, "Let us kneel down and thank God for this great blessing of peace!"—these I remember well. That was a day of rejoicing in our house. I sate on my mother's knee, and was told how there

had been war, and of the horrours of war, until my young heart grew sick and cold. I was then told that I must go and make myself very happy; that I should have a plum-pudding for dinner, and some neighbours' children to play with me in the evening, and that we should go and see the bonfire in the market-place—because there was peace! I felt as if I had a personal interest in this peace—and it thus made a strong impression on my memory. But for the pains which my peace-loving parents took to fix this event on my mind, my earliest recollections would have been of war—and with this exception, they are so altogether.

We lived in a small country-town, through which, at that time, no coach or mail passed; and the letters and newspapers were brought, every evening, from a neighbouring town, by a species of Davie Mail-setter, who rode a small, bony animal, and announced his arrival by the long blast of a tin horn. Davie was an important person. He possessed the news full four hours before his town's-people: and had, moreover, the privilege of riding twelve miles, decorated with blue and yellow ribands, in case of any great victory, —and thus, without speaking a word, of proclaiming the good news, as he travelled. People used to run out, of an evening, to see him come in—to anticipate his tidings by his telegraphick exteriour. And what ringing of bells—shooting of bells, as it was called—there used to be on the news of the victory! I have the ecstatick sound of those bells in my ears, at this moment—as it used to come through the clear frosty air of a winter's evening to our warm fire-side; and very pleasant it seemed—although my mother sighed over every peal.

Everybody, in those days, lived in a state of excitement and fearful expectation. Our children now know nothing of human life—whilst we had strange experience long before they were their age. We heard of Buonaparte from our very cradles—he was never much called Napoleon then—that is a name which was adopted after his fall, when the reaction had taken place; but to us he was *Buonaparte*—and the name conveyed whatever idea of a horrible ferocious monster the imagination of a child could conceive. I had no very definite notion of what he was like—he had so many shapes of horrour to my fancy. I used to sit in my little chair, at the breakfast-table, and hear my parents talk of the war—of the last victory—or of the triumphant march of the great usurper, and the defeat of our own armies. I heard them talk of blood—of devastation—of thousands of wounded men—of burning towns—of miserable prisoners—of loathsome French hospitals and prisons. I heard them tell of strange prophecies—for people's minds were then in such a state of excitement as to regard those things—spoken years before, by singular or mysterious beings, which were now finding their fulfilment in the fearful events of every day. Awful and sublime chapters in the prophetical books of the Old Testament, and in the Revelations, were referred to and read; and a few grave, religious, and somewhat visionary persons, who used to visit at our home, would come in, of an evening, and discuss all those dark mysteries, or collate them with the terrible judgments that seemed to be coming upon the nations. How well I remember the undefined terrours of those conversations!—but still more my father's grave countenance, and the pale anxious looks of my mother, as they sate discussing in an under-tone, lest I should hear—and every word of which I heard, all the time—what should be done in case the enemy came to our own shore, when the invasion was threatened! Oh, I remember well all the scheme they had for secreting the valuables, as some of our own kith and kin had done, at the time of the Scotch rebellion—and the plan for their own and my escape—and the prayer that these things might not be in the winter.

If, from these sublimities of the parlour fire-side, I went to the nursery, it was only to find that the terrours and sorrows of war were there also. The father of my nurse-maid was a tailor, and resided in our town. I remember when her brother William 'listed' for a soldier, and I cried two whole days for sympathy, although I never had seen her brother. Her father, as I said, was a tailor, and to his house we used often to go—I and my nurse. There, as usual, everything had reference to the war. It was when the volunteers were first raised, and he and all his men were busied in making accoutrements. I can see, now, the coarse red cloth jackets that were being pressed with the iron goose in the kitchen, and those which were in another stage in the work-room upstairs. I can see the snippings of red cloth that scattered the floor, the pipe-clayed belts, the stiff white epaulettes, and the short upright tuft of green cock's feathers, which was worn by the drummers, I believe, and which was an object of my extreme admiration. My visits to the tailor excited in me the desire to raise my own volunteer corps; accordingly, I had my regiment of volunteer dolls

If I looked from my nursery window, into the street below, what did I see! Not lads playing at the playful game of marbles or hoop, but little troops of them arrayed in soldier-fashion, marshalled under some boy-serjeant, with drum and fife playing, imitating the recruiting party which paraded our streets once a week, or being drilled, as their fathers were, in a young volunteer company. All our playmates were infected with the same war-mania; and every game which had not in it the spirit of attack and defence was voted intolerably insipid. Nothing but martial musick was listened to, and the very dances of those days were battles and marches. There was my cousin, George—the great boy of my acquaintance, —who wore a watch, and aimed at being a man when only twelve years old—what a fine young soldier he was! His father's house was filled with his military property; and all his money, of which he had more than enough, went in the purchase of weapons offensive and defensive. He had a plan for defending the house, in case the French should land near—which, as it stood on the south shore, was seriously apprehended. He maintained that we could make a gallant and successful resistance—or, which was better, blow up and sink the French squadron—by the discharge of red-hot cannon balls, which, in imitation of General Elliott, at Gibraltar, he proposed to send among them, from the roof. He was a perfect volcano in the family, and kept them in a perpetual terrour of eruption and explosion. His petty cannon were mounted on every wall, and at every window; and it was no unusual thing to be startled fifty times, in the course of the day, by an unexpected battery. "That boy," his mother would exclaim, "will blow off his limbs, some of these times!"—"But," said the father, "where does George get all his money, for these things?"—"Goodness, gracious me!" exclaimed the fat old cook, bursting into the room, covered over with soot and grease, "the dinner's all spoiled, every atom of it, with Master George's powder-works in the kitchen-chimney blowing up. It's a mercy I'm not a dead woman, for the chimney-breast has fallen, and I was winding up the spit at the time."—"Where is Tom?" the father would say, when he could not find the groom's boy. "Oh, sir, he's helping Master George to build a counterscarp at the south wall."—"Where's Joe, then?" "He's gone, sir, to get a rivet put in Master George's new sword." —"Hang his sword and the counterscarp!" the father would say. But George went on unreproved. In fact, George was only a sample of a fine active-spirited boy in the war-time. The war was everything then, and influenced the feelings of all—young and old, rich and poor.

In those days, when everybody's thoughts, conversation, and actions had reference to the war, it might well have been wondered how, in a continued time of peace like the present, people could by any possibility find subjects either for thought or discussion. No marvel is it that in these latter years, so many poets and novelists have written such multitudes of books, and have found so many readers—and that we have now professors and students in every conceivable branch of science and philosophy! People in these peaceful times want something to do and to be interested about. Our children of six years old, if a man were employed to paint their father's house, would either be engaged in their studies, or if allowed to look at him, would question him perhaps, as to what paint was made from, or of the component parts of his brush. It was not so in the war-time. I sate by the painter whole days, for the pleasure of being horrified by his exaggerated accounts of Buonaparte, and of terrible and bloody battles—till at length, tired, I suppose, of my insatiable appetite for terrours, he would send me down the garden to look, if upon a distant bridge I could not see him and his men coming!

Everybody, as I said before, had an intense interest in that war. I saw my own parents overwhelmed by the deepest affliction, because of the death of a beloved relative, in the battle of Jena Every family, also, with which we visited, not only lived like ourselves, in the excitement of fear and anxiety, but either sooner or later, mourned over the death or the melancholy imprisonment, of some dear friend or relation. And that imprisonment was one of the most painful causes of interest. The husband of my mother's laundress was a soldier, and was confined in some horrible French prison—I forgot where. Our hearts were made to bleed regularly once a week, by the distress of this poor woman—to whom a rumour of her husband's sufferings had come. I remember as well as if it were only to-day, sitting with my mother in her own chamber, when the poor creature rushed in, and threw before her an ill-folded miserable looking letter, written on the very coarsest, meanest of paper; and, praying her to read it, burst into a passion of tears. It was, in truth, a letter to break the heart of a wife. It described himself and his wretched companions, as enduring unheard-of sufferings; as being subjected to every indignity; as wanting clothes, sufficiency of food, light, air—everything! It then told of his many unsuccessful attempts to write to his wife, and his uncertainty as to whether this would ever reach her. To this melancholy letter was added a postscript, by a fellow-sufferer, saying that poor Saville (the husband) had since died; but that, in reality, he was better off, being dead, than were his living companions!

Many such letters as this found their way to England—while thousands of other such were never suffered to leave the walls within which they were written. It is to the everlasting honour of England, that the prisoners which she took during the war—though thousands of them were confined within those immense, gloomy and stern prison-houses which were erected in several parts of the kingdom to contain them—never were subjected to that severe and degrading confinement which destroyed the health and lives of so many English prisoners. Many small English towns were made, in fact, into prisons—and here captivity was comparatively easy. It was, however, a most interesting, yet melancholy sight to see within the two or three miles circuit in which the prisoners were allowed their liberty, these thin and dejected men going forth alone, or in a little company, to gather, perhaps a salad of young green herbs, which were to be found by the way-side—but every circumstance, inoffensive as it was in itself, became a taunt in the mouths of the coarse John Bulls of those days, upon the poor meagre French prisoners, who could make a dinner of herbs!

Thank heaven! that war, with its unintellectual, ferocious spirit—its enormous crimes and sufferings—and its narrow nationality, miscalled patriotism and loyalty—has ceased to be the temper of the age.

THE LAST ANECDOTE.—"Who's that ere Mr. Scattering, that always gets a few votes at our town meeting?" inquired an old lady, a few days since, of her spouse, as she was busily engaged in perusing a newspaper. "I do not know," said he, "nor never did, though the people have been trying to elect him ever since I began to vote."

Original.

VERSES ON A PAINTING BY HORATIO MACCULLOCH, ESQ. R. S. A

"CASTLE CAMPBELL."

"The castle of gloom in the vale of sorrow."

No wandering ray to light the gloom
That broods above thy crumbling wall;
The very sadness of the tomb
Hangs o'er it like a funeral pall.

Darkly the clouds on high are spread,
Darkly the river sweeps below,
And each pale floweret bends its head
Down to the earth in silent wo.

All moveless hangs the aspen leaf,
And not a sound disturbs the air,
But the tumultuous voice of Grief,
Or low and plaintive wail of Care.*

And gazing on the scene, I feel
Its sadness o'er my spirit creep,
And long to hear the thunder peal
Arouse it from its death-like sleep!

Not thus wert thou when last I stood
Within the shadow of thy towers;
No gloom was in thy solitude,
No dewy tears were on thy flowers.

It was a radiant summer day,
That smiled upon this wooded dell;
And on thy heights so worn and gray
The glorious sunlight fell.

'Twas a glad scene! The song of birds
From every tree the gale was bringing;
And with gay laughter and light words,
Thy echoes loud were ringing.

Above us hung the beech-tree's shade,
Through which the odorous breezes play'd,
And show'd blue glimpses of the sky,
Smiling in cloudless purity.

And when the day, with arrowy speed,
To its bright close at length had come,
I flung me on the nut-brown steed—
(Waiting to bear me to that home,
Whose veil of roses, as I write,
Rises all softly on my sight)
Oh! yet my memory can recall
The flashing eye, the bounding tread—
Though dim, and cold, and nerveless all,
And numbered with the silent dead;—
Oh! fleet of foot and fair of form,
Thou peerless one! I see thee now,
As when the glow of life was warm
In those proud veins, whose fiery flow
Cold death has frozen;—hill or plain
Shall never see thy like again!

* * * * * *

My life has been a sunny path,
No cloud has stained its joyous hours,
Nor vengeful storms arisen in wrath,
To mar its fair unwithered flowers;
And when I look upon the past,
It is not with the dreary thought
That the bright halo round it cast,
Can tinge no more my future lot;
But memory of such scenes can give
A glory to the coming years;
And Hope's benignant star revive,
To cheer us through this vale of tears.
Then welcome aught that brings to view
The fair but faded past anew,
And, in the fairy world of art,
Recall such visions to the heart—
Of hours whose swift and shadowy gleam
Was rapid as the lightning's beam—
And makes us feel that cold decay
Can never chase their bloom away!

INFZ.

Edinburgh, March 29th, 1839.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

A MONUMENT TO A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

THE death of a friend who never spared a fault of my character, nor found a virtue which he did not praise, had cast a gloom over my mind, which no previous deprivation had produced. I remember how sceptical and heart-smitten—(not heart-broken—the broken heart always believes)—I stood at his grave, while the clergyman touched too little on his virtues, and spoke with a humble confidence, that he would spring from the tomb to an immortality of happiness; and suggested the promises of scripture, and argued with logical precision, from texts and analogies, that my friend should rise from the dead. Despondency is not more the child than the parent of unbelief—deep grief makes us selfish, and the naturally timid and nervous lose their confidence in promises, including their own particular wish, which they yield to them, when the benefit of others is alone proposed. A little learning is dangerous in such matters. I suffered a mental argument upon the probability of an event which I so much desired, to displace the simple faith which would have produced comparative happiness. Those who have contended with, and at length yielded to this despondency, alone know its painful operation.

Occupied with thoughts resulting from such an unpleasant train

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* Two streams bearing the above names flow through the vale of Dolor, in which Castle Campbell is situated.

of mind, I followed into a burying-ground, in the suburbs of the city, a small train of persons, not more than a dozen, who had come to bury one of their acquaintance. The clergyman in attendance was leading a little boy by the hand, who seemed to be the only relative of the deceased in the slender group. I gathered with them round the grave, and when the plain coffin was lowered down, the child burst forth in uncontrollable grief. The little fellow had no one left to whom he could look for affection, or who could address him in tones of parental kindness. The last of his kinsfolk was in the grave—and he was alone.

When the clamorous grief of the child had a little subsided, the clergyman addressed us with the customary exhortation to accept the monition, and be prepared; and, turning to the child, he added: "She is not to remain in this grave for ever; as true as the grass which is now chilled with the frost of the season, shall spring to greenness and life in a few months, so true shall your mother come up from that grave to another life, to a life of happiness, I hope." The attendants shovelled in the earth upon the coffin, and some one took little William, the child, by the hand, and led him forth from the lowly tenement of his mother.

Late in the ensuing spring, I was in the neighbourhood of the same burying-ground, and seeing the gate open, I walked among the graves for some time, reading the names of the dead, and wondering what strange disease could snatch off so many younger than myself—when recollecting that I was near the grave of the poor widow, buried the previous autumn, I turned to see what had been done to preserve the memory of one so utterly destitute of earthly friends. To my surprise, I found the most desirable of all mementoes for a mother's sepulchre—little William was sitting near the head of the now sunken grave, looking intently upon some green shoots that had come forth with the warmth of spring, from the soil that covered his mother's coffin

William started at my approach, and would have left the place; it was long before I could induce him to tarry; and, indeed, I did not win his confidence, until I told him that I was present when they buried his mother, and had marked his tears at the time

"Then you heard the minister say, that my mother would come up out of this grave," said little William.

"I did."

"It is true, is it not?" asked he, in a tone of confidence.

"I most firmly believe it," said I

"Believe it," said the child—"believe it—I thought you knew it—I know it."

"How do you know it, my dear?"

"The minister said, that as true as the grass would grow up, and the flowers bloom in spring, so true would my mother rise. I came a few days afterward, and planted flower-seed on the grave The grass came green in this burying-ground long ago; and I watched every day for the flowers, and to-day they have come up too—see them breaking through the ground—by and by mammy will come again"

A smile of exulting hope played on the features of the boy; and I felt pained at disturbing the faith and confidence with which he was animated.

"But, my little child," said I, "it is not here that your poor mother will rise."

"Yes, here," said he, with emphasis—"here they placed her, and here I have come ever since the first blade of grass was green this year."

I looked around, and saw that the tiny feet of the child had trod out the herbage at the grave side, so constant had been his attendance. What a faithful watch-keeper—what mother would desire a rarer monument than the form of her only son, bending tearful, but hoping, over her grave!

"But, William," said I, "it is in another world that she will arise"—and I attempted to explain to him the nature of that promise which he had mistaken. The child was confused, and he appeared neither pleased nor satisfied

"If mammy is not coming back to me—if she is not to come up here, what shall I do—I cannot stay without her."

"You shall go to her," said I, adopting the language of the scripture—"you shall go to her, but she shall not come again to you."

"Let me go, then," said William, "let me go now, that I may rise with mammy."

"William," said I, pointing down to the plants just breaking through the ground, "the seed which is sown there, would not have come up, if it had not been ripe; so you must wait till your appointed time, until your end cometh."

"*Then* I shall see her?"

"I surely hope so."

"I will wait, then," said the child, "but I thought I should see her soon—I thought I should meet her *here*."

And he did. In a month, William ceased to wait; and they opened his mother's grave, and placed his little coffin on hers—it was the only wish the child expressed in dying Better teachers than I, had instructed him in the way to meet his mother; and young as the little sufferer was, he had learned that all labours and hopes of happiness, short of heaven, were profitless and vain.—*Lady's Book for May.*

"A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH."

It is related of a distinguished physician in this city, distinguished as much perhaps for the softness of his manners and the amiability of his disposition, as for the rank he holds in his profession—that while one day driving hastily through the streets to attend a case of great emergency, his course was arrested by a dray, which blocked up the passage. In reply to a request made to the owner that it might be removed, he not only refused, but commenced heaping upon him a torrent of violent and abusive language.—The worthy doctor, however, unruffled by such treatment, was just about turning around to pursue his course in a different direction, when desirous of manifesting his unaltered good-will towards the stranger, he gently addressed him thus, "Friend, when thyself or any of thy family should be sick, send for doctor ——." The man's spirit at these words seemed totally regenerated, he not only instantly removed the incumbrance and assisted the doctor in passing, but in a common phrase, "begged ten thousand pardons" for his misconduct.

Of what advantage such trifling lessons as these may be to those who impress them upon their minds and summon them to their aid when placed in somewhat similar circumstances—I will relate a little incident, which occured to myself but yesterday. Rambling on the opposite side of the river with my favourite rifle, and desirous of finding a spot where I could amuse myself at target-shooting, without infringing upon the peace or safety of any one, a place at length seemed to offer itself which possessed these advantages. It was a considerable distance from the high road, on the banks of Cooper creek, partially sheltered by underwood from view, and scarcely a house to be seen within a mile. Here I commenced my favourite sport, and having placed my mark at about one hundred yards distance, began to flatter myself upon the skill I displayed, striking near the centre at every shot. But, alas,

"All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest;"

how soon was my solitary yet exquisite enjoyment dampened; for three or four hundred yards before me and directly in my range, I observed a countryman approaching with hasty steps. Though satisfied of the object which brought him hither, yet conscious of my innocence, I disdained to fly, but on the contrary, shouldering my rifle, I advanced toward him. We met near the target; I saw at a glance that he was angry and excited.

"Is it you who has been shooting so?" were the first words he uttered.

"Yes, sir," replied I, with one of my most benevolent smiles.

"Well, you have incurred a fine of fifteen dollars, and the forfeiture of your gun," said he.

"I knew there was a law to prevent trespassers upon the property of others, but did not know the penalties of its violation were so heavy, sir," I replied.

"Such are the penalties," said he, and I now momentarily expected to hear a summons to surrender, and made up my mind to comply without resistance.

"But, my friend," continued I, "I was not really aware that any injuries or inconvenience would be incurred to any one by my amusing myself here."

"'Tis dangerous," replied he—"see the direction your balls take."

"The paths they have taken I can assure you, my friend, are directly across the creek, and the bank being at least thirty feet higher than the opposite they could not possibly do harm; I am, however, extremely sorry I have incurred your displeasure."

"You seem something of a gentleman, any how," replied he.

"You seem disposed to compliment. I am, however, always a gentleman when with such." I saw the right chord was touched; his disposition and tone entirely changed.

"That's a very pretty gun of yours—American make, I 'spose?"

"Yes sir, Constable's second rate, and I came here to try it."

"Well! just move your mark a little further to the right," said he.

"I will—yonder is a place will answer the purpose," said I.

"But wont the bushes be in your way?" said he.

"Not at all! not at all!" So I went at my sport again—and the old gentleman seemed almost as much amused as myself for a while, when he gently retired and left me "alone in my glory," with the privilege of shooting as long as I pleased.

On my way back to the ferry, I fell into a train of reflection, the result of which, I am inclined to think, will be of advantage to me through life. It was the wisdom contained in that simple yet beautiful little passage of scripture, "a mild word turneth away wrath," the fine illustration of its truth afforded in the case of the excellent character alluded to at the commencement of this article, as well as in that of my own—the important influence which the most trivial circumstances may have upon our welfare, together with the advantages of improving by every lesson afforded us by our fellow-man.

PERSONAL ADORNMENT OF LADIES.

Art is an extremely beautiful thing, but nature is a much more beautiful and a wiser one. Jewelry of all sorts is a beautiful thing; satin, velvet, the costly oriental draperies, etc., are also abstractedly grateful to the eye, and are chief ingredients in the entire composition of the gorgeousness of the picture; but despite of our admiration of these, the general ornaments of ladies, we still cannot help remarking the very few natural flowers and wreaths by which a woman can alone increase (if it be possible to increase) her own beauty. Pure as the diamond is, clear as the brilliant is, warm as the ruby is, sunshiny as the topaz is—a beautiful woman is purer, clearer, warmer, and casts forth a more celestial sunshine than any one of them; and they are, therefore, not so fitted to accompany and share the admiration compelled by a woman's beauty as flowers, the only things of the lovely which art cannot increase in beauty, except women. We remember a short time back being inexpressibly delighted with the taste a young lady, who sat near us, displayed in the style of her head-dress, which consisted merely of a wreath of white roses. Her eyes and hair were as black as sloes; upon her cheeks was the delicate blushing of the rose; and these with the sweet modesty of her face's expression, united to the simplicity of the head-dress, composed an aspect the beauty of which could not possibly have been attained by the costliest tiara of diamonds, or the united brilliancies of all the precious stones wealth could procure. How the beauties of Titian and the old masters would suffer if jewelry were substituted for the profusion of flowers by which they are adorned. We really find it difficult to see the propriety of putting a heavy head-gear about the delicate brow of a fairy, but could well fancy her supporting a delicate rose wreath, or even the more ample luxuriance of a crown of ivy or of vine. Do our readers think with us?

THE MEMORY OF THE POETS.

By Mr. Sargeant Talfourd.

The fame of those sweet bards, whose fancies lie,
Like glorious clouds on summer's hottest even
Fringing the west, upon the skirts of heaven,
And sprinkled o'er with hues of rainbow dye
Is not of trumpet sound, nor strives to vie
With martial notes sublime. From ages gone,
In most angelick strain it lengthens on.
Earth's greenest bowers with fresh delight to fill,
Heard breathing from the silence of the sky,
Or trembling in the joy of gushing rill.
Or whispering o'er the lake's unrippled breast,
Till its last earthly melodies are still—
Hush'd, 'mid the joys of immortality,
In the calm bosom of eternal rest.

A GOOD THOUGHT.—The Macon (Geo.) Telegraph purposes to place the Botanick Garden, about to be erected in that town, under the direction of the young ladies of the flourishing Female College, which does so much honour to the gallantry of Macon.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

SONG OF PEACE.—BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

Awake the song of peace—
Let nations join the strain;
The march of blood and pomp of war
We will not have again!
Let fruit-trees crown our fields,
And flowers our valleys fair;
And on our mountain steeps—the songs
Of happy swains be there!

Our maidens shall rejoice,
And bid the timbrel sound;
Soft dreams no more shall broken be
With drums parading round.
No tears for lovers slain
From lovely eyes shall fall;
But musick and the dance shall come
In halcyon joy to all!

The rider and his steed,
Their path of fame is o'er;
The trumpet and the trumpeter
Shall squadrons rouse no more!
No fields of victory won
With blade and battle brand!
A nobler triumph shall be ours
A bright and happy land!

Too long the man of blood
Hath ruled without control;
Nor widows' tears, nor orphans' sighs,
Could touch his iron soul!
But lo! the mighty's fallen—
And from his lofty brow
The chaplet fades that circled there—
Where are his trophies now?

Look to the countless graves,
Where sleep the thousands slain!
The morning songs no more call forth
The stirring bands again!
The din, the strife is past,
Of foe with falling foe—
The grassy leaves wave o'er their heads,
And quiet they rest below!

Sound high the harp of song,
And raise the joyous strain;
But war's rough note be it ne'er heard
To swell the chords again.
Put all its trappings past—
Vain pomp of bygone years—
To ploughshares grind the pointed swords,
To pruning-hooks the spears!

Come, man, to brother man,
Come in the bond of peace;
Then strife and war, with all their train
Of dark'ning wo, shall cease.
Come, with that spirit free,
That art and science give;
Come, with the patient mind for truth,
Seek it, and ye shall live!

Then earth shall yield her fruits—
The seasons forth shall bring,
And summer fair shall pour her sweets
Into the lap of spring!
While autumn, mellow, comes
With full and liberal hand,
And gladness then shall fill each heart
Through all the happy land.

TOPICKS FOR THOUGHT.

Everything is military at St. Petersburgh; little fellows just from the breast must go to school, have a sword instead of a coral, a cocked hat instead of a doll—must learn to march when they can scarcely walk, and, to complete their infant education, are taken out in a coach to bivouack in the open fields. Even the scholars of the university are in military uniform. Lord Londonderry informs us that Nicholas is better acquainted with the art of drilling and with military manœuvres, than any man in Europe.

The influence of the good man ceases not at death; he, as the visible agent, is removed, but the light and influence of his example still remain; and the moral elements of this world will long show the traces of their vigour and purity: just as the western sky, after the sun is set, still betrays the glowing traces of the departed orb.

The most sublime thoughts—beautiful and powerful figures—and pure phraseology—are found in an obsolete work, but seldom quoted, called the Bible

A French baron has invented an omnibus cooking-shop, which travels about the streets for the purpose of feeding people at their doors!

Frankness is not rashness, nor is it vehemence. It is not petulant or dictatorial. It is as modest as it is undisguised. It is not obstreperous. Yet it dares to lift the veil and show unpleasant truth.

If a man blends his angry passions with his search after truth, become his superiour by suppressing yours, and attend only to the justness and force of his reasoning.

Courage, when genuine, is never cruel. It is not fierce. It foresees evil. Its trepidations come either before or after danger. In the midst of peril it is calm and cool. It is generous, especially to the fallen. It is seldom attained.

Lord Erskine, speaking of animals, hesitating to call them brutes, hit upon that happy phrase—"the mute creation."

Virtue wants more admirers, wisdom more supplicants, truth more real friends, and honesty more practitioners. Philanthropy wants a residence, and fidelity an asylum.

Tacitus says early marriage makes us immortal—that it is the soul and chief prop of empire—and that the man who resolves to live without woman, or the woman who resolves to live without man, are enemies to themselves, destructive to the world, apostates from nature, and rebels against heaven and earth.

Mystery magnifies danger as fog does the sun; the hand that warned Belshazzar derived its horrifying influence from the want of a body.

Raleigh says, if thou marry for beauty, thou bindest thyself all thy life for that which perchance will neither last nor please thee one year.

Original

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

LADY of England—o'er the seas
Thy name was borne by every breeze,
Till all this sunset clime became
Familiar with Victoria's name!

Though seas divide us many a mile,
Yet, for the Queen of that fair isle
From which our fathers sprung, there roves
A blessing from this Land of Groves!

Our fatherland!—fit theme for song!—
When thou art named what memories throng!—
Shall England cease our love to claim?—
Not while our language is the same!

Then, royal maid! so live and reign
That when thy nation's swelling strain
Is breathed amid our forests green,
We too may say "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!" G. P. M.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Translated for the New-York Mirror.

THE DAGUERROTYPE.

We have thus far said but little on the subject of the new and striking discovery of M. Daguerre, which is supposed by many to be the beginning of a total revolution in the arts of drawing and engraving. We do not share in these extravagant anticipations, nor, on the other hand, have we any private reasons or peculiar information to induce us to undervalue what almost every one is loud in praise of. All we know is, that common sense tells us we must wait some time longer, and see and know much more about this new discovery than we do at present, before we can indulge in any reasonable or well-founded enthusiasm on the subject. While waiting for time to furnish us these developments, we may remark that it is somewhat curious to note how many competitors for the honour of the invention start up all around us. No sooner is M. Daguerre's theory hinted at, than a rival candidate for fame presents himself in the person of Mr. Talbot, an English F. R. S., who we now learn, has been long engaged in the same experiments as the French philosopher, and arrived at similar results. The next, we hear, is from Berne, in Switzerland, which boldly brings forward its claims alongside of London and Paris A letter from that place, published in one of the Paris journals, assures us "that the art of producing images of objects with the aid of the *camera obscura*, has been known here for many years. Professor Gerber made some experiments ten years ago, in which he seems to have advanced farther than M. Daguerre himself. He assures us, that he has produced images on sheets of white paper by using nitrate of silver in a *camera obscura*; that he has found a way of representing the effect of light and shade; finally, that he was acquainted with a process founded on the same principle by the help of which, *any desired number of copies* might be taken of any experiment. The professor intended making some further experiments, but has not succeeded in finding such a room as he wished."

From the other side of the channel comes the voice of Mr. Talbot, also claiming the honour of the first discovery. Like Professor Gerber, he uses paper instead of M. Daguerre's copper plates; but he obtains exactly opposite effects, that is, lights where M. Daguerre has shades, and *vice versa*. But he does not pretend, as M. Gerber does, that he can multiply the impressions of any such copy. We are to observe that Dr. Gerber seems thus far hardly to have reached his journey's end, since he *has not* arranged such an apartment as he wishes.

Messrs. Biot and Arago, of the French academy, with a natural desire to indicate the fame of their countryman, have taken pains in their report on this subject to state distinctly and of their own knowledge, that M. Daguerre had been employed on this matter for many years before he published his discovery. M. Arago informs us that as early as 1805, a M. Nieps, of Chalons, had invented an apparatus which, imperfect as it was, gave M. Daguerre the first hint of his discovery There is besides an agreement made in 1829, between M. Nieps and M Daguerre, which proves that the two had at that early day, associated themselves in pursuit of the great discovery that M. Daguerre has been so fortunate as to make.

M. Nieps obtained drawings in this way, but he required twelve hours for each one; and every one knows, that in that time, the sun changes its place completely, so that the shadow indicated on the right of the picture at the beginning of the operation, would be on the left before its close. When this report was presented, M. Arago begged leave to state, that he was acquainted with M. Daguerre's secret, and that his process was as simple as he represented it to be. He added, that in ten minutes he had himself obtained a perfect view of the *Boulevard de Temple*.

M. Arago and M. Daguerre have not yet thought proper to enlighten the publick as to this simple and most precious secret, but Mr. Talbot has given us a full account of the process invented by him. It may be found in the March number of the Philosophical Journal, in a communication made by Mr. Talbot to the Royal Society, at some length and with great minuteness, to which, as chancery pleaders say, for greater certainty, we beg leave to refer our scientifick readers. It is also more briefly stated in a letter from Mr. Talbot to M. Biot, read at a late sitting of the French Academy. From this we learn, to quote the philosopher's own words, that "to make what we may call ordinary photogenick paper, I choose in the first place a firm paper of good quality, I dip it in a *weak* solution of common salt, and dry it with a linen cloth, so as to distribute the salt as equally as possible over the surface; I then spread over one side of the paper a solution of nitrate of silver, mixed with a large quantity of water. I dry it by the fire, and it is ready for use. When this experiment is repeated often, it will be found that there is a certain proportion between the quantities of salt and of the solution of silver, which it is better to preserve. If the quantity of salt is increased beyond this point, the effect diminishes, and in some cases vanishes almost entirely. This paper, if well prepared, may serve for a great variety of ordinary uses in obtaining images; nothing, for instance, can be more perfect than the representations of leaves and flowers obtained by this means, under a warm sun; the light, penetrating the leaves, delineates every vein on them."

"Now, let us take a sheet of paper thus prepared, and spread over it a solution saturated with seasalt, and dry it before the fire, and we will usually find the sensibility of the paper very much diminished by it, sometimes reduced to almost nothing, especially if it has been kept for some weeks before making this experiment; but if the solution of silver is applied again, the paper becomes a second time sensible to the light, and even more so than it was at first. In this way, I succeed in rendering it sufficiently sensitive to fix with considerable rapidity the image presented by a *camera obscura*."

"There is, however, one thing to be attended to here. As by this means we obtain results sometimes more, and sometimes less satisfactory, owing to slight accidental variations, we shall find, if we repeat the experiment often, that at times the chlorure of silver obtained in this way is apt to grow gradually black without being exposed to the light. Therefore, after preparing a certain number of sheets of paper, each with different chemical preparations, I take a bit of each, numbered, and expose these bits to a feeble diffuse light, for a quarter or half an hour. If I find among these pieces one that shows a decided superiority over the others, I choose that paper it belongs to, and never fail to make use of it as soon as possible after preparing it."

"It now remains to state what means I use to fix the images thus obtained. After several unsuccessful attempts, the first thing that I found to answer, was to wash the drawing with iodure of potass, mixed with a large quantity of water An iodure of silver is thus formed, on which the sun has no action whatever. This process, however, requires care, for if we use too strong a solution, it will carry off the dark parts of the picture; but a moderately weak solution answers the purpose very well. By this means, I have preserved drawings perfectly for five years, though often exposed to the sun. But a simpler mode, and one I have used very often myself, is to dip the drawings in a strong solution of common sea-salt, wipe them lightly, and let them dry. The more brilliant the sun at the time of taking the drawing, the more efficacious will this method be; for then the dark parts will suffer no injury from the sun. The lights, when exposed to the sun, sometimes take a bright lilack colour, and then disappear. By repeated experiments, I have ascertained that this lilack colour is not uniform, and that when certain proportions are used, it does not appear, and the lights are perfectly white."

"Sir John Herschell has lately suggested to me a beautiful invention of his for the preservation of photogenick pictures. I do not feel at liberty to mention it, but can state, that its success is complete."

After Mr. Talbot's paper was read, M. Dumas made some remarks on the theory of all these operations. It was clear, he said, that chlorure of silver was produced here, as in M. Daguerre's first experiments, which would turn completely black, if it was not dissolved; and that common salt, or chlorure of sodium, as well as iodure of potassium, readily dissolved the chlorure of silver when recently formed, by the reaction of a former portion of chlorure on the nitrate of silver, but had no effect on it after it had turned black, while an excess of salt formed with it a compound much less affected by light. Sir John Herschell's method he suggested, must be the use of the hyposulphite of potash or of soda, which, as was remarked in some of Sir John's early writings, have the quality of dissolving very readily the chlorure of silver, when not yet acted on.

We will not bore our readers with any more chemistry, but barely add, that as all stories grow larger from day to day, so is it with this matter of the Daguerrotype. The latest improvement is that of M. Colas, by which this same principle is applied to statuary, and that in such perfection, that in the copies, you can distinguish a statue from a bas-relief, and see even the stain produced by age on the marble. We suppose the next advance will be to give us in landscapes, not only the foliage of the trees, but the songs of all the birds that may happen to be perched on their branches; and in portrait, to furnish us, besides an accurate copy of the subjects' face, with a short sketch of his life, and the number of his residence. We have heard of so many such brilliant discoveries, in our day, that promised to revolutionize art and science, and after being talked of and admired awhile, vanished into nothing, that we are a little sceptical as to all these magnificeient results, resting as they do, on hearsay and newspaper reports. At the same time, it is evident that the process invented by M. Daguerre, may reasonably be expected to facilitate greatly the imitation of some objects, and to furnish us with many pretty effects that are beyond the reach of the pencil and graver.

THE SNOW ON THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

A Chapter from an unpublished history of the Great St. Bernard, by M Rey.

In December, 1830, a large quantity of snow fell, and caused enormous avalanches round Mont St. Bernard. The convent is situated a little below the point of perpetual snow, and there often falls so great a quantity in winter, that the summer is not long enough to remove it. There was, in fact, a time when it was feared the masses would turn into a glacier. These fears, however, exist no longer; for since the beautiful experiments of Benetz, upon the enormous glacier of Gietroz, which he melted by covering it with water, from the melting of more elevated snows, a glacier can be formed almost where we wish.

Snow, cold as it feels to the touch, is still less so than ice, and observation early found in this difference of temperature an infallible means of restoring limbs recently frozen, which is used by the monks with great success. When they encounter a traveller, who cannot use his limbs, they begin by ascertaining whether they are only stiffened or actually frozen. In the first case, they apply to the limbs simple friction only; in the latter, they rub the patient with snow, on the spot, without waiting to transport him to the convent. At the convent, the frozen limb is plunged into snow-water till it thaws, and a cure follows speedily. The use of fire and heat is most especially to be avoided. Count Tilly had his feet severely frozen in ascending the mountain, and on descending wrapped them in a sheep's skin, the heat of which caused the feet to swell to an enormous size; after four days, gangrene ensued, and it required all the skill of the physician of Geneva to save his feet.

One of the effects of snow, and one which follows still more speedily when we are fatigued, is that of putting to sleep by the combined influence of the monotony of the spectacle, and the action of the cold on the brain. Wo to the traveller, if he yields, while in the snow, to the profound lethargy that he feels overpowering him; he will awake only in eternity. The cold will contract the orifices of the vessels, the circulation will invariably diminish, the surface of the body will begin to be lifeless, the blood will flow back on the brain, which yielded to the cold more slowly, and gorges it; and his existence will end without pain, without suffering. In 1829, the monks found on the road a man standing upright, resting on his staff, one leg raised, and the foot set down in the attitude of a man ascending a height. He had fallen asleep in this position, and had been frozen to death instantly. He had a knapsack, and over it another, which belonged to a fellow-traveller, who lay dead near him, and who was afterwards ascertained to be his uncle.

"On the twenty-ninth September, 1829, (the monks told me,) some travellers reached the convent during a horrible storm, and informed us that the great quantity of snow, and regard to their own safety, had obliged them to leave a man and woman behind them, about half a league from the *hospice*. We immediately went in search of them; but the unfortunate beings had lost their way, and were buried under the snow. We searched for them till night, but in vain, and renewed the search with no better success. The same day another traveller died, who had been overtaken by night. Three days after, we found their bodies."

"More than once," says an English traveller, relating his ascent of Mont Blanc, "we asked of our guide to let us lie down on the snow, a few minutes, to indulge a longing for sleep, which no one can conceive who has not experienced it. We were often forced to halt to take breath, and at every stoppage slumber overpowered us. Often ascending to the *Grand Plateau*, I asked Courtes, the guide, if I might not sleep on the snow for a few minutes. He consented, but reluctantly, and the next minute I was sound asleep. In a few minutes he aroused me, else I might have slept on for ever." In fact, the guides rarely allow travellers who pass the night at the camp of *Grands Mulets*, in ascending or descending Mont Blanc, to spend the whole night there. They awaken them often to ascertain whether their elbows, shoulders, or knees, are not frozen, as those articulations are the first parts affected during sleep.

The constant presence of snow increases an influence on the atmosphere, which reacts in different ways on the human organization. The coolness it gives to the air, renders long stay in the region painful. Its reflection of the rays of light that strike on it, produces most striking effects on the skin. It renders it rough, red, and tanned, and covers it with watery pustules, which are painful, though easily removed. It irritates the optick nerves, and produces an ophthalmia, which is always harder to remove in proportion to the recentness of the snow and the clearness of the air. Some persons it soon renders blind; some for a short time, others, as was the case with Cyrus' soldiers, for life. It is well known that the inhabitants of polar regions have more or less feeble vision, and that many are blind by the time they are twenty.

The *Col du Bonhomme* is, perhaps, the most subject to changes of temperature of any of the passes of the Alps, and the most dangerous from the frequency and violence of the storms that sweep over it. Accidents happen from snow-storms every week, and I might almost say every day. Without going back to tradition, I will mention a melancholy instance which happened in our own time. In September, 1830, two young Englishmen, of eighteen or twenty, Messrs. Campbell and Branckley, were travelling in Switzerland, under the care of their tutor. When they arrived at Chamouni, they took a guide, a stout and prudent man, and proceeded to the *Col du Bonhomme* with all the ardour and gaiety of youth; when they reached a house near the *Plan* (*plateau*) *des Dames*, which is the last you meet in going towards the *Col*, they wished to take dinner. Unfortunately, a number of young men from a

school which had just left, had taken with them all the provisions usually kept in such houses. They were far from dreaming how fatal this circumstance, seemingly so trivial, would be to them. Urged on by hunger they left at once, in the hope of overtaking the young men, and obtaining some food from the remains of the provisions they had carried off; but no one was to be seen, and the pursuit, made at great speed, only served to add to their hunger and fatigue Nor was this all. During the time which would have been required for taking their meal at the *auberge*, which they employed in walking, the atmosphere, thus far calm and clear, underwent so instantaneous a change, that the whole four found themselves in the midst of one of the severest storms of that bleak region, without the least suspicion of it, even on the part of their guide. They were cut to the bone by a fierce and icy wind: blinded by a whirlwind of snow, and carried off their feet by sudden whirlwinds. One of the young men, who had been most weakened by hunger and fatigue, seized with terrour at the unexpected horrours around him, stopped suddenly short, as if petrified, deprived of hearing and motion. The guide took him in his arms, wrapped him up in his own garments; opened his breast and pressed him to it, to communicate to him some portion of the heat of his body, spoke affectionately to him to encourage and console him; but in vain; he clasped a corpse. The other, Mr Branckley, terrified at the outbreak of the storm, fell down on the snow, stupified with cold. He half rose up at times and embraced the knees of their guide, as though to thank him for his efforts in behalf of his friend. But when he saw that that friend was lost to him for ever, he began to shrink, spite of all the attentions of his tutor. He gradually ceased to turn his eyes towards the stiffened corpse, and let his head fall on the snow, never to raise it again The tutor, in despair at these scenes of horrour, bore them, nevertheless, with manly courage. As soon as the storm was over, and it did not last long, he placed one of the frozen bodies on the guide's shoulders, and bore the other himself to the nearest cottage. Every means that could be obtained was there tried to restore them to animation, but in vain, and the unhappy tutor repaired to Geneva to order two coffins for his ill-fated pupils, whose carriage and courier were yet waiting for them to pursue their tour of pleasure. Before the day fixed for their interment, the tutor was dead. His strength of constitution saved him at the *Col*; grief destroyed him at Geneva. A third coffin was ordered, and the funeral was attended by all the crowd of gay travellers assembled in that city.

SOME PARTICULARITIES OF GOETHE.

A distinguished painter, M. de Keilhoeltzer, who was on habits of great intimacy with Goethe during the last twelve years of his life, has given us an account of some of the great man's peculiarities, of which the publick was previously ignorant.

Light and warmth Goethe loved above all things; and consequently, the higher the temperature, the gayer and the more conversible was he. He used to say jestingly, that if a man could form beforehand a true idea of the horrours of winter, he would hang himself in the autumn, sooner than endure them. He would never allow the windows of his study or of his sleeping-room to be opened; even if the air was fairly noxious, he found it comfortable. It was only in his absence, and at the risk of being severely censured, that those around him would sometimes, acting from a well-grounded anxiety for his health, throw open these two apartments to change the air in them.

Goethe was insensible to unpleasant odours, with the single exception of that of rotten apples—an odour which, by a singular contrast, Schiller was peculiarly fond of. Goethe walked one day into Schiller's study, and not finding him at home, determined to await his return, and sat down not far from the poet's desk, but soon experienced a stupour which gained gradually upon him, and did not disappear until he was fairly in the street. Schiller's servant set to work to find, if possible, what could have produced such an effect on Goethe's nerves; and found on a shelf above the desk, a score or so of apples, all more or less rotten, with which the author of *Joan of Arc* had provided himself, in order to perfume to his taste what he called his "workshop"

Goethe, whether at home or in society, always endeavoured to snuff with his own hands all the candles near him, because, as he used to say, it was an operation that no one could perform to his satisfaction. He has even been known to leave more than one party abruptly, because the servants had not snuffed the candles that stood before him in a way that pleased him, and because there were no snuffers on the table, wherewith to correct their blunders. He did not like to be asked how he did, and if such a question was put to him when he happened to be in the least indisposed, he was vexed, and without making any answer, would change the conversation to some other subject. He loved life, but loved good health more, and did not fear death. "The only things I now fear," he would say, in the last year of his life, "are diseases, and a painful end. If God will grant me an easy death, and that soon, it is all I ask."

THE KING OF BAVARIA.

We notice by the Milan Gazette, that the king of Bavaria arrived there lately. He is travelling through Italy under the name of Count of Augsburg. A good story is told of an adventure that happened to him on his first setting out on his journey. In August of last year, his majesty was pleased to issue a decree, forbidding the wearing of mustachios by any but military men, and ordering the proper authorities to arrest all who might violate this provision. Soon the *moustaches* began to fall, like withered leaves before the autumn blast, and it so happened that the decree had been obeyed by all without a murmur, and there was not a single instance of continuancy. Early this spring, however, the gendarmes on duty fell in with a train of travelling carriages filled with gentlemen, one of whom sported huge gray mustachios. They required him to produce his passport, which he did; they found it all *en regle*, but as the bearer was described in it as *Count of Au*, they asked him if he was a soldier, to which he replied in the negative. Thereupon they pronounced him under arrest, and ordered him to follow them, stating, however, that as soon as the offending moustaches had been shaved off officially, and at his own expense, he should be at liberty to proceed. His companions protested against this severity, and intimated to the gendarmes that they might perhaps be sorry for it afterwards. But the guards would listen to nothing of the kind; they insisted on the traveller producing his commission or sacrificing his moustaches, and had actually laid hands on him to carry the sentence of the law into effect, till the stranger, seeing his last entrenchment, so to speak, on the point of being forced, was obliged to show off his incognito, and announce himself as Louis-Charles-Augustus, king of Bavaria, and Generalissimo of its armies; whereupon the gendarmes released their illustrious prisoner, vowing, but a little too late, that they would not be caught so again.

THE LONELINESS OF CELIBACY.

Monsieur Chateaubriand, in a letter to the Countess of Fontanes, the daughter of one of his oldest friends, thus expresses the regrets of a man who has outlived the friends and associations of his youth—"The past is now my only employment—recollections of other days murmur faintly in my ears, like the dashing of waves on a distant shore. When I walk in the woods, I often fancy with the poet, that the welcome voice of some long-lost friend whispers to me in the rustle of a withered leaf. But alas! I have so much to regret, that I know not what to mourn. Left alone, I am busied putting the empty house in order, and closing the doors and windows. When these pious duties are discharged, if my friends, when I shall go hence to join them, ask me what I did here, I will answer, 'I was thinking of you.' There will soon be between us a community of dust, as well as an union of hearts.

"The men of other days, when they grew old, were less to be pitied, and less solitary than those of our own; if they had lost the objects of their affection, at least but little else was changed; though strangers to the youth around them, they were at home in society. But now, a laggard in this world sees not only men die, but ideas; principles, manners, tastes, pleasures, pains, sentiments, nothing is like what he once knew; he is a being of a different species from those among whom he is to finish his days."

PHRENOLOGICAL NOTICES.

The original copy of the following communication, politely furnished to the Mirror several months since by Mr. Combe, was accidentally lost. We have much pleasure now in copying it from the Phrenological Review

MR. GEORGE COMBE

ON THE SIZE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S BRAIN.

Mr. Editor—The following paper was recently received from a relative of mine, at present in Edinburgh, and was procured for the purpose of insertion in your journal. The friend referred to was present when Mr. Combe made the examination of which the result is here presented; and in reply for permission to send to me the developments for insertion in the American Phrenological Journal, Mr. Combe very politely sent the paper, accompanied by a note, giving permission to my friend to make any use of it which might be wished. Some additional interest will probably now be given to anything from the pen of this gentleman, from the fact of his having become personally known to the American publick as a lecturer on the science, which he has long and successfully studied; and of which he is now certainly the most philosophical advocate living. This interest will be still further increased, at least to those who have attended Mr. Combe's lectures, by their recollection that in the latter half of his second lecture he was somewhat extended in the remarks he made on the head of Sir Walter Scott, as strikingly exemplifying the great principle of our science, "That, other things being equal, size is a measure of power."

The paper bears internal evidence of being designed for publication; and I have ascertained, by inquiry of Mr. Combe, that it was designed for the London (late Edinburgh) Phrenological Journal. In the January number of that journal it will appear; and if you insert it, its appearance in both journals will be nearly simultaneous: as yet it has never appeared in print. On receiving the article, I waited on Mr. Combe to solicit his permission to forward it to you, and that permission was most promptly and politely afforded; you will, therefore, I feel assured, very gladly afford it a place.

Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott has an extensive circulation in this country; and, of course, the note which gave occasion to the existence of Mr. Combe's article is, to the same extent, affording to the enemies of phrenology a plausable pretext for opposing it. On this account, it is important that the antidote should accompany the disease; in other words, that Mr. Combe's article should be preserved in your pages; because it is not possible that one in a thousand, in this country, who read Lockhart's work, should obtain a sight of the London Phrenological Journal; while yours, I trust, will be at least as generally read here, as the work of Scott's biographer. It may operate beneficially, also, in another way: the exposure made by Mr. Combe, of the unfairness, or ignorance, or prejudice, of a medical practitioner, when making a professional report of a professional examination, will long remain, *in terrorem*, over those medical men who remain hostile to phrenology, if they shall ever have the opportunity, and feel the inclination, to walk in the footsteps of Mr. Clarkson; it will render them morally certain that they will be made, in such a case, to participate in his unenviable notoriety, as a partial, contracted, and unphilosophical reporter of a professional operation. I remain, sir, very truly yours, ERWAN.

For the American Phrenological Journal.

In the seventh volume of Mr. Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, page 394, there is a foot-note to the following effect:

Abbotsford, September 23, 1832.—This forenoon, in the presence of Dr. Adolphus Ross, from Edinburgh, and my father, I proceeded to examine the head of Sir Walter Scott.

On removing the upper part of the cranium, the vessels on the surface of the brain appeared slightly turgid; and on cutting into the brain, the cinerittous substance was found of a darker hue than natural, and a greater than usual quantity of serum in the ventricles. Excepting these appearances, the right hemisphere seemed in a healthy state; but in the left, in the choroid plexus, three distinct, though small, hydatids were found; and on reaching the corpus striatum, it was discovered diseased, a considerable portion of it being in a state of ramollissment. The blood-vessels were in a healthy state. The brain was not large.

(Signed) J. B. CLARKSON.

On reading this report, the feeling in the mind of every reflecting person must be that of astonishment at the extreme paucity and vagueness of its details; and, as an almost necessary consequence, a suspicion of unintentional, but not less real, partiality on the part of the reporters. Taking into consideration the general interest which exists on the subject of phrenology, and the eagerness with which important facts, favourable or adverse to its pretensions, are examined and canvassed, it is, perhaps, not going too far to affirm, that nine out of every ten readers will peruse the above report chiefly with reference to its bearing on phrenology; and will rise from the perusal biassed for or against its truth, according to the opinion which they form of its accuracy or conclusiveness. Knowing, indeed, the extreme desire which exists among the opponents of phrenology to find out adverse facts in the organization of men of remarkable mental powers, and aware of the hostility to the science entertained by Sir Walter Scott during life, we cannot resist the conviction that the reporters themselves proceeded to the examination of his brain, with the clear perception of the importance which would be attached to it, as a matter of phrenological evidence; and, consequently, that in limiting themselves to the darkness visible of the above statement, they shrunk from the duty they owed to science, and from the example set before them in the cases of other men, the equals and superiours of Sir Walter Scott. When Byron, Cuvier, or Dupuytren, died, we were not left to the vague opinion of any man that their brains were small or large, but their condition was minutely described, and we were furnished with an account of their respective weights in pounds, ounces, and drachms, from which every one could deduce his own conclusions. But when we contrast this mode of proceeding with Mr. Clarkson's meagre opinion that Sir Walter's brain was "not large," we feel at once the lamentable want of precision, which entirely destroys the value of his testimony. If he had measured or weighed of it, with reference to any fixed standard, he would have stood on unassailable ground; but apt as men are to vary in their estimates of things of which they form merely a rough guess, we can attach no definite meaning to Mr. Clarkson's assurance. He obviously could not say that Sir Walter's was a *small* brain; and yet such is the meaning which every anti-phrenologist attaches to his statement—a meaning at variance with fact, and which he was bound to have obviated by a stricter examination, and the use of more precise expressions. It may be, that he and the friends of Sir Walter felt a delicacy in allowing Sir Walter's brain to become a subject of philosophical or popular discussion, and, therefore, wished to withhold all details. If so, I admit at once that they had a right to consult their own feelings in the matter, and to withhold all information, if they pleased. But the same motives did not warrant them in giving forth a document calculated to mislead the publick from its inherent vagueness, and, therefore, equally injurious to the truth, as if purposely designed for its obstruction. In fact, the course they have followed is the only one by which controversy could be excited; for had the necessary details been given, there would have been no room for difference of opinion. Whereas Mr. Clarkson's statement, that the brain was "not large," having been adopted by anti-phrenologists as implying that it was *small*, and there being ample evidence it was "NOT small," discussion becomes unavoidable, till the apparent discrepancy be removed.

The extraordinary meagreness of Mr. Clarkson's report is further shown in its utter disregard of another question, which has interested physiologists for some years back, viz.: the influence of the size and depth of the cerebral convolutions on the mental power. Strong grounds have been assigned for believing that large and deep convolutions are favourable to vigour the mind. Never was a better opportunity than that afforded by Sir Walter Scott's death, of obtaining clear evidence in proof or disproof of this allegation; and yet not a syllable occurs in the report on the subject.

If the three medical practitioners whose names are connected with the report, were not actuated by hostility to phrenology in their examination, they have displayed a lamentable disregard of the interest equally of physiological and phrenological science; for a more meagre description of the brain of one of the most distinguished men of his age, has not recently been presented to the publick. The phrenologists constantly call for evidence, and when they are permitted, they furnish it. It is the opponents who conceal or omit; and yet if they had any confidence in the grounds of their own rejection of the science, they would accumulate evidence with greater zeal than they display in suppressing it.

As the subject is interesting, I beg leave to present you with the best evidence which, according to my information, now exists regarding the size and development of Sir Walter Scott's head.

In January, 1831, Mr. Lawrence Macdonald, sculptor, now settled in Rome, lived for several days at Abbotsford, and modelled a bust of Sir Walter Scott. Mr Macdonald was then a practical phrenologist. He knew that no bust, authentick in the measurement of Sir Walter's head, existed; and he bestowed every possible attention to render his work a true representation of nature. He assured me that he measured the size of the head in different directions with callipers, and preserved the dimensions in the clay; while he modelled every portion of the surface with the utmost care, so as to exhibit the outlines and proportions as exactly as his talents could accomplish. Sir Walter sat four hours at a time to him, dictating a romance all the while to his amanuensis, Mr. Laidlaw. Sir Walter's vigour, both bodily and mental, had by that time declined; and his features had lost part of their mental expression. The bust bears evidence, in the features, of this decay of power; but there is no reason to believe that the disease had, at that time, existed so long as to cause any diminution of the skull. This bust, therefore, forms the best record which now exists of the dimensions and relative proportions of the different parts of Sir Walter Scott's head; and as it is in my possession, I present you with the following measurements, and note of the size of the organs. It will be seen that the head was really large.

The hair, as represented in the marble bust, is short, and, in the crown, thin. If, therefore, we deduct two eighths of an inch from the following measurements, they will probably approach very closely to those which would have been afforded by the head itself.

From individuality to the occipital spine, eight inches and two-eighths; destructiveness to destructiveness, six and three-eighths; cautiousness to cautiousness, five and six eighths; comparison to concentrativeness, seven and two-sevenths; secretiveness to secretiveness, six and four-eighths

The following measurements are made where there is no hair:

From ideality to ideality, four inches and six-eighths; constructiveness to constructiveness, five.

In the following measurements, the hair may be estimated as equal to one-eighth of an inch, which should be deducted:.

From the hole in the ear to firmness, six inches and six-eighths; benevolence, six and six-eighths; individuality, five and five-eighths; occipital spine, four and four-eighths; from the lower margin of individuality to the centre of benevolence, four and four-eighths; from the lower margin of individuality to the centre of veneration, five and six-eighths.

The anterior lobe is very large in the lower region. It is large in the middle line. In the upper region it is less. The coronal region is large It is rather short from before backwards, but very high above casuality. Veneration and hope are the predominating organs. The coronal region rises to an unusual height. The base of the brain, particularly in the posteriour lobe, is large

The relative proportions of the organs, as they appear on the bust, may be thus estimated:

1 Amativeness, large.
2 Philoprogenitiveness, large
3 Concentrativeness, moderate.
4 Adhesiveness, rather large.
5 Combativeness, large.
6 Destructiveness, rather large.
7 Secretiveness, large.
8 Acquisitiveness, full. It is difficult to estimate this organ from the way the hair is disposed over it.
9 Constructiveness, full.
10 Self-esteem, large.
11 Love of approbation, large.
12 Cautiousness, rather full. The back part of this organ is deficient.*
13 Benevolence, very large.
14 Veneration, very large.
15 Firmness, very large.
16 Conscientiousness, full.
17 Hope, large.
18 Wonder, very large.
19 Ideality, full.
20 Wit, full.
21 Imitation, very large.
22 Individuality, rather large.
23 Form, large.
24 Size, moderate.
25 Weight, large.
26 Colouring, rather large.
27 Locality, very large.
28 Number, moderate. It is difficult to ascertain this organ in a bust.
29 Order, full.
30 Eventuality, very large.
31 Time, large.
32 Tune, full.
33 Language, rather large.
34 Comparison, very large.
35 Causality, full.

I have seen a cast purporting to be one of Sir Walter Scott's head, and which is said to have been taken in Paris; but it is widely at variance with Mr. Macdonald's bust, and also with my recollection of Sir Walter's head; which I have seen at least a thousand times, and closely observed. It was the highest head, from the ear to Veneration, that I ever beheld; and in the lower region of the anteriour lobe, as well as in Benevolence, Imitation, and Wonder, it had few equals. The only evidence which could be appealed to in support of the assertion of its being small, is the fact, that he wore a small hat. But the hat affords a measure of the *circumference of part of the head*, and not of the height or whole magnitude of the head, and therefore does not afford a measure of the size of the head that can be relied upon for scientifick purposes. In Sir Walter's head, the upper and lateral portions of the forehead were only full, Cautiousness was rather full, and Concentrativeness only moderately developed; which organs, collectively, determine the dimensions of the circumference of the hat; while the forehead and coronal region towered high into its artificial cavity, without rendering any enlargement in that quarter necessary.

While, therefore, I controvert the statement that Sir Walter's brain was "not large," and maintain that, in the propensities, in the lower region of the anteriour lobe, in the middle of the anteriour lobe, and in the coronal region, it was actually large, I do not subscribe to the opinion that Sir Walter Scott stood in the highest rank of intellectual, and much less of general, mental greatness. In exact correspondence with those regions of the brain which were large, he manifested vigorous observing and descriptive powers; with a vast insight into human feeling and action. But, also, in correspondence with those parts of the brain which were not largely developed, he was deficient in philosophick penetration and comprehensiveness. He has not struck out, or even adopted and imbodied, any great principle calculated to excite his race to moral and intellectual improvement; and his poetry wants the splendid elevation of that of Shakspeare, Milton, and Byron. In short, he was an extraordinary man in an extensive, but still in a limited and secondary sphere; and this is all that truth permits us to say of his genius.

It will be observed, that the whole of the perceptive organs, except that of Size, are well developed. I have stated reasons (System of Phrenology, page 366, third edition) for believing that this organ takes cognizance of Distance, and gives a talent for Perspective. Sir Walter mentions that he had an eye for scenery, and tried to draw, but somehow or other failed in his attempts. The large development of the knowing organs probably gave him the acute perception of external objects, which he calls an eye for scenery, while his deficiency in Size was probably the cause of his failure in drawing; a low degree of that organ being attended by feebleness in the power of representing perspectiveness.

I am, etc., GEORGE COMBE.

* In a number of observations which I have made, I have seen the anteriour portion of Cautiousness large and the posteriour portion small, and in other instances, the posteriour was large and the anteriour small. From these facts, I think it probable that two organs are included in the space now allotted to Cautiousness.

SKETCHES OF REAL LIFE.

THE IMPROVISATRICE OF FLORENCE.

"I am a daughter of that land,
Where the poet's fire and the painter's hand
Are most divine. I am of Florence.' —L. E. L.

LAURA ZICCIOLA, the daughter of a celebrated physician, at the age of eighteen was one of the most attractive personages in Florence. However Italy may have degenerated, none can deny her the merit of fully appreciating genius and talent. In the present case, Laura's fame as an *improvisatrice* and poetess ensured her that notice and acceptance which she was unentitled to claim on the ground of personal beauty, wealth, or birth. Whilst she was delighting the Florentine princes in their Palladian halls—whilst crowded audiences listened to her lays of love or chivalry—little did the admiring throng suspect that the impassioned poetess was then suffering the pangs of unrequited love! But so it was! Laura was susceptible to the charms of personal beauty, though entirely destitute of that goodly gift herself. Signor Stephano was the youth upon whom our heroine had most unfortunately fixed her affections, and in all respects the signor justified the taste of his youthful worshipper. The signor was a cadet of one of those noble houses who claim descent from the contemporaries of the Cæsars; his person was of the most graceful form, his head worthy of the Apollo, his mind richly stored with the learning of the ancients, and with all modern accomplishments. Signor Stephano had been one of the first to discover and foster the genius of the youthful votary of the muses. He had repeatedly protected her from insult, and had at all times treated her with a kindness that went to the heart of the too susceptible girl. She became passionately attached; but, alas! Signor Stephano observed nothing of this, or, if he did casually notice that Laura's eye brightened when he entered her presence, or a sigh escaped her when he departed, he ascribed it to another source than its true one; he thought it merely the natural gratitude of a sensitive heart towards a liberal benefactor and a powerful protector.

Laura loved, but not without hope; the signor was unmarried, nor was it known that he was attached to any lady, neither was the signor a man of gallantry, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, so that the poetess hoped that the signor's habitual kindness might at last ripen into a deeper feeling. Matters had gone on thus for many years, and the girl had ripened into womanhood, but neither her feelings nor his bad changed; still she hoped—but the hope was blighted! Stephano had been appointed an *attaché* to a mission to the court of Madrid. Whilst there, he had become enamoured of a dark-eyed Castilian, Donna Isabel de Murcia; her he had wedded, and Laura Zicciola was thrown into despair. No longer had musick or poetry charms for her—she shortly sunk into despondency; her former haunts and habits were neglected, and she sat moodily brooding over her hopeless passion. Her father, Doctor Zicciola, died about two years after this event, and Laura found herself her own mistress, in the possession of a small independency arising from her father's savings and the result of her own exertions.

We are not sufficiently read in the intricacies of the human heart to know what it was that induced Laura shortly after to settle her affairs in Florence and depart for Madrid; this, however, she did, and she settled herself in a small house, with a respectable elderly female as her companion. She gradually resumed her habits of improvisation, and her fame quickly flew through Madrid. Signor Stephano, among others, heard of the fame of his countrywoman and *protegée*; he mentioned the circumstance to the donna, and it was agreed between them that the talented Florentine should be invited to their house, not as a publick performer, but as a friend and countrywoman. Poor Laura's heart beat high as she entered the mansion of him her soul held most dear, and when he greeted her in his usual kind manner, her feelings overpowered her, and she burst into tears Both Donna Isabel and the signor were somewhat astonished at this display of sensibility, and for the first time a suspicion of the truth glanced through the mind of her former patron. After this time the signor cautiously avoided taking the least notice of the poetess; she perceived it, and at once knew that her secret had been discovered. Ashamed and mortified, she gave up all society, and now she found that the object of her tenderness did not in the slightest degree respond to her feelings. Hope altogether fled, and as love can hardly exist without hope, the violence of her attachment abated.

Signor Stephano had returned to Florence with his bride, and now Laura no longer had reason to avoid society; her old habits returned, except that her exertions to please were gratuitous, and she was a welcome guest at the houses of the highest nobility. Some years after this, Don Pedro de Lara, a general in the Spanish service, and governour of Mexico, had obtained leave of absence from the colony, and had returned to Madrid for the purpose of arranging his affairs in the mother country, and ultimately settling altogether in the New World. The don had been repeatedly thrown into the society of the *improvisatrice*, and the more he saw of her the more he considered her as eminently suited to make him happy. He thought that the genius and talents of Laura would, in the colony, shine out with a resplendence which would make him the most envied of governours; he offered his hand, and her youthful passion being extinguished, she accepted it, if not with the expectation of enjoying exquisite felicity from the union, at least with the hope of moderate happiness

Don Pedro and his bride departed for Mexico, and after a prosperous voyage, the thunder of the cannon announced the return of the governour; but before they landed the don found courage to mention a circumstance which should have been stated earlier. Don Pedro, during his previous residence in Mexico, had formed a connexion with a female of half-blood, her father being a Spaniard, her mother an Indian; this woman was residing in the palace with her family. The fact of the don having a mistress did not at all affect Laura; she considered it all in the course of things; so she good-humouredly asked the governour his intentions with regard to his family. The don replied that he would take care that Laura should not be incommoded by the female, and that he would remove her to a separate establishment as soon as possible, and at the same time promised that no renewal of intimacy should take place.

For some weeks after the arrival of the governour and his lady they lived very happily; he was a man of sense and could well appreciate the genius of his wife. Up to this time he had not found courage to intimate to his mistress that she must remove, and that all intimacy had ceased At last the blow fell upon her like a thunderbolt; she was a half-educated, passionate creature—a slave to every impulse—she threw herself at Lara's feet, deprecated the separation, promised to avoid all offence to Donna Laura; only let her rest under the same roof as her beloved—only let her children enjoy their father's notice and protection. Don Pedro, in an unguarded moment, consented; but, as an honourable man, avoided all communication with his former mistress. This enraged her; she found, contrary to her expectations, that Lara's European wife had obtained an influence over him which she never possessed. All the bad passions of her soul were awakened; she meditated revenge; and, with the cunning of her nation, she found means to accomplish it. Don Pedro was absent in the interiour on business. The woman found access to the apartments of Laura, and infused poison into some food which had been prepared for her; when she supposed that the poison had partly performed its work, she rushed into her room and there found her in the agonies of death. With a demoniack laugh of triumph, she boasted of what she had done, and was immediately seized by the servants and removed to prison. Laura died a victim to jealousy and revenge. Lara returned to his palace and found that his accomplished wife had been murdered. Stern was his revenge—his former mistress was condemned to be burned at the stake! Don Pedro instantly quitted the country; he returned to Madrid, and retired to a convent.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE DAYS THAT ARE PAST.

BY EPES SARGENT.

We will not deplore them, the days that are past;
The gloom of misfortune is over them cast;
They were lengthened by sorrow and sullied by care,
Their griefs were too many, their joys were too rare;
Yet now that their shadows are on us no more,
Let us welcome the prospect that brightens before!

We have cherished fair hopes, we have plotted brave schemes,
We have lived till we find them illusive as dreams;
Wealth has melted like snow that is grasped in the hand,
And the steps we have climbed have departed like sand;
Yet shall we despond while of health unbereft,
And honour, bright honour, and freedom are left!

O! shall we despond, while the pages of time
Yet open before us their records sublime!
While, ennobled by treasures more precious than gold,
We can walk with the heroes and martyrs of old;
While humanity whispers such truths in the ear,
As it softens the heart, like sweet musick, to hear.

O! shall we despond, while with vision still free,
We can gaze on the sky and the earth and the sea;
While the sunshine can waken a burst of delight,
And the stars are a joy and a glory by night:
While each harmony running through nature can raise
In our spirits the impulse of gladness and praise!

O! let us no longer then vainly lament
Over scenes that have faded, and days that are spent;
But, by faith unforsaken, unawed by mischance,
On Hope's waving banner still fixed be our glance;
And should Fortune prove cruel and false to the last,
Let us look to the future and not to the past!

MAGNOLIA GRANDIFLORA.—This fine tree appears to have been first brought to Europe, from the banks of the Mississippi, in 1732, by a French officer of marines, who planted it at his native place, Maillardière, about four miles from Nantes. Here the *Magnolia* grew and flourished; but, its introducer having died, little notice was taken of it; and, when observed, it was only supposed to be some variety of the common *laurel*, which it resembled in its leaves. Thirty years afterwards it flowered, and was then discovered by M. Bonami, professor of botany at Nantes, to be the *Magnolia Grandiflora* of Linnæus. At a meeting of the states at Bretagne, held at Nantes in 1760, M. Bonami presented a branch of this Magnolia in flower to the Princess de Rohan Chabot, and it excited so much admiration, that its fame shortly after reached the ears of Louis the Fifteenth. The monarch was then ornamenting his garden at the Petit Trianon, and had there some small plants of the *Magnolia Grandiflora*, which had, in the meantime, been re-introduced into Europe by one of the English collectors; and when Louis heard that he had in his own dominions a tree of this rare exotick, forty feet in height, which was covered with blossoms every year, he sent two of his gardeners to examine it, with orders to transport it to Versailles, *if* they could ensure its living This *if* was a formidable obstacle; and the gardeners reporting that they feared it would not survive its removal, it was suffered to remain at Maillardière. Thirty years more brought the revolution, and, amidst the general destruction, the poor *Magnolia* did not escape; it was mutilated in the war of La Vendée, and its branches were cut for firewood

MILTON AND GALILEO.—Florence and its environs, beautiful as they are, acquire attraction from the memories with which they are blended. What English visiters can look at Faesole without remembering that our own Milton has visited it too; and commemorated it and Galileo in his Paradise Lost?

"His ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optick glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fæsole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, on her spotty globe"

Who can forbear dwelling with deep interest on the meeting of two such master minds as those of the "starry Galileo" and Milton, and fancying their conversation? Galileo, already with impaired vision in those eyes which had so long contemplated the heavens, and made such discoveries in their starry lore, that, dazzled by the wonders they described, they became at a later period shrouded in darkness, and Milton, doomed to lose his sight, which seemed to have been only granted him long enough to have filled his glorious mind with images whose brightness never escaped from it, but embued his work with unfading light long after he himself had ceased to enjoy all physical sense of it. I love to think of this meeting, when my eyes dwell on the sunny Faesole, and people its summit with two such spirits.

MORE WORDS FOR MUSICK.—We have been talking a good deal lately about "words for musick," and what sort of things they ought to be. The "Morning Chronicle" selects a specimen from the latest libretto, which places the success of our exhortations, so far, in a remarkable point of view. Here it is—

"One fatal night, as slumbers o'er us stole,
A fearful noise disturb'd our tranquil rest
'Twas loud as torrent's roar—as thunder's roll,
And in an instant, we were up and dress'd!"

This puts us in mind of an anecdote we once heard of a man who had run away from a mad bull, with some damage to his unmentionables. "The bull," said he, in an eloquent and sublime *crescendo* (that ought to have been set to musick,) "the bull roared like thunder—I ran like lightning—and, in jumping over the hedge, *tore my breeches as if heaven and earth were coming together!*"

BENEVOLENCE.—Mr. Charles Burney, writing to Miss More, relates a natural trait of benevolence in a little child This child was present at the play of Jane Shore, and being in the front of the stage box at a country theatre, and hearing the wretched Jane in vain supplicating "a morsel to support her famished soul," and crying out, "give me but to eat!" the child, not five years old, touched with her distress, said, "Ma'am, will you have my *ollange?*" which the audience applauded much more than the artificial words of the actress

Some of the "ginnuwine" morus multicaulis sold in the South, not having sprouted with the expected rapidity. Coffee proposed to his master to hatch out the eggs by placing them under the hens

LITERARY NOTICES.

"Richelieu; a play in five acts, by E. L. Bulwer." New-York: Harper and Brothers.

We see by the London papers that this play has already passed through ten editions in that metropolis, and that it has been produced by Macready upon the Covent-Garden boards with success. As a dramatick production we think it inferiour to the "Lady of Lyons." It is not so "well-digested in the scenes," and the interest droops before we arrive at the denouement. It is more like a dramatized novel than a thoroughly wrought play. Yet there are many passages of remarkable power, which no one but Bulwer could have written. "Richelieu" can never meet with the popularity of the "Lady of Lyons" upon the stage. It is, however, a work which will materially add to the reputation of the author, and will, in the closet, give undoubted satisfaction. The character of Richelieu is portrayed with masterly skill, and the fact that the subject of the play is essentially undramatick makes the triumph of the dramatist the more remarkable. One of the most effective scenes in the whole play is that at the close of the fourth act where Richelieu replies to Baradas, who has scoffed at his gray hairs.

Baradas. (*Aside*) His mind
And life are breaking fast!
Richelieu. (*Overhearing him.*) Irreverent ribald!
If so, beware the falling ruins! Hark!
I tell thee, scorner of these whitening hairs,
When this snow melteth there shall come a flood!
Avaunt! my name is Richelieu—I defy thee!
Walk blindfold on; behind thee stalks the headsman.
Ha! ha!—how pale he is! Heaven save my country!

"The Adventures of Robin Day." By the author of "Calavar," "Nick of the Woods," etc. In two vols. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

Had this work been put forth anonymously, we should have commended it as a production of considerable merit and more promise. But it is strikingly inferiour to the former productions of Dr. Bird, and, measured by his own standard, it is found wanting. The plot is meagre; the characters, with one exception, are *characterless*, and many of the scenes ineffective. The author appears to have sat down to his task without any settled story or plan in his head, and to have trusted to luck for such incidents as his imagination might pick up by the way, not knowing whether the work would "turn out a song or a sermon." One of the best scenes is the adventure with Hellcat in Mr. Bloodgood's house at night; and there is considerable fun in the dashing impetuosity and patriotick exploits of Mr. Richard Dare. In spite of the rambling and undramatick style in which the story is conducted, the book is superiour to most of the English novels of the day, and will, undoubtedly, prove attractive to many classes of readers.

"The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby." Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

The thirteenth number of this inimitable work by Charles Dickens, has been given to the American publick, illustrated with two capital etchings. There is no falling-off in the humour and interest of the narrative. The scenes between Mrs. Nickleby and the insane old gentleman, who makes love to her, are admirably hit-off; as is the interview between John Browdie and his bride, with Nicholas and the Squeers's—where the promising Master Wackford, feasts "at the enemy's expense," much to the satisfaction of his estimable father.

"The History of the Navy of the United States of America." By J. Fenimore Cooper. In two vols. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

Here is a subject which Mr. Cooper is amply qualified to illustrate. As far as our own observation extends, he has executed his task honestly and well. He has, with great ingenuity, fused his materials into one continuous history, preserving a degree of unity, which heightens the interest and merit of the work. Commencing from the earliest period of our naval history, he has brought down the narrative to the close of the last war, presenting a complete and most valuable record. The work at once assumes a place among the standard historical productions of the country, and should be in the library of every enlightened American.

"Bentley's Miscellany," edited by W. Harrison Ainsworth. New-York: J. M. Lewer.

The republications of this able Magazine are issued with remarkable regularity and rapidity. The late numbers have been peculiarly rich, containing contributions from Thomas Moore, Serjeant Talfourd, Dickens, and other conspicuous writers. The amusing papers, which appear as by the author of "A Parisian Sabbath," are from the pen of Isaac Appleton Jewett, a young American, residing at the west. They are praised in the London journals as among the best things in the Miscellany. The description of "A Ball at the Tuileries," in the April number, has, we perceive, been copied by several of our papers. These sketches are taken from a work published in Boston some months since, in two beautiful volumes, entitled "Passages in Foreign Travel." Of course now that the merit of these "passages" are endorsed by a London magazine, they will be read, praised and copied, although the work from which they are derived has been suffered to lie neglected on the shelves of the booksellers.

"Poems," by James Nack.

The title of Mr. Nack's contemplated publication is altered to "*Earl Rupert, with other tales and poems.*" We understand it will be preceded by an interesting memoir of the author, by a distinguished literary character. The work is expected to appear in June.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The verses in our paper of to-day, under the signature of "Inez," will impress every lover of poetry with their beauty and grace. They are from the pen of a young lady of Edinburgh, some of whose productions have appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, and received the commendation of Professor Wilson. There is a spirit, a freedom, and earnestness in her style, which give evidence of the possession of true poetical talent. It is seldom that we have an opportunity of commending the compositions of the young with so much sincerity. We are told that the lady is not more distinguished for her literary attainments than for her personal attractions. We shall be pleased to hear from her again. The beautiful piece on our first page, by Mary Howitt, entitled "Summer Fields," will delight our readers; as will also, "War's Alarms," by the same author, and "Sun-Dew," by Charley.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1839.

The United States reprieved by Charles Mathews.—We are sure that the "friends of republican liberty throughout the world" will be delighted to learn that Charles Mathews has magnanimously consented to repress the publication of his book against this country, its inhabitants and institutions. Whether he has been induced to adopt this course in consequence of the attempts against the life of Madame Vestris, instigated by the American government—whether our minister at the court of St. James has obtained the queen's injunction against the publication, calculated as it would be to disturb the peaceful relations happily existing between the two nations—or whether, as is most probably the case, Mr. Mathews has been actuated solely by compunctious motives of generosity and compassion toward our promising young republick, it would be needless to inquire: Suffice it to say, that the English papers announce the important and gratifying fact, that the book on the United States by Madame Vestris's husband, is *not to be published.* Once more, then, may the people of this country breathe freely—resume their wonted occupations—and renew their hopes of the perpetuity of our institutions. By the way, can our brethren across the water inform us—where is Gatchell?

An old friend.—Our London correspondent has sent us a beautiful engraving—almost an identity—of our esteemed correspondent, "the Hon. F. Henry F. Berkeley, M. P. for Bristol, returned by the liberals the twenty-fourth of July, 1837. J. W. Chide, del. H. B. Hall, sculpt., published by J. Childe, Bedford-street, Strand." This print we value highly. There stands our old friend, like a fine scholar and a true gentleman, as he is, in his very best looks, as natural as life, in his library at Berkeley castle, we presume, with hat and stick in hand—by the side of a table laden with bills, petitions, etc. We instinctively touched our beaver to him, as we were wont to do in days gone by, when he was in the habit of visiting the Mirror office, with those admirable papers that used to turn the green-room topsy-turvy, and set the town in commotion. The print itself is one of the best we have seen. As but few copies are in the United States, we shall have this one framed and hung in the office, where the innumerable friends of Mr. Berkeley may see it.

Miller's paintings of Oregon scenery.—The beautiful paintings by the American artist, Miller, executed for Sir William Stuart, and illustrative of scenery and adventures in the Oregon territory, after having been exhibited two or three weeks at the Apollo Gallery, have been shipped to England. These paintings have excited much attention in this city, and will, doubtless, attract much more in Europe, from their novelty. A contemporary justly remarks, that the skill of the artist is chiefly shown in his spirited delineations of the wild sports of the Far West. The different buffalo hunts, the encounter with the grisly bear, the hunter's camp, and all the wild scenes of peril and adventure through which his pencil has followed his gallant friend, are depicted with a life-like force and reality, that promise a rich renown as a painter.

Bend to your oars.—Our boat clubs are once again in motion, and a plenty of sport is to be witnessed on both our rivers. Surely, if there is any spot on the globe, where aquatick amusements should be in vogue, it must be here, circled as we are in the arms of two magnificent streams with an outlet to the ocean unsurpassed in its natural advantages. A sail to Hoboken at sunrise, when the smooth, creamy surface of the Hudson is just flushed with the orient crimson, is no undelightful and unrefreshing episode from the prosaick realities, the dust and turmoil of city life, whatever our late sitters and late risers may think to the contrary. Try it, and our word for it, you will not object to a repetition.

The son of the author of "Bertram."—Our attention has been called to a prospectus of a work, to be entitled "Tales from Roman History," by Edward Maturin, a son of the celebrated author of "Bertram." He proposes to publish a series of "*passages*" illustrative of scenes in the imperial households of Tiberius Claudius and Nero. From the specimens we have seen, we can commend the proposed work to the publick favour as replete with interest, displaying much classical research and dramatick skill. Mr. Edward Maturin, though still a young man, has shown himself the inheritor of much of his father's genius, and promises to achieve a reputation not unworthy of his parentage. We trust that a liberal encouragement may be extended to his contemplated undertaking. Persons disposed to order copies of the "Tales of Roman History," (the subscription price is only one dollar) may leave their names at the office of the New Era.

Cologne and New-York.—The Nerin, which arrived here a week or two since, was the first vessel that ever came to this port direct from Cologne in Prussia.

New-York theatricals.—At the Park, Mrs. Gibbs, and Messrs. Jones and Sinclair in opera, and Miss Clifton in tragedy, have been the chief attractions. We accidentally omitted, in a recent notice of the production of the "Lord of the Isles," to pay a merited tribute of approbation to the efforts of Mr. Jones, who aided materially in the success of the opera. He is always correct, and his vocal accomplishments are of an order rarely equalled. Miss Clifton has produced, during her engagement, a new tragedy by Mr. Fielding, of the Southern theatres. It is entitled "Anna Boleyn," and was quite successful. The brilliant acting of Miss Clifton was received with reiterated applause. At the National, opera is still the rage. "Cinderella" has been produced in a most effective style, Miss Shirreff, and Messrs. Wilson, Seguin and Morley assuming the principal parts. Nothing, however, which can be produced, appears to attract like "Somnambula" and "Amilie." At the Bowery, "Ernest Maltravers" and "Nick of the Woods" have drawn excellent houses. Mr. Hamblin's personation of the principal character in the former piece is full of spirit and power, and no one can witness Mrs. Shaw's "Alice" without admitting that she displays extraordinary talents in the part. Niblo's Opera-house opens in a day or two, and then will come "the tug of war."

Texian theatricals.—There are two theatres in Houston, which it is well known numbers about six thousand inhabitants, principally emigrants from the United States. The theatres are under the separate management of Corri and Carlos, who do their best to oppose each other. Corri's theatre is the largest and most fashionable. It is built of wood—has two tiers of boxes, and holds about six or seven hundred people. The price of admission to all parts of the house is two dollars. The stage is neatly arranged, the scenery good, and the company quite respectable. Barnes, wife and daughter, Plomer, J. R. Scott, and others, have been starring at the "Corri"—opposed by Finn, Llewellyn! and Holland at the "Carlos." They all did a fair business, the Barnes family carrying away a considerable sum of money—Miss Charlotte being as great a favourite there as she is everywhere else. She is a girl of fine talents, and writes as well as she acts. Barnes and Plumer have returned to New-York, and Finn is on his way here. It is said that a plot of ground has been presented to Corri by the corporation of Galveston, and that he intends building a new theatre there immediately, similar to that in Houston. The Texians are exceedingly liberal in their support of theatricals, and we should not be surprised to hear that money invested in that way there produced a larger interest than it does at the north.

Brandywine Springs.—For the information of travellers we take occasion to state that Mr. Sanderson, jun. will open the well-known hotel at Brandywine Springs, on Monday, the twelfth of June. These Springs are in the most salubrious and pleasant part of Delaware, and are the fashionable resort of the good people of our sister cities, Philadelphia and Baltimore. We have no doubt that the hotel will be thronged during the warm season, and a more pleasant retreat from the cares and perplexities of town-life, cannot well be imagined.

Exhibition of paintings at the Apollo Gallery.—An admirable collection of paintings, selected under the supervision of Mr. Herring, is now presented for exhibition at the Apollo Gallery. We shall find space to notice it more particularly hereafter. In the meantime, we may say to our readers, in all sincerity, if you have any taste for the fine arts, and the least pride in their advancement in this country, go to the Apollo Gallery, and you cannot fail to be gratified

A female prisoner of rank.—A singular instance of worldly vicissitude is mentioned in a case lately reported in the London papers. It was a prosecution for perjury, in the course of which it was given in evidence that the prosecutrix, Lady Parker, becoming security for her sister, Lady Lake, for the sum of nineteen thousand pounds, in consequence of legal proceedings for its recovery, became an inmate of the King's Bench prison, where she officiated as cook to the more wealthy portion of the prisoners.

Chargé des affaires.—We are gratified to learn that our old friend and correspondent, William Leggett, has been appointed our *chargé des affaires*, at Guatemala. A more suitable appointment could not have been made. Mr. Leggett is a man of great and peculiar talents; and we hope the climate of South America will restore his health, impaired, as it has been, by long-continued and arduous literary labours

A sanguinary proposal.—Some one has sent us a long, diplomatick-looking document, tied with red tape and endorsed: "Proposals for massacring the milk-men and radish-boys, with hints to the strawberry-women and other itinerant venders." We cannot lend an ear to any such iniquitous proposal.

Mind your steps.—A writer in describing Aaron Burr says—"He glided rather than walked; his foot had that quiet, stealthy movement, which involuntarily makes one think of treachery, and in the course of a long life, I have never met with a frank and honourable man to whom such a step was habitual."

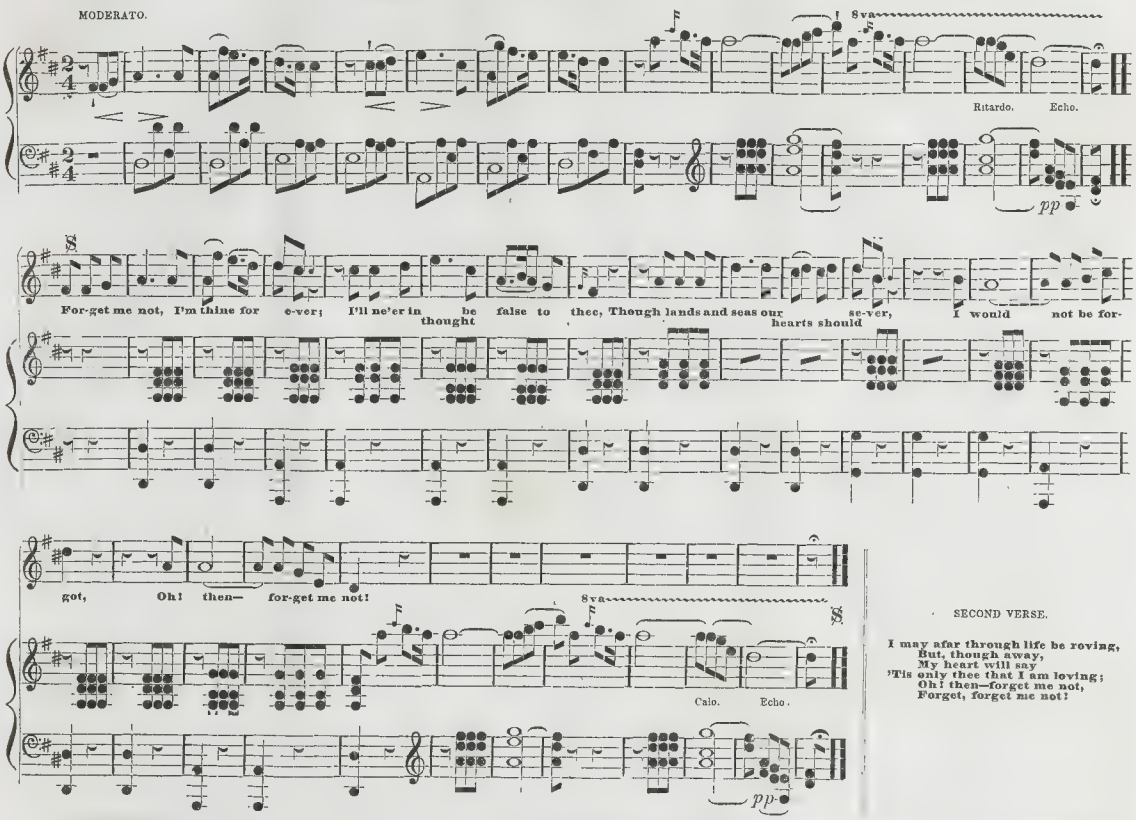
American works in England.—Dr. Channing's address on Self-Culture is eulogized in the warmest terms by the London press. One of them describes this lecture as of a thousand times greater utility to the working classes, than any of the publications sent forth by the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

Interesting to wine-bibbers.—A French journal says that cabbage is an infallible remedy for intoxication from wine, and that it has also the power of preventing it.

An ingenuous editor.—A country paper, puffing a new store, says, in conclusion, "We get a prime pair of boots for putting this in."

I WOULD NOT BE FORGOT.

A VERY PRETTY MELODY—BY MOZART—ACCOMPANIMENTS ARRANGED BY W. C. PETERS.



SECOND VERSE.

I may afar through life be roving,
But, though away,
My heart will say
'Tis only thee that I am loving;
Oh! then—forget me not,
Forget, forget me not!

IMPROMPTU.

Written after paying the note of one friend, and trying to borrow from another.

WRITE, to serve a friend, your name
On a note—expect him to pay the same:
Ask for a loan, when your purse is low,
Expect his cash like water to flow.
If the note be paid by your friend—
If in your need he has cash to lend—
Then believe, but not till then,
You may trust in the faith of men!

NOTES AND NOTICES.

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.—Mr. B., a merchant of Providence, Rhode Island, and a man quite celebrated afterwards for his liberality and publick spirit, was the owner of a most fortunate privateer which sailed out of the port of Providence. On one occasion when she had just unshipped a cargo of sugar, etc., taken from a very rich prize, in rolling it into the yard, one of the hogsheads stove, and a quantity of sugar fell out. A poor woman in the neighbourhood seeing the disaster, ran and filled her apron. Mr. B. from the loft of his store called out, "What are you doing there?" The poor woman looking up, answered, "Privateering, sir." The retort was so forcible, that the merchant immediately made her a present of the entire hogshead.

NOBODY.—Blackwood says that every one's experience must have convinced him that there is no such arrant rascal in existence as Nobody. The fellow is never easy but when in mischief. Is the street door left on a jar at midnight, a plate chest ransacked, a jewel box stolen or mislaid, a window broken, an orchard robbed, or a slander spread abroad, ten to one nobody is the guilty party. Of all the offences that are daily committed against society, one-half at least are committed by this incorrigible scamp.

BEAUTIES OF LITIGATION.—The Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, sitting at Northampton last week, was occupied several days in the trial of a case concerning a title to land, which had been in litigation two or three years. The value of the land in dispute was only about thirty dollars. After running up a bill of cost amounting to six or eight hundred dollars, the parties went home perfectly satisfied of the glorious "uncertainty of the law."

MATRIMONIAL TRAP.—At a jeweller's shop on Ludgate-hill, London, a bill is exhibited in the window, on which is written:—"Wedding rings at this shop made of *lucky* old guineas."

FEELING INQUIRY.—"Has the grand jury *broken up?*" inquired one friend of another. "I don't know, nor do I care—they owe me nothing," was the reply. "Aye," remarked a bystander—"but they may have a *bill* against you."

CHEVALIERS D'INDUSTRIE IN NEW-ORLEANS.—The Picayune says: Pickpockets seem to be plenty as blackberries in this community, particularly on and about the Levee. We beg these ingenious gentlemen not to be offended with us, if we put the publick on their guard. We do not pretend to deny that the pickpocket is the most honourable of all thieves. There is something open and above-ground in taking a man's pocket-book with one hand, while you are enforcing any remarks you may see fit to make, by opposite gestures with the other. Not that we would advise any of our readers to follow the profession. No, by no means. The objections are innumerable. To say nothing of the danger and disgrace of detection, the profession, in this city at least, is crowded to excess. Unless your talents be of the first order, let us advise you to follow some more quiet and popular vocation. If, however, you are confident that your genius will bear you out, perhaps you cannot do better There are some vulgar prejudices afloat, just at present, which render the occupation a trifle dubious, both in the matter of profit and honour; but from all we can hear, the profession is getting into favour at Washington. The pickpockets, therefore, may reasonably hope for a change in publick opinion, and, in the meantime, may pray that the time will soon come when men will cease to carry their money in their boots.

A PRECOCIOUS DIABOLUS.—The editor of the Standard, published at Monroe, in Louisiana, being absent, his "devil" has mounted into the vacated chair, where, like a beggar on horseback, he lays about him in the following dashing and summary style:—"Editor absent on professional business—not much original matter this week—weather delightful—Ouachita rising rapidly—Doctor H. Holmes *has* resigned—Polish violin-player arrived—don't look much like Cupid—gives a concert shortly—hope he has more politeness than Adams—nothing to write about—sportsmen flocking in—makes town lively—races commence on Wednesday—preaching to-night, we hear—wonder if it's a fact—mail arrived—not much news—Republican as interesting as usual." That will do, my little Belzebub. You may get down.

HOLDING HER TONGUE.—The late Doctor Abernethy would never permit his patient to talk much. He could not succeed in silencing a loquacious lady, but by the following expedient—"Put out your tongue, madam." The lady complied. "Now keep it there till I have done talking."

IT TAKES THE YANKEES.—The present chief naval director of the Sultan of Turkey is a New-Hampshire man, named F. Rhodes. He is high in rank, and enjoys a heavy salary—in fact a perfect bashaw.

LITERARY REMUNERATION.—It is stated that Sir Walter Scott, for the whole of his writings, now comprised in eighty volumes, received not less than two hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

WESTERN STEAMBOATS.—There are three hundred and seventy-nine steamboats on the western and south-western waters. Of these one hundred and eighteen were built at Pittsburgh.

BACHELORS' BALL AT CAMBRIDGE.

Oh, my heart beat with rapture when first I heard tell
('Twas fat Heaviside told me with mischievous glance)
That for doing their Senate House lessons so well
All the dear little boys were to have a nice dance

Then I made my locks put on a glossier hue,
O'er my face, too, of rouge a fresh layer I spread,
And thus made it appear, though myself not a *blue*,
That my *cheeks* had a claim to be reckoned *deep-read!*

Oh, the ball was divine! A *real* lord we had there,
With the sweetest of coats and of pantaloons on;
It is true that of *fashion* he had no great share,
But a *lord* is a *lord*, though he have *little ton*.

Oh, the ball was divine! I at nothing was vext
Save that none of the *bachelors* wanted a *wife:*
And I thought as each youth begged my hand "for the next,"
How delightful 'twould be if he'd take it *for life!*

Weippert's band (which was there) was perfection itself,
And so too was the supper; each wine and liqueur
Was sublime, save the one that I prize most myself,
Which was wanting, alas! I mean "*parfait amour!*"

There was waltzing, quadrilling, and all sorts of hopping,
There were cartloads of dainties and seas of champagne;
But it gave me no pleasure to hear the corks popping,
Since to *me* the soft "*question*" was "*popped*" by no swain!

MARTYRS OF THE PRESS.—On the eighteenth of September, 1797, the French directory issued the following proclamation:—"Orders are hereby given to the executors of the mandates of justice to arrest and conduct to the prison of La Force the editors and printers of (here the papers are named, twenty-nine in number) all guilty of having conspired against the internal and external repose of the republick." All the presidents of the national convention were, with one or two exceptions, journalists. Of the sixty-three who attained that honour, eighteen were guillotined, three committed suicide, eight were transported, six imprisoned for life, four became mad, and died at Bicetre, twenty-two were declared outlaws, and there were only two who escaped without castigation of some kind. If we extend this synoptical *tableau* to the entire press, we shall find its proportions pretty exact. There perished from 1789 till 1797, at least one-half of the political writers of Paris.

Published every Saturday, at No. 1 Barclay-street, next to the corner of Broadway. Terms, FIVE DOLLARS per annum, payable, in all cases, in advance. All letters must be post-paid, and directed to the editor.

G. P. Scott, Printer, corner of John and Gold-streets

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VOLUME SIXTEEN. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1839. NUMBER FORTY-NINE.

BIRDS IN SUMMER.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree;
In the leafy tree so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace hall,
With its airy chambers, light and boon,
That open to sun, and stars, and moon;
That open unto the bright blue sky,
And the frolicksome winds as they wander by.

They have left their nests in the forest bough,
Those homes of delight they need not now;
And the young and the old they wander out,
And traverse their green world round about:
And, hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
How one to the other they lovingly call:
"Come up, come up!" they seem to say,
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway!"

"Come up, come up, for the world is fair,
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air!"
And the birds below give back the cry,
"We come, we come to the branches high!"
How pleasant the life of the birds must be,
Living in love in a leafy tree,
And away through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the green, bright earth below!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
And then wheeling away to its cliff-built home!
What joy it must be to sail, upborne
By a strong, free wing, through the rosy morn,
To meet the young sun face to face,
And pierce like a shaft through boundless space!

To pass through the bowers of the silver cloud,
And to sing in the thunder-halls aloud:
To spread out the wings for a wild, free flight!
With the upper cloud-wings,—oh, what delight!
Oh, what would I give, like a bird, to go
Right on through the arch of the sun-lit bow,
And to see how the water drops are kissed,
Into green, and yellow, and amethyst!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth, there to flee;
To go when a joyful fancy calls
Dashing down 'mong the waterfalls,
Then wheeling about with its mates to play,
Above and below, and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!

What joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees;
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,
That gladden some fairy region old;
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

SELECT NOUVELLETTES.

THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER.

I do not love to speak to many of our poor friend and early playmate, the rector's daughter. There is a sacredness about her sorrow—it has something so almost mysterious in its dispensations—and is borne with a fortitude so touching, and a resignation so saint-like—that it seems ever to me unfitted for ordinary handling, and language an inappropriate exponent of her mournful tale. A grief like Caroline's should have no other interpreter than the sad and solemn characters which it has written on her still beautiful brow. She never weeps—at least none see her weep; and her gentle voice, which from her very childhood had a tone of sadness, is heard by no mortal ears in the language of complaint. What dirge-like musick may be uttered in the haunted depths of that wounded spirit is known only to herself and the angels; but to the world, she speaks always calmly—and even cheerfully at times. You who knew Caroline through all her young days, will remember well that, light-hearted as the sweet child was, there was even then at times a sort of shadow on her brow—an air of thought not natural and infinitely touching, in one so young. As she grew towards womanhood, the shadow became permanent without deepening; and the graceful girl, with her long fair hair and somewhat antique fashion of dress, gave us both the impression of one predestined to suffer—

"She was of those whose very morn
Gives some dark hint of night,
And in her eye, too soon, was born
A sad and softened light,
And on her brow youth set the seal
Which years, upon her brain,
Confirmed too well—and they who feel
May scarcely weep again!"

Seated, amid the shadows of a summer evening, in the old oratory which her father had fitted up as a boudoir, for her who was all the treasure that time had left him—ministered to by the breath of the jasmine and the fragrance of the rose—I have gazed, at times, on the unconscious girl, when, to my excited imagination, there was something almost apocalyptick in her look; till, as I stepped in upon her, the spirit of prophecy seemed lifted from the forehead, before a smile of welcome that made her face like the face of an archangel. Oh! those happy days in the old rectory!—for Caroline *was* happy then; and the seeming cloud on her brow (for it had not yet reached her heart) was but the shadow flung from that approaching destiny which has, since, alighted. I cannot, therefore, speak of the rector's daughter to every one: but to you, who knew and loved her as I did myself, I will, at length, fulfil the promise so often made, and narrate the incident which finally darkened her spirit for all the remainder of its earthly pilgrimage.

The early pleasures and early trials of the rector's daughter are as well known to yourself as to me; and you remember well how rich a volume the sibyl Hope presented to Caroline, when she first emerged from childhood. Year after year tore away some portion of that charmed book; and the perished leaves but enhanced the value of her young heart to those that remained. You remember how, each after the other, her sisters were laid beneath the old trees in the churchyard; and the channels in which her young affections had been accustomed to run, were, one by one, thrown back into the deep well of her spirit, there to seek fresh outlets, or make her heart a waste. Then, her mother, weary with her long separation from those who were to return to her no more, went forth to *them*, and was laid in a grave by their side. From that day, Caroline was a child no more—at least she never again *looked* like one: and her father, the kind-hearted rector, old in heart, though in the vigour of his years, had none but herself to remind him of all that he had lost, and inherit the accumulated treasure of love which had reverted to his spirit from the cluster of graves in the neighbouring churchyard. And then came happier times to Caroline; and her heart found fresh issues. You remember George P****—the play-days of the young cousins—their joint studies—their young attachment—their mature love. You were a witness to the growth of that hallowed and hallowing love, amid the fond and smiling approval of all who had an interest in the youthful pair. Those were Caroline's sunny days!—when the memory of her childish griefs had taken a tone in which its indulgence had a charm for her heart, and she seemed, in the bright prospect which was opening up around her, to have emerged from the destiny that had overhung her like a prophecy! Something, however, of her latter sorrows I believe you know; for you had not gone forth from amongst us when her new and final trials began. You remember George's departure for Oxford, and the rumours that reached our quiet village, and the hearts that loved him there, of the surrender to the temptations by which he was surrounded. You saw the gradual coming up of that cloud, from the day when it was "no bigger than a man's hand," till it had overspread the entire heaven of that hope in which the rector and his daughter had been blest, and shut out the sunshine from poor Caroline's heart. You know that, when George left Oxford, and flung himself into the vortex of London dissipation, instead of returning to the fond and forgiving hearts that awaited him at the rectory, his reckless career of extravagance had involved the fortunes and bowed down the spirit of his father. But the sequel of that painful story, you know not—and that I am now to relate to you

It was in the old rectory, Caroline's boudoir, and amid the deepening shadows of an autumn eve, that the rector and his daughter spoke together, for the last time, of George P****. The old man had marked the sufferings of his child, in her pale and wasted cheek; and, in his earnest desire for her happiness, and with something like a hope that the nobler qualities of her lover might yet come out clear from the shadow by which they were, for the moment, darkened, had forborne to add to her distress, by any comments on the conduct of him to whom she was betrothed. But the profligate student had forgotten the hearts that yearned towards him, amid all his follies; and tidings of his excesses had reached the village, which robbed the rector of his last hope, and made it incumbent on him to dissolve the ill-omened connexion, for the sake of his daughter's peace. In that solem interview, he exacted a promise from Caroline—given with many tears, but unhesitatingly given—that she would consider the engagement between herself and her cousin as cancelled. and as he kissed her cheek, and bid adieu to her for the night, the poor girl felt that, but for her father, she was, once more, alone in the world. Never had she felt so desolate till that hour; but the morning was to bring a yet deeper desolation to her breast. That night took from her the last heart to which her's clung: for, amid its shadows, the rector had passed away—almost direct, as it seemed, from that painful interview with his sole surviving child—to the presence of those to whom he had mourned so deeply and so long!

Months passed over the head of the bereaved girl, cheered by no incident save the universal sympathy which her orphan condition and unvarying sweetness won for her. The new rector, whose family was large, had been supplied with a more commodious residence than the old rectory-house; and, by the kindness of the patron, an arrangement had been made, which left her, with her nurse, in possession of the home which had been the scene of all her hopes, and was now for her "the house of memory." Tidings had, indeed, been received of her former lover, which, no doubt, brought consolation with them—though, after the pledge given to her father within the immediate shadow of his grave, they could no longer bring hope. His naturally noble mind had awakened from its demoralizing dream; and the energies of a "spirit finally turned," had directed themselves, at length, to those "fine issues" which were its natural result. His soul had shaken off the foul mists by which its clearer perceptions had been, for a time, so fatally obscured; and, amid the sweet and sacred images that came gliding back into his purified heart, came, first and sweetest of them all, the vision of the rector's daughter. Then it was, that he learned the vow which had come between their hearts, and knew that he and Caroline were separated by the solemn shadows of the rector's grave In the strength of his redeemed and penitent spirit, he bowed his head to the dispensation which he felt that he had himself provoked; and lent himself manfully to arrangements in his favour which were making by his friends, and which resulted in once more opening up to him the path to fortune, though far away from the scenes alike of his early hopes and recent faults. Under circumstances of peculiar promise, he was invited to join a commercial speculation in India; and in a few weeks the seas were to ratify that separation betwixt George P**** and the rector's daughter, which, in her mind, was already consecrated by the grave of her father.

I have said that Caroline seldom weeps; but many and bitter, in those days, were the tears shed by the solitary girl. It was on a winter's evening, in one of those moments when her spirit was awakened by the scene of its utter desolation, that the window of the old oratory was opened from the garden, and George P**** stood, once more, in the presence of the rector's daughter. The buoyant youth of sixteen was changed into a pale and wasted man; and he had come to take the words of forgiveness from the lips of Caroline, ere he parted from her for ever. No one saw their interview; but the old nurse heard the murmur of voices in the boudoir, and the sound of deep and passionate sobbing. What passed between them is known but to God and themselves—save by its result; and that result was what might have been anticipated from such an interview. What could be expected from two young beings, thus thrown together by the old tie which was the only one that time had left—at least, to Caroline? How was the orphan girl to be proof against the passionate pleading of the only heart which still beat in unison with her own? George had the art to persuade his mistress that the promise exacted by her father, in the prospect of his follies, would assuredly have been cancelled in favour of his repentance; and that, if the rector had been with them, that evening, in the oratory where they had so often sat together, he would not have stood between his child and the returning penitent whom she still loved. Caroline's reason and heart alike told her that this was indeed so: and ere the lovers parted on that night, they were once more betrothed. The friends who immediately presided over the fortunes of the orphan, entirely approved of the spirit in which her promise to the rector had been read, and gladly ratified the contract which once more opened up a prospect of happiness to her bruised spirit. It was agreed that George should depart for Calcutta, alone: and, so soon as the success of his speculations had been ascertained, and arrangements made for her reception, that Caroline should follow, and become his wife. There were many in the village, however—where Caroline was beloved of all—who looked on this engagement with uneasiness; and prophesied that no good could come of a contract founded on a breach of promise to the dead.

And, almost from the first, it seemed as if these forebodings were about to be realized. The ship in which George had taken his passage for India had sailed many months, yet no tidings of it reached England. Week after week of anxious suspense passed away, and the ill-fated girl drooped and faded before this new trial of the heart. At length, however, when the time which had elapsed left no hope in the minds of all others, the spirit of the orphan rallied, under some mysterious impulse, and hope came back to her heart, and bloom to her cheek. Her friends looked on uneasily—for she was obviously sustained by some delusion—and this "hoping against

hope" argued an unsoundness of judgment, at which they trembled, but could not wonder. Strange and poetick fancies kept the poor girl happy, through that trying time. Dreams of enchanted islands, at which the ship had, perhaps, cast anchor, wooed by their wondrous beauty—visions of unknown continents, which the crew might have turned aside to explore, accounted to her for the delay. Then, there were times when her fancies took a more sober tone, and drew their salutations of her lover's silence from something more like realities But, amid them all, it never occurred to her to doubt that he would, one day, come back. He might have been shipwrecked, or taken by pirates—but his return was a portion of all her speculations—long after his friends had mourned him as dead! And, for this once, fortune was in alliance with her heart. When all who had hopes embarked in that vessel, save herself alone, had laid them in their graves, came letters, announcing George's arrival at Calcutta. The vessel had been driven far to the southward, by a long prevalence of adverse winds; and regained her course when famine had nearly deprived the crew and passengers of all power to avail themselves of the more auspicious weather Caroline received the news without any surprise—as what she had long expected: but, in the presence of her assured hopes, her tottering mind gradually regained its natural tone. And then came fresh tidings, announcing George's success; and Caroline set sail for India, to be, at length, united to the lover of her youth.

The weather was stormy enough, until the ship, in which she and her hopes were embarked, had reached the tropick latitudes; and, in the excitement of the novel scenes by which she was surrounded, Caroline's thoughts were diverted from dwelling much either on her past sorrows or her future prospects. But when the weather lulled, and a succession of calms and light breezes succeeded to the noise and bustle of fresh gales and heavy seas, a sort of tender melancholy stole over the spirit of the lonely girl. Amid the vast solitudes of the ocean—cut off from all old familiar ties—the scenes of her orphaned condition came heavily to her heart; and though she strove to look forward to that happiness of which she was sailing in search, yet she had been too long the victim of disappointment to be altogether successful in her strife against that feeling of foreboding, so naturally born of the waste of waters and the torpid air.

It was one evening, after a day of more than usual depression, that Caroline descended to her cabin, in order to seek in sleep a refuge from the heaviness of spirit which she had vainly endeavoured to shake off. She sat long at her window, watching the shadows gradually steal over the world of waters by which she was surrounded; and flung herself, at length, upon her bed, weary in spirit and heavy at heart. But her slumbers were unrefreshing and her dreams disturbed; and, after a troubled sleep, of she could not guess how long, she found herself suddenly awoke. Her face was hid in the bed-clothes; and vague and undefinable terrour was upon her, which made her flesh creep, and chilled the blood within her veins. Cold drops of perspiration stood on her forehead, and her heart fainted, as the heart of one who stands in the presence of a disembodied spirit! She lay for some moments in this mortal trance; and then, with a presence of mind marvellous in one whose pulse stood still with fear, she argued herself into the conviction that she was under the impression of a nightmare, and, raising her head by a convulsive effort, looked forth into the cabin The moon shone clear into the small chamber; and between her bed and the narrow window by which it gained entrance—in the direct path of its rays—stood the pale face and wasted form of George P****. The moonlight fell around him, like a mantle; and the eyes which had never before turned on her without the expression of love, were fixed on her's with a look of calm and passionless repose With a loud scream, she buried her face again within the bed-clothes; and lay, she knew not, how long, in the sleep of insensibility. When consciousness returned, and she, once more, ventured to look up, the apparition was gone, and the moonlight fell uninterrupted on her bed. With a feeling like that of approaching death, she rose from her couch; and, flinging a cloak over her shoulders, ascended to the deck.

It was a beautiful but melancholy night. The moon glided, spectre-like, through the cloudless heaven; and flung, from her nearly full orb, upon the slumbering waters, that pale and mournful light which the young and crescent planet never shed The ship floated through the waters, before a breath so faint as to be scarcely perceptible, save from the creeping motion which it communicated, and, standing on the same tack with themselves, though all but motionless, the yards and shrouds of another ship rose right between her line of vision and the wan moon. Most of the canvass had been taken in; and the two vessels were evidently standing under easy sail, for the purposes of communication with each other. As Caroline gazed upon the spars and cordage, with all their tracery defined in the pale moonlight, the strange vessel appeared to her excited imagination like a spectre-ship; and the same mysterious sense of terrour crept to her heart, that had chilled its life-blood in the cabin which she had left! But the night air revived her—and her fear passed away—and a sensation of exceeding tenderness and melancholy took its place. The phantoms of her mother and her sisters passed through her heart—and the echoes of old familiar voices floated to her ear; and it seemed to her as if her destiny were accomplished, and she was beckoned, by invisible hands, on board the spirit-ship that lay white before her, in the moon-beams. She sat on the poop of the vessel, and watched the strange craft that appeared to her heart like some mystery which it was bound to solve; till, letters having been exchanged between the ships, the object of her trance-like interest spread its wings, and glided slowly away through the moonlight Never before had the lonely girl felt so lone. What was that strange ship to her, that her spirit yearned towards it, and her heart so died within her to see it depart? All night, she fancied that she heard the sound of wings that went and came between the ships; and when, at length, in the gray of the morning, the stranger faded off into the distance, it seemed to her as if the spectre-ship had vanished away into some sea grave!

That night at sea it was which left on the forehead of the rector's daughter, the solemn characters whose interpretation you have so often sought from me! The tale is soon told. When Caroline reached Calcutta, there was no one expecting her, and no one to meet her. Three days after the date of his letter, summoning over his bride, her lover had been seized with the fever of the country, and carried off in a few hours. In writing to Caroline, he had recommended her to come out by a vessel which was to sail some months later than that in which, for reasons of convenience, her friends had secured her passage. She was not, therefore, expected so soon; and when he knew that he was dying, he had made it his earnest request that he might be sent home to be near her, in the old churchyard. His body was conveyed to England, in the vessel which had exchanged letters with the ship on board of which was the rector's daughter: and thus had the two met, for the last time, amid the moonlight solitudes of the sea!

This it is that has weighed more heavily on Caroline than all her sorrows besides. Never has she consoled herself for having misunderstood the warnings of her heart, in that unconscious meeting, and passed forward to India, in search of happiness, while her lover was travelling homeward to his grave! The strangeness of that meeting—strange enough even to you and me, who are but unimpassioned listeners to the narration of an incident so singularly wild—has haunted her heart, like some high and solemn mystery; and it can scarcely surprise you to learn that the poor girl's mind is indelibly impressed with the reality of a visitation from her lover, in her cabin, while the two ships were in company. There are some circumstances, so striking in themselves and so strange in their combination, that it would be worse than idle to argue against the convictions which they leave behind, in the troubled spirit they assail. Caroline returned to England, and has resided since amid the friends to whom her story is known, and beside the graves of her perished hopes: and the memories of that night, acting upon a heart which time has once more tuned to all its early sweetness, have made her the intensely interesting and strangely beautiful being you now see her.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

A FEW WORDS ON PRECIOUS STONES.

After all the moralizing of philosophers upon the nothingness and worthlessness of personal embellishments, the taste for adorning the outward man (perhaps we ought to say the outward women) is so universal, that it should be considered merely as a natural propensity.

Rich and costly habiliments have at all times been considered as indicative of high rank and station, and therefore it is no wonder that inferior persons should delight in approximating their external appearance to that of their betters—a very harmless vanity when not carried to the extent of injuring more important interests. But besides costly and elegant apparel, there has prevailed in all ages, in all countries, another method of adding dignity and grace to the human form—we mean by wearing ornaments, composed of precious metals and stones, which no ingenuity can justify as even approaching to a necessity; in this then does jewellery differ from magnificent dress, that it is purely ornamental, or significant of high rank.

Yet it is an extraordinary fact that in many countries, particularly in Eastern ones, that whilst ornaments of the most costly description are worn by the higher ranks, to denote that rank, to exemplify worth, or to adorn their persons, so the lower classes all wear similar articles in construction, though of more common materials. Thus, whilst in India a lady of distinction wears enormous gold bangles on her ancles and arms, rings of the same metal in her nose and ears, the very Pariahs will encumber themselves with enormous bangles of *iron* of the very commonest workmanship! We can well understand why a wealthy person should wish to exhibit a proof of it on his or her person, or why an individual of rank should wish to show the world an external sign of it; but we must confess that all our philosophy cannot enable us to discover why the lowest classes should ape the customs of their superiors, when no one can for a single moment be deceived either as to the wearer's rank or wealth, and when at the same time *their* personal appearance is injured rather than improved by the custom. But all this is extraneous to the subject; we can only say, that we cannot understand it, and there leave the matter.

Sacred writ is sufficient evidence that the custom of wearing precious metals and gems as embellishments to the person and as signs of rank is of the highest antiquity; but we have no knowledge of the extent to which the custom prevailed amongst the Jews; pearls are mentioned in the book of Job—but that is all we know, except that they were of great price.

We have abundant means of knowing that the Roman ladies were particularly extravagant in their use of jewels—witness Lollia Paulina, who, we are informed by Pliny, carried about her person ornaments to the value of a million of dollars! a very pretty sum and Miss Lolly Polly must have been a person of great consideration. Again—Pliny and Horace both mention that one Clodius, when he gave an entertainment, threw pearls into the goblets of his guests: we are not bound to believe that the guests swallowed them either whole or dissolved; most likely it was considered a very elegant manner of presenting a *souvenir*. Suetonius likewise reports that Caligula followed the same custom—and a very magnificent custom it was, and one which we strongly advise our wealthy *fete*-givers to follow. Now to give our fair readers a short account of some of the precious gems which repose on their fair bosoms.

The diamond, which is the most valuable of all substances, weight for weight, in its natural state, is found in Ethiopia according to Pliny, and we know, also, in the East Indies and in South America. The ancients ascribed it to many virtues; it was thought to be a cure for insanity, and counteractor of the effects of poison; it was a test of conjugal fidelity, and was used as a charm in the incantations of their necromancers and magicians by the Arabians, and possessed numberless other suppositious virtues too tedious to be repeated here.

The first persons who appear to have known anything of the real nature of the diamond was Boetius de Boot, who declared it to be inflammable, though on insufficient grounds; he was quite right in his supposition—the diamond, as has since been proved, being pure carbon.

Until the fifteenth century the diamond was *set* rough, as it was brought from the mines, and it was only in the year 1356 that Louis Berghen, of the city of Bruges, discovered the art of polishing this valuable stone. The other precious stones were polished by the friction of emery powder, which would not touch the diamond at all. Louis Berghen succeeded in giving a polished (*facet*) to a diamond by rubbing it against another; the invention of the wheel, and the use of diamond powder, is also due to Louis Berghen. The manner of cutting diamonds it is not our business to describe—its appearance when finished is sufficiently well known.

Tavernier says that in the throne of the great Mogul there were one hundred and eight large rubies, varying in weight from one hundred to two hundred carats, and one which weighed two ounces and a half.

HANDEL AND MOZART.

Each of these great masters was admirable as much for science as for genius, for melody as for harmony, for sublimity as for sweetness. Handel had less variety of expression than Mozart, but the style in which he excelled was the highest of all. Mozart was alike at home in depicting all the more earthly passions of our nature—love, fear, joy, despair. Handel chiefly excelled in expressing those pure and solemn emotions which elevate our nature above itself. Mozart is, at least to modern ears, more full and flowing; but the stream of his composition has somewhat too much of an instrumental character. Handel is pre-eminently vocal: his musick is not merely expressive but articulate: it does not breathe but speak. Mozart, we cannot help thinking, was unfortunate in his chief subjects. His soul was fitted for better things than to dramatize the silly or libertine intrigues of Spanish barbers or grandees. Yet he has risen infinitely beyond his matter, and has produced the highest purity and sublimity out of folly and dulness Handel had little dramatick power, and by an involuntary impulse originally wrote some of his finest sacred pieces to stage compositions, for which they were comparatively inappropriate. He found at last, however, in the sound feeling and generous patronage of an English public, an opportunity to exert his peculiar and unrivalled talents, more favourable than any that his successor ever enjoyed. From any comparison between them we would wholly exclude the chorusses of Handel's genius, that even without these his superiority must be conceded. "It is eminently to Mozart's credit that he acknowledged Handel for his master; and while we comment on the difference between them, we should ever remember that Handel lived to the mature age of seventy-five, while Mozart died at thirty-six.

If we are to assimilate these illustrious composers to any of the far greater lights of the world in the department of poetry, we should set Handel down as the Milton of musick; but, perhaps, with less luxuriance of imagination, and a still more severe simplicity of style. Nothing can be conceived more characteristically Miltonic than the whole oratorio of *Sampson*, and more especially that noble air, Total Eclipse, which Handel, in the blindness of his latter years, must have reviewed with feelings near akin to those that crowded upon Milton's mind when brooding over his own bereavement. Mozart, we would venture to designate as the Virgil of melody—tender, graceful, majestick, sublime—now leading us through green and gladsome pastures, now through the dark and dreamy shadows of an unearthly world: here awing us by the terrours of supernatural agency, or the tortures of guilty despair: there melting us to pity, by the sorrows of bereaved affection, or the pangs of deserted love.

ANECDOTES OF BEATTIE.

Dr. Beattie's prose writings are justly famed for the purity of their English, and the delicate discrimination and fancy they display. He studied Addison long and deeply, and certainly attained to his perspicuity, simplicity and elegance. His moral dissertations, his essays on language, on poetry and musick, abound in happy illustrations; and when he estimates the character and genius of Dryden, Pope, and Swift, we feel that he is not unworthy to sit in judgment on these immortals. A paper by Beattie in the *Mirror*, on the subject of dreams, shows how much learning and reading he could bring even to a trivial and hackneyed subject. As a metaphysical reasoner, he was deficient in originality, in vigour, and in temper. In his latter years, when his nerves were shattered, he could not bear to look on his "Essay on Truth." Posterity seem to be of the same mind.

The most marked departure from the ordinary rules of acting and thinking which Beattie, who detested all extremes, seems even to have made, was in the case related by himself in the education of his son. He was desirous to make a trial how far the boy's reason would go in tracing out, with a little direction, the great and first principle of all religion, the being of a God. The child was in his fifth or sixth year, and could read a little. The father went to his garden, wrote in the mould, with his finger, the three initial letters "I. H. B."—of his son's name, and sowing garden cresses in the furrows, covered up the seed. Ten days after, the little fellow came running to him, and, with astonishment in his countenance told him that his name was growing in the garden. They went to the spot; the boy said it could not be by chance that the letters came there.

"'Look at yourself,' I replied,'" says Dr. Beattie, "'and consider your hands and fingers, your legs and feet, and other limbs; are they not regular in their appearance, and useful to you?' He said they were. 'Came you then hither by chance?' 'No,' he answered, 'that cannot be; something must have made me.' 'And who is that something?' I asked. He said 'He did not know.' (I took particular notice that he did not say, as Rosseau fancies a child in like circumstances would say, that his parents made him.) I had now gained the point I aimed at, and saw that his reason taught him, though he could not so express it, that what begins to be must have a cause, and that what is formed with regularity must have an intelligent cause. I therefore told him the name of the Great Being who made him and all the world; concerning whose adorable nature I gave him such information as I thought he could in some measure comprehend. The lesson affected him greatly, and he never forgot either it, or the circumstance that introduced it."

A NEW VEGETABLE DIET.—"Doctor," said a gouty chap yesterday, whose constitution had been considerably broken by over indulgence in that class of the good things of this life generally known as spirituous liquors, "Doctor, I say, I'm very weak; my appetite is gone, and what I do eat does not agree with me. What do you think I had better eat, doctor?" "You should confine yourself to a vegetable diet altogether." "Should, eh? Well that's rather tough. By the way, doctor, speak ng of vegetable diets, do mint juleps come under that head?" "No, certainly not. But why do you ask?" "Why, I was going to say that if mint juleps came under the head of vegetable diet, I'm willing to go your prescription entire.—*Picayune.*

THE HEIRESS AND HER LOVERS.

There lived some years ago in one of the largest mansions, in one of the most fashionable squares of the great metropolis, a proud old baron—proud both of the veneration shown him on account of his great age, for he was eighty-six, and of the years and honours of his family, for he was the twenty-second baron. Although he had been a widower and childless for many years, he still lived in the most sumptuous style of old English hospitality; his equipments were the gayest, and his liveries the most gorgeous, in London. As he was childless, it might be asked why so old a man should live in such magnificence, and why his parties were so large, and his house so much visited by all the gay and fashionable young men in town. We will explain; he had one beautiful and lovely grandchild, now in her eighteenth year, his only hope in his declining years, and the sole and undisputed heiress of the venerable old lord, whose vast estates lay in Kent and Oxfordshire, and who doated on her with all the affection of a tender father, and would have granted her any request save one—to marry a man who could not prove that his ancestors fought with William at the far-famed battle of Hastings. And well did the lovely and accomplished girl requite his love. Not many days of her first season had gone by, when she was wooed by an endless host of lovers, each waiting for a smile from the future baroness; the task of describing them all would be too tedious, therefore we shall only speak of three; first, a young man, heir to an ancient earldom, and almost boundless wealth from vast estates; second, a baronet just come from Cambridge, holding a commission in the Horse Guards; and third, Mr. A——, of great monied wealth, but who could not trace his ancestry in honourable succession, like the noble house of Le Despenser, now represented by a youthful and virgin peeress, related by recent ties to the noble house of Pakenham, famed in the annals of war, and to the houses of Roden and Farnham, known by their attachment to the Protestant cause. At first the baron would hear of none but the heir to the earldom. But as Miss S—— did not seem to favour his suit, the old peer ceased to press it, but allowed her to take the wealthy squire if she preferred him; the second lover he would not listen to, because his property, though good, was not equal to his expectations, although he could trace his ancestry to the conquest. How the baron came to decide in favour of a man whose wealth was his only recommendation, and who probably knew not who was his grandfather, we are unable to explain, we merely relate the fact. The lovely girl, although she wished not to grieve her noble relative, could not feel justified in joining herself for life to a man she did not love—for the young soldier-lover had won her heart, and when the old man discovered the secret he dismissed him from his house, with strict injunctions to his grandchild, on pain of his displeasure, never to mention the hated name of Sir Henry again, and to banish all thoughts of him for ever from her heart. One of his mandates she could obey, the other was impossible, therefore, notwithstanding the assumed gaiety of her manner, the canker worm of sorrow was gnawing at her heart, and the roses on her cheeks had faded to the whiteness of the lily.

The suitor whom we first spoke of, conceiving it to be impossible that he would have been refused unless another lover more favoured than himself possessed the heart of the beautiful Miss S——, determined to discover the rival—vowing vengeance on his devoted head. At last, by some unknown means, he discovered, challenged, and fought him. It was at six o'clock on a summer's morning that he drove on to the ground in his cab, with his second, and about the same time Sir Henry drove on from the other side, similarly prepared. The surgeons were awaiting their arrival, the ground was measured, the principals were placed, the seconds gave the signal—Sir Henry was severely wounded by his adversary's ball passing through his arm, and fired into the air at the same instant; they both shook hands, and all left the ground. The wounded gentleman was ordered to the south of France to recruit his health. What must have been the feelings of the lovely Miss S—— on seeing the following announcement in the *Morning Post*—"We regret to state that Sir Henry —— has been mortally wounded in a duel, by the honourable Mr. ——. We understand that the cause of the quarrel is the wealthy heiress, Miss ——, granddaughter of a wealthy peer." A week passed away in the most dreadful state of anxiety, when one day the following note was given into the hands of Miss S——: "My dearest Mary—Fearing you might have heard of the affair in which I have lately been engaged, and have pictured things worse than reality, I write now to say that I have been slightly wounded, and am ordered to go to Lyons for a year; show this to the baron if you think right. Ever yours devotedly, Harry." She did show it to the baron, but he positively refused his consent to her marrying the baronet. At length the old peer, in his daily visits to the clubs, heard so much in praise of Sir Henry, and how honourably he had acted in the duel, that his heart, by slow degrees, seemed to warm towards the man who appeared destined to be his grandson. Three months rolled by, when one morning at breakfast, the old peer, addressing his granddaughter, said, "I have a little piece of news which I think will please you. I am going to Lyons on Monday, and will allow you to marry your lover as soon as his health is recruited." It is unnecessary to say with what delight the beautiful girl received the intelligence! On Monday they started, and in due time arrived at Lyons, where, on their arrival, the first great point to discover was where Sir Henry lived. Their joy at meeting (to use the old phrase) can be more easily imagined than expressed. The health of Sir Henry was soon restored, and in two months after their arrival the ceremony was performed at Lyons, by a Protestant clergyman residing there. Immediately after they started for London, leaving the old peer at Lyons; and proceeded to spend their honeymoon at Sir Henry's magnificent seat in the north of Ireland.

About six months after their arrival, they received a letter from Lord ——, wishing them to come to London immediately, and on their arrival, they found the venerable man suffering greatly from intelligence he had just received, that that very day the young heir to the earldom and the wealthy Mr. —— were both to be barged for extensive forgeries. The old man lingered on for a few months, rejoicing, previously to his dissolution, at the birth of a great-grandson. Sir Henry and his lady returned after the funeral to Ireland, where we shall leave them. It was subsequently discovered that there had been an agreement between the two young men convicted of forgery, that one of them should marry (if possible) the wealthy heiress, and then poison her; that the one who married her should retain possession of the whole property, but should pay annually a moiety of the income to his friend.

THE PERVERSENESS OF WOMEN.

There is an old story of a man, who had married a young lady, and who had a friend somewhat sceptical as to the obedient tendency of the wife's disposition, much to the disatisfaction of the Benedick, who strongly asserted and warmly asseverated that his will was law, and that she never by any chance disobeyed any wish or injunction of his.

"Have you ever tried her temper in that respect?" said the friend: "have you ever desired her positively not to do any particular thing? for that is my point, since you tell me she never refuses to do whatever you desire her to do."

"No!" said the affectionate husband," I never have found occasion to desire her *not* to do anything, but—"

"That's it! as the old women say," cried the friend, "female obedience is proved by negatives; tell her *not* to do any particular thing, give her no particular reason why, and see if she does not do it."

"Ridiculous!" says the husband.

"Try!" said the friend.

"Well," replied the husband, "agreed! we are both going away for the day; what proof shall I put her too? what shall I tell her not to do? may she not play her harp? must she not sing, or draw? or, in fact, tell me what you want me to prohibit her doing, and I stake my life she does it not."

"Oh, no!" said the friend, "drawing and singing, and playing the harp, are things which she might abstain from without a murmur, or, what is more essential to the affair, a wonder; because she has sung, and played, and drawn a thousand times; it is an injunction not to do something *she has never done before*—for instance, tell her when we go, not to climb some particular hill, for particular reasons which you do not choose to give her; or, by way of carrying the principle out to its fullest extent, warn her not to attempt to ride on the dog's back."

"Neptune's back!" said the husband. "Yes;" replied the friend," on the back of this most valued Newfoundland dog, the bravest and faithfullest of his breed."

"Ride on a dog's back!" exclaimed Benedick, "how can you be so absurd?—as if—"

"Ah! there it is," said the friend, "as if—now, take my word for it, if you issue the injunction, without giving her any reason, Harriet will break it."

The most incredulous of men rejoiced at the idea, which he felicitously ridiculed, and resolved upon trying the experiment in order to establish his Harriet's superiority of mind, and his friend's exceeding silliness.

He parted from his Harriet, and with tender fondness she clung round his shoulder, as he said in quitting her,

"Harriet, dearest, we have seldom been separated since our marriage—I shall be back soon—take care of yourself, love—but, just attend to one thing I am going to say, dear; don't try to ride upon Neptune's back while we are away."

"What!" said the laughing Harriet, "ride upon Neptune—ha, ha, ha! what an odd idea!—is that all you warn me against?—why, what a ridiculous notion! why should you tell me that? What nonsense!"

"That, my dear," said the husband, "is a secret; all I beg of you is, not to ride upon Neptune."

"Ride upon Neptune!" repeated the lady, and she laughed again, and they parted.

When Benedick and his friend returned to dinner, the laughing Harriet did not as usual present herself to receive them; there was a sort of gloom pervading the house; the footman who opened the door looked dull; the butler who came into the hall looked as white as his waistcoat; the lady's own maid rushed down stairs, evidently to prevent a scene.

"Where is your mistress?" said Benedick.

"Up stairs, sir," said the maid, "there is nothing the matter, sir—nothing in the world, sir—only my mistress has had a fall—quite a little fall on the walk in the flower garden—and has cut her face the least bit in the world, sir; all will be well to-morrow."

"A fall!" said Benedick.

"Humph!" said the friend.

And up-stairs ran the anxious husband.

"What has happened?" exclaimed he, catching her to his heart, and seeing her beautiful countenance a little marred—"how did this happen?"

Harriet cried and hid her face.

The explanation never came altogether clearly before the friend or the family; but the accident was generally thought to have arisen from Harriet's having endeavoured to take a ride on Neptune's back.

LAST WORDS.

Perhaps it would be difficult to find anything more decidedly characteristick of the life of an individual than the last words which are uttered previously to death. The circumstance may be in some degree accounted for, if we call to mind how frequently the dream of the night is merely a reflection of the ideas which have pre-occupied the mind during the day. Death is the great night—the last recollection—the dream of past life. In support of these remarks a few striking examples may be easily adduced.—Lucan, when condemned to death by Nero, opened one of his veins, and expired reciting that passage in the "Pharsalia," in which he had described the death of the wounded soldier. Gilbert, the most unfortunate poet of his age, died repeating a sacred ode which he had written in his dying moments. Metastasio produced two beautiful stanzas in his dying moments. The Emperour Adrian composed on his death-bed the celebrated apostrophe to his soul, which had been so happily imitated by Pope. Geoffrey Chaucer bade adieu to all human vanities, by writing a ballad on his death bed. Cornelius de Witt, whilst writhing under the tortures of his fanatical persecutors, recited, before he breathed his last, the third ode of the third book of Horace. Bonhours, the grammarian, observed in his last moments, to one of his friends, *Je vais, ou je vas mourir, car l'un et l'autre se disent.* Malherbe with his dying breath reproached his servants for their solecisms, and corrected their errours of language. Lamothe de Voyer, who devoted himself much to the study of the history and manners of remote nations, breathed his last whilst inquiring of one of his friends what was the latest intelligence from Mogul. Finally, we may quote the last words uttered by Lorgney, the mathematician; as the moment of his dissolution approached, he seemed to lose his collectedness of mind, and appeared unable to recognize the persons about him. One of his friends asked him what was the square of twelve! "A hundred and forty-four," he replied, and breathed his last.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

IS THERE AN UNBELIEVER.—BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Is there an unbeliever?
One man who walks the earth,
And madly doubts that Providence
Watch'd o'er him at his birth!
He robs mankind for ever
Of hopes beyond the tomb;
What gives he as a recompense?
The brute's unhallow'd doom.

In manhood's loftiest hour,
In health, and strength, and pride,
On! lead his steps through alleys green,
Where rills mid cowslips glide:
Climb Nature's granite tower,
Where man hath rarely trod:
And will he then, in such a scene,
Deny there is a God!

Yes—the proud heart will ever
Prompt the false tongue's reply!
An Omnipresent Providence
Still madly he'll deny.
But see the unbeliever
Sinking in death's decay;
And hear the cry of penitence!
He never learnt to pray!

AN OVERBEARING TEMPER.

Nothing shows a greater abjectness of spirit than an overbearing temper appearing in a person's behaviour to inferiours. To insult or abuse those who dare not answer again, is as sure a mark of cowardice as it would be to attack with a drawn sword a woman or a child. And wherever you see a person given to insult his inferiours, you may assure yourself he will creep to his superiours; for the same baseness of mind will lead him to act the part of a bully to those who cannot resist, and of a coward to those who can. But though servants and other dependants may not have it in their power to retort in the same taste, the injurious usage they receive from their superiours, they are sure to be even with them by the contempt they themselves have for them, and the character they spread abroad of them through the world. Upon the whole, the proper behaviour to inferiours is, to treat them with generosity and humanity; but by no means with familiarity on one hand, or insolence on the other.

THAMYRIS.

A young poet, gifted with a creative fancy and an excellent disposition, joined the scholars of the divine Plato. His poetry was commended by all who knew him, and Hellas declared of him that he would be another Sophocles or Pindarus. But the praises of the multitude blinded him, so that he continually spoke of Hesiod and Æschylus, and other masters of song. This grieved the divine philosopher, and he wished to cure the soul of the vain youth. I consider myself qualified, said he, to bring honours on my country that will be a greater advantage, than if I should win for it a province. For the holy art of poetry has been given to man to elevate him above the earth. But it does not belong to infirm spirits.

ECONOMY.

Economy is one of the chief duties of a state, as well as of an individual. It is not only a great virtue in itself, but it is the parent of many others. It preserves men and nations from the commission of crime, and the endurance of misery. The man that lives within his income can be just, humane, charitable and independent. He who lives beyond it becomes, almost necessarily, rapacious, mean, faithless, contemptible. The economist is easy and comfortable; the prodigal, harassed with debts, and unable to obtain the necessary means of life. So it is with nations. National character, as well as national happiness, has, from the beginning of the world to the present day, been sacrificed on the altar of profusion.

ADVANTAGES OF CONVERSATION.

Conversation calls into light what has been lodged in all the recesses and secret chambers of the soul. By occasional hints and incidents, it brings old useful notions into remembrance; it unfolds and displays the hidden treasure of knowledge with which reading, observation, and study, have before furnished the mind. By mutual discourse the soul is awakened and allured to bring forth its hoards of knowledge, and it learns how to render them most useful to mankind. A man of vast reading, without conversation, is like a miser, who lives only for himself.

LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.

Experience teaches that the sword, the fagot, exile and proscription, are better calculated to irritate than to heal a disease, which, having its source in the mind, cannot be relieved by remedies that act only on the body. The most efficacious means are sound doctrines and repeated instructions, which make a ready impression, when inculcated with mildness. Everything bows to the sovereign authority of the laws—but religion alone is not to be commanded.

GLEANINGS FROM BORNE'S WORKS.

Never was Luther wiser than when he threw the inkstand at the devil's head! For the devil dreads nothing but ink, and betakes himself to his heels as soon as he noses it.

Freedom may use her tongue, because speech is both her weapon and her spoils; but despotism is lost from the moment it attempts to vindicate its ways.

A rusty shield prayed to the sun, and said, "O sun, illume me with thy ray!" To which the sun retorted, "O shield, make thyself clean!"

Original.

THE PASSAGE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

Years have faded like a dream.
Since I crossed this gliding stream,
And the sunset fair as then
Tints the river and the glen.

Then in this same shallop frail,
Comrades two did with me sail—
One a sage almost inspired,
One a youth, whom glory fired.

One for knowledge paled his brow,
Him a lingering death laid low.
One, in battle and in blood,
Sank beneath the stormy flood.

So whene'er a look I cast
On the unreturning past,
Comes the thought that nevermore
May I see the loved of yore!

Yet can death for ever part
Friend from friend, and heart from heart?
Ah! our souls were mingled then,
Let them mingled be again!

Boatman! twice thy ferriage take—
Take it, boatman, for my sake;
For, by thee though undescried,
Two with me have crossed the tide! H. S. L.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A CONTINUATION OF THE CULPRIT FAY.

Whoever has read Drake's Culprit Fay, will see that but for that beautiful poem, the following verses would never have been written. For the benefit of those who may not have seen that gem of fancy, and we cannot think there are many, we will attempt a brief outline of it, in order that our humble continuation may be better understood.

A fairy having fallen in love with an earthly maiden, is arraigned before the Elfin monarch, to answer for his offence. Such a crime ranks high upon the fairy calendar, and the sentence usually passed upon those convicted of it, we quote, as follows, from Drake, who seems to have been deeply read in their criminal law:

> "Tied to the hornet's shardy wings,
> Tossed on the pricks of nettle stings,
> For seven long ages doomed to dwell
> With the lazy worm in the walnut shell,
> And every night to writhe and bleed
> Beneath the touch of the centipede.
> Or closed in a cobweb dungeon dim,
> Your jailer a spider, huge and grim,
> Amid the carrion bodies to lie
> Of the worm, and the bug, and the murdered fly.
> These had it been thy lot to bear,
> Had a stain been found on the earthly fair."

But in consideration of the fairy-like beauty of the maiden, and the perfect purity of her mind and heart, which

> "Were such as a spirit well might love,"

mercy tempers justice, and a full pardon is granted upon two conditions. The offending lover must first catch a drop of water as it falls from the sturgeon in his graceful leap in the moonlit sea; this will cleanse his wing, soiled by contact even with the purest thing of earth. He must then watch in mid-heaven for a shooting star, and follow it in its downward flight till its last spark is fading away. With this, and this only, his torch which the gross air of earth had extinguished, can be again lighted. Then blest with forgetfulness of his earthly love, he is again permitted to revel in the joys of fairy-land. Thus far, Drake. We remember when we first read this truly unique poem, that we were convinced that the fairy was too deeply involved to allow the matter thus to close; and if the reader will turn his attention to the following lines, he will find how far our anticipations have been realized.

In explanation of the last few lines of this poem, we beg leave to state, that it is well known, that the Marshalls and Storys of the superiour Elfin court, which holds its sessions in the tulip's cup, have decided, that "If any fairy persists in loving an inhabitant of the lower world, and for his or her society absents him or herself from the fairy court, for a time, as long as that which passes from the first opening of the moss-rose till it has expanded into the full flower, that fairy shall forfeit its immortality, and live no longer than the being with whom he or she has fallen in love."—*Fairy Commonwealth Reports*, vol. xi. p. 50.

> "Scenes of wo and scenes of pleasure,
> Scenes that former thoughts renew—
> Scenes of wo and scenes of pleasure,
> Now a sad and last adieu!"—*Burns.*

The monarch's pardon now is won,
The fairy's weary race is run;
He has followed the star in its downward flight,
And kindled once more his elfin light,
And cleared his tiny wing again
From every blot, from every stain.
And his little lips, e'en now are wet
With the drops that won him to forget
His fatal sin, his earthly love,
His wanderings from the elfin grove
To woo the daughters of the earth;
And his voice burst forth in careless mirth.
He touched his lute, but he sang not now
Of the deep blue eye, and the polished brow,
Of the lovely hand so small and white,
As well became a fairy sprite;
As soft as the inner leaf which holds
The stem of the lily's spotless folds,
As light to the touch as the gossamer,
Which bends to the slightest breath of air.
Of earth his voice is still and mute,
As in elfin land he strikes his lute,
And he sings no more of his earthly love,
But the joys of fairy-life above,
And visions of fairy beauty seem
To win him from his earthly dream.
With joyful heart, the pardoned fay
Upon a cloud's rich purple lay,
And he vainly thought his spirit free
From love, and he laughed with ecstasy.
Never, he thought, would he disobey
The dictates of the royal fay,
Ne'er would he love again, or know
Love's mingled happiness and wo.
And yet, he thought, I would see once more
The secret grove, and the pebbled shore
Of the lovely lake, where first I met
The maid whom now I must forget.
The night was clear, and he turned his eye
Towards earth's fair prospect with a sigh;
The landscape lies beneath his sight,
Bathed in the moonbeams' softening light,
And here and there the waters shine
Like mirrors set by power divine,
Like polished plates of silver sheen
Inlaid among the foliage green.
The fairy could no more delay,
He lifts his wing, and he hastes away.
He cuts the air with tiny wing,
And wanders onward, hastening
To seek the spot on earth the best,
The sweetest and the loveliest.

* * * * * * * * *

How brightly beautiful the lake
Gleams in the pale moon's silver ray;
The gentle winds its surface break,
And cool the cheek of the weary fay.

He stops to rest on an ancient stone,
Which with velvet moss is cushioned o'er,
And each wave o'er his tiny feet is thrown,
And cools them ere it wets the shore.

He watches the fish as in joy they break
With a silver arch the moonlit sea,
He starts, at the sound of the slothful snake,
As he creeps to his home in the hollow tree.

He strikes with his wand the lily white,
Which floats on the wave like a fairy sail,
And catches a gift of diamonds bright
On the drops that are brought by the passing gale.

He watches the clear and cloudless sky,
Where the stars are few in the moon's bright ray,
And a tear stands sparkling in his eye,
But a tear he would not chase away.

It was not a tear of grief alone,
For his mind was full of solemn joy,
And fancy's brightest flowers were thrown
Around the dreams of the fairy boy.

'Twas a tear where sadness and pleasure met
With joy and a more delicious wo,
In memory's brightest picture set,
Which lover's hearts alone can know.

But his thoughts are not of the sky above,
Of the breaking wave, or the balmy air,
He dreams of the joys of his earthly love,
When his earthly bride was with him there.

* * * * * * * * * *

The lake was of a glassy sheen,
Reflecting the o'ershadowing trees,
Save where like broken silver gleam
The billows in the breeze.

Upon the hills' thick crest of green,
The unclouded moon was shining bright;
Like diamonds in the trees are seen
The dew-drops in the light.

In such a quiet solitude
The culprit fairy mused alone,
And was it strange in such a mood,
That he should dream of one;

Of one whom often he had met
Beneath those shades of green,
And was it strange his cheek was wet,
With tears, for what had been!

Above his head the branches hung
Of many a well-known tree,
And around the echoing forest rung
With the nightwind's minstrelsy.

The wavelet softly rippling near,
The night breeze whispering low,
Seem to breathe lightly in his ear
Kind solace for his wo.

All was the same—but where is she
For whom all this is dear?
Heaven would be lost, could she but be
A single moment near.

His oath, his punishment forgot,
His fairy home and fame,
His monarch's word he heeded not,
He only breathes her name.

He prays, but 'tis for her the prayer
Falls softly from his tongue,
For his fairy home he has no care,
His fairy joys are gone.

A step sounds lightly on his ear,
He starts—'tis a step well known;
His heart beats quick as that form draws near,
'Tis she—the prize is won.

He dreams not of his home above,
Of the court of fairy pomp and pride;
Earth is to him a heaven of love,
With his own earth-born bride.

"The elfin lamp beams bright," he cried,
"And fairy voices lightly fall
Upon the ear, but thou, my bride,
Art dearer far than all.

"Thine eye beams with a softer light,
Thy lips breathe forth a sweeter tone,
To my fairy home, I bid good night,
I live for thee alone.

"I came to bid a last adieu
To thee, thou dearest to my heart,
I vainly thought to part from you,
As fairy lovers lightly part.

"That thought, that foolish wish is o'er,
I long not for my home above,
While thee on earth I can adore—
For thee alone I love!"

Thus for his first, his earthly love,
The fairy lost his home above;
Thus gave up immortality
To live beneath a woman's eye;
To die, when death should steal away
The star which threw its gentle ray
Upon his soul—when death should close
The eye which wept for all his woes,
And still that tongue, which won his ear,
And wooed him from his heavenly sphere.

Pray, did the loving sprite do well,
When thus he bade to heaven farewell? Oberon.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Translated for the New-York Mirror.

THE PERJURED GAMBLERS.

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS, BY M. VIENNET.

We, perhaps, break more frequently the vows that we make to ourselves, than those that we make to others; the feeling of honour, the respect of our own kind are more powerful than the secret reproaches of conscience. We do not dare to break a promise openly given and received, since our personal interest might suffer from it; but we relapse with too little scruple into a fault or vice of habit, notwithstanding the solemn compact into which we have entered with ourselves to refrain from it.

See to what the want of firmness conducts us in business, in society, in government. What folly, what baseness, what crimes weakness alone can commit!

This weakness, too prevalent alas, among the human race, and which our haughty wisdom vainly struggles with, is the theme of one of Voltaire's most agreeable fictions. *Memnon* has been deceived by woman; his prudence wishes to fly for ever the presence of the fair sex. The wine of Cyprus has weakened the powers of his mind and body; he renounces all the temptations of the table, that he may preserve his health and reason. Gambling troubles the repose, jeopardises the most solid patrimony, and excites the best friends into quarrels often shameful and bloody. He will play no more. He will preserve his money and dignity and will live tranquil. These three vows are easy to keep, but what is human wisdom!

In the course of the day Memnon encounters a beautiful woman in distress. His natural goodness cannot refrain from consoling her. A little after he receives an invitation to dinner from one of his best friends, whom a refusal would offend. After drinking, he is invited to make one in a party of whist; he is obliged to accept, under pain of appearing uncivil or ridiculous; and our philosopher, who has, in the morning, abjured woman, the excesses of the table, and all quarrelling, is, before night, deceived by a "painted demon," brought home drunk, stripped of his money and wanting an eye: the new sage, ruined by his follies, is obliged to request a place; and now behold him a solicitor and obliged to beg for the favours of the court, where his pride had resolved he should never appear again! Oh human wisdom! what has become of your vows!

M. Viennet has taken this idea as text for his comedy. But he has chosen to give to this philosophical truth a political and contemporaneous colour, which predominates and necessarily injures the effect of the moral. He has made it rather a satirical review of the ridiculousness of the day, than a comedy. This manner of treating the subject is more commodious and expeditious. Luckily, it has not injured the success of the work. Were we to reproach the author with having employed a similar procedure, and with having shown himself too chary of inventions of plot and of *denoument*, he would answer:—I have succeded without all that. It is the first rule of theatrical poetry.

The scene is placed a few leagues from Paris, in the chateau of M. d'Astignant, a devoted servant of the ancient dynasty, whose

incorruptible fidelity withstands alike the wheedlings of the minister and the court balls. This retreat and the heroical *ennui* to which his conscience condemns him, are enlivened by a chosen society, and by the family that he unites around him. First, is an old aunt whose ideas and opinions are dated with her birth, 1770. She is a precious ruin of Coblentz, the worthy companion of one of those *voltigeurs* of Louis XIV., whom we have seen in our childhood arrive at Paris in the train of the Cossacks, less strange to us than our truly exotick countrymen, those contemporaries of another age. The aunt and nephew have sworn never to tarnish the blazonings of their carriage by permitting it to appear among the hackney-coaches of the court. The new count loves dignity and power; the marquise recalls with emotion the favours of the *tabouret* and the prerogatives of the *bougeoir* at Versailles; but they both renounce for ever these privileges and these honours; they have sworn never to leave the chateau.

A young baronne de Neris, daughter of the noble count, has also made her vow: it is to remain a widow. The husband that she has lost was slovenly, imperious, and jealous; she has sworn not to marry again. She is a truly inconsolable widow.

Valentine, their domestick, is an old soldier of the empire. He has both the glory and the defect of a veteran; he is an intrepid drinker. However, to please Frosine, (who, it is unnecessary to say, is the *femme de chambre*, of the marquise,) he will renounce the pleasures of the bottle and the ineffable sweetness of the *petit verre*. He makes between the pretty hands of the *soubrette*, a vow of eternal sobriety. A young officer, who has been educated in the *salons*, and who has only fought quarrels at *boullotte*, an immovable smoker of the *Boulevard de Gard*, his beard bristling like that of a savage, or of a peasant of the middle ages, a dandy *a la mode infine*, also comes to exhibit his plan of reform. He has lost all his money at play; he vows never again to touch a card.

A Monsieur de Fage, however, who has heard all these vows, takes a malicious pleasure in causing them to be broken, one after the other. He is an old peer of France. He knows, by experience, the reliance to be placed in vows. No one, according to him, will keep them more than twenty-four hours.

He first secretly intrigues to have the count elected deputy, who, proud of the popular mandates, ceases to be sulky with the government, and consents to enter the Bourbon palace—from the Bourbon palace to the Tuileries there is but one step. M. de Fage obtains an invitation to the court-ball for the marquise. The marquise will go—— out of curiosity to see the revolutionary waltzes, and to hear the concerts of the usurpation. And their oaths? the desire of power and vanities have carried them far: and their conscience finds excellent motives of justification.

Will the young baronne have a firmer heart, a more stable determination? M. de Fage undertakes personally to overcome the heroical resolves of this proud beauty. He is gallant, amiable; his humour is neither imperious nor jealous: he has none of the evil qualities of the defunct; and in a short time the inconsolable widow breaks her vow, like all young widows—she marries M. de Fage.

M. de Saint Brice perjures himself like the other. In the country, one gets bored very often A card-table is open, the cards are by chance spread before him. De Fage challenges him. To pass away the time, he accepts. Farewell to his oath. Behold him again become a gambler. At last, the old soldier of the Beresina, a witness of all the weakness of his masters, has not the impudence to pretend to move firmness; he yields to their influence, and at the risk of losing the good graces of Frosine, he yields himself up to the seductions of burgundy, and to the sweetness so purely military of *eau de vie* and rum. Frosine, who perceives that her intended is incorrigible, and the proverb, that *he who has drank will drink*, is incontrovertible, thinks it better to have a drunken husband than to have none at all. She resigns herself, and marries Valentine. Thus, all the vows have become so many perjuries. J.-P. H

SKETCHES OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

THE REVERSES OF A SEASON.

The evening of Thursday, the fifteenth of February, was one of the most delightful I ever remember to have spent. I was alone: my heart beat lightly; my pulse was quickened by the exercise of the morning; my blood flowed freely through my veins, as meeting no checks or impediments to its current, and my spirits were elated by a multitude of happy remembrances and of brilliant hopes. My apartments looked delightfully comfortable, and what signified to me the inclemency of the weather without? The rain was pattering upon the skylight of the staircase; the sharp east wind was moaning angrily in the chimney; but as my eye glanced from the cheerful blaze of the fire to the ample folds of my closed window curtains—as the hearth-rug yielded to the pressure of my foot, while, beating time to my own musick, I sung, in rather a louder tone than usual, my favourite air of "Judy O'Flannegan;"—the whistling of the wind, and the pattering of the rain, only served to enhance in my estimation the comforts of my home, and inspire a livelier sense of the good fortune which had delivered me from any evening engagements Men—married men—may expatiate, if they will, in good polished sentences, on the delights of their firesides, and the gay cheerfulness of their family circles; but I do not hesitate to affirm that we, in our state of single blessedness, possess not only all the sweets of our condition, but derive more solid advantages from matrimony itself, than any of these solemn eulogists of their own happiness can dare to pretend to derive from it. We have their dinners, without the expense of them; we have their parties, without the fatigue of those interminable domestick discussions which are inseparable from the preliminary arrangements; we share the gay and joyous summer of their homes, when they are illuminated for company, and escape the intervening winter of darkness and economy; and, having participated in the sunny calm, the halcyon hours of the establishment, we depart before the unreal and transitory delusion is dispersed, and leave the husband to contemplate the less brilliant changes of the lady's countenance and temper, and to maintain a single combat against the boisterous perversities of her offspring. No man can be really *chez soi*—can be in the full enjoyment of all the accommodation afforded by his own house, and fireside, and furniture, and presume to exercise the right of a master over them, unless he be independent of the fetters of wedlock. No man, I repeat it, can be in the entire enjoyment of life, unless he be a young unmarried man, with an attached elderly valet to wait upon him. I am so thoroughly persuaded of this fact, that nothing on earth but my love for you, Maria, could persuade me to relinquish, "my unhoused, free condition." Nothing but my adoration of such a union of various beauties, and almost incongruous mental accomplishments, could have induced me to abandon my present state of luxurious independence; but, under my peculiar and most favoured circumstances, I only pass from a lower to a higher degree of happiness. True, the idle, the downy, the somewhat ignominious gratifications of celibacy are sacrificed; but they are exchanged for the pure and dignified enjoyment of labouring to secure an angel's happiness, beneath the cheering influence of her exhilarating smiles

I thrust my hands into the pockets of my dressing-gown, which, by-the-by, is far the handsomest piece of old brocade I have ever seen—a large running pattern of gold hollyhocks, with silver stalks and leaves, upon a rich, deep, Pampadour-coloured ground—and walking slowly backwards and forwards in my room, I continued—"There never was, there never can have been, so happy a fellow as myself! What on earth have I to wish for more? Maria adores me—I adore Maria. To be sure, she's detained at Brighton; but I hear from her regularly every morning by the post, and we are to be united for life in a fortnight. Who was ever so blest in his love! Then again John Fraser—my old schoolfellow! I don't believe there's anything in the world he would not do for me. I'm sure there's no living thing that he loves so much as myself, except, perhaps, his old uncle Simon, and his black mare."

I had by this time returned to the fireplace, and, resecating myself, began to apostrophize my magnificent black Newfoundland, who, having partaken of my dinner, was following the advice and example of Abernethy, and sleeping on the rug as it digested. "And you, too, my old Neptune, aren't you the best and handsomest dog in the universe?"

Neptune, finding himself addressed, awoke leisurely from his slumbers, and fixed his eyes on mine with an affirmative expression.

"Ay, to be sure you are; and a capital swimmer too!"

Neptune raised his head from the rug, and beat the ground with his tail, first to the right hand, and then to the left.

"And is he not a fine, faithful fellow? and does he not love his master?"

Neptune rubbed his head against my hand, and concluded the conversation by again sinking into repose.

"That dog's a philosopher," I said; "he never says a word more than is necessary:—Then, again, not only blest in love and friendship, and my dog; but what luck it was to sell, and in these times too, that old, lumbering house of my father's, with its bleak, bare, hilly acres of chalk and stone, for eighty thousand pounds, and to have the money paid down on the very day the bargain was concluded. By-the-by, though, I had forgot—I may as well write to Messrs. Drax and Drayton about that money, and order them to pay it immediately in to Coutts's—mighty honest people and all that: but, faith, no solicitors should be trusted or tempted too far. It's a foolish way, at any time, to leave money in other people's hands—in anybody's hands—and I'll write about it at once."

As I said, so I did. I wrote my commands to Messrs. Drax and Drayton, to pay my eighty thousand pounds into Coutts's; and, after desiring that my note might be forwarded to them the first thing in the morning, I took my candle, and accompanied by Neptune, who always keeps watch by night at my chamber door, proceeded to bed as the watchman was calling 'past twelve o'clock,' beneath my window.

It is indisputably very beneficial for a man to go to bed thus early; it secures him such pleasant dreams. The visions, that filled my imagination during sleep, were not of a less animated nature than those of my waking lucubrations. I dreamt that it was daybreak on my wedding morning; that I was dressed in white satin and silver lace, to go and be married; that Maria, seated in a richly painted and gilt sedan chair, was conveyed to the church by the parson and clerk, who wore white favours in their wigs, and large nosegays in the breasts of their canonicals; that our hands were joined by Hymen in person, who shook his torch over our heads at the altar, and danced a *pas de deux* with the bride down the middle of Regent-street, as we returned in procession from St. James's; that I walked by the side of Neptune, who was, in some unaccountable manner, identified with my friend John Fraser, and acted as father of the bride, and alarmed me in the midst of the ceremony by whispering in my ear, that he had forgotten to order any breakfast for the party; that, on returning to my house, which appeared to be the Pavilion at Brighton, I found a quantity of money-bags, full of sovereigns, each marked eighty thousand pounds, ranged in rows on a marble table; that I was beginning to empty them at the feet of the bride with an appropriate compliment—when my dream was suddenly interrupted by the hasty entrance of my valet, who stood pale and trembling by my bedside, and informed me, with an agitated voice, that he had carried my note, as ordered, to the office of Messrs. Drax and Drayton, the first thing in the morning, and had seen Mr. Drax; but that Mr. Drayton had decamped during the night, taking away with him my eighty thousand pounds, and five hundred pounds of his partner's.

I was horror-struck!—I was ruined!—what was to be done? The clock had not yet struck ten, but, early as it was, I was determined to rise immediately, and see Drax myself upon the subject In an instant—in less than an hour—I was dressed, and on my way to Lincoln's Inn. Twenty minutes after, I stood in the presence of Mr Drax.

He appeared before me, among the last of the pigtails, with his powdered head, his smooth black silk stockings, and his polished shoes, the very same immutable Mr. Drax whom I had remembered as a quiz from the earliest days of my childhood There he stood, in the same attitude, in the same dress, the same man of respectability, calculation, and arrangement, that my father had always represented to me as the model of an attorney, but with a look of bewildered paleness, as placed suddenly in a situation where his respectability became doubtful, his calculations defeated, and all his arrangements discomposed.

"Oh, Mr. Luttrell!" he exclaimed, "I beg pardon, Mr. Lionel Luttrell, you've received intimation, then, of this most extraordinary occurrence—what will the world think!—what will the world say! The house of Drax and Drayton! Such a long established, such a respectable house!—and one of the partners—Mr. Drayton, I mean—to abscond!"

"Ay, Mr. Drax, but think of my eighty thousand pounds!"

"Went away, sir, without leaving the slightest instruction where he might be met with, or where his letters might be sent after him! A most extraordinary proceeding!"

"You'll drive me mad, Mr. Drax. Let me implore you to inform me what's to be done about my money."

"Your money, Mr. Lionel Luttrell!—here has the same party taken off with him five hundred pounds of the common property of the house; all the loose cash we had in our banker's hands; drew a draft for the whole amount; appropriated it to himself; and never took the ordinary measure of leaving me a memorandum of the transaction! Why, sir, I might have drawn a bill this very morning—many things less improbable occur—and might have had my draft refused acceptance!"

"Oh, Mr. Drax, this torture will be the death of me. Sir—sir—I'm ruined, and I'm going to be married!"

"A most unfortunate event. But, Mr. Luttrell, your gay young men of fashion at the west end cannot possibly enter into the feelings of a partner and a man of business. My situation——"

Incapable of listening any longer to the lamentations of Mr Drax, and perceiving that he was too much engrossed by the perplexities of his own affairs, to yield any attention to my distresses, I seized my hat, and hastily departed, to seek elsewhere for the advice and consolation I required.

"I'll go to John Fraser," I exclaimed; "he's always sensible, always right, always kind. He'll feel for me, at all events: he'll suggest what steps are best to be taken in this most painful emergency."

Upon this determination I immediately proceeded to act, and hastened towards Regent-street with the rapidity of one who feels impatient of every second that elapses between the conception and the execution of his purpose. As I was pressing forward on my hurried way, my thoughts absorbed in the anxiety of the moment, and my sight dazzled by the rapidity of my movements, and the confused succession of the passing objects, I was checked in my course by Edward Burrell—the pet of the dandies—"Stop, Lionel, my dear fellow, stop. I want to congratulate you."

"Congratulate me!—Upon what?"

"Your appointment: Inspecting Postman for the district of St. Ann's, Soho; of course you're be—none but personages of such elevated station could be justified in using such velocity of movement, and in running over so many innocent foot passengers"

"Nonsense!—Don't stop me!—I've just heard of the greatest imaginable misfortune. Drayton, my attorney, has decamped, heaven only knows to what country, and carried off the whole of my fortune"

"Oh! indeed!—So you're one upon the innumerable list of bankrupts!—A failure! a complete failure!—Don't be angry, Lionel. I always said you were rather a failure:—And so now the attorney man—what's his name?—has absconded and ruined you for life by his successful speculations in hops."

The pet of the dandies walked off, laughing as immoderately as a "professed exclusive" ever dares to laugh. It had made what he believed to be a pun: that is, I suppose, I dare say the sentence is capable of some quibbling interpretation. The words are unintelligible, unless they contain a pun:—Whenever I hear one man talk nonsense, and find others laugh, I invariably conclude that he is punning; and if the last parting words of Edward Burrell really do exhibit a specimen of this vulgar kind of solecism, the puppy was more than indemnified for the distresses of his friend, as any punster would necessarily be, by the opportunity of hitching a joke upon them. "It will not be so with you, John Fraser!" I muttered to myself; and in a few seconds I rapped at the door of his lodgings in Regent-street.

They detained me an age in the street—I rapped and rapped again, and then I rang, and at the ringing of the bell, a stupid-looking, yellow-haired, steamy maid-servant, in a dirty lace cap, issued from the scullery, wiping her crimson arms in her check apron to answer the summons.

"Is Mr. Fraser at home?" I demanded, in a voice of somewhat angry impatience.

"Mr. Fraser at home?—No, sir, he isn't."

"Where's he gone to?"

"Where's he gone?" rejoined the girl, in a low drawling voice—"I'm sure, sir, I can't tell, not I"

"Is his servant in the way?"

"Is his servant in the way?—No, sir; the other gentleman's gone too."

"His servant gone with him?—Why, how did they go?"

"How did they go?—Why, in a post-chay and four, to be sure—they sent for him from Newman's"

"Heavens! how provoking! Did they start early?"

"Start early? no, to be sure, they started very late; as soon as ever master came home from dining in Russell Square"

"Russell Square! what the deuse should John Fraser do dining in Russell Square! How very distressing!"

"Master came home two hours before Mr. Robert expected him, and ordered four horses to be got ready directly."

"Indeed! what can possibly have happened?"

"What has happened! Oh, Mr. Robert told us all about what had happened; says he, 'my master's great friend, Mr. Luttrell, is clean ruined; his lawyer man's run off with all his money. Master's in a great quandry about it,' says Mr. Robert; 'and so, I suppose,' says he, 'that master and I are going out of town a little while to keep clear of the mess."

"Good heavens! and can such cold-hearted treachery really be?"

"And so," continued the girl, perfectly regardless of my vehement ejaculation, "and so I told Mr. Robert I hoped luck would go with them; for you know, sir, it's all very well to have friends and such like, as long as they've got everything comfortable about them; but when they're broke up, or anything of that, why, then it's another sort of matter, and we have no right to meddle or make in their concerns."

The girl was a perfect philosopher upon the true Hume and Rochefoucault principles. She continued to promulgate her maxims in the same low, monotonous, cold, languid vein; but I did not remain to profit by them. I hurried away to conceal my sorrow and my disappointment in the privacy of those apartments, where, on the preceding evening, surrounded by so many comforts, I had proudly,

perhaps too proudly, contemplated my stock of happiness, and had at large expatiated on my many deceitful topicks of self-gratulation. How miserably was that stock of happiness now impaired! But, hopeful as I am by nature, my sanguine temperament still triumphed; and, as I ascended the staircase to my apartment, Maria's image presented itself in smiles to my imagination, and I repeated to myself, "My fortune's gone! My friend has deserted me! But, Maria! thou, dearest, still remainest to me. I'll tranquilize my mind by the sweet counsel of your daily letter, and then proceed to deliberate and act for myself" I knew that the post must by this time have arrived.

I approached the table where my cards and letters were constantly deposited—but no letter was there. I could not believe my eyes; I rung, and asked for my letters—none had arrived during my absence from home. "Had the post-boy gone by?" "Yes, many an hour ago." It was too true, then—even Maria was perfidious to my misfortunes. This was the severest blow of all. The cause of distrust was apparently slight—possibly accidental; but, occurring at such a time, it fell with all the weight of a last and consummating calamity on one who was already overthrown. I clenched my teeth; I stamped upon the floor; I tossed about my arms with the vain and objectless passion of an angry child. My dog, amazed at the violence of my gesticulation, fixed his large dark eyes upon me, and stared with astonishment, as well he might, at the agitated passion of his master. I saw, or imagined I saw, an expression of tenderness and commiseration in his looks; and, in an agony of tears—don't laugh at me, for, in the same situation, under the same circumstances, you probably would have done the same—I flung myself down on the floor by his side, exclaiming, "Yes, Neptune, everything on earth has forsaken me but you—my fortune—my friend, my love—with my fortune; and you, you alone, my good old faithful dog, are constant to me in the hour of my affliction!" I started up, and paced my apartment backwards and forwards with wide and hurried strides, fevered with the rapid succession of painful events, bewildered in mind, afflicted at heart, perplexed in the extreme!

Impelled by that restlessness of body which results from the agitation of the mind, I took up my hat, called Neptune to follow me, and prepared to seek abroad that distraction for my grief, which could not be found in the quiet of my home. In leaving the room, my eye accidently glanced towards my pistols. My hand was on the lock of the door. I perceived that to approach the place where they lay was like tempting hell to tempt me: but a thought flashed across my mind, that to die were to punish the unworthy authors of my sorrow—were to strike imperishable remorse to the hearts of Maria and of John; and I took the pistols with me, muttering, as I concealed them in my breast, "Perhaps I may want them."

In this frame of mind, wandering through back and retired streets, with no other motive to direct me than the necessity of locomotion, I, at length, found myself on the bank of the Thames, at no great distance from Westminster Bridge. My boat was kept near this place: On the water, I should be delivered from all apprehension of observing eyes. I should be alone with my sorrow; and, unfavourable as the season and the weather were, I proceeded to the spot where my boat was moored. "Bad time for boating, Mr. Luttrell," said Piner, who had the charge of my wherry; "it's mortal cold, and there's rain getting out there to the windward." But, careless of his goodnatured remonstrances, I seized the oars impatiently from his hand, and proceeded, in angry silence, to the boat. I pushed her off, and rowed rapidly up the river towards Chelsea, with Neptune lying at my feet. When I thus found myself alone upon the water, with none to know, or mark, or overhear me, my grief, breaking through all the restraints that had confined it as long as I was exposed to the inspection of my fellow-creatures, discharged itself in vehement exclamations of indignant passion. "Fool! Idiot that I was to trust them! Nothing on earth shall ever induce me now to look upon them again. Oh, Maria! I should have thought it happiness enough to have died for you; and you to desert me—to fall away from me too, at the moment when a single smile of yours might have indemnified me for all the wrongs of fortune, all the treachery of friendship! As to Fraser, men are all alike—selfish by nature, habit, education. They are trained to baseness, and he is the wisest man who becomes earliest acquainted with suspicion. He is the happiest, who, scorning their hollow demonstrations of attachment, constrains every sympathy of his nature within the close imprisonment of a cold and unparticipating selfishness; but I'll be revenged. Fallen as I am—sunk—impoverished—despised as Lionel Luttrell may be, the perfidious shall yet be taught to know, that he will not be spurned with impunity, or trampled on without reprisal!"

At these words, some violence of gesture, accompanying the vehemence of my sentiment, interfered with the repose of Neptune, who was quietly sleeping at the bottom of the boat. The dog vented his impatience in a quick and angry growl. At that moment my irritation amounted almost to madness. "Right—right!" I exclaimed, "my very dog turns against me. He withdraws the mercenary attachment which my food had purchased, now that the sources which supplied it have become exhausted." I imputed to my dog the frailties of man, and hastened, in the wild suggestion of the instant, to take a severe and summary vengeance on his ingratitude. I drew forth a pistol from my breast, and ordered him to take to the water. I determined to shoot him as he was swimming, and then leave him there to die. Neptune hesitated in obeying me. He was scarcely aroused, perhaps he did not comprehend my command. My impatience would brook no delay. I was in no humour to be thwarted. Standing up in the boat, I proceeded, with a sudden effort of strength, to cast the dog into the river. My purpose failed—my balance was lost—and, in a moment of time, I found myself engaged in a desperate struggle for existence with the dark deep waters of the Thames. I cannot swim. Death—death in all its terrours—instantaneous, inevitable death, was the idea that pressed upon my mind, and occupied all its faculties. But poor Neptune required no solicitation. He no sooner witnessed the danger of his master, than he sprang forward to my rescue, and, sustaining my head above the water, swam stoutly away with me to the boat.

When once reseated there, as I looked upon my preserver shaking the water from his coat as composedly as if nothing extraordinary had happened, my conscience became penetrated with the bitterest feelings of remorse and shame Self judged, self corrected, self-condemned, I sat like a guilty wretch in the presence of that noble animal, who, having saved my life at the very moment I was meditating his destruction, seemed of too generous a nature to imagine, that the act he had performed exceeded the ordinary limits of his service, or deserved any special gratitude from his master. I felt as one who had in intention committed murder on his benefactor, and, as I slowly rowed towards the land, eloquent in the praise of the unconscious Neptune, the recollection of my perilous escape—the complete conviction of my having in one instance been mistaken in my anger—and, perhaps—most unromantick as it may sound—the physical operation of my cold bath, and my wet habiliments—all these causes united, operated so effectually to allay the fever of my irritated passions, that the agitation of my mind was soothed. Mine was now the spirit of one in sorrow, not in anger Humbled in mine own opinion, my indignation against Maria and John Fraser, for their cruel desertion of my distresses, was exchanged for a mingled sentiment of tenderness and forgiveness. On reaching the landing-place, I hastened to take possession of the first hackney-coach, and, calling Neptune into it, drove off to my lodgings in Conduit-street.

On arriving at my apartments, the first object that presented itself to my eye was a note from Maria. I knew the peculiar shape of the billet, before I was near enough to distinguish the handwriting. All the blood in my veins seemed to rush back towards my heart, and there to stand trembling at the seat of life and motion. I shook like a terrified infant. Who could divine the nature of the intelligence which that note contained? I held the paper some minutes in my hand before I could obtain sufficient command over myself to open it. That writing conveyed to me the sentence of my future destiny. Its purport was pregnant of the misery or happiness of my after life. At length, with a sudden, a desperate effort of resolution, I burst the seal asunder, and read:

"Dearest Lionel.—I did not write yesterday, because my aunt had most unexpectedly determined to return to town to-day. We left Brighton very early this morning, and are established at Thomas's Hotel. Come to us directly; or if this wicked theft of Mr. Drayton's—which, by-the-by, will compel us to have a smaller, a quieter, and therefore a *happier* home, than we otherwise should have had—compels you to be busy among law people, and occupies all your time this morning, pray come to dinner at seven—or if not to dinner, at all events you must contrive to be with us in Berkeley-Square some time this evening. My aunt desires her best love, and believe me, dearest Lionel, your ever affectionate, Maria."

And she was really true! This was by far the kindest, the tenderest note I had ever received. Maria was constant, and my wicked suspicions only were in fault. Oh, heavens! how much was I to blame! how severely did my folly deserve punishment!

The operations of the toilet are capable of incalculable extension or diminution. They can, under certain circumstances, be very rapidly despatched. In five minutes after the first reading of Maria's note I was descending the staircase, and prepared to obey her summons. My valet was standing with his hand on the lock of the street door, in readiness to expedite my departure, when the noise of rapidly approaching wheels was heard. A carriage stopped suddenly before the house—the rapper was loudly and violently beaten with a hurried hand—the street-door flew open—and John Fraser, in his dinner-dress of the last evening, pale with watching, and fatigue, and travel, and excitement, burst like an unexpected apparition upon my sight. He rushed towards me, seized my hand, and shaking it with the energy of an almost convulsive joy, exclaimed, "Well, Lionel, I was in time—I thought I should be. The fellows drove capitally—deused good horses too, or we should never have beat him."

"What do you mean? beat whom?"

"The rascal Drayton, to be sure. Did not they tell you I had got scent of the starting, and was off after him within an hour of his departure?"

"No, indeed, John, they never told me that."

"Well, never mind. I overtook him within five miles of Canterbury, and horsewhipped him within an inch of his life."

"And—and—the money!"

"Oh, I've lodged that at Coutts's. I thought it best to put that out of danger at once So I drove to the Strand, and deposited your eighty thousand pounds in a place of security, before I proceeded here to tell you that it was safe"

If I had been humbled and ashamed of myself before—if I had repented my disgusting suspicions on seeing Maria's note, this explanation of John Fraser's absence was very little calculated to restore me to my former happy state of self-approbation. Taking my friend by the arm, and calling Neptune, I said, "By and by, John, you shall be thanked as you ought to be for all your kindness; but you must first forgive me. I have been cruelly unjust to Maria, to you, and to poor old Neptune here. Come with me to Berkeley square. You shall there hear the confession of my past rashness and folly; and when my heart is once delivered from the burden of self-reproach that now oppresses it, there will be room for the expansion of those happier feelings, which your friendship and Maria's tenderness have everlastingly implanted there. Never again will I allow a suspicion to pollute my mind which is injurious to those I love. The world's a good world—the women are all true—the friends all faithful—and the dogs are all attached and stanch;—and if any individual, under any possible combination of circumstances, is ever, for a single instant, induced to conceive an opposite opinion, depend upon it, that the unhappy man is deluded by false appearances, and that a little inquiry would convince him of his mistake"

"I can't, for the life of me, understand, Lionel, what you are driving at."

"You will presently," I replied; and in the course of half an hour—seated on the sofa, with Maria on the side of me, with John Fraser on the other, and with Neptune lying at my feet—I had related the painful tale of my late follies and sufferings, and heard myself affectionately pitied and forgiven; and concluded, in the possession of unmingled happiness, the series of my day's reverses.

Handsome revenge.—The opera singers at Naples were formerly in great terrour of a certain Doctor Borsini, a morose critick, who dealt his severities on all sides in such a manner, that he had not a friend among them. It happened that the doctor, who possessed a fine bass voice, was obliged to appear on the stage himself, and he chose the part of Bartolo in the Barber of Seville. All Naples was in commotion; people came from a distance of twenty leagues, and bought tickets at any price, to see and hear the enemy of all singers, and take a full revenge on him. When Borsini appeared, he was received with a general uproar; this, however, did not discompose him, and he went through his grand air with such steadfast nerve and excellence, that his bitterest enemies were disarmed. The noises were changed into cheers and bravos, and the doctor acquired not only an excellent engagement, but a moral lesson by which it is to be hoped that his future life profited.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

Death of Nourrit.—A letter from Naples says:—"This great singer terminated his career by suicide, on the eighth of March, at Naples. The refusal of the Neapolitan censorship to permit the performance of *Polyeucte*, composed by Donizetti expressly for his *debut* in that city, preyed upon his mind; and his feelings, it is said, were wounded by humiliating demands made upon him by Barbaja, the manager of the theatre of San Carlo. On the evening of the seventh he appeared in the part of *Pollio*, in *Norma*, for the benefit of one of the performers. At the end of his duet with Signora Granchi, two or three hisses were heard, which were immediately drowned in loud acclamations of applause from every part of the house, and he was afterwards called for by the audience, but did not appear. On returning home he retired to his chamber, but continued to walk about till three in the morning. He then sat down and wrote his will and several letters, among which was one to his wife and another to M. Casimir Perier, after which he went out of the room. Madame Nourrit, alarmed at his absence, got up to seek him, and looking out at the window, saw with feelings which may be conceived but not described, the lifeless body lying in the court-yard below. He had thrown himself from the window, four stories from the ground. Nourrit's character as a vocalist is known to the whole musical world. As a man he was loved and respected by all who knew him; and his loss, in the vigour of life and full possession of his transcendent powers, will be universally regretted. The condition of poor Madame Nourrit inspired her friends with great anxiety for some time after the fatal event; she remained in a state of gloomy despair for twenty-four hours, and then, at the sight of some objects, which her husband had brought home the day before his decease, she burst for the first time into a violent paroxysm of tears, which gave her mind the relief it so much required. Inspired by her maternal affections, she retained sufficient presence of mind to assure her eldest daughter that her father was struck with apoplexy, and that she had sent for a physician. Two days ago Nourrit was visiting M. and Mme. Garcia, jun., and being requested to write or compose something *ex tempore*, he wrote the following:

"Si tu m'as fait à ton image,
O Dieu! Parotre de mon sort,
Donne moi le courage,
Ou donne moi la mort!
Mon âme, en proie à la souffrance,
Est tout près de succomber
Dans l'abîme où m'égare l'espérance
O! ne me laisse pas tomber!"

"He will be buried this evening. His wife wished to take his remains to France, but was deterred by being informed that the expense would be immense. She will, however, carry with her his heart, now cold and inanimate.

Theatres in Russia.—A letter from St. Petersburgh states that the emperour has just issued an ordonnance relative to the *personnel* of the imperial theatres, and containing the following provisions:—First. The artists of these theatres are divided into three classes, the first of which comprise the chief *employés* and the artists charged with the principal parts in every line, the directors, maitres de chapelle, and directors of the orchestra, the painters of decorations, the directors of the costumes, and the principal machinists. The second class is to comprise the actors entrusted with second and third-rate parts, the masters of the wardrobe, the painters, sculptors, and inferiour machinists, the leader, of the musical bureaux, and the fencing-masters. The third class is to comprise the chorists of the opera and the ballets, the figurants, chorus-singers, and their leaders, copyists, and hairdressers. Secondly.—The persons composing the first class, after ten years' service at the imperial theatres, are to have the rank of *employés* in the chancellery of the third class, and are to be eligible to civil employments. Thirdly.—The pupils of the imperial theatres are to have the same right, and are to be admissible to civil employments, but only after fifteen years' service. Should they quit the imperial theatres before that period they will be assimilated to the persons comprised in the second and third classes

Yorkshire humour.—An action was brought against the owner of a wagon, which, by the carelessness of the driver had crushed an unlucky donkey against a wall, and killed it. A learned sergeant, well known for his roughness of exclamation, was perplexing one of the witnesses, who found no other means of extricating himself than by giving a graphick description of the matter in question. "Well, my lord judge," said the hesitating clown, "I'll tell how it happened as weel as I can. My lord, suppose I am the wagon, here I was. Now, my lord judge, here you are, you are the wall." The deponent now paused as if trying to recollect his third position.—"Come, fellow," exclaimed the sergeant, out with your story at once. You have not told us where was the ass?" "My lord judge," exclaimed the witness, with a sudden sparkle in his eye, "his honour the counsel is the ass!" Of course the court was in a roar.

Female courtship in Rome.—The women of Rome know nothing of those restraints which delicacy, modesty, and virtue, impose upon the sex in northern Europe. A Roman lady, who takes a liking to a young foreigner, does not cast down her eyes when he looks at her, but fixes them upon him long and with evident pleasure; nay, she gazes at him alone whenever she meets him, in company, at church, at the theatre, or in her walks. She will say, without ceremony, to a friend of the young man: *Dite al che signor mi piace*—"Tell that gentleman I like him." If the man of her choice feels the like sentiments, and asks, *My volete bene?* "Are you fond of me?" she replies with the utmost frankness, *Si, caro*—"Yes, dear." In this simple and unembellished manner commence connexions which last for years, and which, when they are dissolved, plunge the men into despair. The Marquis Gatti lately shot himself, because, on his return from Paris, he found that his mistress had been false to him.

A new Don Juan.—We understand that a work, under the designation "Don Juan Junior," by Lord Byron's Ghost, is about to make its appearance. It purports to be a continuation of the plan and plot of Byron's celebrated poem: and, as the leading events and characters of the day are said to be scrutinized and shown up in its pages, the announcement has created an immense sensation among certain notorious characters, who have too much reason to fear that their misdeeds occupy a prominent place in its rhymes.

"Let us remove temptation from the path of youth," as the frog said when he plunged into the water, upon seeing a boy pick up a stone.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"Beauties of Daniel Webster." Second edition. New-York. Edward Walker.

THE selections for this little volume are made with taste and discrimination, and perhaps it contains the best extracts from the works of our great statesman, that could have been made consistently with its size. We nevertheless miss many passages, which to hear once is to be impressed with for ever. What, for instance, can exceed, in Shakspearian concentration of thought and felicity of expression, that magnificent allusion to the land of our fathers, where the orator speaks of the country, "whose morning drum beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the whole globe with one continued strain of the martial airs of England!" Could whole volumes convey more fully and powerfully an idea of the extent of British enterprise and dominion? Where, in the whole range of English poetry and eloquence, not excepting the bard of Avon himself, can you find so beautiful and true a compliment to England, conveyed with such terseness and sublimity?

"A Residence in the Sandwich Islands." By C. S. Stewart, U. S. N. Late Missionary at the Sandwich Islands. Fifth edition—enlarged. Including an introduction and notes by the Rev. William Ellis, from the last London edition. Boston. Weeks, Jordan and Co.

We hail with pleasure this neat and compact edition of a work which has deservedly claimed the attention of the christian community both of this country and in England. It contains the most thorough, elaborate and faithful description of the South Sea Islands, their physical and moral resources, that has ever been published. So extensively is the work already known, that we fear any extracts we might make would be but too familiar to our readers. We will therefore content ourselves with simply announcing the publication of a new and elegant edition, and with recommending it to the especial favour and confidence of the publick.

"Deerbrook," a novel by Harriet Martineau. Two volumes. New-York Harper and Brothers.

We are not among the admirers of this lady and her writings. She is so shockingly given to fibbing in her facts and to prosing in her fictions, that we never resort to her books except when every other method of inducing somnolency has failed. We have at least a dozen female writers in the United States superiour to Miss Martineau in talent and intellectual attainments, though unable to compete with her in mendacity, and a certain masculine presumption, which, however admirably calculated it may be to contribute to literary success, (we use the word in its mercantile sense,) does not accord harmoniously with the gentler attributes of the feminine character. "As for "Deerbrook," if we can summon resolution enough to read it, we will duly record our humble opinion of its merits.

"Sketches of United States Senators of the Session of 1837-8." By "A looker-on here in Verona." Washington: William M. Morrison. Pp. 67.

"A looker-on here in *Vienna*" would have been in stricter accordance with the letter of the quotation, if the author really intended to draw upon Shakspeare for his *sobriquet*. This little work embraces sketches, personal and descriptive, of Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Benton, Preston, Grundy, White, Southard, Wall, Wright, Crittenden, Buchanan, Tallmadge, Rives, and Allen. The writer does not appear to have been influenced by any political bias. He writes with evident impartiality—his style is graphick and vigorous—and we can readily believe that he has had ample opportunity for transferring the peculiar traits of the individuals described. As a favourable specimen of the work, we select the following passage in relation to Mr. Clay.

"Of Mr. Clay, as an orator, you can have no kind of idea, by reading his speeches. You are amazed when you peruse coolly in the papers, a day or two afterwards, what enchained your attention, and feasted your soul and your senses, midst the crowd and beauty at the capitol. I well remember the first time that I heard Mr. Clay. I was quite a child, and on a holiday afternoon wandered into the capitol. The columns and the pictures 'caught my youthful fancy.' Whilst there, Mr. Clay spoke, casually and briefly, upon the repair of the Cumberland road. I recollect it as if the occurrence was but of yesterday. The impression upon me by his voice and manner was indelible—that voice! how various, how commanding, how rich in volume, and in intonation! In the course of his remarks, he used this exclamation, "the West! the West!! the poor West!!!" I was actually awed! The painted dome above him elevated form repeated "the West, the West." He gave to the word *poor*, a most melancholy emphasis:—it was re-echoed with added dolefulness.

"Simple as this circumstance may seem, and long ago as it occurred, yet the musick, the magick, the tone and effect, with which that simple sentence was uttered, engraved it, with the form and manner of the speaker, for ever upon my memory, and

'It haunts me yet, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody.'

"The face of Mr. Clay is strongly indicative of mind and passion. His hair is light—unfrosted yet his forehead expanded—his nose large, broad, and Roman—his eyes blue, his cheek bones prominent, his complexion florid. His most remarkable feature, however, is the mouth, which expands almost from ear to ear, and is wonderfully expressive. It is very difficult, truly and fairly, to depict the character sticks of the mind of Mr. Clay. He possesses the utmost tact and readiness in debate. He is plain, practical, and convincing in argument, with ready wit and matchless declamation. Although fervid and vehement, yet Mr. Clay cannot be said to be imaginative. You find few of his expressions or paragraphs brilliant or striking enough for preservation. There seems but little poetry in his matter, and that little not always in the best taste, but appears, as it were, by accident, upon the surface of his earnest diction. His great power is passion—the basis of that passion a strong, commonsense conviction of the truth of what he utters. He drags his hearers along with him, as the locomotive brings on the attached cars—the steam within impels the first, and the latter must obey the propulsion. His mind appears surcharged with a force of conviction sufficient to hurry his whole audience irresistibly to his own conclusions."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Such a pile of unnoticed communications is before us, that we really shrink from the task of noticing them individually. "The Lament of the Dying Prophet," *is too good to reject, and yet too long to publish. The versification is excellent, and many of the thoughts are strikingly beautiful.*—"N. s" *review of* "Cleveley," *is a little too severe. Mrs. Bulwer is evidently a lady of talent, although by no means a practised and graceful writer. We know nothing of the merits of the dispute between her and her husband, and wonder how any one can think it a matter of sufficient interest to* "dilate upon."—*We like the proposition of* "an Artist," *in regard to the Allston collection of paintings now exhibiting in Boston, and hope that arrangements will be made to afford the New-York publick an opportunity of examining the productions of the greatest of living painters. We must respectfully decline the communications of* "Decius," "V. V.," "Sings," "L. N.," "Vincent," *and* "X. L. C."

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1839.

Macadam and asphaltum, wooden pavements and stone.—The changes which are taking place in our goodly city, are not confined exclusively to objects above-ground. The very pavements beneath our feet appear to be subjected to hebdomadal alterations and upturnings. The competition at present is between the Macadamites, the Asphaltumites, the Wooden-pavementites, and the advocates of the old fashioned paving-stones. That useful class of individuals, whose vocation it is to lay the dust in our crowded streets, *go in* with great unanimity for Macadam, whom they profess to think one of the greatest of great men, and a benefactor to the human race. The opthalmick doctors are of the same opinion; and a friend of ours, who manufactures glass eyes, speaks in terms of the warmest approbation of the invention of that "Colossus of roads." That Mr. Macadam has kicked up a great dust in his day, no one can be so ignorant as to deny; but that the thoroughfare of a populous city is the best place to test the utility of his invention admits of a question. We hope his ghost will not be so hard to lay as the dust, for which he is responsible. As for the new asphaltick pavement, it has been well said that it has renewed in our city the time that "tried men's soles." The organ of adhesiveness is most decidedly developed upon its front. Add to this, it is disapproved of by our good friend Major Noah, who tells us that the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah owed their destruction to the prevalence of asphaltum as an ingredient in their structure, so that when once ignited they burnt like barrels of tar. Notwithstanding this warning example, the *asphaltumites* are apparently *gaining ground* in our community. Two patches of sidewalk in Broadway already furnish specimens of the material; and in Beaver-street, near Delmonico's, a pavement half stone and half asphaltum has been recently constructed. This must have been the effect of a compromise between two of the factions, into which our population is divided. The successful result of the wooden pavement experiment appears to be doubted by many, but whether these sceptical persons have been bribed by the oculists and the water-sprinklers, or whether their opinions are sincere and disinterested, it is vain to inquire. The omnibus proprietors and drivers are, we believe, to a man, in favour of *blocking* up, or more properly, blocking down the streets—in other words, they are in favour of a wooden pavement, inasmuch as it would save their wheels and their horses' feet. But the wheelwrights, the carriage-makers, and the blacksmiths are equally opposed to all innovations, and give their entire preference to the regular old wheel-tearing, ear-splitting, head-breaking, rumbling and stumbling pavement of stone. We will for the present remain non-committal, neither espousing nor condemning any one of the different modes. In the meantime we shall watch with interest the *inroads* made on the *pavé* by all the various factions we have enumerated.

The theatres.—We remember as an event of yesterday the astonishment manifested by the New-York publick when Madame Hutin, the first *danseuse* of celebrity that ever appeared upon our boards, came bounding down to the gaslights on one foot, the other in the air, and dumbfounded the spectators by one of those remarkable twirls, which caused all the ladies in the house instantly to retire, and the *gentlemen* in the pit to ejaculate, "no mistake!" We were an unsophisticated people then. The subsequent importation of Celeste, Ronzi Vestris, Augusta and Lecompte, however, has enlightened our primitive understandings on this subject, and that which in former times was considered an objectionable performance, has become so fashionable that the publick would think us remiss in our duties if we neglected to say that Monsieur and Madame Taglioni, who are now at the Park theatre, are distinguished artists, who have come to us recommended for their professional worth and private excellence by Mr. Wheaton, our minister at the court of Prussia. Miss Ellen Tree, who is not more esteemed for her fine professional talents than for her many excellent qualities in private life, will commence her farewell engagement at the Park on Wednesday evening next. She will undoubtedly attract brilliant houses every night, for Miss Tree's friends are as numerous as the leaves of the forest. Mr. Wallack is expected to return in the Great Western, and to bring with him "novelties of a very peculiar character" for the National theatre, where opera has, for the last month, been the principal attraction; and this is no wonder, with Miss Shirreff, Mrs. Seguin, Mrs. Bailey, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Seguin, and Mr. Morley, to sustain the principal *roles*. By the way, we notice that some of the papers have been making ungallant contrasts between the performances of Miss Shirreff and those of Madame Malibran and Mrs. Wood. This is unfair. Miss Shirreff is a sweet singer, an excellent actress, and deservedly an universal favourite. Comparisons are odious, and there is no occasion for bringing her in juxta-position with any other vocalist. She has merit enough to stand alone, and will never be heard either upon the English or American stage without eliciting the warm commendation, which she has never failed to receive, and to which she is so justly entitled. Since the opening of the Bowery theatre one novelty has succeeded another with such rapidity, that we have been unable to chronicle them. Mrs. Shaw, ever a favourite elsewhere, is of course a favourite here. Her *Constance* is one of the most delightful things upon the stage, and the melodramas that have been produced, have owed much of their success to her fine and spirited acting. Since the rebuilding of this theatre, we have noticed one change for the better, which reflects credit upon Mr. Hamblin, for it is owing to his judicious management that it has been effected. There was a time when the following couplet, from the pen of one of our cleverest poets, was, perhaps, but too applicable.

"Throw not the pearl of Shakspeare's wit,
Before the swine of the Bowery pit."

But this is inappropriate now; for a more orderly audience than that which nightly fills the Bowery, cannot be assembled in any theatre in the country

Court scandal.—The Liverpool correspondent of the Evening Star is one of the pleasantest and most agreeable of newspaper letter-writers. The editor of that journal has a jewel in him. We rarely, by any chance, open an exchange paper, wherein we do not see his paragraphs either quoted or commented upon. His letters doubtless furnish a faithful compendium of all the floating gossip current in the metropolitan society of England, and this he conveys to the American publick, without being always answerable for its accuracy. The following in relation to the Queen is unquestionably untrue; but we give it as a specimen of the scandals to which even a young and innocent girl, occupying a royal station, is subjected:

"What has long been whispered in the higher circles has, at length, come to pass, that is, there has been a regular emeute between the Queen and her mother. In my next I may be able to communicate the full particulars, at present I shall merely state what is generally received and I may add regretted. You have been aware from previous letters of mine, that a decided coolness existed between Victoria and the Duchess of Kent. For five weeks they had no direct—no personal communication. The Duchess during that time never once dined with her royal daughter, but resided in her own apartments, which are in a wing of the palace most distant from those of the Queen. Once a day, a formal message passed between the two personages, and that was all. This was extremely unpleasant, and it much affected the spirits and visibly influenced the health of the Queen's mother. A fortnight ago, I told you that a sort of peace had been patched up, and that the Duchess of Kent was again invited, once or twice, to dine with her daughter. This hollow peace has been broken, and things are now worse than ever. An insult of a very slighting nature was put upon the Duchess of Kent by one of her daughter's most favoured and confidential attendants. On a representation of this, the Queen laughed at it. The complaint was renewed, and a very pettish and undaughterly reply was the result. This, too, was given before many witnesses—ladies of rank and fashion. The Duchess burst into tears, hastily said, "Did I make all my sacrifices *for this* return?" and the Queen turned to her piano and began to play an old English air called, "Pray, Goody, cease to moderate the rancour of your tongue!" This mode of conduct may be exceedingly *Queenly*, but it is not very *lady-like*. That such was the exact bearing of Victoria on this occasion, I fear there is no cause to doubt. The Duchess of Kent thus was forced to do what *she* wished to avoid. She sent for the Duke of Wellington—albeit her political views differ from his—and placed in his hands a written statement of her case. In this, she demanded a dismissal of the lady in the royal household who had insulted her. The Queen placed *her* case in the hands of—*Lord Melbourne!* The umpires met, but the Queen would not concede the point that her attendant should be dismissed or even reprimanded. At last, the demand being a *sine qua non* with the Duke of Wellington, on the part of the Duchess, the Queen requested to see him, or rather walked into the room where he and Lord Melbourne were discussing the matter. "My Lord Duke," she is reported to have said, "*if my house has become an unpleasant habitation to the Duchess of Kent, she can leave it!*" The Duke did not trust himself to make a reply, and here rests the matter. If this be not a turn-out worthy the filial piety of a Tarquina, then I know not what is! Several things of recent occurrence show that our young Queen, in a very unwomanly way, is resolved to have her own way. She has taken some dislike to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and, to vex him, invited him to dine. Well, he went, and instead of giving him the *pas* at table, as the first church dignitary in the empire, (*She* being "Head of the Church" and "Fidei Defensor,") he was allowed to remain in the drawing-room with the pages, and actually to be the last to enter the dining-room, where, all other seats being appropriated, he had only Hobson's choice, and took his between two equerries, his place of right being next the Queen! Another instance is this: the Hon. Matilda Paget is one of the Queen's maids of honour, grand-daughter to the Marquis of Anglesea, and of as high blood very nearly as the Queen herself. Well, she was one day late in waiting on the Queen, and her Majesty very sulkily remarked it, handing her a watch, saying, "Wear that, Miss Paget, and see if it will make you punctual." It was the *manner* of the gift that made it an insult. Again, Miss Pitt (another maid of honour) was so "shocking vulgar" as to play with a locket while speaking to the Queen. Her Majesty said, "I hate the manners of a chambermaid with the dress of a lady. Pray, Miss Pitt, take off that locket, find better employment for your fingers than fiddling with them, and remain in your room until I send for you." Miss Pitt burst into tears and left the apartment. Miss Spring Rice addressed herself to the Queen, and endeavoured to extenuate the offence of her friend. The haughty answer was, "I think, Miss Rice, *you* had better stay in *your* room until I want you, which will not be very soon!" All this shows "the rose and fair expectancy of the state" in an unfavourable light. Yet I have not written down a tithe of the anecdotes in currency which go to show the same. They go to prove *why* her maids of honour are continually resigning unenviable offices."

Ballston and Saratoga.—A new spring has been discovered at Ballston, similar in properties to the famous Washington spring, which failed some years since. It is said also to be impregnated with iodine, a valuable ingredient in the case of many complaints.

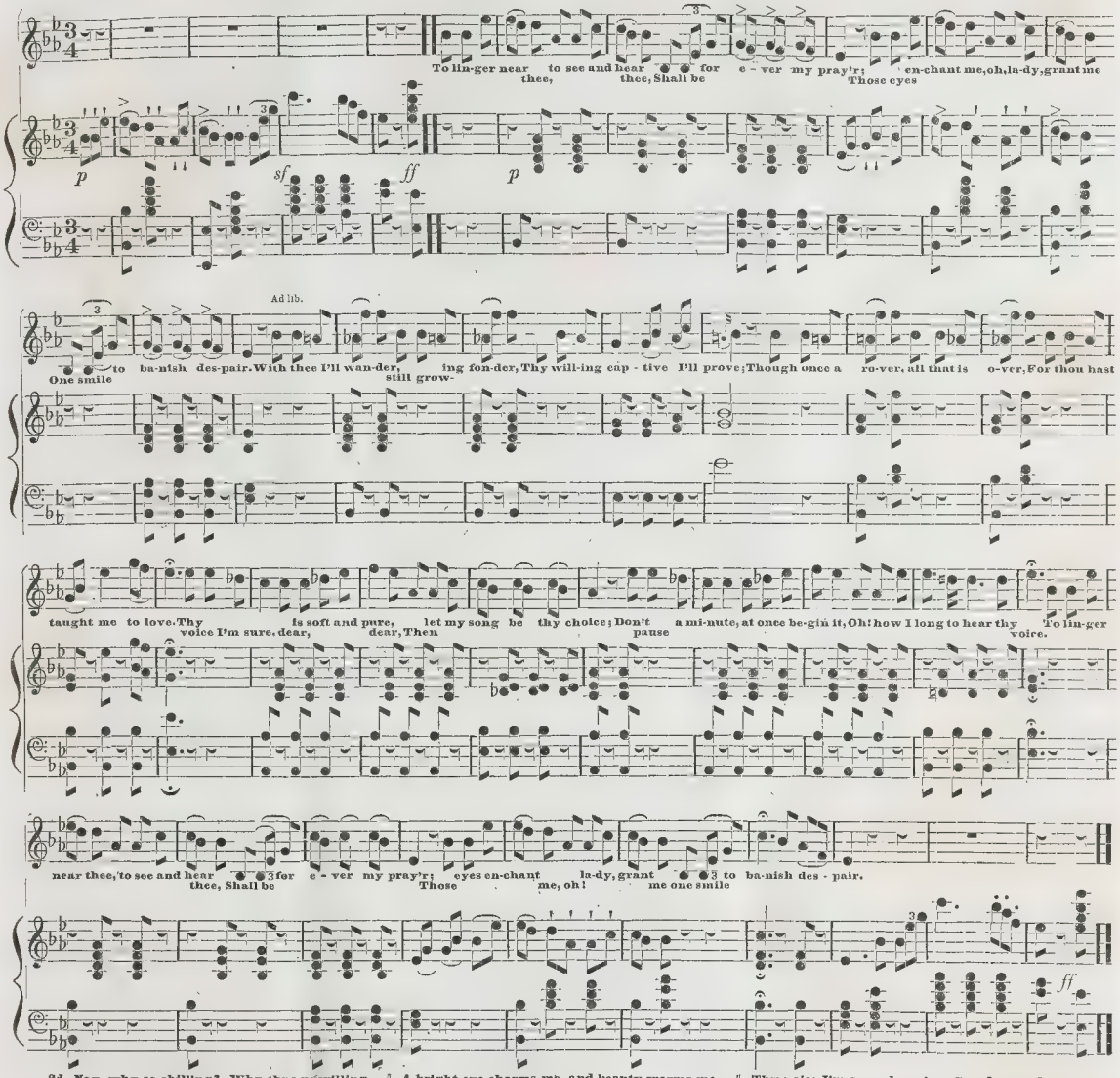
Pianofortes.—It is estimated that upwards of one thousand pianofortes are manufactured annually in the United States!

A singular allowance.—A gentleman of our acquaintance allows his wife a thousand dollars a year to *keep out of Broadway*.

TO LINGER NEAR THEE.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS H. BAYLY—AND ADAPTED TO THE CELEBRATED LAST WALTZ OF C. M. VON WEBER.

The following is the very popular song introduced by Mr. Charles Mathews in Bayly's favourite afterpiece of "One Hour, or the Carnival Ball." Our fair readers will find that it is admirably adapted to Von Weber's celebrated and familiar melody.



2d—Nay, why so chilling? Why thus unwilling
To give me pleasure? Dearest sing;
Content I'll stay, dear, the livelong day, dear,
Take my guitar and touch the string;

A bright eye charms me, and beauty warms me,
These without musick weary seem;
Venus to me, love, a fright would be, love,
If I heard her sing out of tune.

Thy voice I'm sure, dear, is soft and pure, dear,
Then let my song be thy choice—
Don't pause a minute, at once begin it—
Oh! how I long to hear thy voice. To linger, etc.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

A CLINCHER.—Two gentlemen walking together were talking of the senses, seeing, feeling and the like. One remarked that his sense of hearing was remarkable for its acuteness, while the other was not wonderfully endowed in this respect, but observed that his vision was wonderful. "Now, to illustrate," said he, "I can see a fly on the spire of yonder church." The other, looking sharply at the place indicated—"Ah!" said he, "I can't see him, but I can hear him step!"

OLD, BUT TRUE.—Political editors, who are expected by their respective patrons to blacken each other's characters as much as possible, are generally on good terms, personally; while musicians and singers, who are expected to be all harmony and concord, generally cherish the bitterest jealousy and enmity towards each other.

PHYSICAL FORCE.—A young man, a lecturer upon universal suffrage, holding forth in a room in a certain village, and while expiating on moral and physical force, was asked by one of the auditory, a conservative, what was the meaning of physical force, upon which the lecturer lifted up one of the candlesticks and knocked him down, saying, "That was physical force, sir!" This had nearly caused a row, but moral force prevailed, and it was quashed.

A CUTTING REPLY.—A charitable divine, for the benefit of the country where he resided, commenced a large causeway, and as he was one day overlooking the work, a certain nobleman passed by—"Well, doctor," said he, "notwithstanding your pains and charity, I don't take this to be the highway to heaven." "Very true, my lord," replied the doctor, "for if it had, I should have wondered to meet your lordship here."

THE SELFISH MAN.—Colorden, when on his death-bed, was visited by his friend Barthe, who requested his opinion of his comedy of the Selfish Man, which he came to read at his bed-side.—"You may add an excellent trait to the character of your principal personage," replied Colorden; "say that he obliged an old friend on the eve of death to hear him read a five act comedy."

VARIETY.—"Custom cannot stale his infinite variety." Over the stall of a publick writer in la rue du Bac, at Paris, is the following inscription: "M. Renard, publick writer, advising compiler, translates the tongues, explains the language of flowers, and sells fried potatoes."

THE BEGINNING AND THE END.—It has been said of William III., that he commenced his reign by kicking his father-in-law from the throne, and ended it by breaking his own neck. The first act would be considered a very good one, were it not eclipsed by the last.

CLIMAX.—A lecturer on the history of chemistry, thus described the celebrated Mr. Boyle: "He was a great man, a very great man, he was the father of modern chemistry, and the brother of the earl of Cork."

THE LAST EXCUSE.—A Massachusetts paper mentions the case of a chap who had some excuse to give for every glass of liquor he took. His last was, "Give me a brandy toddy; I'm *going* to have fish for dinner."

AFFECTIONATE CHILDREN.—We knew a blind man who had fourteen children, and yet was under the necessity of hiring a lad to lead him about the streets.

THE TRANSCRIPT.—This is one of the oldest of the penny papers. It has passed through various hands, and at times has been conducted with unusual ability. It has recently undergone another change, and is now under the editorial direction of Mr. Lomas, who possesses the requisite degree of tact, talent and industry, to render such a paper interesting, and every way worthy of support

Published every Saturday, at No. 1 Barclay-street, next to the corner of Broadway. Terms, FIVE DOLLARS per annum, payable, in all cases, in advance. All letters must be post-paid, and directed to the editor.

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VOLUME SIXTEEN. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1839. NUMBER FIFTY.

A SUMMER NOON AT SEA.

A holy stillness, beautiful and deep,
Reigns in the air and broods upon the ocean;
The worn-out winds are quieted to sleep,
And not a wave is lifted into motion.

The fleecy clouds hang on the soft blue sky,
Into fantastick shapes of brilliance moulded,
Pillowed on one another broad and high,
With the sun's dazzling tresses interfolded.

The sea-bird skims along the glassy tide,
With sidelong flight and wing of glancing whiteness,
Or floats upon the sea, outstretching wide,
A sheet of gold in the meridian brightness.

Our vessel lies, unstirred by wave or blast—
As she were moored to her dark anadow, seeming—
Her pennon twined around the tapering mast,
And her droop'd sails like marble drapery gleaming.

How at an hour like this the unruffled mind
Partakes the quiet that is shed around us!
As if the Power that chained the impatient wind
With the same soothing influence had bound us! E. S.

NAUTICAL SKETCHES.

SCENE WITH A PIRATE.

In the month of July, 1813, I was on my way from New-York to the island of Curaçoa, on board the American ship Patrick Henry, commanded by Captain Tuttle. We had had a fine passage, and were looking forward to the end of our voyage in about a week. I was the only passenger, and of course was thrown in a great measure on my own resources for amusement, the chief of which was testing the powers of an admirable glass of London manufacture upon every vessel that showed itself above the horizon. Our captain was kind and civil, but there appeared a mystery about him that he did not like to be pried into, and our communication had in consequence been reserved.

In about latitude twenty degrees, and longitude sixty degrees fifteen minutes, we were running along with a fine fresh breeze abeam, and all our weather studding-sails set. I was sitting alone in the cabin, ruminating upon the changes of scene and society into which I had been forced so contrary to my inclinations, and wondering whether the happiness of a quiet and domestick life was ever to fall to my lot, when the captain came down and told me that, as I was so fond of using my glass, there was a vessel just appearing on the horizon to windward, and that I might go and see what she was, for he could not make her out at all. I went on deck, and mounted into the maintop, and began my scrutiny. "Well, what is she?" asked the captain from the deck. "I can hardly make her out, but I think she is a schooner." "Ay—what's her course?" "Southwest by south, I think; about the same as ourselves." I remained in the top for a few minutes, and continued looking at the stranger. "She seems fonder of the sea than I am," I continued, "for she might have her topsails and top-gallants, and studding-sails to boot, all set, instead of slipping along under her lower sails." The captain made no answer, but was looking hard at her with his eye. I now perceived through my glass a white speck above her foresail, flap, flapping against the mast. "Well, she must have heard me, for there goes her fore-topsail." The captain now went to the compan on for his glass, and after looking attentively at her for a short time, "What's that?" he asked; "is that her square-sail she's setting? I can't very well see from the deck." I looked again: "Yes, 'tis her square-sail; as I'm alive, she's changed her course, and is bearing down upon us." But by this time the captain had mounted the rigging, and was standing beside me; he was eyeing the distant vessel keenly. After having apparently satisfied himself, he asked me to go with him to the cabin, as he wished to talk with me alone. We descended to the deck, and I followed him to the cabin. He motioned me to take a seat, and after carefully shutting the door, "I rather expect," said he, "that fellow's a pirate." "Pirate?" I asked in alarm. "Yes, I say pirate, and I'll tell you why. In the first place, you see, he'd no business to be sneaking along in that do little sort of a way, as when we first saw him; who ever, that had any honest business to do, would allow such a fine breeze to go by without showing more canvass than a powder-monkey's old breeches to catch it? Next, you see, what the mischief has he to do with us, that, as soon as he clapped eyes on us, he must alter his course, and be so anxious to get out his square-sail? Again, he looks just like one of those imps of mischief, with his low black hull and tall raking masts. But it's no use talking; I tell you he's a pirate, and that's as true as my name's Isaac Tuttle. And now the only thing is, what shall we do? The Patrick Henry ain't a Baltimore clipper, and that 'ere fellow will walk up to us like nothing. But I'll tell you what strikes me: If we let them rascals aboard, it's most likely we'll all walk the plank; so we'd better try to keep 'em out. We h'aint got but an old rusty carronade and two six-pounders, and I don't believe there's a ball on board, we came off in such a hurry. Then, there's two muskets and an old regulation rifle down in my state-room; but they h'aint been fired I don't know when, and I'd as lief stand afore 'em as behind 'em. But our ship's as handsome a looking craft as you'll see; and couldn't we look wicked-like now, and try to frighten that cut-throat-looking rascal?"

I confess I was at first startled at the captain's opinion of the strange sail, and his reasoning left me hardly a hope that his judgment was not correct; but his cool and collected manner impressed me with confidence in his management, and I told him he knew best what we should do, and I would second him as I best could. He walked up and down the cabin twice; then rubbing his hands together as if pleased with his own idea, "I have it," he cried; "I'll just go on deck to put things in order, and in the meantime you'd better amuse yourself looking out your pistols, if you have any; for if he wont be content with a look at us, we'll have to fight."

I hurriedly took my fowling-piece and pistols from their cases, for I fortunately had both; and though I somehow refused to allow myself to believe there would be any occasion for their use, yet I loaded them all with ball; and in each of the pistols put a brace; this done, I went on deck, where I found the captain surrounded by his crew, telling them his suspicions, and his plan of action. "But," said he, "maybe we'll have to fight; if them villains have a mind to try us, they'll send a boat on board, and I want to know if you'll help me to keep 'em off. You see it's most likely they'll make you walk the plank, whether you fight or not, if they get on board; and I calculate, if you do just as I tell you, we'll frighten 'em." There was a hearty "Ay, ay, sir," to this short and pithy harangue. "Thankee, thankee, boys," said the captain; "now we'll not show another stitch of canvass, but seem to take no more notice of that fellow than if we didn't see him; and if he does try to come aboard, then we'll show 'em what we can do."

Our captain was about fifty years old, rather short and stout, but muscular; his face was bronzed with time and tempest, and his locks, which had once been black, were grizzled by the same causes. He was an old sailor and a stanch republican; and as some of his men told tales of fight in which their captain had borne a part, I presumed he had served, when a young man, in the navies of the States.

The crew were busy, in obedience to his orders, cutting up a spare foretop-gallant-mast into logs of about four feet long; these were immediately painted black, with a round spot in the centre of one end, so as to bear a tolerable resemblance to pieces of cannon, and, with two old six-pounders, were placed, one at each port, on our deck, five on a side; but the ports were to be kept closed until the captain gave the order to open them, then they were to be raised as quickly as possible, and the logs thrust out about a foot. A platform was then made on the top of the long-boat, which was fixed between the fore and main masts, and the carronade, or fourteen-pounder, was hoisted up. These things being arranged, the captain went below, and the crew mustered in knots, to wonder and talk of what was to be done.

In the meantime, we had been standing on our course, and had not shifted or hoisted a single sail, but were as if perfectly regardless of the schooner. Not so with her, however; for besides a large square-sail and square-topsail on the foremast, she had run out small fore-topmast studding-sails, and onward she came, right before a pretty smart breeze, yawing from side to side, at one moment sinking stern foremost into the trough of the sea, as an enormous wave rolled out from under her, and at the next forced headlong onwards by its successor, while a broad white sheet of foam spread out around her, giving beautiful relief to the jet-black colour of her hull, testifying how rapidly she was going through the water. I could not help thinking of the captain's expression, for she certainly did "walk up to us like nothin'," and as there appeared to be not much time to lose, I went down to the cabin to assume my weapons. The captain was there arranging some papers, and a bottle was before him, into which he had put a letter. "May be," said he, "something 'll happen to me; for if them 'ere bloody pirates wont be cheated, I will be the first to suffer; and natural enough too, for all the mischief they'll suffer will be by my orders, just because I didn't like to be overhauled like an old tarpaulin by every rascal who chooses to say heave to, in the high seas. But never mind; only, should you escape, just drop the bottle and letter overboard, if you think you can't deliver it yourself."

Now, I had never seriously considered the probability that I might also be killed in an approaching melée, for I thought that the captain intended to throw open his ports and show his sham guns, and that, of course, the schooner would take fright. But when he began to talk about death in such a serious strain, I began to feel very uncomfortable; and not being naturally a warrior, I wished myself anywhere else than on board the Patrick Henry. There I was, however, without a chance of escape; and I suggested to the captain that it would be as well for me to put a letter into the bottle also, in case of any accident to both of us, which was agreed to; and we arranged that if either survived and had the opportunity, the letter of the unfortunate should be safely forwarded to its destination. After this little piece of preparation, the captain took me by the hand. "'Tis well," said he; "are you willing to share with me the post of danger? Do not suppose I am unaccustomed to the perils of a sea-fight; no, young man; I've supported the glory of the thirteen stripes in many a gallant action, and have witnessed the death of those honoured and esteemed as the sons of liberty. Yet they were fighting for their country, and it was their duty to hold their lives cheap; but you are a passenger, and should be under my protection—yet I ask you to share my danger. I wish some one to stand by me on the platform, and help me to manage the swivel. Hands are scarce, and I don't know where else to place you." The hardy fellow's eyes glistened as he made the proposal, to which I, of course, instantly agreed. "Thankee, thankee," he replied, and relapsed into his former character. 'Twas strange; he had always appeared on board his vessel as a common Yankee captain, with little to say, and with a rough uncouth manner but little removed from his men. Yet he at once, though evidently inadvertently, assumed the air and manner of a polished gentleman; and it certainly struck me that the latter character appeared more natural in him than the former. There was evidently a mystery about him, and I determined to find it out when more opportune circumstances should occur.

We went on deck, and the men were still hanging about waiting for the orders of the captain to make them start. These were soon given. The cooper and the carpenter were ordered to bring up all hatchets and other offensive and defensive weapons, and with the muskets and rifle they were distributed among the crew, who received their orders to use them in repelling any attempt to board.

The schooner had now come down within half a mile of us, when she suddenly took down her square-sail, and hauled her wind, to have a look at us. I dare say she did not know what to make of our seeming indifference. Presently a cloud of smoke burst from her side, and a ball came skipping over the water, and passed astern of us. "I thought so," said the captain; "now, lads, show her our stripes." A ball of bunting flew up to the end of our mizen peak, rested an instant, and fluttered out into the American ensign. The smoke drifted away from the schooner, and she ran up at her gaff the ensign of the Columbian republick. "That's 'ternally the way with them blackguards; they're always making a fool of some republick." Scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when another column of smoke burst from the schooner, and another ball came skip—skipping along towards us, but, catching a swell, it plunged in, and we saw no more of it. "That fellow now, I take it, is a good shot, so we'll not wait for another. Clue up the mainsail, boys; haul aft the weather main-braces; clue up the foresail; luff her, man, luff her a little more—steady," burst from our captain's mouth: the orders were obeyed with the quickness of a well-disciplined crew, and our ship was hove to. "Now, my lads, take your stations, four to each port on the weather side, but do nothin' till I tell ye." The men took their stations, as directed, round each log on the weather side, and I followed the captain to the platform where our carronade was mounted. It was loaded to the muzzle with bits of iron, musket-balls, lumps of lead, and various other missiles, for the captain had conjectured truly—there were no balls on board. The schooner hove to, and a boat was lowered, and crowded with men. It approached rapidly, pulled by eight rowers. The muzzle of our carronade was depressed as much as possible, and made to bear on the water about fifty yards from the ship. The captain stood with his speaking-trumpet in one hand, and a handspike, with which he shifted the position of the gun as required, in the other. The schooner's boat approached, and was pulling rapidly to get alongside. "Now, sir, keep steady, and obey my orders coolly," said the captain, in an under tone "Boy, fetch the iron that's heating in the galley—run." The boy ran, and returned with the iron rod heated at one end, which was handed to me. "When I tell you to fire, fire, as you value your life and those on board." The captain now put his speaking-trumpet to his mouth, and hailed the boat, which was within a hundred yards of us. "Stop—no nearer, or I'll blow you all out of the water—keep off, keep off, or, I say, I'll——" At that instant the man at the bows of the boat, who appeared to take the command, gave an order, and a volley from several muskets was fired at us. I heard the balls hit about me, and turned to look for the captain to receive my order to fire. He was on one knee behind the cannon, and holding it by the breech. "Why, captain! what's the matter? are you hit?" He rallied. "Nothing—they're coming." He gave another hoist to the gun, cast his eye hurriedly along its barrel—"*Fire*, and be quick!" I needed not a second bidding, for the boat was close alongside. The smoke burst from the touch hole with a hiss, and for an instant I thought the gun had missed fire, but in the next it exploded with a tremendous report, that deafened me. "Throw open your ports, boys, and show them your teeth," roared the captain through his trumpet, and his voice sounded hideously unnatural. In an instant every port was up, and our guns protruded their muzzles. I had fancied that I heard a crash, followed by wild screams, immediately upon the discharge of the cannon; but the report had deafened me; and the smoke, which was driven back in my face, had so shrouded me, that I could not see; the unearthly shout of the captain had also for the moment driven the idea from my mind, and I now grasped my gun to repel boarders. But my hearing had not deceived me; for, as the smoke was borne away to leeward, the whole scene of destruction burst upon my sight. The cannon had been most truly pointed, and its contents had shivered the hapless boat, killing or wounding almost every person in her. The longest lifetime will hardly efface that scene from my mind. The stern of the boat had been carried completely away, and it was sinking by the weight of the human beings that clung to it. As it gradually disappeared, the miserable wretches straggled forward to the bows, and with horrid screams and imprecations battled for a moment for what little support it might yield. The dead and the dying were floating and splashing around them, while a deep crimson tinge marked how fatal had been that discharge. Ropes were thrown over, and everthing done to save those that were not destroyed by the cannon-shot, but only three out of the boat's crew of twenty-four were saved; the greater part went down with the boat to which they clung.

The whole scene of destruction did not last ten minutes, and all was again quiet. The bodies of those who had been shot did not sink, but were driven by the wind and sea against the side of the ship. From some the blood was gently oozing, and floating around them; others, stiff in the convulsion in which they had died, were grinning or frowning with horrible expression. One body, strong

and muscular, with neat white trousers, and a leathern girdle in which were stuck two pistols, floated by, but the face was gone; some merciless ball had so disfigured him, that all trace of human expression was destroyed. He was the pirate captain.

But where was the schooner? She lay for a few minutes after the destruction of her boat; and whether alarmed at our appearance, or horrified at the loss of so many of her men, I know not, but she slipped her foresail, and stood away as close to the wind as possible. We saw no more of her.

The excitement of the scenes we had just passed through, prevented our missing the captain; but so soon as the schooner bore away, all naturally expected his voice to give some order for getting again under weigh. But no order came. Where was he? The musket discharge from the boat, with the unearthly voice that conveyed the orders for the ports to be thrown open, flashed across my mind. I ran to the platform. The captain was there lying on his face beside the gun that he had pointed with such deadly effect He still grasped the speaking-trumpet in his hand, and I shuddered as I beheld its mouth-piece covered with blood. "The captain's killed!" I cried, and stooped to raise him. "I believe I am," said he; "take me to the cabin." A dozen ready hands were stretched to receive him, and he was taken below, and carefully laid on a sofa. "Ay," he said, "I heard the crash; my ear knows too well the crash of shot against a plank to be mistaken, and my eye has pointed too many guns to miss its mark easily now. But, tell me, is any one else hurt?" "No, thank heaven," I said; "and I hope you are not so badly hit." "Bad enough. But cut open my waistcoat—'tis here." A mouthful of blood stopped his utterance, but he pointed to his right side. I wiped his mouth, and we cut off his waistcoast as gently as possible. There was no blood; but on removing his shirt, we discovered, about three inches on the right of the pit of the stomach, a discoloured spot, about the size of half-a-crown, darkening towards its centre, where there was a small wound. A musket ball had struck him, and from there being no outward bleeding, I feared the worst. We dressed the wound as well as circumstances would permit; but externally it was trifling—the fatal wound was within. The unfortunate sufferer motioned for all to leave him but me; and calling me to his side, "I feel," said he, "that I am dying; the letter—promise me that you will get it forwarded—'tis to my poor widow. Well, I've tempted this death often and escaped, and 'tis hard to be struck by a villain's hand. But God's will be done." I promised that I would personally deliver the letter, for that I intended returning to New-York from Curacoa. "Thank you truly," said the dying man; "you will then see my Helen and my child, and can tell them that their unfortunate husband and father died thinking of them. This ship and cargo are mine, and will belong to my family. Stranger, I was not always what I now seem. But I could not bear that the Yankee skipper should be known as he who once——" A sudden flow of blood prevented his finishing the sentence. I tried to relieve him by a change of posture, but in vain; he muttered some incoherent sentences, by which his mind seemed to dwell upon former scenes of battle for the republick, and of undeserved treatment. He rallied for one instant, and, with a blessing for his family, and the name of Helen on his lips, he ceased to breathe.

The body of our unfortunate captain was next day committed to the waves, amidst the tears of us all. Our voyage was prosecuted to an end without further interruption. I did not forget the wishes of the dying man; how faithfully I fulfilled them, and how I have been rewarded, or how satisfactory to me was the previous history of the poor captain, need not be told. Suffice it to say, that I am settled in Elm Cottage, Bloomingdale, and am the happiest son-in-law, husband, and father, in the United States.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

A LAST DAY IN OFFICE.

"The late ministry held their last meeting at the Hotel of Foreign Affairs, and, in retiring, those gentlemen have not been unmindful of themselves or their friends."—*Private correspondence of the "Times," relative to the French ministry.*

In a noble hotel in Paris, a man of striking appearance, though considerably past the middle age, was seated in a small room, busily employed in sorting papers, which he drew from a box placed near the fire by his side. Some of these he committed to the flames, whilst others he arranged on the table, according to the nature of their contents The person thus employed was Comte M——, and of the ministers of the French government. He continued at his task for some time uninterruptedly, until at last, as if wearied, he leant back, and for a few minutes appeared lost in abstraction: the few words which he uttered, as if unconsciously, showed in what direction his thoughts had been turned. "It is vain to struggle," he said: "the whole plan of government must be changed. The elections are going against us, and the publick will must not be slighted. How, then, should I act at such a conjuncture? Shall I still hold fast to power, supported by my royal master? or, yielding in time to the swelling tide of popular discontent, shall I point out to him how he should steer his course amidst these troubled waters? The latter part is the safest and the most honest, and the one I must in all probability adopt. A descent from power is always, in some degree, humiliating; but it may be invested with dignity in the eyes of the world. Let me, at all events, prepare for the worst. Wisely did the great Pitt observe, that 'it was the part of a fool to retire from office without bearing away the means of re-entering it.' Let me not commit so foolish a mistake."

He again betook himself to his work, burning such papers as might be useful to his successor, and retaining all which could at a future day disturb the new ministry, and enable him to again enter on power He had nearly concluded his anxious task, when a knock was heard at the door. The comte gave the word to enter, and his private secretary appeared with a huge pile of opened letters, which he placed on the table.

"The elections are even more against you, my lord, than you anticipated. Your majority cannot by possibility be more than twenty, even supposing that the contests which are still pending should be as favourable to the government as your lordship could possibly hope. In this *résumé* of the intelligence received up to the last hour," and he placed before the comte a sheet of paper closely covered with writing and figures, "you will see the actual state of the chamber, and you may form a conjecture as to your future proceedings."

"And what would you advise me, Théodore?" said the comte, carelessly, without raising his head from the paper he was examining.—"My lord," said the young man, the colour mounting to his cheek, "since your lordship condescends so far as to allow me to speak—me, whom your bounty has made what I am—I should err against my duty and my conscience, did I not deal with you candidly. My lord, the only honourable course before you is to resign. The steerage of the state vessel is now too severe a task for even your practised hand. The political horizon forebodes a storm, and shipwreck will probably await those who compose her crew. To resign now, is to retreat with honour; and a skilful retreat has always been considered as great an achievement as a dearly-bought victory. My lord, I would seriously recommend you to resign."

"My young friend," said the minister, kindly, "such was my intention. I only asked your opinion, to find another proof of your attachment to myself, even though at the expense of your personal interest. But you shall not lose by your frankness. The falling minister is still in power."

He then tied the several packets of papers separately, and labelled them carefully. He placed them in the box from whence they had been taken, and having doubly locked it with a small key which hung round his neck, he told the young secretary to attend him at dinner the next day without fail, and then left the room. He proceeded at once to the *boudoir* of his wife—"It is finished, *ma chère amie!*" was his address to her. "In another day I shall cease to be minister." The comtesse uttered an exclamation of alarm. "There is no need of inquieting yourself," pursued he; "the present moment admits of a safe retreat. The delay of a few weeks might render such a course impossible. But we have much to console us. Power is attended with so much anxiety, that we should congratulate ourselves on being able to leave it. Besides, we are rich and highly respected. The name of *ancien ministre* will always adhere to me, and I shall have the honour of being a privy councillor. Beside, if we desire it, I can again enter the ministry. Men of political experience are so rare, that application must at some time or other be again made to me to return to power. As to your own feelings in retiring to private life, you will have but little need to place any constraint on yourself, as this is the last night you will have to receive the visit of your acquaintance: and as my intended resignation is more than suspected, your *salons* will be deserted this evening. I remember once, when Talleyrand was disgraced, many years ago, I met him as he came forth from the king's closet. He passed on, his features immoveable, as they always were. I, however, knew of his disgrace, and I stared at him without offering him the slightest salute. He ought to have formed a high opinion of me."

"A mean one you mean, I suppose," said the comtesse, "at thus neglecting him in his hour of trial."

"No; a high one. He at once must have thought me as one brought up in a good school. To salute a fallen minister is a piece of political folly, altogether ridiculous; and I am quite convinced, that, had I made Talleyrand the smallest civility, he would have despised me. The same will occur to-night: no person will throw away their time and their politeness on us. Your *salons* will be deserted."

But the minister was mistaken: his experience was at fault on this point. On the mountains of Switzerland, or on the shores of the Mediterranean, travellers hurry forth to behold the setting sun, but when once it has sunk below the horizon, they deem it unnecessary to tarry longer. Thus it is with the decline of power: men feel anxious to witness the expiring rays of the political luminary, in whose mid-day beams they experienced emotions of pleasure or fear; and hence the comtesse's room had never been so thronged The comte was overcome with surprise: he was overwhelmed with civilities, and he almost fancied that some unexpected circumstance had arisen to retain him in place. Thirty private audiences were demanded for the morrow, and he granted them all with the grace so easy to those who have been accustomed to dispense favours.

On the morrow the crowd of solicitors filled the ante-chamber of the comte. His intended resignation had already become publick, and the papers of the morning announced plainly that he had but one day more of his political existence to spend. The gentlemen of the chamber first introduced the proprietor and one of the editors of a ministerial paper.

"Monsieur le Ministre," said the proprietor, "we have always been your firm supporters whilst you were in power, and we have now come to place our journal at your disposal, to assist you to reassume a post which no other can fill so worthily."

"So much zeal and devotedness touch me nearly, gentlemen, and I only wish I could prove to you how keenly I feel your generous endeavours to serve me."

"If your excellency is disposed to do something to serve your most devoted friends, you can easily have the opportunity. I have for the last week been soliciting the permission to open a concert-room with certain privileges. If your lordship would only sign your name. . . . "

"My dear sir, give me the petition."

The minister placed on the margin the fortunate word *Accordé:* and then turned to the editor:

"And you, Monsieur, have you not also something to demand? I have not forgotten your powerful articles: you have given proofs of great facility of style, a never-erring tact, and great power of logical reasoning: you are sure to advance. You have nothing at your button-hole. Will you allow me to present you with the Cross? Take mine—it will be honoured by reclining on so talented a breast."

"I accept it, Monsieur le Ministre, with gratitude. But I confess that I did intend to solicit another mark of your kindness."

"Speak, sir. Rely on my desire to serve you."

"I am anxious to be appointed to some literary mission."

"Nothing is more easy, and the cross shall be yours also. Where do you desire to go?"

"Wherever your excellency shall think fit."

"Let me see! I shall not speak of France, that is not worth your while. Italy? It has got quite common lately. What would you think of England?"

"I have already been to London and Edinburgh."

"Spain?"

"The country is not over and above safe."

"Germany? . . . . But no: I have already sent seven or eight writers there, and they have brought nothing back. What do you say to Russia?"

"It would suit me exactly."

"Well, then, Russia let it be, with a grant of twelve thousand francs to bear your expenses. The ordonnance shall be got ready by to-morrow morning."

The two journalists took their leave, and a young painter entered, bearing a splendidly-bound album.

"My lord, I bring the album of Madame la Comtesse," said the artist. "I have exerted myself to the utmost to enrich it with works from the pencil of our first painters. There is not a famous artist in France who has not contributed something to this precious repertory. Will your highness permit me to offer the whole as a mark of my sincere desire to serve you?"

"A thousand thanks, Monsieur. You are really too obliging. Will you please to name what sum I am indebted to you for this beautiful collection of *chefs d'œuvre?*"

"Your excellency is too good. . . . As I have served you as artist, perhaps you would recompense me as minister?"

"Oh! with all my heart. To-day you shall receive an order to paint two grand historical pictures for the state. You paint history?"

"Everything, my lord"

The pendule struck the hour, and the minister repaired to his last council. As he passed from his reception-room, twenty petitioners rose to greet him. He anticipated their requests by saying—"Gentlemen, please to hand your petitions to my secretary. I am forced to go to council. But I will strive to satisfy every one who has done me service."

What passed at the last meeting of the ministry was never known with certainty. The same day, however, at six o'clock, all his friends were seated round a table sumptuously prepared for the last dinner. Never was a repast more gay. Wit and repartee flew about in abundance; and the health of the master of the feast was toasted with enthusiasm Never was any man surrounded with more devoted and hard-drinking friends. At last when the dessert was placed on the table, and the servants had retired, the minister arose, and, with a grave voice, spoke as follows—: "Gentlemen, to-morrow the *Moniteur* will contain the news of my resignation. I have governed without fear, and I abdicate without fear (*vive sensation*). I depart from the ministry with pure hands, and I return like Cincinnatus to my domestick gods. There shall I be found when my services are again needed for my country; and on all occasions I shall be ready to sacrifice my private convenience to the publick good. (Cries of *Bravo, bravo, c'est bien dit.*) I regret not to have been able to serve my friends sufficiently, but it was the time, and not my inclination which failed me. This morning I could not conveniently give you all audience: this evening I thank heaven I am sufficiently powerful to do you some good (Exclamations of *Notre généreux protecteur.*) Theodore, bring me the plateau."

The young secretary brought forward a magnificent silver plateau, on which were heaped up not less than thirty *brevets.* The most important of the whole was first chosen out and presented to Théodore, for whom the comte felt a real affection, and who of the whole group was perhaps the only one who was truly devoted to the falling minister The rest were divided among the guests, according to their merits and their claims. The appointments were of various sorts. There was a place of *premier president;* two places of councillor of state; a *chef de division;* six *bureaux de tabac;* two consulships; a line of omnibuses; a privilege of opening a theatre; the commission of a captain in the navy; and a crowd of others. Each one got something; and as each person obtained his prize, he debated with himself what was the best mode of finding out the new minister, in order to offer his services, now that all that was possible was obtained from his predecessor.—At last the night waxed heavy, and the guests retired.

The next day the *Moniteur* announced the resignation of the Comte M——. It did not, however, inform the publick, as I have done, how he spent his LAST DAY IN OFFICE.

LORENZO DA PONTE.

The author of the *libretto* of Auber's and Meyerbeer's French Operas has realized, by his writings, a competent fortune. He resides in his *chateau* and lives on his *rentes.* This is as it should be. Many of the *libretto* alluded to are very clever dramatick compositions, consequently the good fortune of their author is not remunerated. It, however, presents a remarkable contrast to the fate of the poor Italian Da Ponte, who wrote the texts of Mozart's *Don Giovanni,* Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto,* Saheri's *Azur,* and other operas, which, for the space of fifty years, have maintained popularity throughout Europe. Da Ponte died last year at New-York, in a state of abject poverty. It was not, it is true, Da Ponte's talent which has conferred immortality on his writings, and diffused the words of his songs through the civilzed world. Yet, nevertheless, who can learn, without feelings of pain, that the man who wrote *Fin che dal vino*—that glorious effusion of convivial mirth and joyousness of spirit, should have lingered for years in misery and have died for want. Da Ponte lived to the advanced age of ninety, and very shortly before his decease he wrote to one of his countrymen in Europe, a letter containing melancholy reflections on the state of destitution to which he was reduced in North America, where, for the space of thirty years, he had struggled to earn a subsistence as a teacher of the Italian language. This letter concludes with the following sad words:—"Alas! had my fate led me to France instead of to America, I need not have feared becoming after my death food for the dogs, because I have not wherewith to buy a little bit of ground, to receive my bones, and rescue them from oblivion.—*English paper.*

SONG.

There's not a word thy lip hath breathed,
A look thine eye hath given,
That is not shrined within my heart,
Like to a dream of heaven!
There's not a spot where we have met,
A favourite flower or tree;
There's not a scene, by thee beloved,
That is not prized by me!

Whene'er I hear the linnet's song,
Or the blithe woodlark's lay,
Or mark, upon the golden west,
The rosy clouds decay;
Whene'er I catch the breath of flowers,
Or musick from the tree,
Thought wings her way to distant bowers,
And mem'ry clings to thee.

WHAT I WOULD HAVE.

Give me old musick—let me hear
The strains of days gone by;
Nor stay thy voice in kindly fear,
If to their tones my falling tear
Should make a mute reply.
The songs that lulled me on the breast
To sleep away the noon,
Sing on—sing on!—I love them best;
There's witchery in the notes impressed
Of each familiar tune.

Give me old wine—its choicest store
Drawn from the shady bin;
Our vineyards will produce no more
Such rare strong juice they gave of yore,
As sparkling lies within.
This was my grandsire's chief delight,
When the day's chase was o'er;
Fill high—fill high!—its treasures bright
Should sparkle on our board to-night,
Though we should drink no more.

Give me old friends—the tried, the true,
Who launch'd their barks with me,
And all my joys and sorrows knew,
As chance's gales the pilgrims blew
Across the troubled sea.
Their memories are the same as mine;
Their love with life shall last;
Bring one, bring all, their smiles shall shine
Upon our good old song and wine,
Like sunbeams from the past.

MY DAY-BOOK.

True charity.—A poor old woman had orders from a butcher to come to his stall every market-day, for a portion of meat, which a benevolent individual (who desired to be unknown) gave regularly to several indigent industrious persons. One day she was receiving it as usual, and chanced to see Mr. B. (reputed to be equally rich and covetous) standing near, and observing the distribution of the meat; in a burst of grateful eloquence and virtuous indignation, she exclaimed, "Ah, how long will it be before *you* do as much for the poor? God bless the giver!" Mr. B. and the butcher exchanged a furtive glance, and the latter was interested afterwards to hear the former declare that he "then reaped the full reward of his gifts when he found that he could so well bear her reproaches." *He* was the benevolent individual.

The stature of the mind, like that of the body, sometimes stops growing for years, and again will shoot up, one knoweth not how, in a few short hours. Some characters are made in a moment.

People are all the summer learning to leave a door open, and the whole winter learning to close it.

Tradesmen often try to sell their goods by assuring customers that they "sell more of this article than any in their shop." Such assurance has always upon me the effect of warning me not to purchase a nat precisely like that of all my neighbours.

Some individuals are not rich enough *to afford* to be mean—the wealthy may indulge in being so with impunity.

Many a "good day's" work.—A popular physician declared that he believed he owed a great part of his success to his *daily address.*

"How so?" asked a friend.

"I never," replied the doctor, "offend the tenacious plebeian by saying 'good morning,' when *he* has dined, nor the conventional patrician by saying 'good afternoon' before *he* has done so."

"What then?"

"I say 'good-day,' and thrive by it."

Too many writers of fiction of the present day continue to draw characters, as copyists do their paintings, i. e. *copying mere copies*, and often even by formulæ, till the whole is gross caricature, instead of that free, bold sketching from the life, which only can win popularity, and be secure of fame, when sketch and sketcher both have ceased to be aught but a memory of the days gone by.

The clouds.—Clouds are a mystery in our childish years, and haply not less so in after life.

Beautiful curtains between earth and heaven! *sole instance ye of motion void of noise, of colour without mass, of form without compression!* What is it clips ye round, and weaves your varied shapes, and tints your dazzling hues?

"Tranquil its spirit seems and floateth slow,
Even in its very motion there is rest."—WILSON.

Yes, there is rest among your crowded folds, and we may note the delicate tinctures, and almost count their shades; anon a breeze sweeps by, and the light fabrick melts away, more softly than the foam floats on the summer-sea—than morning steals on night—than age succeeds to youth; but it were vain to multiply what it excels! There is but *one* flush on this nether earth, which can compete in softness, brilliancy, and beauty, with the summer's cloud—the radiant blush of woman as it glows and fades!

Castles in the air are the shuttlecocks of sixteen; as fast as one falls, another springs up in its place, and there is no brain so cool, no head so fully filled with the fashionable *elogies* of the hour, but some odd day in youth, a coach and six, or its equivalent, hath driven through it.

The tell-tale trees.—A facetious old gentleman rode one day along a road, which two lovers had previously perambulated the same morning: the young lady was visiting in his house. When they met at dinner the damsel asked her host, "if he had had a pleasant ride."

"Extremely so, my dear; the trees whispered to me all the way"

"Indeed, sir! what could they say?"

"Why, my dear, the great oak outside the town told me, that you had paused under it to adjust your shawl; the elm-row said that Sir A. had squeezed your hand the whole way it extends; the fir-belt betrayed the tender declaration, and the stunted little sycamore had heard the first kiss."

I have known the simplicity of childhood in persons of mature age, and again, the grossness of experience, in those who could not have *learned* ill.

THE AUTHOR AND THE PUBLISHER.

The following amusing bit at the recent difficulty between Captain Marryatt and Mr. Colburn, is copied from a late number of the London Weekly Dispatch.

FATAL DUEL BETWEEN CAPTAIN MARRYATT AND HENRY COLBURN.

Our readers will perceive that Mr. Colburn had paid Captain Marryatt seven hundred and fifty pounds for a new novel, upon an agreement duly signed, and delivered. The gallant captain, however, having received the money, threatened to deprive the publisher of the property, unless he came down with a further sum. The publisher moved the Vice-Chancery Court to restrain the gallant captain's proceeding, and in granting the restraint or injunction the Vice-Chancellor denounced the gallant captain's conduct as dishonourable. This naturally led to a newspaper correspondence, and which, with such brave men, has naturally led to a fatal duel, of which we give the exclusive report. We have the copyright of the correspondence, which we now present to our readers.

"*Cockspur-street.*

"SIR—By the production of letters, affidavits, and various other documents, you have induced the Vice-Chancellor to denounce me as a dishonourable man; I have, therefore, to call upon you for that satisfaction which every gentleman of honour has a right to demand of another. My friend Captain Dennis Dermott Patrick Larry O'Callaghan, of Artillery-place, Shooter's hill, will deliver you this letter. I have the honour, etc. F. MARRYATT."

"H. Colburn, Esq." "*Her Majesty's Lodge, Southwark.*

"SIR—A little unplisint restraint imposed upon me by the vulgarity of the law obliges me to send you Captain Marryatt's letter by the Twopenny Post, and I request you will give me a verbal reference to any gentleman you may select for the arrangement of the ensuing fatal duel. I am, etc. D. D. P. L. O'CALLAGHAN."

"To Henry Colburn, Esq." "*Great Marlborough-street.*

"SIR—Were I to fight all the authors that fall under the castigatory of Judges in Equity, or under the sentences of Police Magistrates, and the Courts of Criminal Law, I should have two duels on my hands every week throughout the year; I should soon be drilled like a sieve, and authors would then see through me, which they have never yet been able to do, and which I intend they never shall. You state that you are a lion, (you always take the lion's share,) and that I am a lamb, and the fight would not be fair. You ought to shoot the Vice-Chancellor. I am so busy in getting out of that other account of yours, which, in my letter to *The Times*, I denounced as dishonourable, that I shall have no time to affairs of honour for many months. I am, moreover, extremely anxious to settle the dispute relative to superiority as orators, statesmen, and literati, which has so long raged between the Marquis of Londonderry and Colonel Sibthorp, and which the parties consider of national importance. For anything further I refer you to my friend, the Baron Von Killamsdorf Target Scheimer Boolsliebourgh, of the Fire Brigade, Station-house, Shooter's Hill. I have the honour to be, etc. HENRY COLBURN."

"Captain F. Marryatt, R. N."

"We, the two undersigned seconds, do unanimously agree that Mr. Colburn is not to be shot at like the cover of one of his own volumes, and that it is not reasonable to expect him to fight two duels a week; secondly, that Captain Marryatt is bound to shoot the Vice-Chancellor, one of the Masters in Chancery, or one of the six Clerks, or any officer of the court of a rank sufficiently high to entitle him to be shot by a gentleman; thirdly, that Mr. Colburn cannot attend to anything honourable for many months; fourthly, that the dispute between Lord Londonderry and Colonel Sibthorp is of greater national importance than shooting Captain Marryatt; fifthly, we unversally agree that were two dead shots and desperate duelists to leave the ground unkilled, we, the seconds, would be accused of not having loaded the pistols, and should either of them be killed that we should be sent to hard labour in a jail, for twelve months, and we are unanimously of opinion, first, that the extremely weak state of our mental and bodily health would incapacitate us for such labour, and that we should both severally and individually be unable to support our several wives and numerous families during so long an incarceration.

"Given under our hands and seals, etc.

"We, the undersigned, seconds, unanimously agree, without any debate, division, or dissentient voice, that by our union of courage, prudence, and gentlemanly feeling, we have been the means of most happily preventing A FATAL DUEL.

(Signed) "DENNIS DERMOTT PATRICK LARRY O'CALLAGHAN
"VON KILLUMSDORF TARGET SCHEIMER BOOLSLIEBOURGH."

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A BALLOONIST.

Passing a cloud, I put out my hand and took a piece of it, and squeezed it like a sponge, and the water ran out. The sun went north about, but never set. At the distance of about fifty leagues above the earth, we saw a white swan sitting on the corner of a cloud. If we had had a gun we could have shot it. Passing by the moon, we saw a fellow selling land at auction. He wished us to give a bid, but we told him we had not come to buy lands in the moon. We came across a comet, but it was asleep. It looked like a terrapin, but had a tail like a fox. We came near a hail-bank, and filled a hat to bring down with us. The hailstones were about as large as a pigeon's egg. A thousand miles above the earth we passed through a field of turkey-buzzards. This would seem to be their region, and accounts for the circumstance, that no one has ever found a nest of one of these. These rockeries are out of sight in the atmosphere. As we approached one of the heavenly bodies it appeared like an island. We struck upon a planet, but Blanchard got out and pushed off the balloon. We supposed it to be Mercury, as we heard orators haranguing, and a multitude of tongues. There were marriages going on in Venus, and in Mars we heard the drums beat. We meant to have a pull at one of Saturn's rings, but we were blown off the coast, and found ourselves in the latitude of Herschell. Provisions failing, we thought proper to shape our course towards the earth again. The first thing we saw was the forest of Ardennes, which appeared like a shamrock. The Pyrennian mountains seemed like a bed of parsley; and the Atlantick Ocean about as large as Loch Swilley. Within a furlong of the earth, Blanchard gave me the parachute, and I came down.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

HYMN.—BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Nurse of the Pilgrim Sires who sought,
Beyond th' Atlantick foam,
For fearless truth and honest thought,
A refuge and a home!
Who would not be of them or thee
A not unworthy son,
That hears, amid the chained or free,
The name of Washington?

Cradle of Shakspeare, Milton, Knox!
King-shaming Cromwell's throne!
Home of the Russells, Watts, and Lockes!
Earth's greatest are thine own;
And shall thy children forge base chains
For men that would be free?
No! by the Elliots, Hampdens, Vanes,
Pyms, Sidneys, yet to be!

No!—for the blood which kings have gorged
Hath made their victims wise,
While every lie that Fraud hath forged,
Veils wisdom from his eyes.
But time shall change the despot's mood;
And Mind is mightiest then,
When turning evil into good,
And monsters into men.

If round the *soul* the chains are bound
That hold the world in thrall—
If tyrants laugh when men are found
In brutal fray to fall—
Lord! let not Britain arm her hands,
Her sister states to ban;
But bless through her all other lands,
The family of Man.

For freedom if thy Hampden fought,
For peace if Falkland fell;
For peace and love if Bentham wrote,
And Burns sang wildly well—
Let knowledge, strongest of the strong,
Bid hate and discord cease;
Be this the burden of her song—
"Love, Liberty, and Peace!"

Then, Father, will the nations all,
As with the sound of seas,
In universal festival,
Sing words of joy like these:
Let each love all, and all be free,
Receiving as they give;
Lord!—Jesus died for Love and Thee!
So let thy children live!

ONE'S MOTHER.

Around the idea of one's mother the mind of man clings with fond affection. It is the first dear thought stamped upon our infant hearts, when yet soft and capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and all the after feelings are more or less light in comparison. Our passions and our wilfulness may lead us far from the object of our filial love; we may become wild, headstrong, and angry at her counsels or opposition; but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a rude storm, raises up her head and smiles amidst her tears. Round that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the earlier period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our departed parent with a garland of graces, and beauties, and virtues, which we doubt not that she possessed.

MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

I saw a pale mourner stand bending over the tomb, and his tears fell fast and often. As he raised his humid eyes to heaven, he cried, "My brother! oh! my brother!" A sage passed that way, and said—"For whom dost thou mourn?" "One," replied he, "whom I did not sufficiently love while living; but whose inestimable worth I now feel." "What wouldst thou do, if he were restored to thee?" The mourner replied, that he would never offend him by an unkind word, but would take every occasion to show his friendship, if he could but come back to his fond embrace. "Then waste not thy time in useless grief," said the sage, "but if thou hast friends, go and cherish the living, remembering that they will, one day, be dead also?"

FAMILY EXPENSES.

Archdeacon Paley, in a familiar table discourse touching upon the expenses brought by original sin upon husbands and fathers in the way of cambrick and satins, says—"I never let my women, (be it understood he spoke of Mrs. Archdeacon Paley and the Misses Paley,) I never let my women, when they shop, take credit; I always make them pay ready money. Sir, ready money, is such a check upon the imagination!"

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

Boccacio was thirty-five years old when he commenced his studies in polite literature. Yet he became one of the three great masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Petrarch being the other two. There are many among us ten years younger than Boccacio, who are dying of ennui and regret that they are not educated to a taste for literature, supposing that they are too old.

When the heart is offered at the altar, a fire from heaven sometimes comes and consumes it, in token that it is accepted.

Original.

VERSES ON A PAINTING BY DANIEL MACNEE, R. S. A.

THE BURNSIDE.

A BRIGHT and joyous vision
Of summer leaves and skies!
Where lovely sights and sounds are met
In blended harmonies.

The birds that warble overhead,
In pure and sinless mirth,
Are pouring out a stream of song
Upon the happy earth.

The hidden water murmurs on—
A low and pleasant tune—
Refreshing with its breeze-like flow,
The silent air of June:

While o'er its bank the wild rose stoops,
And wears a deeper hue,
Blushing, within the crystal depth,
Her lovely face to view.

But sweeter than the red wild rose,
And brighter than the sky,
Are the graceful pair that stand beneath
That greenwood canopy.*

One with her locks of snooded jet
And gently downcast face,
Is bending to her humble task
With Nature's matchless grace.

But lovelier still that youthful form,
Above whose gentle head
Scarce fourteen summers blossoming,
The sportive wind hath shed.

Whose little fairy foot seems made
To press no ruder thing,
Than early bursting violets
That gem the fields in spring.

Oh, lovely one! while thus I look
Upon thy beauty rare,
Though mortal eye has seldom seen
A thing so pure and fair,

I cannot deem thee all unreal;
And half unconsciously,
A thousand wishes in my heart
Are rising up for thee.

If I could charm thy future path
Through life's untrodden way,
It should be strewn with roses bright,
And lit with sunbeams gay.

Softly should flow the winds on thee,
Softly should beam the sun,
And calm as yonder peaceful stream
Thy life's pure current run.

It may not be!—to mortal mind
No power like this is given;
Yet, sweet one, we may hope for thee
The sheltering care of heaven.

For there thy innocence will find,
Than charm or fairy spell,
A surer guard from every ill;—
Young Naiad, fare thee well!

INEZ

* This is a most exquisite picture. It represents two lovely maidens under a tree: the elder, in a Scottish shortgown, open at the neck, and showing a beautiful unsunned skin, is washing very vigorously, while the younger (a portrait of the artist's eldest daughter) is pouring water into a tub. You can conceive nothing more admirable than the painting of the golden locks, fair shoulders, and small, delicate feet.

ORIGINAL HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

A LEGEND OF GRANADA.

BY HENRY STANHOPE LEE.

"True revenge
Is patient as the watchful alchymist
Sagacious as the bloodhound on the scent,
Secret as death!"—*Velasco.*

THE last strongholds of Granada were yielding before the well-directed assaults of the Castilian forces. One after one the defences of the Moors had been prostrated, till at last that once haughty people had shut themselves up in the walls of their citadel, hopeless and inactive. But among them there was one unconquerable spirit, whose relentless defiance of his Christian enemies seemed to increase as his ability to cope with them diminished. In all the sallies, which were made from the gates of the besieged city, Almanzor distinguished himself by the fury and intrepidity with which he spurred to the encounter. Wherever the carnage was deadliest, there might he be seen, red with slaughter, flashing through the smoke of the combat, more like an invulnerable demon than a human being, whom steel could wound and exertion could weary.

It was whispered, even among his own companions, that his country's wrongs and danger did not alone impel him to this display of daring and inveterate hostility. At a time, when the prospects of the Moors were less desperate, Almanzor, in a successful incursion against one of the mountain fortresses of the Christians, had seized and borne away Maria de Quexada, a Spanish maiden of singular beauty and loveliness. However unworthy may have been the designs by which he was originally actuated in this deed of violence, yet the very influence of the charms which tempted him soon changed his relation of a tyrant to that of a slave. He sued for the love of his captive with humility and gentleness. A change seemed to come over his rugged nature when in her presence; and, for a time, the scorn with which she received his advances, elicited from him no demonstration of anger or rebuke. The fierce, campbred warrior, for the first moment in his life, knew what it was to love, and with him the passion absorbed every faculty of his soul.

The patient forbearance with which he met the repulses of Maria de Quexada, of course was not destined to continue for ever. Finding that his persevering attentions, and his respectful attachment, awoke no corresponding emotion in the heart of his captive, he began to assume a stern and menacing demeanour. One evening, as the maiden was about retiring to rest in the small pavilion assigned to her in the Moorish camp, the curtain was withdrawn, and Almanzor entered. The precepts of the Koran had plainly been broken that day, for he was insolent with wine, and there was in his manner none of the martial dignity which usually distinguished him.

"Thy fears shrewdly interpret to thee my errand," he said, as he approached the shrinking and terrified maiden: "I have borne too long with thy coyness, my pretty infidel; but I will submit to it no longer."

Had there been a single weapon of destruction within reach, gladly would Maria have grasped it to defend her from the pollution of the Moslem's touch, even though to do it she were compelled to redden the steel with her own life-blood. But Almanzor had been careful to deprive her of the jewelled dagger, which she had once aimed against his heart; and even the golden arrow, that was wont to adorn her black hair, had been removed.

"Flutter not, dove of Paradise," he exclaimed—"I love thee, and, by the Prophet, thou shalt be mine!"

"Not living, miscreant!" exclaimed the high-spirited maiden, and, seizing the small spice-lamp which burned at the foot of her couch, she boldly applied it to the light drapery around her. But before it could ignite, the clang of trumpets, the shrieks of surprised men, the shouts of combatants, burst in one mingled clamour, like the voice of an earthquake, upon the ear.

"To arms! the Spaniard!" cried Almanzor, dashing from the pavilion.

"Holy virgin! it may be a rescue!" said Maria, throwing off the loose flowing robe, from the foot of which the eager flame was rising, and threatening in another moment to scathe with fire her delicate limbs and beautiful proportions. But it caught the light muslin festoons about the pavilion, and the maiden had scarcely time to throw a light garment about her person, and a mantilla over her shoulders, before she was driven by a furious volume of smoke and flame into the open air. The first object she saw was a cavalier on horseback, riding impetuously toward the scene of the conflagration, while, on another side, a party of Moors and Christians were engaged in a sanguinary and tumultuous encounter. The steed was not checked in his impetuous career, until the maiden felt the breath of his nostrils upon her forehead, and then the rider drew up so suddenly as to bring the docile animal almost upon his haunches

It was Juan d'Aguilar, the affianced lover of Maria de Quexada.

The Spaniards, after a slight skirmish, retired to their own quarters, and Almanzor was left wild with rage and anguish at the loss of the maiden, to gain whose affections he would have considered no sacrifice too great. In all his subsequent encounters, he fought, as has already been mentioned, with an exasperation that no danger could allay or oppose. But the foe, whom he chiefly sought to engage, among the young cavaliers of the army of Ferdinand and Isabella, was Juan d'Aguilar; but in this, circumstances did not chance to favour his wishes

The Moors had retreated to their last rampart. There was no hope for Granada. Almanzor in vain tried to rally a band of heroes, with whom once more to brave the Christians. Despair was in the hearts of all the Moslem garrision—famine and sickness were in their looks There was no hope for Granada.

It was a morning of sunshine and verdure. A detachment of the Spanish army, under the command of Juan d'Aguilar, lay encamped, a mile or two from the besieged city. Its minarets and groves glittered dazzingly before them in the clear white atmosphere. In the rear rose the blue Alpuxarras, limned in majestick beauty against the horizon. The encampment of Juan d'Aguilar was no unworthy feature in that scene of beauty. His various tents were sumptuously ornamented with the richest tapestry, and their pinnacles streamed with pennons of every hue and device. The central pavilion, supported by columns of lances, and shining in purple and crimson silk, with golden trimmings and embroideries, was occupied by ladies, who had come to visit their husbands, their lovers, or their kinsmen, now that all danger from the attacks of the Moors was considered at an end. Maria de Quexada was there, the gayest of the gay, with song and jest, her heart buoyant with hope, and her eyes flashing with delight. The long protracted war was fast drawing to an assured conclusion; and soon were to be celebrated the nuptials of the maiden with one of the bravest and best of the young nobility of Spain. Juan was constantly by her side, and his devotion frequently called forth the good-natured raillery of the ladies, who, perchance, might not have been so enviably favoured in their suitors. There was musick, and dancing, and feasting throughout the encampment, and many were tempted to exclaim, "Oh that life were all like this bright and beautiful summer day!"

The cry of a distant sentry was suddenly borne from mouth to mouth until it reached the ears of Juan. It announced that a deserter from the Moors brought intelligence of great importance, which he desired to communicate to the commander.

"Give orders for his admission to our presence, but first see that he bears no concealed weapon," said Juan; and he seated himself in front of his pavilion, while around him gathered the officers of his army, and at the back of his chair stood Maria de Quexada, with the ladies of her train.

The stranger entered with a quick, imperious step. He had discarded the Moorish turban and costume, and stood forth with his head bare; and a red mantle, more like a Roman toga than a cloak, wrapped around his vest of mail, and reaching below his knees.

"Holy virgin! it is Almanzor," gasped forth Maria, trembling violently as she spoke.

"There is no cause for alarm," said Juan; "he bears no weapon in his belt, and if he did, have I not my good sword to encounter it?" Then, turning to the Moor, he said:—"Tell us, Almanzor, the purpose of thy visit. Bringest thou terms of surrender? If so, thou mayest return; for, nothing but unconditional submission will we accept."

"I come on no such errand," replied Almanzor, in tones so deep and sepulchral, that all who heard them were startled. "I have been discarded by my people as the instigator of their misfortunes, and I have come here to abjure my nation and my faith. I acknowledge myself your vassal and a Christian"

The sneer which the speaker threw into the last word, passed unnoticed Expressions of amazement and congratulation were heard on all sides. Lopez de Bovadilla, and many other young officers, with Alvaro de Belalcazar and the friars who were present, crowded around the Moorish apostate, shook hands with him, and received his tenderest embraces in return.

As soon as silence was in a measure restored, Juan descended from the platform where he had been sitting, and said: "We well know thy bravery, Almanzor, and thy high repute; but wert thou the lowest of Moorish subjects, we could not but hail thy conversion to the true faith. Accept my greeting, and may thy Christian piety equal thy Moslem courage."

Almanzor eagerly seized the proffered hand of Juan d'Aguilar, and raised it to his lips. But, as if not content with even this extraordinary demonstration of affection, he threw his arms around Juan's neck, and planted the most fervid kisses upon his cheek and mouth. Hardly could the Spaniard detach himself from the clinging embraces of the Moor. But, when he succeeded in freeing himself, he was struck with the change in the appearance of the latter. The Moslem's complexion had grown livid and horrible to behold; his blood-shot eyes glared like crimson meteors; his frame shook, and his lips, which twitched convulsively, gave forth a dreadful smile. A frantick laugh succeeded; and lifting his bared arms on high, Almanzor shrieked forth: "Detested infidels! ye are my victims! A mortal contagion is in my lips. Look, look on this burning brow, these starting eyeballs, these strained and distorted sinews! Ha, ha! thus, thus must ye die, even as I die now!"

He fell writhing upon the ground. A cry of horrour rose from the Spaniards, for then were they made aware that it was the plague with which they had been contaminated.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

PARISIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Auber's new opera, "The Lake of the Fairies" The Duchess of Palmyra and her jewels.—Monument to Malibran

THE new opera, entitled "*Le Lac des Fées*," by the celebrated Auber, continues to attract immense houses at the Académie Royale Scribe and Melisville are the writers of the libretto. The story, in many of its incidents, bears a remarkable resemblance to Drake's "Culprit Fay." On the first night of the new opera, the theatre was crammed to the ceiling by the *élite* of Paris. The musick is exceedingly good; more delightful, if possible, than that of "La Bayadere," and "Fra Diavolo," by the same composer. The scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations, with which it is produced, are truly wonderful What a speculation might be made by one of your New-York managers, if he were early in the field in bringing this piece before the American publick.

"*Le Lac des Fées*" is of course a fairy tale, and this it is:—A party of German students wander about the margin of the fairy lake, in the middle of that classick ground for tales of magick and hobgoblinism, the Hartz mountains. One of them (*Albert*) is warned by a goatherd not to disturb the revels of the fairies, the goatherd being a fairy. *Albert* sets this request at defiance, and hides himself, and witnesses the revels of the fairies, who, in fact, are taking the luxury of the cold bath. *Albert* has had a dream of a female, of whose shadowy or imaginary form he is become enamoured On the conclusion of the revels, the very subject of his dream appears as the fairy *Zeila*, and in a scene with her he learns that the veil in which she is shrouded, is the secret of her immortality, as the hair of Sampson was that of his strength. *Albert* having a decided taste for mortal flesh and blood, in preference to a being composed of moonbeams and gossamer, steals the veil; and his immortal love, reversing the way of all flesh, puts off her immortality, and puts on her mortality. *Zeila*, thus become a noun substantive, seeks for service in the house of a female innkeeper, named *Marguerite*, who is also in love with *Albert*. A certain mighty hunter named *Rodolphe* is a lover of *Marguerite's*, and returning from his sports, calls

at the *Auberge*, where he sees the *cidevant* fairy, and falls in love with her also. Now plenty of embarrassments arise. *Marguerite* is jealous and dismisses *Zeila*, who is about to enter the service of *Rodolphe*, when *Albert* in some measure disentangles himself by borrowing money from a Jew at the price of his liberty and blood as the penalty, if the bond be not discharged at the day. *Rodolphe* purchases the bond of the Jew, and finding that *Albert* will be able to pay him, employs a thief to pick his pocket, and then consigns *Albert* to a dungeon, and is about to execute him, when his life is saved by *Zeila's* promising to marry his and her persecutor, *Rodolphe*. This consummation is avoided very cleverly. *Marguerite* has stolen the veil of immortality from *Albert*, and as the wedding procession is going to church, she places it upon *Zeila*, who again becomes immortal, and fairly and literally flies away in the sight of the audience.

But though *Zeila* has again become immortal, she has not lost her passion for *Albert*, neither has *Albert* forgotten his fairy-love; he is about to commit *felo de se* when *Zeila*, who has obtained permission from the Queen of the Fairies to become once more mortal, descends and saves him, and the opera ends as it should do.

Auber has decidedly made a hit; the musick has more originality than most of his operas possess, and he has ventured in this really excellent piece to depend on his vocal more than his instrumental musick. Having only heard the opera once, and being excited by the gorgeous scenery and the most wonderful and best got-up spectacle I ever beheld, I perhaps may judge too favourably of the musick; but at present it strikes me that Auber in the *Lac des Fees*, has got into a new and superiour style. There were both arias and concerted pieces, which bore such a stamp of originality about them, that they will not easily be forgotten. The singing of Duprez was glorious, and he received perpetual testimonies of the satisfaction of the audience. The performance lasted nearly five hours!

A clever imposition has been recently played off here by a female swindler. Some weeks since, the well-known jewellers, Morize and Vatard, were honoured with the visit of a new customer in the shape of a lady, about thirty years old, dressed with the utmost fashion, covered with trinkets, and who alighted from a splendid carriage, leaning on the arms of a huge chasseur and a lacquey of no less magnificence The *élégante* was graciously pleased to say that she had heard of the beautiful combs *à la Duchesse*, of their invention, which were to figure so conspicuously in the approaching exhibition, and that she and her family wished to be the first to wear them at an impending ball; she as graciously added, that she would take six home with her, of which four should be selected, and the two others returned when she sent for a valuable ring which she wished to have cleaned. Upon this the great unknown deposited a ring worth forty-eight pounds, and left the shop with the six *peignes à la Duchesse*. In the evening a servant called with the two combs, and received the ring, telling M. Morize that his mistress, the Duchess de Palmyre, wished him to call next day at No. 102, Rue St. Lazare, as she had some trinkets to order of him. To Rue St. Lazare he duly repaired, when he was assured that no Duchess de Palmyre was known there, though a queen of that name had reigned many years ago in the vicinity of Arabia Deserta.

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

THE STAGE.

Whilst quietly seated in my Spanish easy-chair, sending up cloud after cloud of smoke from my consuming cigar, my thoughts strayed from one theme to another till they dwelt on matters theatrical. At a moment like the present, when the whole division of theatres is "in the full tide of successful experiment," and the *cacoethes scribendi* tends to dramatick productions, it is to me, at least, a cause of deep sorrow, that your whilome correspondent Cox is not here to give us some of his keen and witty critiques; or that in the multitude of puns, no one is found every way worthy to be his successor.

I find myself somewhat mysteriously possessed of several epistles on this subject, which, with your leave, I will transcribe for your columns, surmising that the idea is by no means original. The first comes from the "scenery of the Park." How the scenery could induce any one to write its tale I know not, but will leave others to conjecture.

Mr. Colley Cibber, *Jun.* *Park Theatre, two o'clock*, A. M.

Respected sir—We, that is the scenery, have been for a long time desirous of finding some devotee of the Park, who would read, and transmit to the world, our tale of wo; and from a long personal acquaintance, we have selected you as the man. We have all been long in our present avocations, and seem now destined to wear out the term of our lives in the service of "old Drury." This, perhaps, we should not regret, but finding that some of us cannot bear another coat of paint, and must consequently soon depart to "that bourne whence no traveller returns," we cannot consent "to shuffle off this mortal coil" without freeing ourselves from several severe imputations under which we feel we must labour. Our first complaint is on a delicate subject—our age. We are most of us old, venerable scenes. Some of us caves and dungeons are coeval with the theatre, and will readily be pardoned for being sensitive when charged with adolescence. Such is the fact, and the unthinking prompter has us weekly placarded as *new* scenery, etc.; had this been done but once or twice, we would have remained silent, but the continued repetition is more than we can bear. True, Mr. Evers and assistants do occasionally give us a touch with a brush, and the flats and wings for rooms have a picture put up or taken down, and a chair represented balancing on one leg, is sometimes placed on two; so, too, the fairy scenes do get now and then a new sprinkling of tin foil, and the trees are made more green and summer-like, but this does not make us new.

Another ground of complaint is the multifarious characters we are made to assume; why even Mr. Richings is surpassed in this particular. The flats and wings all do double duty, being on one side palaces, libraries, etc.; and on the other cottages, woods, etc.; this, too, we might endure, was any regard shown to the state of health in the matter of acclimation—but no, the prompter blows his whistle, and away we go from Dan to Sheba; now in merry England, now the burning south; our nationality is gone, and we are subject to inspection by Moors, Turks, French, Spanish, Danes, Scotch, Irish, English, and the infernal regions. Look at our streets—they are represented as in all manner of cities; the miserable there wanders, homeless, condemned, rejected, amid the same scenes, where Shylock holds his way. Hamlet talks of our being "Elsinore," and some cut-throat rascal calls us by some Italian name. The isle of Cypress claims us in the play—the city of London in the farce—in short, wherever, by direction of the prompter, the actor ambulates a street, we are that street; and, by the way, Mr. Cibber, do we not come under the purview of the street-inspector?

Our dungeons are a much abused site of scenes, and are made the vehicles of most villanous anachronisms. Is a prison wanted in Rome or Greece, we are the prison: time has effected very little change in prisons since the earliest periods, if our appearance is any authority; and we confess we cannot see why the philanthropist Howard should have made such an outcry about prisons, or why when some unfortunate wight is locked within our gloomy walls, he does not quietly walk off; for though the jailer and others generally *come on* the stage through a door, fastened with chains, still they invariably show the most supreme contempt for stone walls by walking *through them* off at the wings.

But we weary you, perhaps, and so we will close, with the hope that if any thing can be done in our behalf, it will be done speedily. With esteem, etc. we remain your obedient servants,

THE SCENERY AT THE PARK.

I will withhold the other letters till next week, with the hope that the care of the unfortunate scenery will be duly considered. c. c. r.

MISCELLANEOUS REMINISCENCES.

THE MUSICIAN OF AUGSBURG.

There lived, at some former time, in the city of Augsburg, a musician whose name was Nieser. There was no kind of musical instrument that he could not fashion with his own hands, nor was there any upon which he could not perform indifferently well. He was also a composer; and, although none of his compositions are now extant, tradition informs us that his reputation in that, as well as in the other departments of the arts, not only filled the city, but extended throughout the whole circle of Suabia. Other causes contributed to swell his fame: he possessed great wealth—acquired, it was sometimes whispered, not in the most creditable way; and the only inheritor of it was a daughter, whose beauty and innocence might well have been deemed dowry sufficient, without the prospective charms of her father's possessions. Esther was indeed almost as celebrated for the softness of her blue eyes, and the sweetness of her smile, and her many kind actions, as old Nieser was for his wealth, and the excellence of his stringed instruments, and the paucity of his good deeds.

Now, in spite of the wealth of old Nieser, and the respect which it had obtained for him, and the musical celebrity which he enjoyed, one sore grievance pressed heavily upon him. Esther, his only child, the sole representative of a long line of musicians, could scarcely distinguish one tune from another; and it was a source of melancholy anticipation to Nieser, that he should leave behind him no heir to that talent which he held in almost equal estimation with his riches. But, as Esther grew up, he began to take consolation in thinking that, if he could not be the father, he might live to be the grandsire, of a race of musicians. No sooner, therefore, was she of a marriageable age, than he formed the singular resolution of bestowing her, with a dowry of two hundred thousand florins, upon whomsoever should compose the best sonata, and perform the principal part in it. This determination he immediately published throughout the city, appointing a day for the competition; and he was heard to affirm, with a great oath, that he would keep his promise, though the sonata should be composed by the demon, and played by the fiend's own fingers.

No sooner was the determination of Nieser the musician known in Augsburgh, than the whole city was in a ferment. Many who had never dared to raise their thoughts so high, now unexpectedly found themselves competitors for the hand of Esther; for, independently of Esther's charms and Nieser's florins, professional reputation was at stake; and where this was wanting, vanity supplied its place. In short, there was not a musician in Augsburg who was not urged, from one motive to another, to enter the lists for the prize of beauty. Morning, noon, and night, the streets of Augsburg were filled with melodious discord. From every open window proceeded the sound of embryo sonatas; nor was any other subject spoken of throughout the city than the approaching competition, and its probable issue.

But, amidst all this commotion, there was one who shared not in the general excitation. This was Franz Gortlingen, who, with little more musical talent than Esther, possessed one of the best hearts and handsomest persons in Suabia. Franz loved the daughter of the musician; and she, on her part, would rather at any time have heard her own name, with some endearing word prefixed to it, whispered by Franz, than listened to the finest sonata that was ever composed between the Rhine and the Oder. Nieser's decree was therefore of sad import to both Esther and Franz.

It was now the day next to that upon which the event was to be decided, and Franz had taken no step towards the accomplishment of his wishes: and how was it possible that he should? He never composed a bar of musick in his life: to play a simple air on the harpsichord exhausted all the talent he was master of. Late in the evening Franz walked out of his lodging, and descended into the street. The shops were all shut, and the streets entirely deserted; but lights were still visible in some of the open windows; and from these came sadly upon the ear of Gortlingen the sound of instruments in preparation for the event which was to deprive him of Esther. Sometimes he stopped and listened, and he could see the faces of the musicians lighted up with pleasure at the success of their endeavours, and in anticipation of their triumph.

Gortlingen walked on and on, until at length he found himself in a part of the city which, although he had lived in Augsburg all his life, he never recollected to have seen before. Behind him the sounds of musick had all died away, before him was heard the low rush of the river, and mingled with it there came at times upon the ear faint tones of wondrous melody. One solitary and far distant glimmer showed that the reign of sleep was not yet universal; and Gortlingen conjectured, from the direction of the sound, that some anxious musician was still at his task, in preparation for the morrow. Gortlingen went onwards, and as he drew near to the light, such glorious bursts of harmony swelled upon the air, that, all unskilled as he was in musick, the tones had a spell in them which more and more awakened his curiosity as to who might be their author. Quickly and noiselessly he went forward until he reached the open window, whence the sound proceeded. Within, an old man sat at a harpsichord, with a manuscript before him; his back was towards the window, but an antique and tarnished mirror showed to Gortlingen the face and gestures of the musician.

Gortlingen could at first scarcely contain his indignation at the supposition that this little old man should dare to enter the lists as one of Esther's suitors; for he could not doubt that he, like the others he had seen, was preparing for the competition: but as he looked and listened, gradually his anger was quelled in contemplating the strangely mild countenance of the musician, and his attention fixed by the beauty and uncommon character of the musick; and at length, at the conclusion of a brilliant passage, the performer perceived that he had a sharer in his demonstrations of pleasure, for Gortlingen, in his unrestrained applause, quite drowned the gentler exclamations of the mild old man. Immediately the musician rose, and throwing open the door, "Good evening, master Franz," said he; "sit down, and tell me how you like my sonata, and if you think it likely to win Nieser's daughter." There was something so benignant in the old man's expression, and so pleasing in his address, that Gortlingen felt no enmity, and he sat down and listened to the player. "You like the sonata, then?" said the old man, when he had concluded it.

"Alas!" replied Gortlingen, "would that I were able to compose such a one!"

"Hearken to me," said the old man: "Nieser swore a sinful oath, that he would bestow his daughter upon whomsoever might compose the best sonata, 'even although it were composed by the demon, and played by the fiend's own fingers.' These words were not spoken unheard: they were borne on the night winds, and whispered through the forests, and struck on the ear of them who sat in the dim valley; and the demon laugh and shout broke loud upon the calm of midnight, and were answered from the lone depths of a hundred hills: but the good heard also; and though they pitied not Nieser, they pitied Esther and Gortlingen. Take this roll; go to the hall of Nieser: a stranger will compete for the prize, and two others will seem to accompany him: the sonata which I have given to you is the same that he will play; but mine has a virtue of its own: watch an opportunity, and substitute mine for his!" When the old man had concluded this extraordinary address, he took Gortlingen by the hand, and led him by some unknown ways to one of the gates of the city, and there left him.

At sunset next evening Nieser's hall was to be thrown open to the competitors. As the hour approached, all the musicians of Augsburg were seen hurrying towards the house, with rolls of paper in their hands, and accompanied by others, carrying different musical instruments, while crowds were collected at Nieser's gate to see the competitors pass in. Gortlingen, when the hour arrived, taking his roll, soon found himself at Nieser's gate, where many who were standing knew him, and pitied him, because of the love he bore the musician's daughter; and they whispered one to another, "What does Franz Gortlingen with a roll in his hand: surely he means not to enter the lists with the musicians?" When Gortlingen entered the hall, he found it full of the competitors and amateurs, friends of Nieser's, who had been invited to be present. Nieser sat in his chair of judgment at the upper end of the room, and Esther by his side, like a victim arrayed for sacrifice. As Gortlingen made his way through the hall, with his roll of musick in his hand, a smile passed over the faces of the musicians, who all knew each other, and who also knew that he could scarcely execute a march, much less a sonata, even if he could compose one. Nieser, when he saw him, smiled from the same cause; but when Esther's eye met his, if she smiled at all, it was a faint and sorrowful smile of recognition, and soon gave place to the tear that stole down her cheek.

"Let the trial begin," said Nieser: "I swear that I will bestow my daughter, who now sits by my side, with a dowry of two hundred thousand florins, upon whomsoever shall have composed the best sonata, and shall perform the principal part." "And you will keep your oath?" said the stranger, advancing in front of Nieser. "I will keep my oath," said the musician of Augsburg, "though the sonata should be composed by the demon, and played by the fiend's own fingers." There was a dead silence; a distant shout and faint laughter fell on the ear like an echo. The stranger alone smiled: every one else shuddered.

The first lot fell upon the stranger, who immediately took his place and unrolled his sonata. Two others, whom no one had observed before, took the instruments in their hands, and placed themselves beside him, all waiting the signal to begin. Every eye was fixed upon the performers The sign was given; and as the three musicians raised their heads to glance at the musick, it was perceived with horrour that the three faces were alike. A universal shudder crept through the assembly; all was silent confusion; no one spoke or whispered to his neighbour; but each wrapt himself up in his cloak and stole away; and soon there was none left except the *three* who still continued the sonata, and Gortlingen, who had not forgotten the injunction of the old man.

Gortlingen stood by the performers, and as they approached what he remembered to be the conclusion he boldly substituted his for the sonata that lay before them A dark scowl passed over the face of the three, and a distant wail fell upon the ear like an echo

Some hours after midnight the benign old man was seen to lead Esther and Gortlingen out of the hall; but the sonata still proceeded. Years rolled on. Esther and Gortlingen were wedded, and in due course of time died; but the strange musicians still labour at their task, and old Nieser still sits in his judgment-chair, beating time to the sonata. When it ends—if it ever shall end—Esther will be far beyond the reach of the wicked vow made by the musician of Augsburg.

NOURRIT, THE CELEBRATED SINGER.

Adolphus Nourrit was born at Montpelier, in March, 1802. He was still very young when he was brought to Paris. It was at St. Barbe that he received his literary education, and he acquired at the same time the elements of that art, of which he was one day to be the ornament. He did not, however, much occupy himself with musick, but for his own recreation, as his father at that time wished him to devote himself to a commercial life.

On leaving college he was placed in the office of an assurance company. He discharged with punctuality and intelligence the duties of his situation, and made a very good clerk. The discovery of his dramatick powers did not produce the effect which might have been anticipated, of disgusting him with his official noviciate.

It was on the tenth of September, 1821, at the age of nineteen, that Adolphus Nourrit made his *début* on the boards of the Académie Royale de Musique, in the part of *Pilades*, in the *Iphigenia en Tauris* of Gluck.

The stock pieces of this theatre consisted at that period of the *chef-d'œuvres* of the great master just named, and of those of Sacchini, Piccini, Salieri, Catel, Grétry, and Spontini. Nourrit assumed successively all the principal characters.

From his father Nourrit had learned the traditions of the old lyrick school, and by Garcia he was enabled to comprehend and to imbody the inspirations of modern composers. Thus he was able, with like success, to appear as *Abel*, *Cassandra*, *Neocles*, *Amenophis*, *Count Ory*, and *Arnald*, and still more recently in *La Muette*, *Gustave*, *Le Dieu et la Bayadere*, *Le Philtre*, *Robert*, *Don Juan*, *Le Juive*, *Les Huguenots et Stradella*.

With what prodigious intelligence—what versatility of talent, must he have been endowed, who could successively imbody so many traits of character, so striking and so opposite!—who could pass from the simplicity of the peasant of the *Philtre* to the chivalrick *Robert*—from *Masaniello*, the man of the people—one moment sublime, and the next a madman, and intoxicated with power—and then to *Eleazar*, the Jew, that type of religious exultation, united to habits the most sordid and sentiments the most hateful!

The impression made by Nourrit on those who witnessed his performances will not soon be forgotten. At present they are recalled with fond enthusiasm. He has made popular the melodies of Schubert; that musick, so melancholy, was admirably in accordance with his meditative character. He was a poet, a literary man, a philosopher, and a man of taste. During ten years he was the presiding genius of the opera: nothing was done without consulting him. Each libretta writer, each composer, each chorus-master, each decorator, was anxious to have the benefit of his advice. It is known that he arranged the effects in *La Sylphide* for Mdlle. Taglioni; and it is understood that this is not the only ballet which he assisted to produce. Poetry relieved his studies, and soothed his weary spirit.

Nourrit might have remained at the opera, but, after having by his sincere advice brought Duprez there, he thought fit to resign to the new-comer the scene which the latter had only aspired to share with him. What frightful injustice, what ingratitude, must he have experienced before he adopted this painful resolution! The evening on which he took his leave was as brilliant as it was sad; the separation was that of a much esteemed friend, or of a well-beloved son. To see him, so young, but in the full possession of matured talent, made every one shrink from the thought of a definitive separation; and each, in a low tone, instead of bidding him adieu, seemed to call on him to stay.

Duprez appeared as *William Tell*. He obtained immense success. This was just; but the publick and the criticks did not stop there. They indulged in comparisons as unfair as they were injurious towards Nourrit. They filled his heart with despair. The late idol was broken without pity and without regret.

The unfortunate artist felt within himself, from that moment, the germ of the malady which has terminated his life. It was in vain he endeavoured to shake off his sadness, amidst the plaudits which he gained in the principal theatres of France. His spirits failed him, and in the course of his journeyings he was seized with a severe illness at Toulouse.

Soon after he set off for Italy. It was to the theatre of Naples, still echoing with the triumphs of his rival that he now went to claim that sympathy and those honours which were the necessary aliment of his life.

The censor there interdicted the performance of *Polyeuctus*, an opera taken by him from the *chef d'œuvre* of Corneille, and in which Donizetti had composed the part intended for his *debut*. The overbearing conduct of Barbaja, the impresario of the theatre St. Carlos, wounded his pride, and offended his self-love. Accustomed to respect and deference from all who approached the opera, his wishes had been commands. He suffered, and suffered horribly from the different situation in which he found himself at this part of his career. Thus, all the letters from Naples agreed in saying, that a black melancholy had seized on him, which he never could shake off, and his situation caused the most intense uneasiness to his numerous friends, and to his family. The wanton and infamous hiss which he was compelled to hear in the duet of *Norma* had the effect of hastening the execution of a resolution long since conceived, but delayed. Nourrit, a good husband, a tender father, has broken, it is said, with his own hand, the bonds which attached him to his six children, and his wife, the most devoted of women. He, who was so awake to the importance of religion, could not await with resignation till it pleased God to call him hence. By his own act he is supposed to have died; though but a few days before he prayed, with as much earnestness as sorrow, for support from above, and for a continuance of life, as appears from verses which he has left behind, to the following effect:

> "If me thy image thou hast made,
> O! mighty Author of my breath
> Deign to send courage to my end,
> Or grant—in mercy, grant me death.
>
> My soul by fierce consuming fires,
> Is on the terrifying brink
> Of that abyss where hope expires,
> Sustain!—O do not let me sink!"

It is believed, that, tortured by want of sleep, to which he had of late been subject, he had desired to breathe the fresh air of the morning, and for that purpose betook himself to the balcony, when, suddenly seized with a giddiness of the head, he threw himself into the court-yard, where his unfortunate wife, a woman of heroick courage, found him lifeless, and his skull beaten in. This was in March last.

If his death were not thus brought about, Nourrit had yielded to a horrible thought. His anxieties are believed to have produced the disease called atrophy of the heart, which affected his reason. He had lived so honourably, but suffered so much, and has now so mournfully closed his days, that all unite deeply to lament his fate.

The latest accounts from Naples represent Madame Nourrit to have displayed great fortitude, and to have occupied herself with the anxious duties of a mother. It is proposed to raise a subscription to transport the remains of the deceased vocalist to France.

A PEEP THROUGH MY OPERA-GLASS.

AN OVER TRUE TALE.

In spite of the cry against foreign singers and dancers, I have always had a predilection for the opera. Though strongly wrought on by musick, and not insensible to the charms of a *roulade* or *pirouette*, I do not ascribe the pleasure I take in this amusement to composer, *prima donna*, or *danseuse*. Goth enough to resort to the Temple of Art for the purpose of beholding the *real* life assembled within its walls. I have often turned from the most striking scenes enacted on the area of the stage, to gaze on others not less replete with dramatick interest, performed by the unconscious spectators of the mimick scene.

On one of the most fashionable nights of the last season, when royalty engrossed the attention of the *salle*, the occupants of a retired box attracted my notice—first, by the youth and beauty of the lady, and then by the renown of her companion. The gentleman was a literary eminence; and the lady beside him, his daughter. The features of Mr. ——— were remarkably handsome; and had received, in a very striking manner, the impress of his intellectual character. It surprised no one to learn that they belonged to the most metaphysical poet of the day. But the appearance of his companion was, to my mind, of greater interest than that of the poet. Never have I beheld a more delicate countenance; beautiful, fair, and exquisitely gentle, it seemed out of place in the glare of the opera, and better suited to the house of prayer, or the cell of the *religieuse*.

At the close of the first act my regards were again drawn to their box. It did one's heart good to see with what animation the young lady gazed on the dazzling scene around her. I could have sworn it was her first visit to the opera. At times, however, her animation seemed too lively; resembling a violent emotion rather than a pleasing sensation of delight. There was also something of melancholy in the smile the father returned to the remarks of his child that puzzled me, until I remembered, that it is the poet's privilege to embitter by bodings, or similar awkward reflections, the pleasure of the moment. As I looked, they seemed to have recognized an acquaintance in the box of a noble duke, the marriage of whose daughter with the young earl of ——— had for some time been a subject of conversation. That nobleman was standing beside his betrothed; and towards him the eyes of father and daughter were turned. I had only time to observe that the parties bowed to each other, when the second act commenced.

Between the opera and ballet, the earl of ——— entered the box of the poet. The meeting of the gentlemen was most cordial; the young lady appeared embarrassed—her eyes were fixed constantly on the ground. The arrival of a third person proved no disparagement to the charming group. The handsome, manly features of the earl contrasted well with the feminine beauty of the lady and the thoughtful countenance of the parent. The earl soon returned to his party, and before the overture of the ballet was finished Mr. ——— and his daughter withdrew. The latter seemed to be supported out of the box: and my fears that she was ill were, from what I afterwards learned, but too well founded. By the newspapers I heard the following week that Mr. ——— had suffered a heavy bereavement—his daughter was no more. I obtained from a friend the particulars of this melancholy event; and comparing the circumstances with my observations, I found I had seen at the opera the leading event of the most affecting drama that poet ever penned or the world witnessed.

Mr. ——— had been tutor to the earl of ———. At the age of seventeen, and after a residence of three years, the young nobleman left the roof of his preceptor for the university. From the university he went abroad, paying but a brief visit to the scene of his earliest studies, and returned from travel to become the star of a brilliant circle, and the successful suitor to the most attractive heiress in St. James's. This interval of pleasure, study, and success, had been passed very differently by Mr ——— and his only child. The daughter pined and wasted—the father watched and mourned. In person Mary was the image of her mother, and it was a matter of no surprise to her friends that she inherited the fatal disease of her parent. Every effort was made to check the progress of consumption; at times she appeared to rally; but after the last visit of the earl to her father (his farewell visit previous to his departure for the continent,) the disorder too plainly gained ground. A weary time, spent in fruitless exertions and torturing suspense, ensued; till the father called in the aid of a celebrated physician. This gentleman, well acquainted with the intimate connexion between mind and body, thought he saw in the young invalid a deep and hopeless brooding on some object, prohibited or unattainable. Delicacy prevented inquiry; but real concern for his patient induced him to prescribe change of scene, and the frequent use of the amusements society affords. The father brought her to London. Among other diversions, the opera promised to be one of the most attractive; the evening was fixed, a box taken, and the carriage ordered. Among all the equipages thronging the Haymarket on that lovely June evening, none contained so melancholy a party as that of Mr. ——. There is something repulsive in conveying disease to the haunt of pleasure for the purpose of obtaining a cure; in the attempt to retard the blow of death by the laughter and merriment of the living. They gained their box; the crowd, the light, the musick, produced on nerves already weakened by illness an excitement amounting to ecstasy; and then followed, as if to complete the overthrow of the worn frame, the chilling remembrance of bright and faded hopes. There stood the earl of ———, handsome, excellent as she had ever known him, and beside him his fair and betrothed lady. Then he came near *them*—he spoke to her father, to herself, in the same unmoved tones in which he had been accustomed to address them, while her own heart was breaking, because it dared not, and it would not, tell its grief. That evening brought on a crisis. The sequel is already told.

On a day not very far distant from the evening we have been describing, a sumptuous wedding and simple funeral were solemnized in a church not far from her majesty's theatre.

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

M. DAGUERRE.—In a letter to the New-York American, Mr. Walsh gives the following account:—"I was admitted to M. Daguerre's laboratory, and passed an hour in contemplating his drawings. It would be impossible for me to express the admiration which they produced. I can convey to you no idea of the exquisite perfection of the copies of objects and scenes, effected in ten minutes by the action of simple solar light upon his *papiers sensibles*. There is one view of the river Seine, bridges, quays, great edifices, etc., taken under a rainy sky, the graphick truth of which astonished and delighted me beyond measure. No human hand ever did or could trace such a copy. The time required for this work was nearly an hour—that is, proportionable to the difference of light. Daguerre is a gentleman of middle stature, robust frame, and highly expressive countenance. He explained the progression of his experiments, and vindicated his exclusive property in the development and successful application of the idea, with a voluble and clear detail of facts and arguments. To the suggestion, that the exhibition in the United States, of a collection of his drawings, might yield 'a handsome sum,' he answered that the French government would soon, probably, buy his secret from him, and thus gratify his wish—the unlimited diffusion and employment of his discovery. The sum which the Academy of Sciences ask for him, is two hundred thousand francs. He had already acquired great fame as the painter of the Diorama."

A FEW FACTS ABOUT LONDON.—London is the largest and richest city in the world, occupying a surface of thirty-two square miles, thickly planted with houses, mostly three, four and five stories high; it contained in 1831 a population of one million four hundred and seventy-one thousand nine hundred and forty-one. It consists of London city, Westminster city, Finsbury, Marylebone, Tower Hamlets, Southwark, and Lambeth districts. In 1834 there entered the port of London three thousand seven hundred and eighty-six British ships, one thousand two hundred and eighty foreign ships; two thousand six hundred and sixty-nine were registered as belonging to it in 1832, with thirty-two thousand seven hundred and eighty-six seamen. The London Dock covers twenty acres. The two West India Docks cover fifty-one acres; St. Katherine's Docks cover twenty-four acres. There are generally five thousand vessels and three thousand boats on the river, employing eight thousand watermen and four thousand labourers. London pays about one-third of the window duty. In England the number of houses assessed are about one hundred and twenty thousand, rated at upwards of five millions sterling, about one-third are not assessed. The house rental is probably seven or eight millions, including taverns, hotels, and publick-houses. The retailers of spirits and beer are upwards of ten thousand; while the dealers in the staff of life are somewhere about a fourth of this number. Numbering all the courts, alleys, streets, lanes, squares, places, and rows, they amount to upwards of ten thousand; and on account of their extreme points, no individual could pass through them in the space of one whole year.

NEW ITALIAN OPERAS.—Two new operas were performed in Italy in February last—one at Milan, the other at Rome. That of Milan was by M. Schoberlechner, the husband of a cantatrice of much note. The subject is taken from Racine's "Bajazet," and the *libretto* bears the title of *Rossana*. It was, including Hiller's *Romilda*, the second opera of German origin produced within a short time at the same theatre. It would appear that M. Schoberlechner's musick obtained but an indifferent reception. His work was much injured by the customary performance of a ballet between the second and third acts, which happened to be *I Riti dell Indostano*, the musick of which is made up of the sweetest melodies of Rossini and Bellini. The new opera played at Rome was another *Medea*, of Prospero Selli, a young composer of Viterbe. It obtained a complete success, to which Eugenia Garcia, sister-in-law to the late Madame Malibran, much contributed. Last advices from Italy mention the death of Costamagno, the young composer of two operas of much merit—*E Pazza* and *Don Garcia*. We regret to say also, that, by last advices from Marseilles, the health of the celebrated violinist Paganini is rapidly declining.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF ATTAR.

> Wouldst thou inherit Paradise?
> These maxims keep before thine eyes;
> So thy heart's mirror shall appear
> For ever shining bright and clear:
> Give thanks, when Fortune smiles serene;
> Be patient, when her frown is seen.
> If thou hast sinn'd, for pardon plead,
> And help shall follow at thy need.
> But shall he hope the prize to hold,
> Who with new sins conceals the old?
> Be penitent, be watchful still,
> And fly the votaries of ill:
> Avoid the paths that lead to vice,
> And win thy way to Paradise.

COLLOQUY.—The following colloquy took place, lately, between an inquisitive gentleman and his butcher boy:—"What are your politicsk!" said the gentleman, "The Queen's, sir." "What are the Queen's." "Moin, sir." "What's your name?" "My name," replied the boy, "is the same as father's." "And what is his name?" said the gentleman. "It is the same as moin." "Then what are both your names!" "Whoy they are both aloike," said the boy. The gentleman turned on his heel, and the boy shouted "Anything more, sir?"

THE MILLER AND THE FOOL.—A miller, who attempted to be witty at the expense of a youth of weak intellect, accosted him with, "John, people say that you are a fool." On this John replied, "I don't know that I am, sir; I know some things, sir, and some things I don't know, sir." "Well, John, what do you know?" "I know that millers always have fat hogs, sir." "And what don't you know?" "I don't know whose corn they eat, sir."

TWO LITTLE MANORS.—Sir Fletcher Norton, when pleading before Lord Mansfield on some question of manorial rights, chanced unfortunately to say, "My lord, I can illustrate the point by an instance in my own person; I myself have two little manors." The judge immediately interposed with one of his blandest smiles, "We all know it, Sir Fletcher."

COMPLIMENT ON THE SPOT.—D'Orsay, in remarking on a beauty-speck on the cheek of Lady Southampton, compared it to a gem on a rose leaf. "The compliment is *far-fetched*," observed her ladyship. "How can that be," rejoined the count, "when it is made on the *spot*?"

LITERARY NOTICES.

"Behemoth, a Legend of the Mound Builders." New-York: J. and H. Langley. One volume.

The great merit of this work is in the originality of the conception. It is a romance of the days when there were giants in the land, and the huge mastodon roamed through the immense forests that skirted our vast inland oceans. The author, whoever he may be, is a man of genius. His style is fresh and vigorous, and he displays much ingenuity in weaving an interesting narrative from the vague materials, furnished by our aboriginal traditions. The book is worthy of praise, if only for its truly American character, and the novelty of its descriptions

"Arthur Lee and Tom Palmer; or, The Sailor Reclaimed." Second edition. Boston: James Munroe and Co. Pp. 73.

This is an excellent little work, and though humble in its pretensions, is marked by a greater affluence of thought and beauty of style than many a more ambitious volume. Its scope and tendency are intimated with sufficient precision in its title; and we trust that all persons interested in the moral improvement of young seamen, will bestow upon it the attention it deserves. The work may be found at Mr. Colman's, under the Astor House.

"The Dwarf, a Dramatick Poem." By James Rees, author of "The Wanderer," "Battle of Saratoga," etc. etc. New-York: F. Saunders, No. 257 Broadway. Pp. 62.

Such is the title of a spirited dramatick sketch, dedicated to Sergeant Talfourd. We should not have needed this testimony to discover that the author was an admirer of "Ion" His blank verse and the tone of his thoughts and expressions frequently remind us of that noble dramatick production. The versification is, for the most part, free, graceful and melodious, and there are many poetical passages of rare beauty scattered through the work. Occasionally we find marks of haste and inattention, as for instance where Beatrice says—

"The *broken* fragments of my perished joys,"

where the tautology is obvious. A careful revision would easily remove these slight defects. We think Mr. Rees has given ample evidence in this poem of a capacity for dramatick writing of the highest order, and should he ever turn his attention to writing for the stage, it would require no gift of vaticination to predict his triumphant success.

"First Greek Lessons, containing the most important parts of the Grammar of the Greek language, together with appropriate exercises in the translating and writing of Greek, for the use of beginners." By Charles Anthon, L. L. D. New-York: Harper and Brothers, No. 82 Cliff-street. Pp. 250.

This work is adapted with great care to the wants of the classical student. The arrangement is excellent, and combines great simplicity with a thorough development of the whole texture of the Greek language. It should be an inseparable companion to the grammar of Mr. Anthon. We know of no work worthier of an immediate introduction into our schools and colleges. The rising generation should feel grateful to the Messrs. Harper for the clear and elegant typography of their elementary works. The binding also unites durability with neatness.

"Thoughts on Prison Discipline." Boston; James Munroe and Co.

We have read with much interest a *brochure* under this title from the pen of one ever active in all rational projects for the purification and advancement of society. The suggestions are those of practical benevolence. The outrageous abuses recently practised with impunity at Sing Sing show but too clearly that many radical defects still exist in our system of prison discipline. Those of our legislators who require light upon the subject, will do well to peruse this little pamphlet, in which they will find many valuable facts and much admirable advice.

"Adam Buff, and other Men of Character." By Douglas Jerrold. In two volumes. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

Two of the most amusing volumes we have perused this long time. We defy the most vinegar faced of mortals to read the story of "Job Pippins, the man who couldn't help it," without more than one hearty cachination. The outlines of character are extremely graphick and spirited. To all who have any taste for exhibitions of genial humour and wit, we cheerfully commend this lively and ingenious book.

"The Literary Examiner, and Western Monthly Review." Edited by E. Burke Fisher and William H. Burleigh. Vol. I. No. I. Pittsburgh Wm. H. Whitney and Co. Pp. 80.

Another new magazine from the West, and one of imposing pretensions, both from the exceeding neatness of its typography and the character of its contents! The articles are all valuable and interesting, and the names of the editors is a sufficient guaranty that the work will be conducted with spirit and ability. Success to the enterprise.

"Charles Tyrrell; or, The Bitter Blood." By G. P. R. James, Esq. author of "Mary of Burgundy," etc. In two volumes. New-York: Harper and Brothers.

James is so popular in this country as a novelist, that the simple announcement of a work from his pen is sufficient to create for it an extensive demand. "Charles Tyrrell" is a most interesting and highly-wrought tale, written at times with great power and beauty. We think it much superior to the author's last work, "The Huguenot." By the way, James appears to be the most prolifick of bookwrights. The Messrs. Harper have another novel by him in press, entitled "The Gentleman of the Old School." We hope that this "easy writing" may not be "hard reading."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

*We have laid aside the stanzas by "P.," for insertion.—The poetical translation by our new correspondent "H. S. L.," shall, of course, have a place the first opportunity.—"F. O. T." writes very pretty verses for an amateur, and with practice may undoubtedly succeed.—*Leila's *stanzas to "W. B.," were put on file for insertion some weeks since. They have been accidentally delayed, but shall, if practicable, appear soon.—*Titian's *address to* Taglioni, *is a little too extravagant, but we agree with him in the eulogistick portion of his poem. They are* artistes *of remarkable talent.—We have not seen the exhibition to which "X." alludes.—"P. P." is informed that we know nothing of the charges against the well-known actor to whom he alludes, but from the source in which those charges originate, we take it for granted they are as false as they are scurrilous.—"M. M." may obtain his manuscript by calling at the office.—We must decline the arrangement proposed by "J. Y. T."*

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1839.

Venus, Jupiter and Mars.—We meet with the following astronomical hints in a late number of the Literary Gazette, published in this city:—"Our readers may not be aware that the three planets, Venus, Jupiter, and Mars are visible every clear evening, and that they are seen with great brilliancy. Venus, immediately after sunset, appears in the path of the sun, at a considerable elevation above the western horizon. Jupiter now appears with a light inferior only to that of Venus, at a considerable elevation, at the same hour, above the eastern horizon, in the quarter of the heavens opposite to Venus. Mars may be seen in the direction of a line from Jupiter, and a little to the southward of this line; this planet now presents to the earth an apparent size more than twenty times larger than when in the opposite part of its orbit, and may readily be distinguished from all other stars by its ruddy colour. On the nineteenth of July, Jupiter and Mars will be in conjunction, at about ten o'clock in the evening, at a small elevation above the western horizon; Jupiter being about three diameters of the moon to the northward of Mars. The present is an exceedingly favourable opportunity for observing these planets, for soon the apparent magnitude of Mars will be diminished. These planets may easily be found by any one, however unacquainted with the heavens. Suppose a line from the sun to intersect the heavens, dividing it into equal portions; these planets will be the first stars observed after sunset in the direction of the line." While on this subject, our readers will thank us for quoting the beautiful passage on "starry influences" from Coleridge's "Wallenstein".

> "O never rudely will I blame his faith
> In the agent of stars and angels
> The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
> The fair humanities of old religion,
> The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,
> That had her haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
> Or forest by a row stream, or peaby spring,
> Or chasms and watery depths: all these have vanished;
> They live no longer in the faith of reason.
> But still the heart doth need a language, still
> Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,
> And to you starry world they now are gone,
> Spirits or gods, who used to share this earth
> With man as with their friend, and to the lover,
> Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
> Shoot influence down; and, even at this day,
> 'Tis Jupiter who brings whatever is great,
> And Venus who brings every thing that's fair!"

Paintings in Boston.—A letter upon our table from Boston says: "Of course you saw Catherwood's collection of water-coloured drawings now exhibiting here? If you didn't you deserve to be compelled to pass an hour in the studio of ———, with his horrid caricatures of humanity glowering upon you from their frames. They (the Catherwood collection) are magnificent. Did you ever conceive the force of water-colouring before? Those beautiful oriental scenes by Bartlett and Allan, and those capital views in Ireland! To-day our gallery at the Atheneum opened—the most interesting feature of which is the exhibition of Hayward's collection Now I do not care two twentieth part of a straw whether Hayward's pictures be offered as original or as copies, but capital paintings by capital artists they certainly are. They strike you at once as something far superior to the umbered and yellow obscure daubs which in years gone by disgraced the walls of the Atheneum and insulted the taste of its visiters—which, unblushingly thrust forward as originals of Teniers, Raphael, Rubens, etc., probably emanated from the garret of some wretched tenth-rate sign-painter, who was dying of delirium tremens. Look at the St. Sebastian shot with arrows. How exquisite the blending of light and shade, the assistance afforded by the sombre back-ground, the chaste simplicity of its few colours! But the night wears—the steamboat is just starting—and I must wind off before the plank is taken up."

A royal box.—It would seem by the following from a Paris paper, that Victoria is not the only "youthful queen" about whom they tell "strange stories":—"A laughable bit of scandal has been going the rounds of the *salons*. It appears that the youthful queen detected her husband in the heinous act of kissing one of the maids of honour, and that, losing the dignity of the queen in the feelings of the woman, she boxed the ears of both parties very soundly. However, *le mari* has been forgiven."

The infernal regions.—Decidedly the most agreeable and convenient mode of visiting his Satanick Majesty's dominions, is by walking into the City Saloon, next door to the American Museum, where for fifty cents a very lively impression may be obtained of the place "unmentionable to ears polite." The keeper of this Pandemonium will be found a very civil and intelligent sort of person, and quite unlike the ferocious, cloven-footed monster he has been represented by vulgar prejudice.

Washington Allston.—The paintings of this noble artist are exciting unusual attention at the present time in Boston, where there is a grand exhibition of nearly fifty now open to the publick. They make the most remarkable collection ever witnessed by the good citizens of our sister city, where Allston is universally appreciated as the first of living artists. Allston is undoubtedly an extraordinary man, and not only paints but writes like a man of genius. Take, for instance, the following sonnet—never before published—from his pen, in which he pays a beautiful tribute to a kindred spirit of bygone days:

SONNET,

On a falling group in the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo in the Capella Sistina

> How vast, how dread, o'erwhelming is the thought
> Of space interminable! to the soul
> A circling weight that crushes into nought
> Her mighty faculties! a wond'rous whole
> Without or parts, beginning, or an end!
> How fearful then on desperate wing to send
> The fancy e'en amid the waste profound!
> Yet born as if all daring to astound,
> Thy giant hand, oh Angelo, hath hurled
> E'en human forms, with all their mortal weight,
> Down the dread void—fell endless as their fate!
> Already now they seem from world to world
> For ages thrown; yet doomed, another past,
> Another still to reach, nor e'er to reach the last!

These lines are beautiful; and so are the following, from the pen of a distinguished young clergyman, which also appear originally in the Mirror.

TO WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

> True lover of thy art! Great heir of fame!
> Giant among the giants of our time!
> Ages to come will venerate thy name,
> And gaze with wonder on thy works sublime,
> As marvels of perfection.—Thou hast wrought
> With a most cunning wisdom, making thought
> And love and goodness stand before the eye
> Like unveiled spirits from the upper sky.
> Oh mighty artist! with a poet's heart,
> With Christian faith, and philosophick mind,
> Thou lov'st thy God and next to Him thine art,
> And with mute eloquence doth thrill mankind!—
> Down through all time thy honoured name shall go,
> Thy country's boast;—her Michael Angelo! R. C. W.

While on the subject of Allston, we may remark that his great masterpiece of "Belshazzar's Feast," on which his pencil has for so many years been engaged, is in such a state, that the publick will, in all probability, have an opportunity of witnessing it before a very distant day—but that day will not be until the artist has thoroughly satisfied himself—a task more difficult, perhaps, than satisfying all the rest of the world.

"And ye shall walk in silk attire."—The attention of a very large portion of our agricultural community, appears to have been suddenly directed towards the cultivation of the mulberry tree, with a view to the raising of silk worms. In Washington, one company have planted four hundred acres, a few miles from the city. Several journals, devoted almost exclusively to the circulation of intelligence, relative to the culture of the silk-worm, have already been started throughout the United States, and if their anticipations prove true, we shall soon be independent of China and France for the supply of our silks and satins. In amusing contrast with the fact of the extensive cultivation of the *morus multicaulis*, may be mentioned the circumstance, that a cargo of potatoes was recently imported into Charleston from France, and sold at a cheaper rate than the native vegetable could be afforded. What a theme for the satirist or the moralist—for a Juvenal or a Franklin!

Pride of birth.—Of all the follies and foibles to which frail humanity is subject, that which leads a man to pride himself less upon his own merit than that of his ancestors, is the most contemptible. In the best of families there must be some who are a disgrace, as well as others who are an honour A Spanish proverb says, "he that has no fools, knaves nor beggars in his family, was got by a flash of lightning." Douglas Jerrold, in his new work, makes the following admirable remark, in ridicule of this preposterous pride of birth:—"It is with the tree of genealogy as with the oak of the forest; we boast of the timbers it has given to a state vessel, but we rarely talk of the three-legged stools, the broomsticks and tobacco-stoppers made from the chips and ends."

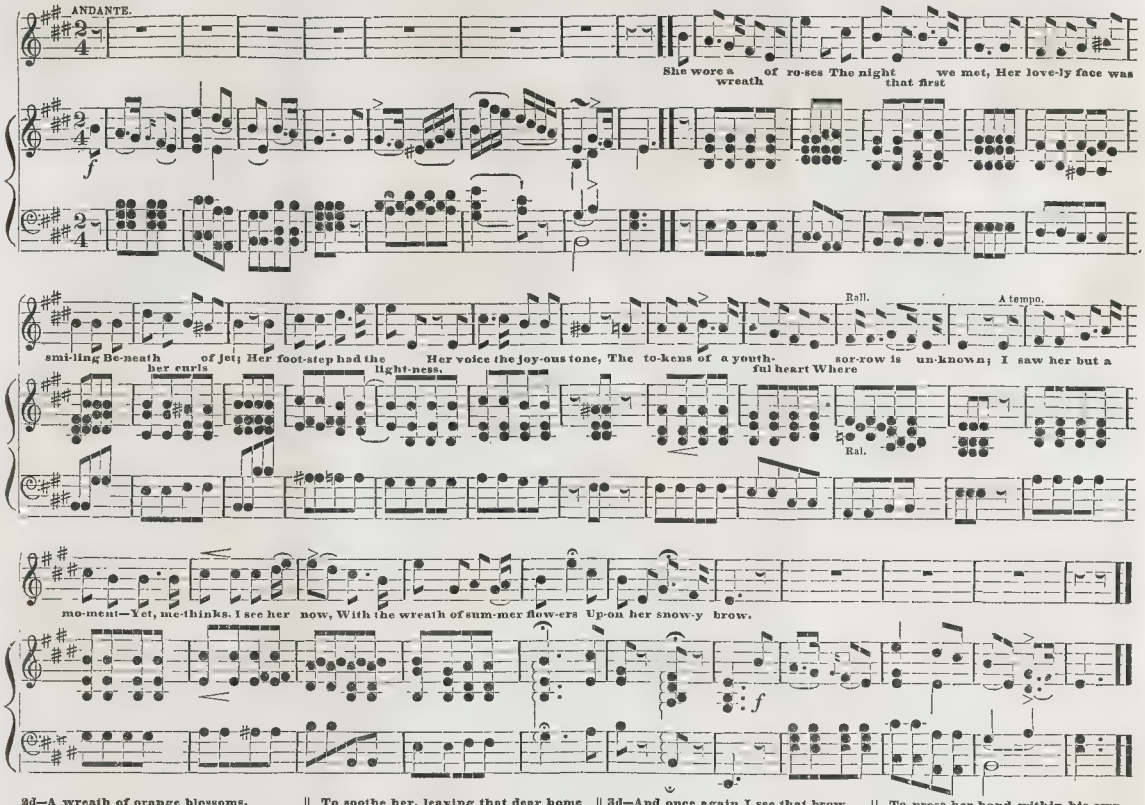
Inez.—Another original poem from the pen of our Edinburgh correspondent, Inez, enriches our columns to-day. When our readers are informed that the fair author has hardly seen seventeen summers, we think they will agree with us, that her productions are characterized by a graceful fluency of expression, a maturity of thought, and a richness and beauty of imagery, which indicate the possession of a remarkable poetical talent. We shall watch with interest the literary career of this youthful poetess. If she do not, before many years, attain the reputation of a Hemans, or a Landon, the promise will have been greatly inadequate to the fulfilment

The Indian Tribes of North America.—The twelfth number of this excellent publication has just been issued, and admirably sustains the character of the previous numbers. The work may be seen at the bookstore of Messrs. Scofield and Voorhies, in Nassau-street. Mr. J. Irvin Hitchcock, the agent for the proprietors, is now in this city, with a view of soliciting an increase of subscribers to the work; and he has it in contemplation to make a visit, with similar views, through the eastern states. We indulge the hope, that a work so emphatically American will receive from our fellow-citizens generally the encouragement it so richly merits.

SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES.

A POPULAR BALLAD—THE POETRY BY T. HAYNES BAYLY—MUSICK BY JOSEPH P. KNIGHT.

Published at Atwill's Musical Saloon, 201 Broadway.



2d—A wreath of orange blossoms,
When next we met, she wore;
Th' expression of her features
Was more thoughtful than before;
And standing by her side was one
Who strove, and not in vain,
To soothe her, leaving that dear home
She ne'er might view again.
I saw her but a moment—
Yet, methinks, I see her now,
With the wreath of orange blossoms
Upon her snowy brow.

3d—And once again I see that brow,
No bridal wreath is there,
The widow's sombre cap conceals
Her once luxuriant hair;
She weeps in silent solitude,
And there is no one near
To press her hand within his own,
And wipe away the tear.
I see her broken-hearted!
Yet, methinks, I see her now
In the pride of youth and beauty,
With a garland on her brow.

Original.

LINES TO ———.

Verse must be the lover's language,
For the face can hardly tell
Half the timid thoughts that darkly
In the heart's recesses dwell;
And the voice of musick trembleth
Vainly from the tuneful shell.

As a dying mother parting
From her babe with fond caress,
All her love in words of passion
Feebly struggles to express,
But can only with a tearful
Look her little darling bless.

Even so my bashful wishes
Often to my lips will rise,
As I strive to give my meaning
Other speech than that of eyes;
But the secret—ere 'tis whispered—
In the mute revealing, dies.

Read, then—read the written errour
That it kills me to conceal;
'Tis a long disease I've cherished,
That thy smile alone can heal.
'Tis a fault—but oh forgive me!
For I am not framed of steel.

P.

MISCELLANY.

Cause of quarrel.—"I wish I owned all the pastore land in the world," said Bob. "Well, I wish I owned all the cattle in the world," said Ned. "How could you feed them?" asked Bob. "I'd turn them into your pasture," said Ned "No, you wouldn't."—"Yes, I would."—"No, you wouldn't."—"Yes, I would."—"You shan't."—"I shall!" And then came the fisticuffs—and oh! how they did fight!

A question.—What word is that in the English language, the first two letters of which signify a man—the three first a woman—the four first a great man—and the whole a great woman? *Answer.*—Heroine.

A grammarian's fancy.—Dr. Willis, an old grammarian, who wrote upwards of a hundred years ago, in noticing the significant roots of the English language, gives various examples. Thus words formed upon st, always denote firmness and strength, analagous to the Latin *sto*, as stand, stay, staff, stop, stout, steady, stake, stamp, stately, etc. Words beginning with str, intimate violent force and energy, as strive, strength, strike, stripe, stress, struggle, stride, stretch, strip, etc. Thr implies forcible motion, as throw, throb, thrust, through, threaten, thraldom, etc Wr, obliquity or distortion, as wry, wrest, wreath, wrestle, wring, wrong, wrangle, wrath, wrack, etc. Sw, silent agitation or lateral motion, as sway, swing, swerve, sweep, swim, etc. Sl, a gentle fall or less observable motion, as slide, slip, sly, slit, slow, slack, slink. Sp, dissipation or expansion, as spread, sprout, sprinkle, split, spill, spring. Terminations in ash, indicate something acting nimbly and sharply, as crash, dash, gash, rash, flash, lash, slash. Terminations in ush, something acting more obtusely and dully, as crush, brush, hush, gush, blush. The most that can be argued from some specimens we imagine is this, that the analogies of sound have had some influence on the formation of words.

An awkward announcement.—Lady A. and her daughter having been much annoyed by the *gaucheries* of a country booby of a servant, who would persevere in giving in their names as the Right Hon. Lady A. and the Hon. Miss A. at length took him seriously to task, and desired that, in future, he would mention them as simple Lady A. and plain Miss A. Their astonishment may be conceived when they found themselves obeyed to the letter, and Devonshire House was electrified by the intelligence that *simple Lady A.* and *plain Miss A.* were "coming up."

A wise parrot.—There is an Eastern story told of a person who taught his parrot to repeat only the words, "What doubt is there of that?" He carried it to the market for sale, fixing the price at one hundred rupees. A Mogul asked the parrot, "Are you worth one hundred rupees?" The parrot answered, "What doubt is there of that?" The Mogul was delighted, and bought the bird. He soon found out that this was all it could say. Ashamed now of his bargain, he said to himself, "I was a fool to buy this bird." The parrot exclaimed as usual, "What doubt is there of that?"

The young idea.—Lord Brougham, in one of his works, delivers it as his deliberate opinion, that "we learn more in the first six years of our life than afterwards, though we may live to a hundred."

Trees.—In America there are one hundred and twenty different species of forest trees; whereas in the same latitude in Europe, only thirty-four are to be found.

Effect of climate on female beauty in Italy.—A lady talking to me, a day or two ago, on the effect of the Italian clime on female beauty, remarked that it acted as a hot-house on rose-buds, but quickly withered full-blown roses. It certainly is true, that women of twenty-five in Italy look quite as *passée* as those of thirty-five in England; and after twenty, they lose that freshness of complexion which constitutes so great a charm in our young women. I have seen here women quite as delicately fair—nay, perhaps still more so, than in England; but they are deficient in that transparency of skin, through which the blood speaks so eloquently in our climate, and look rather as if bleached by the sun into fairness, than born with it. In short, they want the appearance of youth, which is the greatest charm of every face, and the absence of which no beauty can compensate

Grief.—The circumstance which Scott mentions, as having overcast the pleasure of an excursion he once made, was the death of his friend, the Duchess of Buccleuch. His letter to her widowed lord is a beautiful specimen of good sense and feeling. "Would to God," he writes, "I could say, Be comforted! but I feel every common topick of consolation must be, for the time at least, even an irritation to affliction. Grieve then, my dear lord, or I should say, my dear and much-honoured friend, for sorrow for the time levels the highest distinctions of rank, but do not grieve as those who have no hope."

Abraham.—The life of the Bedouin, his appearance and habits, are precisely the same as those of the patriarchs of old. Abraham himself, the first of the patriarchs, was a Bedouin, and four thousand years have not made the slightest alteration in the character or habits of this extraordinary people. Read of the patriarchs in the Bible, and it is the best description you can have of pastoral life in the East at the present day.

The bankrupt banker.—An extravagant bankrupt banker was asked by his vexed creditors how he could account for the disposal of his capital. His reply might be applicable to many others if were they as candid—"I have educated my sons and married my daughters."

Gallantry.—A man shows as scant a stock of ideas as of gallantry, who compliments one woman at the expense of another.

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MODERN FRENCH LITERATURE.

We translate for the Mirror the following from some very spirited and well-written sketches, which have just appeared in Paris.

MURAT.

In 1813, on returning from an excursion to the mountains, I was told that a distinguished personage had arrived at the hotel, accompanied by a numerous suite, and escorted by the authorities of the department. From the description, I recognized at once king Joachim, (Murat,) so I hurried on my uniform, and prepared to pay my respects to his majesty.

I was just of age, and thought I had self-confidence enough to harangue Napoleon himself; but I had scarcely entered the apartment before I recollected that I, a subaltern, was addressing a king, so that I could only bow profoundly, and stammer out, "Sire, your majesty"—"Who told you so?" rejoined his majesty, with some ill-humour—but I was determined not to be put down, and proceeded with all the volubility I could, "I know that it is his majesty, the king of Naples, that I have the honour of addressing; and I have come to offer him an escort, which the bad condition of the roads render necessary."

"Thank you, I have no occasion for any; the prefect has assured me that the road is clear all the way to the Italian frontier."

"Sire, I have just passed over it; it is choked up with snow, and your majesty could not move a step without being stopped by the avalanches. An escort is indispensably necessary."

"I do not wish any," said the king, coldly.

This was getting serious, but seeing that his majesty was as obstinate, or nearly so, as myself, I determined to strike a decisive blow

"Sire, I am commandant of the National Guard, of the gendarmes and the custom-house force; within the limits of my command, I am sovereign. Your majesty is too well acquainted with the rules of military subordination to resist any longer; you will, therefore, accept my escort."

"What an original!" exclaimed the monarch, turning to his generals, who, as if they only waited for this indirect permission, broke out into peals of laughter so hearty, that I could not resist the contagion; Murat himself joined in our mirth, and kindly offered me his hand.

Having finished my embassy, I was at leisure to admire the monarch's person; his fine head crowned with a profusion of dark curling locks, his regular and delicate features, his cheeks, which still wore the rosy hue of youth, his quick and brilliant eyes, everything, even down to the little *moustache* that shaded his upper lip, and which, it was said, concealed a wound he had received in the mouth during the campaign in Egypt, combined to make him one of the most magnificent men that can be imagined. His appearance was still farther improved by a sort of fancy costume, which he wore very gracefully; under his finely draped mantle was seen a close fitting green jacket, ornamented with silk braid, light pantaloons, boots with golden spurs, and a superb damascus blade, hanging by a silken cord decorated with gold acorns; in a word, he made a very pretty king.

Night was approaching, and I urged a speedy departure. The first sleigh, drawn by four horses, was occupied by the king and some great general, who was called, I believe, Count Carascosa; I was seated in front of them. After us came the suite, escorted by a dozen *douaniers*. On the road, Murat talked much with the general in the Neapolitan dialect, which I happen to be familiar with, and spoke in such bold terms of the emperour, that I was fairly frightened. Napoleon was at that time the idol, the deity of us youth, so I hastened to cut short a conversation to which I did not wish to listen.

"Sire, I understand Italian—"

The king thanked me by an expressive glance. At that very moment our sleigh rolled over a slight descent, and left the king in a position from which he could scarcely have been released without the aid of our escort. The sleigh had turned fairly upside down, and Murat and the general were imprisoned under it; the postillion lay under his horse, and could not move; fortunately I had leapt out of the sleigh at the very instant it went over, and was able to raise the horses and deliver the king, who was suffocating under the weight of the general's huge carcase. No one was hurt, so we could laugh our fill over our mishap. Thus, in some sense, I saved the king's life—a bad action, for which I have always reproached myself. Why did not Murat find his grave among the snows of the Simplon? The conferences he had had at Berne with the envoys of the allied powers, would not have been known to history, the monstrous ingratitude of his defection would not have stained the heroick life of one of the bravest of the brave men of the empire; the emperour himself might yet reign, and a hero would not have met a wretched death at Pizzo, beneath Ferdinand's bullets. On such threads hang the fates of empires!

On the frontier, at a league from Gondo, we found a post of Italian soldiers, whom I had previously notified, waiting for us, torch in hand, to overwhelm us with bows and genuflexions; I say *us*, for I had my share too; the halo of royalty shedding its brightness even around me. Here I quitted the king; afterwards, I was invited to enter the service of his Neapolitan majesty, but fortunately my good genius, in the shape of a battalion of Austrians, that drove us out of the Valais, preserved me from this honour; but before this happened a terrible accident was destined to mark the last days of my stay on the Simplon.

THE AVALANCHE.

A few days after Murat passed through, on the seventh December, 1813, a deluge of snow covered our mountains; there were more than ten feet on a level; we had to cut passages from house to house; and to add to our difficulties, a detachment of two hundred men, the wreck of one of those fine Italian regiments that were cut up at the battle of Hanau, had been detained on the Simplon for two days; provisions were scarce, and the municipality, whose patriotick zeal had been surprisingly cooled by the reverses of our army, seemed little anxious to relieve our embarrassments; however, I had recourse to requisitions, and got through the day tolerably. Every one was full of the dread of avalanches, whether from presentiment of the future, or the result of the experience of the old shepherds, who had long been regretting the stripping of the trees from our mountains, I cannot say. But I remember perfectly well the urgent entreaties of the gendarmes that I would not abandon them in case they should be buried under the avalanche; and more especially, the prophetick words of the brigadier, who at nine in the evening said sorrowfully, pointing to the snow, "There is our grave, we shall never see the light of day again!" And in fact, two hours afterwards, he was no more.

At eleven o'clock the officers, with whom the hotel was crowded, had retired to their rooms; when I entered a lower chamber in which the family of the postmaster was collected, preparing for their evening prayer.

"What do you think of the avalanche?" said the mistress of the house, anxiously.

"Don't be afraid," answered I, laughing. "I am here, and my time is not come yet; I will pray along with you that the ava——"

A tremendous noise cut the word short; it seemed as though the mountains were coming down on us; the outer walls of the room we were in began to crack and split, and I saw with deadly terrour the trunk of an enormous larch, with some of its branches on, enter the room on the top of a mass of snow, which had carried every thing before it, walls, doors and partitions. At the same instant, I fancied I saw a bluish flame traverse the room, but this was perhaps a hallucination produced by fear. My terrour, however, did not last long; the fainting of the women, the cries of the children, the alarm of the officers, who came to seek a shelter by us, half-naked, with haggard eyes, and more than all, the danger that threatened the girl of my heart, left me no time to think of my fears: I rushed to the window, and burst it open, and then saw that the stables, opposite the house, had been crushed, and that the Roman tower was the only thing left standing on that side. My first care was to carry off to the tower the mother of my beloved. The dear old dame weighed some hundreds, but I did not feel it, in my violent nervous excitement; in a few minutes, I made a second trip with a second load, a lighter and a sweeter one, my Fanny. She had fainted; I left her with her mother, and hastened to where duty called me.

Meantime, all the inhabitants who had escaped from the wreck of their houses, had assembled, the curate in the midst, in his surplice, holding up the image of our Divine Redeemer; all kneeling in the snow, bare-headed, repeated in concert the terrible melody of the *Dies irae, dies illa*, which was accompanied by the far-off echoes of avalanches that were yet rolling through the valleys. The pale rays of the moon lighted up this scene, the most impressive I have ever witnessed, and one well calculated to touch every heart. For my own part, I freely confess that my tears mingled freely with those of the good pastor, as he embraced me warmly.

"To the tocsin!" cried the hoarse voices of some hardy mountaineers.

"No, no, we are not safe," I answered; "do you want to bring down new avalanches by the sound of your bells?"

All understood me, and in spite of my extreme youth, came, with tools in hand, to obey my orders. My first object was to disengage the brigade of *douaniers*, who had passed the night at the *corps-de-gardes*, as I had ordered. The doors and windows were covered under more than ten feet of snow. It was less from *esprit-de-corps* that I begun with them, than from the idea of the efficient aid I should obtain from these hardy fellows. As soon as the first duty was over, I looked round for the barrack of the *gendarmerie*; it had disappeared, all except the corner farthest from the road; at that angle there was a window in which a light was still shining. It was the brigadier's quarters, and I began to feel a hope of saving him. Accompanied by one of my men, I crept on my hands and knees to the spot where we saw the light, and climbed with great labour up the remains of a staircase, which gave us access to the apartment. On entering by the half-opened door, to our great surprise, we saw nothing of the brigadier or his wife; we called them repeatedly, but in vain. No one answered, except that our shouts aroused two lovely little girls, who were sleeping in the same bed, and who, it seemed, had not been awakened either by the roar of the avalanche, nor the destruction of a part of the building. The innocent darlings, used to being caressed by me, stretched out their arms, calling for *papa*. We wrapped them up carefully, and with great labour succeeded in depositing them in the tower.

What was the fate of their parents? We did not ascertain until the next day, when we found their bodies, horribly mutilated, under the ruins of the barrack.

During our absence, a road had been opened to the stables of the post-office, where were heard the groans of postillions, and the violent efforts of their horses, struggling against their fate. After some hours labour, we succeeded in disinterring a young postillion, named Seiler. It was high time, for his eyes were filled with blood, and he was on the very point of suffocation. One of his fellows, who slept in the same bed, was less fortunate. He had hardly time to cry out, "Oh God, what is this?" before he was a corpse. Three or four others perished in the stable.

Day overtook us in the midst of our arduous task; we were fairly worn out with fatigue, and the barracks seemed so completely destroyed, that we had almost given up the idea of further search in that quarter, when a loud shout informed us that some fellow-creature required our aid. The signal came from one of my brave fellows, Rambaud, who had laid his ear to the snow, and thus been able to hear a faint moaning. As soon as his discovery was made known, the workmen laboured with new zeal, but at every stroke they ran a risk of crushing the sufferers under the ruins that fell around us. This forced us to proceed with great caution; but Rambaud had the presence of mind to open with the spade a kind of narrow shaft, and was let down by a rope at the risk of being crushed to death among the ruins.

We did not succeed in communicating with the victims till eleven in the morning; my name uttered by one of them was the first sound that reached us. Two of the gendarmes, Curtz and Laroo, who had been squeezed in between the wreck of the walls, were the only ones left alive, and even they were not yet in safety. Rambaud made them swallow a few drops of liquor, and remained by them, both to encourage them by his presence, and to shield them, as well as he could, from the fragments that fell all around them as we worked on. We had already dragged from under the ruins the horribly mangled corpses of the brigadier and his wife, and one of his men; after tremendous exertions we succeeded in disengaging Curtz and Laroo. Both were severely wounded. Curtz in particular had his head compressed by a heavy brick stove, and survived his deliverance only twenty-four hours. It seemed that the brigadier and his wife, in their terrour, had repaired to the quarters of their men, and there met a fate which did not visit the apartments they left.

The unhappy sufferers had been buried under the snow twenty-six hours, yet when we questioned them they said they did not think it was three; hope is so ready at self-deception! "We trusted so much to you!" said poor Curtz, grasping my hand.

But let us leave these scenes of horrour. The avalanche came down from the Pahaolz mountains, and forced a way through the forest that bears the same name; huge larches such as four men could not span, were crushed down by it, like straws. It destroyed the gendarmes' barracks, the forge, the publick buildings, then seemed to diverge, and after shaking and partly overthrowing the post station had broken at the base of the Roman tower, after shoving the stables clean off to the ground.

I imagined that the storm might have done injury in other places, and after sending off the detachment of the Italians, made for Brigg, with a force of ten *douaniers*. I will not speak of the unexampled fatigue and cold we had to endure, these were the least part; we were lucky in being so many, for if one of us, worn out with toil and watching, threw himself on the snow, whence he would have waked only in eternity, the rest would rub his limbs, even beat him, and force him to keep on. How many poor straggling soldiers we saw, who had perished in that way! they were generally seated holding their firelocks; on their ruddy countenances we could still trace the smile that accompanies death by cold. When we reached the convent a still more melancholy spectacle awaited us; Colonel

Pesta, of the first Italian regiment, and part of his staff, had perished in an avalanche, and their bodies had just been brought in. Poor colonel! his aged mother was waiting for him at the foot of the Simplon; she fancied that she was soon to clasp in her arms the darling son, whom the snows of Russia had spared; he knew it, and in spite of the advice of the mountaineers, determined to push on. His filial piety was the cause of his death at twenty-five.

The next day we arrived at Brigg, and I went on to Sion, to make my report to the prefect. I did not imagine, however, that I would appear in the character of a visiter from the other world; but so it proved. I was introduced at midnight, and my haggard features, which the sufferings I had undergone had rendered livid, and on which my guide's lantern shed a dim light, made the good people take me for a spectre. They seemed fairly panick-struck, and it was some time before I could explain that the report of my death which had reached them was decidedly premature. The prefect was pleased to award us very high praise; but it can be easily imagined that the great events which happened soon after, caused our humble services to be forgotten. Not that I would complain of this, the only adequate reward of such labours is in the consciousness of having done our duty.

INCIDENTS OF REAL LIFE.

THE LOST LORD.

I HAVE sojourned in many of the maritime, as well as the inland districts of England, but I have never visited a spot more abounding in the picturesque and beautiful than the banks of the Tees. It was in the vicinity of that romantick river, that the earl of * * * *, about the period at which our story begins, had added to his already extensive landed property, a princely domain. He had been married about seven years to a lady of high birth and rare beauty; and they had one child—a son—born in the second year of their union.

The earl was a proud, reserved, and apparently cold man; but matrimony had greatly softened the natural sternness of his character; and when to his title of husband was added that of father, it was discovered that, under a somewhat repelling frigidity of manner, there was a well of deep and exhaustless affection, which made him the idol of his wife, and greatly raised him in the regard of all around him. It is scarcely necessary to state, that in their little, smiling, and very lovely boy, was centered all their solicitude; and Lord Henry, notwithstanding the somewhat injudicious indulgence of which he was the object, was an amiable and interesting child.

The reader will more readily conceive than we can hope to describe, the anguish experienced by the earl and his countess, and the consternation and confusion which prevailed in his establishment, when their son, who had strayed out, one evening, by himself, into the park, was nowhere to be found; while the only intelligence that could be gleaned of him, was of a character rather to aggravate than allay their fears—namely, that he had been seen in a lane which skirted the domain, in the vicinity of a camp of gipsies. The earl had been somewhat severe upon the tribe, who had been heard to threaten revenge, which there was too much reason to fear they had gratified by the abduction of the young lord; and the apprehension received a horrible confirmation in the fact, that, when the spot was examined, no other vestige of their camp than the embers of their fires was to be found.

Every endeavour was then made to ascertain the direction in which they had fled, and, this discovered, the whole party joined in the pursuit. But the cunning of the gang had provided against detection, by committing the boy to the charge of a young gipsy, about eighteen years old, with directions to convey him in a different direction, and, by a circuitous route, to join them at a place fixed upon as the rendezvous. In order to stifle the cries of the young lord, they had forced a gag into his mouth; and his conductor was dragging him by the arm along a by-path, about two miles from the residence of the earl, when a shrill voice, from the top of a precipice above him, called upon him to stop. The gipsy looked up, but seeing nothing but the slight figure of a boy about sixteen years old, he uttered some expression of contempt and defiance, and proceeded at a still quicker pace. A turn in the road, however, somewhat to the surprise of the gipsy, brought him in front of the boy, who demanded what he was doing with the child

"Mind your own business," was the gruff reply; "and stand out of my path, or you shall feel the weight of my staff;" and, as he spoke, he raised his weapon.

"You shall not pass," said the other, resolutely, "until you tell me who the child is, and whither you are hurrying him."

The gipsy eyed the boy for a moment, and observing that, though his junior by two or three years, and both shorter and slighter, there was a determination in his look which made a civil reply the better policy—"He is the son of one of our gang," said the gipsy; "but, having committed a theft, he absconded; and I am taking him back to the camp."

"Do you think I don't know a gentleman's son from a gipsy's?" said the other. "Let the child go, I say!" and he approached a few paces nearer to the gipsy, whose reply was a blow with his stick.

What the younger boy wanted in strength, he made up in agility; for, dexterously avoiding the intended mischief, he rushed in upon the other, whose left hand was on the child, and planted a blow on the gipsy's temple, with such precision and force, that the latter measured his length upon the heath; and before he could regain his feet, his antagonist wrested the weapon from his hand.

The relative positions of the combatants were now changed; for, the young lord having been released in the scuffle, his champion stood between him and the gipsy, and bade the villain touch the child at his peril. The gipsy, however, did not care to renew the struggle, but, applying his fingers to his mouth, he blew a whistle as loud and shrill as the note of the curlew. The victor knew too well the object of the signal, and, drawing the young Lord Henry a few paces, pointed out to him a cottage about three furlongs distant, and bade him run towards it with all his speed. The little fellow obeyed; but, almost at the same instant, his rescuer perceived two or three dark forms advancing from an adjoining wood at a quick pace—which the gipsy also perceived, and prepared to renew the contest, in the hope of maintaining it until his comrades could come up. The sound of horses' feet, however, altered his determination, as well as those who were hastening to his aid; for they instantly turned about, and were speedily followed by the young gipsy, leaving the peasant-hero master of the field.

In the meantime, the earl had returned from his unsuccessful pursuit, in order to concert with the magistrates—who, on hearing of the event, had hastened to offer their assistance—further measures for the recovery of his lost treasure, as well as to offer such consolation as he could to his almost frantick countess. There is no anguish so bitter as that inflicted by the loss of a child under such circumstances. To be deprived of it by death is comparatively a light calamity, for then we know *where* it is. And thus did the bereaved parents, in this case, feel that it would have been better for their darling "to fall into the hands of the Lord, than into the hands of man." What a change had passed over that princely dwelling! Those gilded chambers, which, on the celebration of the young heir's birth-day, had so lately echoed the sounds of festivity and joy, were now filled with mourning—the mourning as of the childless Rachel who would not be comforted. On a sudden, there was a hum of voices without; then a shout of joy; and the next moment, the door of the apartment in which the noble pair were sitting in their sorrow, was burst open, and a peasant-boy advanced, leading the young lord by the hand. The revolution was too much for the agitated frame of the countess; she fainted, and it was long ere she recovered. By degrees, however, the emotions of both the parents subsided into the calmer but deep feeling of thankfulness to the Being who had restored their child; and their next duty was to express their gratitude to the humble instrument of his preservation, whom, after having heard his story, which was modestly but clearly told, the earl dismissed with a handsome present, and promises of future patronage.

Edmund Danson returned, that night, to his humble dwelling, rejoicing; for he carried with him that which would increase the comforts of his widowed mother; and he lay down on his pillow with a heart overflowing with gratitude to Him, who giveth not "the race to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Edmund had been brought up in poverty, but not in ignorance; he was naturally quick, and of a docile temper; and, while his mother had instructed him in those truths which had been her own best solace in the hour of her distress, a kind and intelligent neighbour had given him a few rough lessons in penmanship, and other rudimentary matters; and thus, he was, in point of acquirement, greatly in advance of youths in his humble station.

None will wonder, and few will blame, if the readiness with which he listened to the instructions of this good neighbour were somewhat increased by the fact of his reading in the same book with his preceptor's daughter, Mary Pearson, who was two years younger than himself, and had been his playfellow from her infancy. Oh, what a pure and holy thing is the love of children! how free from the worldliness and vanity which taint the affections of our maturer years! As their studies were pursued together, so were they companions in their amusements. Together they sought the hazel nuts in the copse, or the ground nuts in the meadow, or the wild rasberries that grew in the chasms of the cliffs which overhung the Tees; or searched the shallow bed of that river or its tributaries, for the many coloured pebbles which there abound, particularly those which, simple geologists! they were wont to call yellow ochre and red lead.

But promotion, if it always bring profit, sometimes brings pain; and thus it was when the earl, with a liberality which could not but be availed of, offered to take the charge of Edmund's fortune, and, as a preliminary step, to place him at school at Durham. Many, and very bitter, were the tears which this simple-minded and affectionate pair shed, at the breaking up of that companionship which had never been interrupted for a day! Let us not dwell upon the misery of their separation, which, however, was not without its balm to each—the assurance of the other's constancy. For Mary's affection, absence was the only trial to which it was likely to be subjected; but it was far otherwise with Edmund. He was about to enter upon another and more elevated scene, where temptations would assail him on every side, and in every form. The protégé of a rich and powerful nobleman, he found that his humble birth and simple manners were no safeguard against the flattery of those around him; and ambition would point to many a high path, in which the humble maiden whom he had left in his native valley could not walk by his side

Weeks passed away, and Mary heard no tidings of her beloved one, except indirectly, that he was well, and was distinguishing himself as an apt and persevering scholar. But she did not doubt his truth; true, she knew not of the temptations which beset him—but if she had, she would have trusted still; for woman is confiding, and, if she ever learns to distrust, it is to man that she owes the bitter lesson

But the temptations against which he prayed when he left his pillow, and when he sought it again, was not permitted to prevail. He had learned to walk by a holier light than the flickering flame of human passion, and his feet swerved not from the right way. One morning, while Mary was busied in her household occupations, a groom from the earl of * * * * rode up to the door, and put a letter into her hand. The writing was different from any she had ever seen, but she knew it was Edmund's, for her heart told her so. And what did that letter say? Oh! it was full of feeling, and therefore full of poetry—the poetry not of romance, but of the heart. It told her of all his hopes—and his plans; but in every little picture which he drew of the future, she saw herself in the foreground. It told her he was happy—happy in the love of his schoolfellows and the respect of his preceptors, but, above all, most happy in the blessed conviction, that, though absent in body, there was between them that communion of mind and thought which defied distance to sever. And oh! how often did Mary read that letter, dwelling upon every word, and blessing the affection which it breathed! How often has she read it by the mountain spring, her Edmund's favourite spot, till tears of joy and gratitude gushed into her eyes from a fountain as pure as that which was welling by her side!

And how did that letter come? Edmund had transmitted it in a cover to the earl, and he felt an honest pride in showing his noble patron that he had not forgotten his village maid. Nor did the feeling by which Edmund was thus influenced pass unappreciated by the earl, who held it to be honourable to the maiden, as well as to the youth; and when, in the course of a year or two, Mary was left an orphan, his lordship placed her under his housekeeper, where, without being employed in any of the menial offices, she was perfected in the duties of housewifery, while her education was not neglected.

Time passed away, and Edmund was nearly one and twenty. In the interval he had seen Mary but once; the earl having usually employed him, during his vacations, in little missions to his various estates. It happened that, about three months before the time appointed for Edmund's quitting Durham, he was suddenly sent for by the earl, and accordingly repaired to the hall without delay. His lordship received him in his study; and, after a few commonplace inquiries, said, "Edmund, you may probably have conjectured my intentions with regard to you, from the course of education which I have prescribed to you, as well as from the nature of the business upon which, during the vacations, I have employed you." Edmund professed his ignorance on the subject, with a sincerity which the nobleman could not doubt; and he continued—"My land-steward has long been an aged man, and is now so infirm, that he has requested leave to retire, upon a very handsome fortune, which, I am happy to say, he has honourably made, in my service. Now, the appointment is yours, if you like to accept of it; you are young, it is true, but you have made good use of your time, and I have the most implicit reliance in your steadiness and integrity."

Edmund, who was not prepared for such an offer, was so much overcome that he could with difficulty express his gratitude, which, however, when he had done, the earl replied, "Well, I am glad that it meets your views, inasmuch as I think it will be advantageous both to you and to me. The lodge in the lower park shall be fitted up for you without delay; when," added his lordship, with a smile which he rarely indulged an inferior, "you will not be long, if I am rightly informed, without a housekeeper:" which, as well as a lovely and affectionate wife, Edmund soon found in his own faithful Mary. His aged mother left her cottage to reside with the youthful pair, and brought a blessing with her; for, "whatsoever he did, it prospered in his hand."

SELECTED POETRY.

THE SEA SHELL.

'Tis the hot noon, and pillow'd clouds are stooping
Their burnish'd summits from the soft blue sky;
The leaves upon the far-off trees are drooping,
And not a breath of fresh'ning air waves by.

For me, no forest twines its shady bowers,
Barring the sunshine from the dewy earth;
No stream makes musick, and no perfumed flowers
Ope their bright leaves, and waken into birth.

O Fancy, aid me with thy dreams of splendour!
Unto mine ears, I lift this ocean shell,
And with shut eyes my listless soul surrender,
Creative Power! to thy triumphant spell

Hark! the glad noise of distant waters booming,
Sounds through the quiet of the summer air;
And, see! above the dim horizon looming,
What cloud-like sails gleam silvery and fair!

The ocean billows sparkle bright before me,
On the wide shelving beach entranced I stand;
The screaming sea-bird spreads his pinions o'er me,
Or runs with eager haste along the sand!

The rushing waves upon the smooth shore dashing,
Fall back in broad and glassy sheets of light;
Whose golden surface in the sunbeams flashing,
Shines like a mirror to the dazzled sight

The sky is clear, the dallying wind is throwing
Upon my cheek the cool and feathery spray;
O'er the tall pines, a purple haze is glowing,
As through their bending tops he bends his way.

Ah, stay, bright vision! do not thus forsake me;
Spread thy close shadow o'er my heated brain;
Alas, that dull reality should wake me,
From dreams like these to weariness and pain!

SONG OF THE ANGLER.

O waken, winds, waken; the waters are still,
And silence and sunlight recline on the hill;
The angler is watching beside the green springs
For the low welcome sound of your wandering wings!

His rod is unwielded, his tackle unfreed,
And the withe-woven pannier lies flung on the mead;
He looks to the lake, through its fane of green trees,
And sighs for the curl of the cool summer breeze.

Calm-bound is the form of the water bird fair,
And the spear of the rush stands erect in the air,
And the dragon-fly roams o'er the lily-bed gay,
Where basks the bold pike in a sun-smitten bay.

O waken, winds, waken! wherever asleep,
On cloud or dark mountain, or down in the deep;
The angler is watching, beside the green springs,
For the low welcome sound of your wandering wings!

WOMAN.

Child of the erring heart's desire,
To man in blissful Eden given,
When yon bright orbs of mystick fire
First hymn'd the circling hours of heaven.
Oh! hadst thou mock'd the tempter's powers,
The skies had been beneath thy bowers,
And man's immortal sire,
Of thee and Paradise possess'd,
Had been beyond the angels bless'd!

But this was not ordained to be,
Child of the soft and suffering mien!
And keenly has the stern decree
Been felt through ages lapsed between.
High-gifted man thy trespass shared,
And death with this bleak world preferred
To Eden's bowers unblest by thee.
Then waved the sword o'er Eden's gate,
And Paradise was desolate!

Frail, erring child, of birth divine!
Weak, wandering, yet beloved of heaven,
Repentant, low, at mercy's shrine
Thou heard'st, and art forgiven.
O, who, with darkened mind shall trace
To thee the ruin of his race,
Nor own that faith is thine,
Which, still omnipotent to save,
Survives and triumphs o'er the grave!

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE BIRTH-DAY OF SHAKSPEARE.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, *April* 22.

"Great Homer's birth seven rival cities claim—
——But happier, Stratford, thou,
With incontested laurels deck thy brow;
Thy bard was thine, unschool'd—and from thee brought
More than all Egypt, Greece, or Asia taught.
Not Homer's self such matchless laurels won—
The Greek has rivals, but thy Shakspeare none."—*Seward.*

SUCH and similar are the impressions which you may feel in entering the pleasant town of Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, a county which has not only been distinguished by the birth of Shakspeare within its confines, but also been honoured by those who were once the natives or residents in it, and the ornaments and benefactors of their country—a Rous, a Dugdale, an Addison, a Watt, a Priestly, and a Parr.

Preparations are making for the annual festive celebration of the birth-day of Shakspeare, by the committee of members of the Royal Shakspearian Club. The committee met this day, at the Falcon tavern, to make arrangements for the usual banquet in the great room of the hall. There will not be any procession as in 1827 and 1830, the inclemency of the weather deterring the club from presenting any pageant. It was the same cause that prevented Garrick, in 1769, from carrying out his plan of a publick representation of the more prominent characters of Shakspeare's plays.

THE BANQUETING HALL.

The town-hall is now being fitted up for the dinner and concert room. It is a very handsome room, sixty feet long and thirty wide. It is enriched by four large paintings. Over the chairman's seat is a full-length painting of "*The*" Poet, by Wilson, presented by Garrick in 1769. The bard is represented in his study, with pen in hand, intensely looking upwards—the painter, no doubt, bearing in mind the following lines from the play of the *Midsummer Night's Dream:*

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name."

At the opposite end of the room is the fine whole-length of Garrick, placed here in compliment to that celebrated actor at the expense of the corporation. There is also a portrait of Queen Anne, and another of the Duke of Dorset, who was Lord of the Manor and High Steward of the borough at the time of Garrick's jubilee.

The tables of to-morrow's festival are arranged for two hundred guests. The tickets are disposed of under the superintendence of the committee, and bear the appropriate inscription—"You are welcome—take your place." It is expected the attendance will be at least equal to that of last year.

The chancel of the church of the Holy Trinity, and the birthplace of Shakspeare, in Henley-street, are, of course, the great objects of interest to visiters. The former was new roofed, renovated, and restored two years ago, by a publick subscription, (limited to one guinea,) and collected throughout Europe and America. It is a beautiful fabrick, of the religious style of architecture of the fifteenth century. The particulars of the monument of Shakspeare may be new to many of our readers.

The effigy of Shakspeare was originally coloured, to resemble life, and its appearance, before touched by innovation, is thus described in an old work on the church: "The eyes were of a light hazel, and the hair and beard auburn. The dress consisted of a scarlet doublet, over which was a loose black gown, without sleeves. The cushion before him was of a crimson velvet and the upper part green, with gilt tassels." The arms are in a position for writing, and this day some votary to the shrine had placed a pen in the hollow between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand. It is generally supposed that an iron pen was originally so placed

In the year 1748 this monument was carefully repaired, and the original colours preserved as nearly as possible. Mr. John Ward, grandfather to Mrs Siddons, and the manager of a theatrical company, gave the receipts arising from the representation of *Othello* (September 9, 1746.) to defray the expenses thus incurred. In 1793 the bust and figure above, together with the figure of "John a Combe," were, at the request of Malone, the commentator, painted a stone colour with white lead! This instance of bad taste was satirized in one of the books in which visiters enter their names:

"Stranger, to whom this monument is shown,
Invoke the poet's curse upon Malone,
Whose meddling zeal his barbarous taste displays,
And daubs his tomb-stone as he mars his plays."

It is remarkable there are no monumental inscriptions to other persons of the name of Shakspeare, except his wife, who it is recorded died on the sixth of August, 1623, at the age of sixty-seven years.

The monuments and inscriptions in the chancel and in the church are numerous, but the attention is directed to the spot sacred to the ashes of Shakspeare. All that is earthly of this incomparable writer is on the north side of the chancel under a flat stone, which is never walked upon by the visiters, who generally insert their names, address., etc. in books kept by the vestry woman. There are many beautiful poetick effusions in the handwriting of princes, poets, historians, statesmen, and warriours. One by Lucien Bonaparte is very fine, but we have no room for extracts. Similar books are kept in the room the bard was born in, and here the walls and ceiling are so completely covered that it is difficult to find an inch to pencil your name. Indeed, many great names the writer saw there in former years are quite illegible from being written over.

THE COUNT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The Count Rostoptchine was the favourite minister of Paul the First of Russia. He was a man of considerable ready wit, and might boast of having passed a fortunate life. He came to Paris towards the close of his career, and was exceedingly popular in the highest circles. They expected to see some "ferocious tartar" or "political incendiary," as the Duchesse d'Abrantes calls him in her memoirs, and they found a cheerful, lively, and agreeable person. He had seen much of the world. His collection of anecdotes was varied and piquant. One day a lady said to him that he ought to write his memoirs. The next morning the Comte brought her a little roll of paper, which he placed in her hands with great gravity. "What is it?" said the lady, looking at the little packet with some degree of awe, as it lay in the palm of her hand. "Madame," said the Comte, "I have yielded to your suggestions—I have written my memoirs. There they are." The lady was not a little surprised at the promptitude of this literary work, and not in the least expected such an account of the Comte's life as that which follows. In its wit and piquancy, it reminds one of Voltaire:

"My Memoirs, or myself laid open to the world, written in ten minutes.

"TABLE OF CHAPTERS.

"1. My birth—2. My education—3. My sufferings—4. My privations—5. Memorable periods—6. Picture of my moral character—7. Important resolution—8. What I was, and what I should have been—9. Respectable principles—10. What I liked—11. What I disliked—12. Analysis of my life—13. Rewards from on high—14. My epitaph.

"CHAP. I.—*My birth.*

"In 1765, on the twelfth of March, I came from darkness into the full light. I was measured, I was weighed, and I was baptized I was born, I know not why, and my parents thanked heaven without knowing for what

"CHAP. II.—*My education.*

"I was made to learn all kinds of things, and every sort of language. By dint of impudence and charlatanism, I sometimes passed for being learned. My head became a badly-arranged book-case, of which I kept the key.

"CHAP. III.—*My sufferings.*

"I was put in torment by masters who taught me; by tailors, who made me tight clothes; by women who had designs on me; by ambition; by vanity; by useless regrets; by sovereigns, and by souvenirs.

"CHAP. IV.—*My privations.*

"I have been always deprived of these great enjoyments of the human race—stealing, gluttony, and pride.

"CHAP. V.—*Memorable periods.*

"At thirty I gave up dancing; at forty, all idea of pleasing the fair sex; at fifty, all subservience to publick opinion; at sixty, all attempts at thinking; and I have become a true sage, or an egotist, which is synonymous with it.

"CHAP. VI.—*Picture of my moral character.*

"I was stubborn as a mule; capricious as a coquette; giddy as a child; lazy as a young girl; active as a Buonaparte; and the whole—as much as you please.

"CHAP. VII.—*Important resolution.*

"Never having been able to make myself master of my physiognomy, I gave full reins to my tongue, and contracted the habit of thinking aloud; that procured me some fun, and plenty of enemies.

"CHAP. VIII.—*What I was, and what I should have been.*

"I was exceedingly alive to friendship—to confidence; and if I had been born in the golden age, I might have been quite an excellent person.

"CHAP. IX.—*Respectable principles.*

"I was never implicated in a marriage nor a calumny; I never recommended a cook nor a physician; and consequently I never attempted any man's life.

"CHAP. X.—*What I liked.*

"I was fond of small parties, and a walk in the woods. I had an involuntary veneration for the sun, and his setting often made me sad. In colours, I loved the blue; and in eating, roast beef and horse-radish; in drink, pure water; in amusement, comedies and farces; in men and women, open and expressive countenances. Hump-backed persons of both sexes always have had for me a certain charm, which I cannot define.

"CHAP. XI.—*What I disliked*

"I kept away from fools and scoundrels, and from women who pretend to be over-virtuous. I hated affectation. I pitied men who were effeminate, and women who rouged. I had an antipathy to rats, liqueurs, metaphysicks, and rhubarb. I had a dread of law and mad dogs.

"CHAP. XII.—*Analysis of my life.*

"I wait for death without fear, without impatience. My life has been a poor melo-drama, with grand dresses and scenery, in which I played the heroes, the tyrants, the lovers, the old men—but never the servants.

"CHAP. XIII.—*Rewards from on high.*

"My great happiness is to be independent of the three individuals who reign in Europe. As I am tolerably rich, I never meddle in affairs of state, and care not for musick. I have nothing to do with Rothschild, Metternich, or Rossini.

"CHAP. XIV.—*My epitaph.*

"Here is placed, to take his final rest, with a worn body and a tired soul, a poor, old, dead devil—gents and ladies! pass on."

Such was the autobiography of the Comte, of whom the following *bon mot* was often spoken by Talleyrand, as cutting: "I come," said he, "to France, to judge for myself of the merits of three great men—the Duc d'Otrante, Prince Talleyrand, and Potier. The last one alone appears to me equal to his reputation." One day that the Emperour Paul was surrounded by a crowd of Russian princes, he suddenly turned to the Count, and said: "Why are you not a prince?" After a moment's hesitation at this singular question, the Count replied: "It is because my ancestors arrived in Russia in winter." "In winter! how could that hinder you from being a prince?" "Why, when the Tartar first appeared at court, the Czar asked him whether he would have a pelisse or the title of prince. The winter was cold, and he chose the latter." Paul laughed heartily at this reply, and, turning to the courtiers, said: "Ah, gentlemen, you ought to congratulate yourselves on having ancestors who did not arrive in winter."

ANCIENT SIMPLICITY.—Paulding, in his life of Washington, gives the following little anecdote of the mother of this great man:—"She was once present and occupied the seat of honour, at a ball given to Washington at Fredericksburg, while in the full measure of his well-earned glory, and when nine o'clock came, said to him with perfect simplicity, 'Come, George, it is time to go home.'"

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE DAY WAS DARK.

THE day was dark, save when the beam
Of noon through darkness broke,
In gloomy state, as in a dream,
Beneath my orchard oak;
Lo, splendour, like a spirit came,
A shadow, like a tree;
While there I sat, and named her name,
Who once sat there with me.

I started from the seat in fear;
I look'd around in awe;
But saw no beauteous spirit near,
Though all that was I saw;
The seat, the tree, where oft in tears
She mourned her hopes o'erthrown,
Her joy cut off in early years
Like gather'd flowers half blown.

Again the bud and breeze were met,
But Mary did not come;
And e'en the rose, which she had set,
Was faded ne'er to bloom!
The thrush proclaimed in accents sweet,
That winter's reign was o'er;
The bluebells throng'd around my feet,
But Mary came no more.

I think, I feel—but when will she
Awake to thought again;
No voice of comfort answers me;
But God does nought in vain:
He wastes no flower, nor bud, nor leaf,
Nor wind, nor cloud, nor wave;
And will he waste the hope which grief
Hath placed in the grave!

SINGLE LIFE.

I would by no means persuade you or no woman to prefer a single life. It is not the "primrose-path." Nothing less than a spirit of meekness, or self-renunciation and of benevolence, can make a woman who has once been first, happy in a subordinate and second best position. And this, under ordinary circumstances, is the highest place of a single woman. Depend upon it, my dear young friends, it is safer for the most of us to secure all the helps to our virtues that attend a favourable position; besides, married life is the destiny heaven has allotted to us, and therefore best fitted to awaken all our powers, to exercise all our virtues, and call forth all our sympathies. I would persuade you that you may be the cause of happiness to others, and of course happy yourself—for when was the fountain dry when the stream continued to flow? If a single life, according to the worst view of it, is a moral desert, the faithful in their passage through it, are refreshed with bread from heaven, and water from the rock.—*Miss Sedgwick.*

DOUBT.

Doubt, when radiant smiles are shining,
Doubt, when clasping hands are twining,
Doubt, when honied words are flowing,
Doubt, when blushes warm are glowing,
But never doubt that truth sincere
That glistens in a woman's tear.

Doubt, when mirthful tones invite thee,
Doubt, when gayest hopes delight thee,
Doubt, whate'er is fondest, fairest,
Doubt, whate'er is brightest, rarest,
But oh, believe that truth can live,
In hearts that suffer and forgive.

TOPICKS FOR THOUGHT.

Give no quarter unto those vices which are of thine inward family, and having a root in thy temper plead a right and propriety in thee. Examine well thy complexional inclinations. Raise early batteries against those strongholds built upon the rock of nature, and make this a great part of the militia of thy life. The politick nature of vice must be opposed by policy, and therefore wiser honestics project and plot against sin; wherein, notwithstanding, we are not to rest in generals, or the trite stratagems of art. That may succeed with one temper which may prove unsuccessful with another. There is no community or commonwealth of virtue, every man must study his own economy and erect these rules unto the figure of himself. —*Sir Thomas Brown.*

Guilt, though it may attain temporal splendour, can never confer real happiness; the evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commissions, and, like the ghost of the murdered, for ever haunt the steps of the malefactor; while the paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Man is designed for an active being, and his spirit, ever restless, if not employed upon worthy and dignified objects, will often rather engage in mean and low pursuits, than suffer the tedious and listless feelings connected with indolence; and knowledge is no less necessary in strengthening the mind, than in preserving the purity of the affections and the heart.—*Sir Humphrey Davy.*

How quick is the succession of human events! The cares of to-day are seldom the cares of to-morrow; and when we lie down at night, we may safely say to most of our troubles, "Ye have done your worst, and we shall meet no more."—*Cowper.*

The great essential to our happiness is the resolution to perform our duty to God as well as we are able; and when this resolution is deeply infixed, every action and every pursuit brings satisfaction to the mind.

The most important truth cannot be too early learned, nor the journey that leads heavenward too soon begun. The enemy is awake while we slumber, and if we neglect to cultivate the good seed, his tares will cover all the surface.

ORIGINAL PAPERS FROM ABROAD.

THE GRACEFUL MAN, AND MISERIES AND MORALITIES OF GRACEFULNESS.

BY WILLIAM COX.

I AM exceedingly sorry for my friend George Pumpkin. He is a worthy, kind-hearted fellow, and deserved a better fate.

In the very prime of life, in the flush and vigour of his faculties, animal and intellectual—in the possession of health, wealth, and leisure—yet has a cloud gathered over his young existence—a fatal idea, a hopeless hope, taken possession of his mind, driving from thence peace, happiness, serenity, and calm content.

He has taken it into his head to become a *Graceful Man!*

I talked to him like a father—I reasoned with him as a friend. I showed him the utter impossibility of the thing coming to pass I pointed out to him that his hands were large, his feet still larger; I dwelt with force and unction upon the angularity and unevenness of his shoulders, the general incoherence and unsymmetrical character of his limbs, the height of his cheek bones, the partial obliquity of vision with which it had pleased nature to endow him, (his left eye, in particular, being especially rebellious, always looking the way he does not want it,) and showed plainly and perspicuously the utter incompatibility of those matters with gracefulness.

And what was the result of my honest zeal? How was I repaid? He almost doubted my friendship!

But I had a duty to perform, and I nerved myself for its performance. I took a retrospective view of the case. I avowed my belief that even in the dark abysm of the Past—before Time was so far as he (Pumpkin) was concerned, it had been pre-ordained that he should *not* be graceful; that Fate must have taken a vow to that effect, and in order to make good her words, had given him a raw-boned Vermont farmer for a father, and a woman only one degree removed from pure Dutch descent for a mother.

The perspiration started from his forehead as dark fears of the truth of this forced themselves unwillingly upon his mind.

"When you talk of a graceful Greek or a graceful Italian," said I, "people recognise the propriety of what you say as readily as if the term had been applied to a greyhound, an antelope, a blood-horse, or a swallow upon the wing; when you say a graceful Persian, a graceful Georgian, or a graceful savage, they demur not; a graceful Turk, or a graceful Pole, they consider, and then assent; a graceful Spaniard, or a graceful Frenchman, they consider again, and then dissent, for incongruous ideas of stiffness and pomposity on the one hand, and violent gesticulation and misplaced flexibility on the other, force themselves on the mind; but when you come to the Teutonick family, and mention such anomalies as graceful Englishmen, graceful Germans, or graceful Americans, (leaving, of course, in all three cases, the ladies out of the question,) sensible people smile incontinently; and when you go so far as to talk of a graceful Scotchman, (the Celtick race excepted,) or a graceful Dutchman, they laugh outright at the intense absurdity of the thing."

This made an impression, but "oh truth! disguise thyself as thou wilt, still art thou a bitter draught!"

Pumpkin's face assumed that peculiar appearance which is characteristick of those whose owners have just swallowed physick.

I then, as delicately as the subject would allow, drew his attention to the construction of his revered parents, neither of which, he was obliged to admit, would have been selected as models by a statuary—alluded slightly to the hippopotamus formation of his grandmother, and then appealed to both zoology and physiology if anything *like* grace could be expected from such a descent—such a rare concatenation of unfavourable circumstances.

He gathered strength from despair. "There are exceptions to every rule," said he, "why may not I be the exception?"

Had we been in a room, I would have led him to the glass for an answer. We were in the street, so I contented myself with telling him that if he persisted in the pursuit of the graces, and even partially succeeded, he would, under all the circumstances of the case, make himself a marvel—a show—an everlasting curiosity—a perpetual subject of speculation.

He said he did not care suppose he did!

We shook hands coolly for the first time and parted; Pumpkin to dress for an evening concert, and I to reflect upon the agreeable results of good advice.

Yet was he my friend, and I could not but turn to look after him. Wrapt in thought—doubtless pondering on what had just passed between us—in attempting to cross the street, he stepped right into the middle of a pool, ran bump against a cart, upset an old woman, and went through a series of the most curious evolutions imaginable, in order to avoid being run over by two omnibuses driving in different directions

Graceful, thought I, to the last degree.

Pumpkin and I have since renewed our intimacy, for he is of a placable disposition, and I have had ample opportunities of appreciating the miseries of gracefulness as cultivated by my misguided and unhappy friend. All men know what a bore it is daily to go through the disagreeable but certainly necessary operation of putting on their clothes. But what is the simple putting on of garments to the fret, the anxiety, the torture of body and mind endured twice or thrice daily by poor Pumpkin, in order to ensure what he aims especially at—a "graceful negligence!" And yet, after all, he generally appears, as all must who are not "native and to the manner born," stiff, constrained, and uncomfortable. Even I, his gothick friend, succeed better than he does, for though I make no sort of progress in "grace," yet, on all hands, my attainments, as far as negligence is concerned, are undisputed.

The man, too, has the self-sacrificing spirit of a martyr. In a better cause, and in more barbarous times, he would assuredly have enjoyed the honour of being but to death. An anecdote, will, in part, illustrate this. Pumpkin has a discriminating palate; as a natural consequence, he is particularly partial to oysters. We were at the theatre together one evening. Mrs. ——, who is so fond of playing fine ladies instead of fine ladies' maids, was on the stage at the time with a fan in her hand, which she was using, or rather misusing, most vilely. I carelessly remarked that "she was about as graceful in the use of it, as a man was in the eating of an oyster."

Pumpkin started as if a pistol had been discharged at his ear. The remark sank deep into his mind, and like a barbed and poisoned arrow in the flesh, it lodged and rankled there.

Poor fellow! I never saw him eat an oyster more! From that evil hour he eschewed not only that delicious animal in particular, but bade a long, a last adieu to the whole crustaceous tribe!

It has been said that the Americans abstaining from drinking taxed tea, was the greatest sacrifice to liberty ever made by a nation. The cause was nobler, doubtless, and as a long-continued national sacrifice, it was wonderful. But regarding the nation as a congregation of individuals, was there any single case equal in merit and intensity to that of Pumpkin's. Oh, ye to whom oysters are dear exceedingly, and who rejoice in shrimps, prawns and lobsters, speak!

About this time, too, he brought on a severe illness by swallowing the stones of some cherries after dinner, from the dislike to the usual manner of getting them out of the mouth. His mind, also, became afflicted with having doubts as to the gracefulness of sucking peaches and oranges.

He told me one day he had serious thoughts of leaving his native land for ever—of quitting for aye the scenes of his childhood, endeared to him by a thousand recollections, etc. etc., and of passing the remainder of his existence beneath a far, foreign sky.

I inquired his reason.

He said the chewing of tobacco had got to such a pitch!

He was prevented from carrying his design into execution by seeing two he foreigners kiss and embrace each other in the street. He thought it worse than expectorating.

Poor Pumpkin! What will become of him is rather difficult to say. If he goes on in this fashion, he will certainly refine himself to death. But perhaps he may take a wife. 'Tis a desperate remedy, doubtless, but his case is desperate. Should such an event take place, it is not impossible but he may yet be met with his hat unbrushed, his shoes untied, his coat white at elbows, and all that careless desolation about him which formerly marked the lover, but now betrays the married man.

In truth, Pumpkin was altogether in the wrong. Those graceful fancies do not sit well on the industrious, bustling, strong, active men of the North and West, who do everything at full speed, and have their energies engaged in a constant match against time. Their bones and sinews are not constructed for elegant, trifling, or voluptuous indolence. Constantly occupied in struggles with the elements and in overcoming the niggardliness of nature, or the obstacles she has placed in their way, they have contracted and inherited habits and manners which pretty well set all attempts at high polish at defiance. The English and Americans, as nations, are very decidedly ungraceful. Exceptions may, doubtless, be found, principally among the aristocracy of the former country and the southern planters of the latter, but not to any overwhelming amount. Neither are their minds of the alternately soft and fervent, languid and fiery nature, which characterises the temperament of the graceful Southern and Oriental people, but are as angular and untractable as their bodies. Bold, resolved, persevering, headstrong and obstinate, when they determine that a thing shall be done, they will have it done at all hazards; and so long that it be done to the purpose, the manner of doing it, whether graceful or otherwise, concerns them but little: but as for stopping them, right or wrong, or turning them from the career of their humour, you might as well attempt to stop or turn a steamboat with a pair of bellows.

It is, perhaps, as well that it is so. Those qualities render the John Bulls and Jonathans often uncouth and sometimes unamiable in small matters, but they answer admirably in the carrying on and completion of enterprises of "pith and moment." The "native hue" of their resolution is not often "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." They have uncommon faith in their own energies. They think they can perform great things, and they do perform them, but as for elegant trifling and the minor graces of manner—good lack! Bears *have* danced sarabands, certainly—in what style is a different question.

Had the Italians settled these United States, both manners and morals, doubtless, would have been a great deal more easy and unconstrained than at present, grapes would have grown where tobacco grows, and there would have been an opera-house in all the Atlantick cities—but there would have been no Cincinnati! The bears, wolves and Indians, would have had a lease of the western wilderness for a few generations to come; and the Mississippi, unvexed by steamboats, would yet have rolled its waters in silence to the ocean.

Or had the French beat the royalists and provincials in the old time, and overspread the country, what would have been the result? It is to be doubted whether manners, even, would have been materially improved, and other matters would have been a great deal worse The French have a vanity and vivacity about them which keep them continually in motion, and sometimes assume the appearance of energy, but they really effect very little. They make and unmake, pull down and set up, revolutionize and constitutionize at a rapid rate, but, after all their labour, they leave off pretty much as they began. Like a blind horse in a mill, they go over a great deal of ground without getting any farther forward. With all their many amiable qualities, their gallantry, intelligence and natural quickness, as colonists they have been signally unsuccessful. And yet they possess a quality apparently admirably suited to a new country or fresh state of things in which the Americans, and more particularly the English, are singularly deficient—namely, the easy and facile manner in which they yield to circumstances, and adapt themselves to suit the contingencies of any given case. The Anglo Saxon race cannot do this: habit with them is a strong second nature. They are mightily intolerant; they must have their own way; so, instead of yielding to circumstances, they make the circumstances yield to them, and leave the impress of their minds, manners, habits, whims, laws and customs wherever they set their foot. This, though attended with a good deal more trouble, seems to be the most lasting and effectual way of doing business.

But because they have done much they are not to pride themselves on their deficiencies, which they are rather apt to do. Pumpkin's theory was good, only his practice was ridiculous. Roughness is no virtue, and awkwardness far from being desirable; and they ought, therefore, to get rid of their uncouthness in the best way they can devise; only, when sneered at for deficiencies in mere manner, they may console themselves with the reflection that they are the pioneers of liberty and civilization all over the world

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE following letter, from the pen of a highly intellectual lady of this city, will be read with interest. It discusses the theory of dreams in a manner peculiar to herself. The facts adduced are certainly ingeniously interwoven with her own fancies, and well worthy the consideration of all persons curious in such matters. We commend the communication to the attention of the reader

THE THEORY OF DREAMS.

TO JUDGE HOPKINSON ON READING HIS LECTURE ON DREAMING.

MY DEAR FRIEND—I return the manuscript lecture with many thanks. I like it very much, and I should be surprised if any sensible person thought differently of it—as far as it goes, it is excellent.

I have been, as the Quakers say, very much exercised on the subject of dreaming, and of late years have carefully watched the whole process. That is—my attention has been directed to the period when dreaming commences, and when it ends. This investigation has resulted in an entire belief that we never *dream* in the common sense of the word, but that there is a twilight consciousness, tapering off from vivid thought to complete oblivion.

During a protracted convalescence, I had ample time to investigate this curious phenomenon, and I became so morbidly acute, that I could recall the last thought of consciousness ere judgment ceased to act. I perceived that the slightest noise in the middle of the night aroused me to consciousness again, and during the period of my first arousing, to complete awakening, a period of not more than twenty seconds, I have dreamed strange and often affecting incidents.

I know, from various circumstances, that the period of dreaming these fancies did not exceed the time specified, and we know likewise that there are many cases on record where the events of years have passed before the mind in the space of a few seconds. I would adduce the beautiful illustrative story in the Arabian Nights' Entertainment, as a proof that this fact was not unknown to the Orientalists, did I not fear to be told that the whole work was marvellous and meant so to be.

One of my sisters in her early married life used to compare chancery bills with her husband—he was then clerk in chancery. It became at length quite mechanical, and she could read aloud without much mental effort. One morning, while reading a very long bill, and, of course, very much fatigued, she dropped asleep and dreamed that she prepared a large supper and invited many guests to meet a friend of theirs who had just come from abroad. She attended personally to every part of the business, saw the table laid, the supper paraded on, and the guests waiting around, but the one for whom it was intended did not come At length, after much fretting and fears of the supper getting cold, and the guests impatient, the door at length opened and their friend appeared "Oh Mr. D," said she, "how long you have kept us waiting!" —"What do you say?" said her husband.—"Oh, bless me," said she, "I have been dreaming; I really have been asleep."—"That could not be," said he, "for you have gone on reading correctly and never stopped till you made that exclamation!"

Now all this dreaming could only have occupied a second or two, and yet it appeared to her of several hours' duration. Only consider that in our waking moments what a vast deal of ground we can travel over, and how many incidents can be crowded in the space of a few seconds. We can cross the Atlantick, with many glimpses of the terrours of the sea—go through London—the tower—the palace—see numberless strange people, and actually feel all the emotion that we should feel in reality, were those things present. If judgment did not stand at the portals and keep us from wandering too far—that is—if judgment *slumbered at its post*, we should still go across the Atlantick and see strange and curious things, but they would be all jumbled together, topsy turvy—and this would be what is called dreaming

Having therefore satisfied myself that to *dream* is merely to *think* without the supervision of the *regulating* faculty of the mind—judgment—all that is mysterious and perplexing in this strange

state of our being, has ceased to be a cause of such intense wonder to me.

Judgment—for I shall not enter into the question of its collateral aids, the reflective or retrospective powers—is the guardian and perpetual adviser of all the faculties of the mind. It watches over them in this grave and playful mood, and conducts them to *definite* if not to safe conclusions. It occupies the central point of the sanctum sanctorum, and with its single eye it regulates the whole mental machinery, keeping up the unities and proprieties.

Any one of the least observation must be aware of the continual demands upon the organs of comparison, and upon that faculty which is called judgment. Quickly as our thoughts are formed into opinions and resolutions—eventuating in immediate action—such as the turning of the eye, the lifting of the finger—we perceive that they have undergone a rigorous examination; we feel within us that there has been a debate among the faculties, and that one of them has influenced us to act.

We do not, to be sure, always decide according to the dictates of our reasoning powers, but *that* is not the question at present.—I am merely speaking of judgment; and it may be either good or bad according to the received opinions of the society in which an individual moves. Whatever we decide to *do* or to *omit*, it is this faculty which directs us, be it right or wrong. It is incorrect to say that a man acts contrary to his judgment when he commits arson, or murder; he certainly deemed it convenient to commit crime; he therefore did it, but it was his judgment that decided the question. When a man commits himself actually to the dictates of mere judgment, if his purpose is murder, it is not to decide whether he shall commit murder, but what is the *safest* way of doing it. If he consults his judgment as to the *right* or *wrong* of the act, judgment will decide for him that it is *wrong*, for judgment is dependent on the progress of civilization and conventional rules.

As this faculty is so vigilant and is always exercising its powers during consciousness, it follows that the muscles, nerves, and membranes of the brain, where it is especially located, must sometimes want repose, relief from tension. Nature therefore has provided a scheme by which this relief can be obtained, and a few hours suspension from its arduous labours—I mean the labours of the *locale*—will renew the gasses and fluids, and thus refresh the organ which was exhausted by incessant action.

But though the *judgment*, including its material adjuncts—for we must speak of spirit and matter conjointly—requires this suspension of labour, this renewal of the secretions, in order that the equilibrium may be restored; the imaginative faculties, not having any responsibility either of thought or action, are not in such a complete state of exhaustion, and can therefore exert their powers for a much longer period. Like children and weak inefficient persons, they run riot and commit a thousand extravagancies, throwing everything into utter confusion and into incongruous heaps, the instant their guide leaves them to their own fancies.

The moment that judgment succumbs to the wants of nature—*the moment she falls asleep*—the irresponsible faculties then make erotick excursion and perform acts, or rather suggest fancies, which the *method* of judgment would condemn. For, notwithstanding that arson and murder, in the waking moments, and when the system is in perfect health, bear the evidence of insanity, yet judgment has exercised its power and has decided on the proper course to effect the purposes intended. Judgment is the slave of the lamp and must obey when called upon, but it is not responsible for the *kind* of action on which it is to decide.

When judgment is on the alert, all the unities are observed, but when it is compelled to relax by the exhaustion of those material parts on which alone its acts are convertable to use, then we cannot depend on the various combinations which the *will* allows us to conjure up. In the variety of phantasmagoria which succeed each other, we find that there is no consecutive arrangement, no unity, no regular chain, not even association of ideas in its true sense. But when the judgment is broad awake, we may in a reverie, or *brown study*, fancy things equally strange, and build castles in the air, but there is always philosophy at the bottom of these speculations.

This master slave of the mental powers only acts therefore when the *materiale* by which means it operates is energetick and in a state of eucrosy. But when the unities are *not* preserved, we must infer that there is some morbid, preternatural excitement in the parts—such as produce insanity—or such as produce entire relaxation as when we are in the state of sleep. In the former case there is no *regular* work done, either mentally or bodily, being all random thoughts and actions for which the judgment is not responsible, *for it is not present*; and in the latter case, also, that faculty *being at rest*, there is *no work done at all*, either by the mental or bodily powers. There is in complete sleep a suspension of *all* but the mere vitality of being—a paralysis—total unconsciousness.

In what consists the difference between our *day* and night dreams? To be sure, we call the former *thoughts* and the latter *dreams*, but those are distinctions without a difference as to the complexion of both. Even in our *day* dreams, how difficult it is with the most resolute intentions to keep the thoughts in connective progression. We set ourselves to think of a house which we intend to build; we begin at the foundation, and most willingly would we pursue the subject, step by step, until *in our mind's eye* the whole is completed. But before we have finished with the vault, some unfortunate *association of ideas* carries us to the Black-hole of Calcutta—to agony of respiration—to Harvey—to tumours on the skin—to George the fourth—to Dr. Johnson—Westminster Abbey—marble columns—Balbe—La Martine—Napoleon—Maria Antoinette—the horrours of La Vendee—Mary Queen of Scotland—her noble vindicators—the nonsense of trials by jury—and the incongruous anomaly of court-martials in a government like ours.—All this passes in rapid succession, at the moment when our thoughts should be condensed to the tame matter-of-fact business of house-planning.

In the above wide range, diversified as it has been, we still observe a connexion, each fact is of the same character and order as when it occurred, and we mingle our horrour, our admiration, our wonder and our pity as each scene is conjured up before us, and we do all this in the right place as if they were in earnest individually occuring at the moment. We perceive, here, that judgment does not halt, or sleep, but that it hurries rapidly along with us, making prodigious leaps to meet us at every strange turn, so that the panorama shall be of just proportions and the perspective correct. But let judgment *go by default*—in other words, let judgment fall asleep, and we shall be one of the sufferers in the *Black-hole*, Dr. Harvey will be the head carpenter of the unbuilt house—George the fourth our President—Dr. Johnson grinding a barrel-organ—the sad sufferers of La Vendee will be monkeys dancing to the tunes of the organ—and we shall be looking on without feeling the least surprise.

What are those splendid conceptions of Walter Scott—those delicate, faithful delineations of Miss Austen—that magnificent, nay, tremendous burst of intellect, Paradise Lost, but dreams with the preservation of the Unities! What is the Tempest, that wonderful and beautiful creation of Shakspeare, but a connected dream? Many a bright intellect, in his feverish moments of slumber, has seen a Caliban, a sinking ship, gay, and fantastick spirits hovering in the air. Had the membranes, nerves and muscle of the brain been in a healthy, vigorous state, consciousness would have been on the alert, and judgment then would have enabled us to arrange all these vivid pictures into certainty and fitness, though it might never have equalled the conceptions of Shakspeare.

When the mental faculties rest, or sink into complete sleep, there is, therefore, entire exemption of thought and *consequently* of action—utter oblivion, as in death. The only difference is, that in the latter case the vital spirit can only be resuscitated by the hand of heaven, and in the former, the slightest mechanical effort of sound, or touch, can restore consciousness and judgment

Many circumstances must combine to secure undisturbed sleep; darkness is the first circumstance, for light is an excitant of a very irritating nature. Even in those regions where for a term there is no night, artificial darkness is procured for repose. Perfect health—quiet—a mind exempt from care—are all essential requisites to peaceful sleep. With all these aids, still we cannot sink into utter forgetfulness if we have used *too much*, or *too little* exercise, for, as I observed, consciousness does not entirely leave us as long as any of the faculties are in action.

There are some phenomena incapable of proof; by reasoning *a priori* we take some for granted and philosophy rests contented. Of this fact *entire* exemption from dreams is one—for the general belief is, that though we imagine we have not dreamed, yet we may have dreamed and forgotten. *This* we know to a certainty, that the faculties of the brain *require* rest, that if *one* requires it the *whole* may, that they may rest one at a time, or simultaneously. This being granted, we must infer, if *all* are in a state of complete repose, there can be no dreaming—no thought—either consecutive or disjoined.

The internal termination of the optick nerve is attached to certain portions of the mental machinery. If we press the finger tightly against the inner corner of the eye—one eye is sufficient, for they move, or stop, simultaneously—we shall perceive that the process of thinking cannot be preserved. The slightest motion of the eye enables thought to go on again, but *when the eye is perfectly still*, not even moving the millionth part of an inch, there can neither be a pictorial representation in the mind, nor a regular series of thought. Those who are able—and it requires a nice perception of motion—to keep their eye steady for a few moments, will find that this assertion is correct.

If, therefore, the mere suspension of motion in the extremity of the optick nerve causes a suspension of *day* thought, we may philosophically infer that complete rest in all the mental functions will prevent *night* thoughts, or dreaming; for what are day and night thoughts but dreams carried on *with* and *without* consciousness and judgment?

The *will*—a distinct faculty from the judgment—is quite as ready to grant permission to the somnambulist to jump out of the window, and to the insane man to cut his own throat, as it is to allow *you*, the sanest of mortals, and always wide awake in the day time, to follow a chain of thought consecutively, which shall carry conviction to court and jury. In *your* case there is euphonick agreement, and your reasoning powers and your judgment go hand in hand; whereas, in the other cases, the imaginative faculties alone are active and still under the influence of the will.

I am sure of one thing—which is, that when I begun this letter I never intended to say so much on this little understood question. I shall conclude now, however, by repeating what I have said throughout—that we are for ever dreaming unless we have a daylight, or a twilight consciousness, and that there is this difference between the two states, in the former we have *judgment* for the master of the ceremonies, who leads us regularly down the contra dance, and in the latter we have an ignis-fatuus which whirls us around an odious waltz, sometimes leading us to the tops of glorious mountains, yet oftener decoying us into quagmires, or into a ball-room without shoes or stockings and sometimes half naked

You will say—"then you wish to prove that there is no such things as dreams." I certainly do, in the common acceptation of the term dreams. People think it a great marvel to find that crude, wild, fantastick unconnected fancies, are chasing each other through their brain, and they wonder why it is so. They puzzle themselves to get a clue to some frightfully distracted phantasma, and if in the course of the preceeding day they can recollect the most minute circumstance which bears the slightest resemblance to any part of the dream they are perfectly satisfied. They never stop to inquire how it happens that in our day dreams we so often connect remote impossibilities, and fancy ourselves present with the character of those about whom we are reading. Our faculties are all awake in the latter case and are slumbering in the former.

It may be said that we awaken in a state of much greater terrour from a painful dream, than if the same dream were passing through our mind during the day. This is true, but we do not recollect that at this period we have consciousness, and that our judgment is deciding for us at every step. But frightful scenes *do* pass through the mind, and so vividly, too, that the soul recoils from them as if they were scènes of reality.

Every nerve and muscle in the body requires rest, and it is not at all wonderful that those particularly belonging to the brain should require it as much as those that are more remote. In fact, as volition—or the *will*—judgment—comparison—and all the reasoning powers, are lodged in the brain, that organ whence all motion emanates, requires more complete rest than those denominated bodily organs; and surely when a thing is at rest it cannot act—for action implies motion.

The mere lying in bed all night, even when the body is in perfect health, does not satisfy the wants of nature. It requires that the mental powers shall lie down too. We may lie ever so still, not moving a single muscle of the body, and yet not feel refreshed, if the mind is active. It is a sure sign of functional disturbance if the dreams are prolonged, and continued through the night it proves that there is still consciousness and that there is but one faculty dormant, that of judgment, therefore those who dream through the night complain of being unrefreshed by sleep.

I could say still more on this curious subject but I shall exhaust your patience. Yours truly, etc. M. G.

DOMESTICK CORRESPONDENCE.

FLORIDA AND THE FLORIDIANS.

Tampa, Florida—Matrimony in the Army—Ladies in the Semnole country—Scenery at Tampa—John Randolph's anathema against Florida—Tallahassee—Hospitality of the Floridians.

You have ever been aware, my dear sir, of the mortal and unconquerable antipathy the Bivins family have ever exhibited towards the mysteries of Hymen; and particularly when those mysteries are pryed into by young and inexperienced people. In a word, my dear sir, you have long known how perfectly hostile I have ever been towards the female sex, by some denominated "God's first and fairest gift;" "the soother of life's weary way;" "the comforter in sickness and in health, in prosperity and adversity, in life and death." Farther than this we cannot go. Being aware, as by this time you must be, of my entire, absolute, incontrovertible and essential opposition to anything wearing at all the semblance of our good mother Eve, (hence the word eves-dropper,) you will naturally follow the path I am about to open for you, and I hope before I shall have left, to conduct you to a spot where you may read in large, long, and conspicuous letters, like the writing at Belshazzar's banquet, "Let no officer of the army marry!"

I do conceive a marriage with a poor officer of Uncle Samuel's service—whose sword and commission constitute his entire estate—"wedlock forced" beyond all "proportion of subjection." *Pourquoi?* I have journeyed and voyaged over a goodly portion of these United States; I have seen and studied men and things, morals and manners; I have seen life, from the most insolent summit of exulting plenty to the most abject want, between the extremes of joy and grief—yet I have not seen, nor have I read of, anything so peculiarly painful to the feelings of a merciful man as was a trifling occurrence of this morning. You know, my dear sir, that, for many years, a business has been going forward in this land of sun, sand, and flowers, called a *Semnole war*—that, in its prosecution, many officers have fought and died—that many officers are yet engaged in the contest against an unseen enemy. By some luckless mischance, some, and indeed a majority of these officers, have managed to connect themselves with beautiful and accomplished women. These ladies, animated by a spirit of heroism unparalleled in our history, have come with, or followed their husbands to the ensanguined and dreaded soil of Florida. This would be all well enough could they remain at Tampa, or on the sea-coast—but think of an accomplished woman living without society at Micanopy, Tuscawilla, or any of the thousand and one small posts of the interiour, where nothing is seen but the same waste of pine trees, sand and glorious sunshine! This morning I witnessed the departure of some four or five ladies, on a mission of love to the interiour God grant such devotion may meet its reward!

As for Tampa, it is another Tempe. From the beach one of the most exquisite sea-views presents itself before you; while your temples are fanned by a delightful breeze. Here everything which can please the eye, ear or palate is at your disposal. Randolph of Roanoke, the most eccentrick, bright and satirical genius of Virginia, took occasion once to say upon the floor of Congress. "Florida is a land covered with pools of stagnant water, abounding in tadpoles, alligators, serpents and all manner of noxious and creeping things; 'tis a land of disease and death; a land to which a man would not emigrate from purgatory, no, not even from hell itself." Howsoever true and applicable this chaste eulogy may be

with regard to certain parts of the country, it is not so to Florida *as* Florida! Some portions of the country are unsurpassed, unequalled, unapproached by any in the known world, whether for beauty of scenery, richness of soil or salubrity of climate. I have traversed the entire peninsula, and surely I ought to know. In my opinion, the most delightful part of Florida is found within a circuit of thirty miles around the capital, Tallahassee. This, however, may arise from the association of ideas. Within this circuit of country many of "nature's noblemen" reside, whose hospitable mansions and broad acres evince that they know at least *where* they live. Governour C——, Colonel G——, Mr. S——, Colonel B——, Mrs. N——, Mrs. W——, are some of those who live after the style of the feudal times. Open hand, open heart, open house, is their motto. It would afford me unspeakable pleasure to see you there—I know you would appreciate such princely attentions. So different is their way from that cold, formal, calculating mode of the "out and outers," that one almost desires the whole world to be constituted of such materials. They possess genuine hospitality ripened by a Florida sun.

Be charitable enough, my dear sir, to believe that all this praise does not come from having eaten a *bon vivant* dinner, or from an over abundance of good wine—but take it as it is meant, a just and heartfelt tribute. Heaven send more such unto this beggarly world of ours! I think New-York would e'en be vastly improved by an importation of some thousands. People in Gotham, however, do not plant trees, and an old adage says, he that does so loves his kind.

What think you of an investment in this land of sun and flowers, of starry skies, of bright locks and raven locks, of plenty and profit, of generosity and hospitality? *C'est le premier pas qui coute.* Suppose you come and look at Florida? Yours inveterately, BIVINS.

THE DRAMA.

A LETTER FROM THE PROPERTIES.

LETTERS innumerable have poured in upon me since last week from every part of the theatre, and from things animate and inanimate, complaints, groans and praise have been thrown together into a strange conglomeration. Do not, for a moment, suppose that in editing and being godfather to these bantlings, I have the slightest idea of assuming to be a critick, for my regard for quiet is too great to place the chances of its loss even in proximity with danger, which would certainly encompass it if any but sugared criticism should fall from the pen. My first letter is from—but no, I'll let it speak for itself.

Mr C. C. *Park Theatre, May.*

We would respectfully claim a portion of yours and the publick's attention whilst we "a tale unfold." We are separately small matters, and our griefs and rights may by some be considered mere moonshine, but the sequel will explain. We have known a star of the first magnitude ruin his best "point" because we were absent or in bad condition. On such occasions the prompter receives more kicks than coppers, and the *placidity* of the stage-manager is ruffled, and even Mr. Autocrat Simpson is aroused from his *otium cum dignitate*, unless, perchance, we do, by inuendo, what actors do verbally, "gag." Our patronimick is "the properties," and from the extended circle of our family connexion, our individual appellations are almost legion. To those who are ignorant of the parts behind the scenes we are like a man's virtues, never acknowledged or regarded till we "are found missing," and we remember a most appropriate anecdote which, though old, we will repeat.

The Thane of Cawdor stood at the wing impatiently awaiting his cue to enter, which should have been—

> "A drum, a drum!
> Macbeth doth come:"

but no cue came, because no drum was sounded. The player raved, the audience hissed, and the life of the property-man could have been purchased for a trifle, when suddenly a blast long and loud was blown on a keyless bugle, which was followed by—

> "A trumpet, a trumpet!
> Macbeth doth stump it."

Had our family arrangements been complete, and our brother, the kettle-drum, not been loaned to a militia company, Shakspeare's admirers and the Thane's feelings had not been so severely tried.

Did it ever occur to you that there was a most astonishing unity in the article of chairs, as used on the stage by all people, nations and ages! I assure you several of us have felt, and most keenly, too, this total want of propriety. We hold alike the king, queen, prince and princess, ay, and all the royal family, and the good Martin Haywood and his family; we ornament the palace and the cottage, and are occasionally covered with a kind of red sack, and made to flourish at a ball. We are merely good, plain, three-and-sixpenny wooden chairs, and we know, if our employers do not, that in real life we never grace anything above the kitchen, an ale-house, or an attorney's office. We ought not to be embarrassed, we know, being among old and long-tried friends, but some small allowance should be made for the weakness of chair nature. One of our old'uns, a venerable high-back, arm-chair, painted to look like oak, assures us it has always been so, and that since his connexion with the concern, he has held more crowned heads than all the thrones in christendom, and he is so deucedly conceited on this account, that he always turns up his legs when anything beneath royal blood is seated in him.

Our arms, too, have an unenviable time, especially the guns. An aged musket says he has lied, by construction, so many times, that he is afraid to look a man in the face; and he pledges his word as a musket, that he was used by people who flourished long before the miserable invention of gunpowder, and that he always appeared at the period of match-locks. Another gun made quite a row a few weeks since, because he could not *go off* in Rienzi, for he urged that he had always been on in Coriolanus and other Roman plays, and he could not see that Rienzi was any better off than they were. We do not profess any knowledge of history, but we would like to know, if when muskets were first invented, they were as well proportioned and symmetrical as we are?

The spears, say some of them, have been in museums, and they have seen a great variety of spears, and they respectfully ask if all nations used *tin spears with red handles*, because, if they did not, they (the spears in the Park) must object, though we tell them such small matters are beneath notice, for ladies, when walking in the woods at night, always go without hats, and wear white satin shoes and dresses and silk hose.

The real and imitation daggers, knives and hatchets, have little to say, though they are sometimes most unnecessarily flourished in the air; the swords would respectfully but firmly ask, that foot soldiers will not be permitted to wear four-foot sabres, and that gentlemen will not handle their weapons as though they were hot pokers.

The phial, that always contains such a villanous compound of poisonous drugs, and sends so many people to perdition, wishes, like the lion in Pyramus and Thisbe, to inform the ladies that they need not be alarmed, that it only holds molasses and water, and that it has been used for the same murderous purpose without injury to any one these twenty years.

The "papers," generally called the deed, and which is sometimes so necessary, and forms the matter in controversy during the whole play, must ask a new seal, and that if convenient, the boy will buy a couple of old deeds or mortgages given in '36 and now grown useless.

We have much more to say, but that confounded property-boy has just made his appearance in our room, and is busy taking down the canvass hams and fish, not ducks, and is giving us a nudge in the ribs, so that we have only time to add that we are very respectfully yours, THE PROPERTIES.

I certainly cannot enter into, and sympathise with, all the feelings of the "properties," but it appears to me, from their ex-parte statement, that they are a much-injured race. I have noticed many discrepances, and have thought that at times far too little regard was paid to the details of the play. Every play-goer has smiled at the evident discrepances between the things spoken of by the actors and the things themselves, especially is this true in the matter of jewelry and miniatures. Notwithstanding these letters are dated from the Park, I presume the complaints are about equally applicable to the other establishments. C. C.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A BIT OF LIFE'S ROMANCE.

BY JOHN HOWARD WILLIS.

> "I tell thee, man, 'tis true—
> True, as I hold this dagger by the hilt;
> Or, if thou doubtest, straight, with point and edge,
> Rid me of eyes and ears for playing false—
> I say 'tis true, and I'll spin ballads on't." *New play.*

'Tis midnight's lone and silent hour—the moonlight softly falls
On bastion gray and battlement, and olden rampart walls;
In shadow sleep the streets below, while, glittering on high,
Each steeple spire shoots brightly up into the clear blue sky.

'Tis midnight's silence—save, at times, one hears a far-off sound,
Where ringing steel and dashing hooves tell of the vigil round
By armed men who swiftly ride—and, while we listening stand,
In distance dies the trampling of that watchful soldier band.

And yet, not all is still'd to rest—for where the flick'ring beam
On yonder turret tower denotes the bay'net's flashing gleam,
The wakeful sentry paces slow, while dreamy memories roam
Across the broad Atlantick to his boyhood's gladsome home.

But hark!—'tis musick's witchery which swells upon mine ear,
A lute and voice—a seraph-song from some celestial sphere!
A moment more, and both are hush'd—yet, note their spell-fraught power,
A warriour form is seen before the lady's latticed bower.

No snowy plume floats o'er his brow, but well I mark beneath
The watch-cloak's ample folds the shining spurs and sabre sheath;
His charger madly champs the bit, impatient of delay,
Till waving hands and scarf above forbid a longer stay.

A gauntlet white is to his lip, a pray'r is in his heart
For blessings upon *her*—to him of life and light a part;
An instant, then a clashing leap—the sparkles glimmer round
The hoof-strokes of that noble horse in each receding bound.

Ah! gallant lord, 'twas idly deem'd that mantle's guise would hide
A form whose youthful mien befits high lineage in its pride;
Thy golden belt, that upward gaze, and soul-breath'd sigh—all prove
The fact that captains in "*the Guards*" do sometimes "fall in love!"

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Once more the street is lone and still—the night air's growing cold,
And closed and dark that lady's bow'r, and gone that "guardsman" bold;
Yet, as I turn my homeward steps, I somehow bless the chance
Which gave me proof that life *still owns* some scenes of sweet romance.

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

A DEFENCE.

Written by Sir Astor Cochayenne, about the year 1661

> I WONDER why, by foul-mouthed men,
> Women so slandered be,
> Since it doth easily appear
> They're better far than we?
>
> Why are the Graces every one
> Pictured as women be,
> If not to show that they in grace
> Do more excel than we?
>
> Why are the liberal Sciences
> Pictured as women be,
> If not to show that they in them
> Do more excel than we?
>
> Since women are so full of worth,
> Let them all praised be,
> For commendation they deserve
> In ampler wise than we!

EULOGY ON GENERAL WASHINGTON.—In contemplating the revolution of this country, the mind naturally recurs to the means by which so great an object was accomplished, and its eye at once rests upon Washington! A man, a soldier, and a patriot—"take him for all in all," we "shall not look upon his like again." Between Cincinnatus and him, many characteristick features of resemblance may be distinctly traced;—that admirable Roman, after having successfully fought his country's battles, turned the sword of death, into the life-providing ploughshare, and laying down all dignity, save that of human nature, retired to the cultivation of his fields. So did the great, the *more* than great, the *good* Washington. Cincinnatus possessed the amor patriæ in no less a degree; but his merit in the possession was certainly less, for, with the first breath he drew, he inhaled the air of freedom, and the first drop of milk that sustained him, was strongly impregnated with the love of liberty! In him, not to have been a republican had been criminal. Not so was it with Columbia's hero. Although born, fostered, and educated under a monarchy, yet, when the great, the paramount call of country, aroused him to the assertion of her rights, he arose a colossal pillar to perpetuate to future ages the glory of the emancipation of America! But why should such a feeble pen as mine attempt an eulogy? His memory is embalmed with the tears of a grateful people, and his immortal part has met that immortality which is the sure reward of the just and good

DEATH OF MR. T. HAYNES BAYLY.—It is with deep regret we have to announce the death of Thomas Haynes Bayly, Esq., which took place at Cheltenham, in April last, after a lingering illness. He was a man of great taste, of a lively and playful imagination. His poetical talents have been long known to the public, for whom his ever ready pen was continually supplying a fund of amusement. He has within the last few years produced a vast number of very clever dramatick pieces, in which style of composition he particularly excelled. His loss will be long and severely felt by his family and friends, to whom he was endeared by his amiable manners and private virtues. His sufferings for the last six months were very great, and he was removed from Bologne about two months since, in the hope that the Cheltenham waters might restore him to health, as he was then apparently improving; but the violence of the remedies he had previously used had shattered his constitution beyond all power of restoration. He expressed himself perfectly resigned to the Divine will, and bore with the calmness and tranquillity of a christian the approach of death. He was watched over with the most earnest solicitude during all this season of trial by her who now mourns the loss of a beloved husband. He has left two daughters.

CLARET.—The wine drank under this denomination has no more right to be called by that name than Madeira has to be called Sherry, or sparkling Perry to be called Champagne. It is neither more or less than a mixture of sundry Bordeaux wines, with hermitage, a wine that grows at Tain, a distance of upwards of 300 miles from Bordeaux, and of Benicarlo, a wine from Spain. How is it that the English (and they are the only nation) can show such want of taste as to drink a fabricated mixture instead of importing the genuine Chateau Lafitte and Chateau Margaux Clarets, as they come from the vineyards? The wines of Chateau Margaux and Chateau Lafitte are allowed by all true connoisseurs to be the modern nectar of the gods: they invigorate the system without heating it; and as for saying that they do not possess sufficient body to keep in our climate, it is really too absurd to merit even an answer. There is at present in this country some of the genuine Chateau Margaux wine of the vintage of 1811, which was imported into England in 1815. It is now as sound as the day it arrived, and considerably improved in quality by having been so long here in bottle. It possesses more real body and genuine high flavour than any of the made-up stuff sold in London; no mixture would keep and improve like it. This of itself is quite sufficient proof of the absurdity of buying made-up Clarets in London.

A QUEER CAUSE FOR MIRTH.—The Roman consuls were one day dining with the emperour Caligula, when that monster, or lunatick—for there are doubts as to which he should be termed—was graciously pleased to burst out into a loud laugh. Upon the consuls courteously inquiring what witty and admirable conceit had given rise to the imperial mirth, he said he could not but laugh—and here he laughed louder than ever—when he thought how easily he could have both their heads cut off, and how they would look if he were to have them decapitated! It is not to be supposed that this frank disclosure of the imperial thoughts had a tendency to increase the appetites of the guests.

A SHARP REPLY.—Some years ago, as the late Rev. Dr. Pringle, of Perth, was taking a walk one summer afternoon upon the Inch, two young beaux took it into their heads to break a jest upon the old parson. Walking briskly up to him, and making their bow politely, they asked him if he could tell them the colour of the devil's wig? The worthy clergyman surveying them attentively a few seconds, made the following reply:—"Truly, here is a most surprising case! Two men have served a master all the days of their lives, and *don't know the colour of his wig!*"

LITERARY NOTICES.

"Isabel: or, Sicily. A pilgrimage." By Henry T. Tuckerman, author of the "Italian Sketch Book." Philadelphia: Lee and Blanchard. Pp. 230.

The author informs us, in his preface, that the form in which these descriptions and thoughts, suggested by a tour in Sicily, are presented, was adopted for the purpose of avoiding that egotistical tone from which it is almost impossible to escape in a formal journal, as well as to obviate the necessity of dwelling upon those unimportant details and circumstances which are common to every tour in Europe, and therefore too familiar to be interesting. Mr. Tuckerman has succeeded admirably in forming a most agreeable and instructive volume out of his materials. We know of no recent work upon Sicily of one half the merit and interest. Some of the descriptions are exceedingly beautiful, particularly the account of the "journey to Catania," of the ride from "Sciacca to Girgenti," and the sketches of Palermo and Syracuse. There are also some remarks in relation to Bellini, the young and lamented composer of "La Somnambula," which will be admired by all the lovers of musick for their pathos and truth.

"Phantasmion, Prince of Palmland." Two volumes. New-York. Samuel Colman.

This constitutes the first number of "Colman's Library of Romance," edited by Grenville Mellen. "Phantasmion" is written by a daughter of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Mr. Mellen, in his preface, remarks with great justice: "There is certainly much to be discovered in this work, of which that great poet might well have been proud to claim the parentage. In strength and originality its seems to be equalled only by the Undine of Fouqué. In the gorgeousness and exuberance of its pictures it is unsurpassed. As a specimen of the supernatural, mingled with its opposite, it has been pointed to with enthusiasm." No one can read "Phantasmion" without admitting the truth of this eulogy. The style, though simple and lucid, is extremely beautiful; and the metrical pieces, which here and there occur, are remarkable for the harmony of their construction, and the high poetical genius they display. The following song we select rather for its brevity than as the most favourable specimen of the author's talent:

The winds were whispering, the waters glistering,
A bay-tree shaded a sun-lit stream;
Blasts came blighting, the bay-tree smiting,
When leaf and flower, like a morning dream,
Vanished suddenly.

The winds yet whisper, the waters glister,
And softly below the bay-tree glide;
Vain is their cherishing, for, slowly perishing,
It doth but cumber the river side—
Leafless in summer-time.

"John Smith's Letters, with picters to match." New-York: Samuel Colman. Pp. 139.

The amusing letters from John Smith, relative to the late doings in our disputed territory, which appeared originally in the Mirror, are here published in a neat volume, with "picters to match." The illustrations are really very well executed, and do much towards enlivening the work. Those who are desirous of possessing the "only authentick history extant" of the disturbances on the frontier, will do well to obtain a copy of these epistles before the present edition is exhausted.

"Means and Ends; or, Self-training." By the author of "Redwood." "Hope Leslie," etc. etc. Boston Marsh, Capen, Lyon, and Webb. Pp. 278.

Miss Sedgwick has dedicated this little work to her young countrywomen, and most worthy it is of their cordial acceptance. It is full of excellent and judicious advice upon education, the preservation of health, housewifery, manners, dress, conversation, books, and a variety of other topicks immediately interesting to young ladies in their teens, and adapted to the state of living and manners in the United States. The following is a brief specimen of the style.

The most prevailing fault of conversation in our country, and I believe in all social communities, is gossiping. As weeds most infest the richest soils, so gossiping most abounds amidst the social virtues; in small towns, where there is the most extended mutual acquaintance—where persons live in the closest relations, resembling an enlarged family circle. To disturb the sweet uses of these little communities by gossiping is surely to forfeit the benefit of one of the kindest arrangements of Providence. We have heard such talk as follows, between ladies, wives, and *mothers*, wives of educated men, and persons who were called educated women: "Have you heard that Emma Ellis is going to Washington?" "To Washington! how on earth can the Ellises afford a winter in Washington?" "Oh, you know they are not particular about their debts, and they have six girls to dispose of, and find rather a dull market here." "The Newtons are going to the country to live." "Bless me! no—what's that for?" "They say to educate their children; but my dress-maker, Sally Smith, who works for Mrs. Newton, says she is worn out with dinner-parties—he runs the house down with company." "Oh, I suspect they are obliged to go to economise. You know she dresses her children so extravagantly! I saw Mary Newton at the theatre—she is not older than my Grace—with a diamond Feronière." "Diamond, was it? Julia told me it was an aqua-marine—the extravagance of some people is shocking! I do not wonder the men are out of patience. Do not tell it again, because Ned Miller told me in confidence: he actually has locked up all his wife's worked pocket-handkerchiefs. Well, whatever else my husband complains of, he cannot find fault with my extravagance!" Perhaps not: but faults far more heinous than extravagance this poor woman had to account for—the *pernicious words* for which we must be brought into judgment.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The remarks of "B.," on "Late Ministerial Changes," are hardly suited to our columns. We must decline them, as also the communications of "T. T.," "Walter," "P. P. C.," "L. N.," "Veto," "X.," "Pym," and "T. U. T.,"—In reply to the inquiry of "P. P.," we are not at liberty to disclose the real name of the writer to whom he alludes.—The lucubrations of the "Hermit at Saratoga," will, doubtless, be quite acceptable. Send them on.—"C.," on the "Personalities of the Press," is sensible, but somewhat too prosy. Our own opinion is, that people attach an undue importance to such personalities. It is the sensitiveness of the assailed party, which, in nine cases out of ten, provokes a renewal of the attack.—"A. B." is informed that we have not seen the parallel to which he alludes as appearing in the Philadelphia Gazette. We thought our correspondent's translation very pretty, but do not doubt there might be a better and more original one.—The tomahawk structures of "E." are not at all suited to our taste. He must send them elsewhere.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1839.

The British Queen.—This new and elegant steam-ship is advertised to sail from Portsmouth the first of July. She will accommodate upwards of two hundred passengers. Her model is of the American order, and extremely beautiful. Capt. Roberts, who visited us in the Sirius, is to be her commander. The following is an extract from a letter from a gentleman in Glasgow:—"I yesterday went down to see the British Queen. They are completing the ladies' cabin, and next week put in oil-cloths, carpets, beds, and begin to paint her from stem to stern, outside and in. You will, as will everybody else, be surprised at her massive machinery. All round the engine-room there is a wide walk (on a level with the saloon floor) protected by a brass railing, so that visiters and passengers may have a fine view of the machinery without interfering with the men. There is a separate entrance to it from the deck; the ceiling of it is panelled, and is to be painted oak and varnished. They are cutting port holes for putting in coals under the deck, and Roberts declares she shall be kept clean. You will be highly gratified with her arrangements throughout. Her 'funnel' was lying on deck, and I took a promenade of sixty feet through, hat on and all standing."

The Allston Gallery.—We have already mentioned that a collection of the works of Washington Allston are now exhibiting in Boston with signal success. There is, probably, no living artist whose combined paintings would form so attractive an exhibition. The favourite pupil of Benjamin West, he has long since excelled his master in the sublimity and matured excellence of his productions. It has been suggested, and we take pleasure in seconding and urging the suggestion, that the Alston gallery after it closes in Boston, should be opened in this city. The owners of the paintings might place them under such care as would ensure their safe-keeping, and an opportunity would be afforded not only of gratifying the friends of the fine arts in New-York, but of doing something towards remunerating an artist who has reflected such lasting honour on the land of his birth. We hope the managers of the exhibition will take this matter into consideration. There is much curiosity here to witness it, and we have no doubt the result would be successful beyond anticipation.

Leggett's Literary Remains.—It was but a week or two since that we announced the appointment of William Leggett as a special envoy to Guatemala. The news of his untimely death, in the thirty-ninth year of his age, not long ere this be familiar to our readers. We learn from the Evening Post, that a collection of his writings is about to be made for the benefit of his family. Some works of his are said to have been left in manuscript, nearly or quite prepared for the press. Though chiefly distinguished as a political writer of signal skill and vigour of style, the mere literary productions of Mr. Leggett would form an interesting and valuable collection. The pages of the New-York Mirror will bear honourable testimony to the power and fertility of his pen. Two handsome duodecimo volumes might be compiled from this journal alone.

Niblo's Saloon and Gardens.—Niblo's new saloon was opened to crowds of visiters on the sixth. Of course, every one will look in there these warm evenings. The entertainments are of the highest and most unexceptionable order, and we are glad to learn they are appreciated by the publick. The operatick corps is very strong, and the Ravels are as attractive as ever.

History made visible.—This is the title of a valuable historical chart, arranged, redrawn and published by J. Irvine Hitchcock, of Philadelphia. It is on the basis of Professor Strass's "Stream of History," which has been improved by the addition of American history on the same plan. We should think the work one of great value to schools, as well as to all interested in historical pursuits.

Astor-House.—We have recently convened with many friends from various countries respecting the manner in which this house is managed, and it gives us pleasure to record the general opinion, that there are few hotels in the world so well conducted. Under the direction of Messrs. Boyden, Stetson and Coleman, it continues to maintain an enviable reputation.

Power of pantomime.—It is related of Garrick, that a gentleman at the theatre, wholly unacquainted with the English language, fell horrour-stricken and senseless on the floor, while the great actor was clutching the "air drawn dagger of the mind," in the well-known soliloquy of Macbeth.

Which is right?—A protracted discussion is going on in some of the eastern papers as to whether a gentleman, in accompanying a lady on horseback, should take the right or the left side. Can any of our fair readers determine the question satisfactorily and conclusively?

Captain Marryatt and the copyright question.—Our gallant friend, the author of Peter Simple, appears to be continually getting into hot water. What with his challenges, his toasts, and his prosecutions, he is never out of trouble of some sort. His late work, "The Phantom Ship," has not only given rise to a difficulty between the author and the publisher, Mr. Colburn, in London, but has been the ground of a lawsuit between two of our own publishers. It appears that an application was made at the United States Circuit Court early in the present term, on behalf of Captain Marryatt, for an injunction to restrain William H. Collyer, a bookseller of this city, from publishing and vending a novel called "The Phantom Ship," of which he is the well-known author. We learn from the "Times," that the following was the decision pronounced by Judge Betts:—"An injunction having been moved for in behalf of the complainant to restrain the defendant from publishing and vending "The Phantom Ship," a book composed by the complainant, and the proofs and allegations of the parties in the premises having been heard and duly considered by the court, and it appearing to the court that the complainant is a subject of the queen of Great Britain, and a captain in the British navy, and that his family are domiciled in that kingdom, and the said complainant, after a temporary visit to the United States, left this country for England, and there being no evidence of his intention to return to the United States, *animo manandi*, therefore it is to be considered by the court, that on the sixth of November, 1838, when the complainant deposited the title of the said Phantom Ship, in the Clerk's office of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, as charged in his bill of complaint, he was not a resident of the United States, within the intention and meaning of the act of Congress respecting Copyrights, and is not therefore entitled to secure to himself the exclusive right to publish and vend the said book as claimed by his said bill. Whereupon it is ordered and decreed that the motion for an injunction in this behalf be denied." As the law at present stands, we have no doubt this decision was correct, but that the law is a most unrighteous one, and one extremely prejudicial to American literature, we have ever maintained and shall continue to maintain. In the present case the injustice is the more flagrant, inasmuch as Captain Marryatt was in the country at the time he disposed of the copyright of "The Phantom Ship."

Theatrical.—The farewell engagement of Miss Tree at the *Park* has been quite successful. She will carry with her, on her departure from this country, the best wishes of thousands, who have admired her histrionick talents. Although the London stage can poorly spare her at this time, we trust that her return to this country is not without the bounds of probability. The next campaign at the Park promises to be a brilliant one. In addition to the engagements already announced, Mr. Price has secured the services of Mr. Templeton, Miss Inverarity, and Mr. Giubelei, celebrated vocalists; Madame Giubelei, a first-rate dancer; Mrs. Fitzwilliam, one of the most popular actresses of the age; and, though last, not least, our old favourite, Power. Other distinguished actors are also engaged. These, with the talent already in the country, the Taglionis, Miss Clifton, Lecompte, Caradori, etc. promise that there will be no deficiency of attraction at the *Park*. Mr. Wallack has been active in making arrangements to compete with this *starry* array, at the *National*. Charles Kean, Forrest, Vandenhoff and daughter, Miss Shirreff, Wilson, and Seguin, are certainly sufficient of themselves to give brilliancy to the season at that theatre. At the *Bowery*, Mr. Hamblin seems to be still active in the production of novelties. Mazeppa, Nick of the Woods, and Ernest Maltravers have drawn capital houses, and a new drama, founded on "Rookwood," is now announced. It is said to be full of interest.

Rooke's new opera.—A new opera by the composer of "*Amilie*," entitled "*Henrique, or the Love Pilgrim*," was produced at Covent Garden theatre in London, the second of May. It was withdrawn after one or two representations, for improvements. The journals speak in high terms of its merits. The Court Journal says, "It abounds in melody, and contains many exquisite bits of beauty, which, although they may not be of that striking character as to command attention, steal the senses by their exquisite sweetness and their delicious melody. Of this character was almost every air in the opera; and, we feel convinced that, if it be somewhat curtailed, so as to bring the performance within moderate limits of time, it cannot fail to become as decided a favourite as its predecessor. At the fall of the curtain upon *Henrique*, the applause was tremendous—the whole pit rising in a mass."

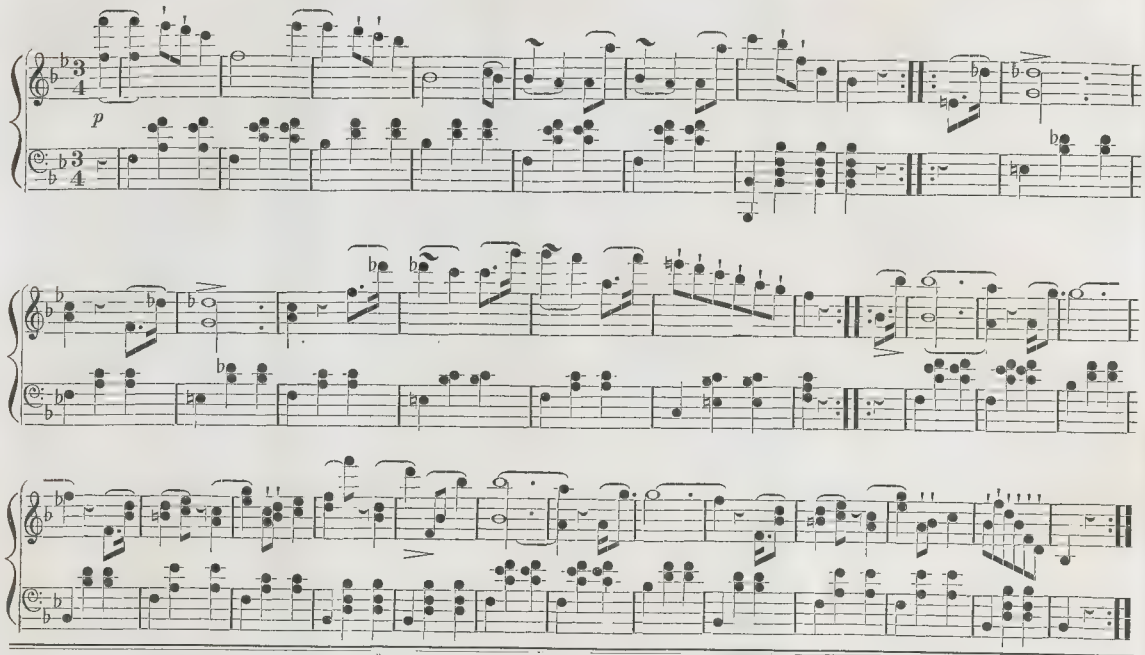
Tales and Sketches of the Queen City; by Benjamin Drake.—We received from Cincinnati a week or two since, a book with this title, but as it has been removed by some person or persons unknown from our table, and as we have inquired in vain for it at the bookstores, we have been unable to do the author the ordinary justice of noticing his production. From a very casual glance through the volume, we remember, however, that we were strongly impressed in its favour. The book seemed to us thoroughly American and original, and this alone was, with us, a great recommendation. Every effort towards enfranchising us from our dependency upon English fashionable literature, we shall hail with sincere good-will.

Practice against profession.—A good story is told of a demagogue somewhere at the South, who, recently inveighing at a political canvass against the "silk-stocking aristocracy," was seized by the leg by one of his hearers, who, lifting up the orator's foot to the popular view, showed that he himself had on silk stockings.

The Apollo Gallery.—The second exhibition at the Apollo closes on the fifth of July. Look in, by all means, if you would see the finest collection of paintings in the city.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S WALTZ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE BALL GIVEN IN HONOUR OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S CORONATION—COMPOSED BY J. STRAUSS.



MISCELLANY.

STANZAS WRITTEN ON A VERNAL DAY.

Bright shone the sun, blue was the day,
The noontide air was very clear;
The highland mountains round our bay,
And all far things seem'd near:
I rested on a primrose bank;
An April softness bathed the breeze,
As 'twere new life my spirit drank
From out the budding trees.

The sportive seagull voyaged by,
Turning his white sails to the sun;
The little birds sang merrily
That spring was now begun:
The snowdrops all had ta'en farewell,
But yet some crocus-flowers were bright;
The hyacinth, to nurse its bell,
Drank in the purple light.

Methought to childhood's bloomy track
Life's vagrant footsteps were restored;
And blessings manifold came back,
Long lost, and deep deplored:
The perish'd and the past arose;—
I saw the sunny tresses wave,
And heard the silver tongues of those
Cold, cold within the grave!

But yet for them no grief awoke—
They seem'd a part of nature still;
Smelt the young flowers, gazed from the rock,
And listened to the rill—
All was so silent, so serene,
So sweetly calm, so gently gay,
Methought even death no ill had been,
On that pure vernal day.

A horse chaunter.—A loafer being brought up before one of the London courts, the judge demanded, "what is your trade?" "A horse chaunter, my lord" "A what? a horse chaunter, why, what's that?" "Vy, my lord, ain't you up to that ere trade?" "I require you to explain yourself." "Vel, my lord," said he, "I goes round among the livery stables, they all on 'em knows me, and ven I sees a gen'man bargaining for an 'orse, I just steps up like a tee-total stranger, and ses I, vel that's a rare 'un, I'll be bound, ses I, he's got the beautifullest ead and neck as I ever seed, ses I, only look at iz open nostrils, he's got vind like a no-go-motive, I'll be bound, he'll travel a hundred miles a day and never vunce think on't; them's the kind of legs vat never fails. Vel, this tickles the gen'man, and he ses to 'imself, that 'ere 'onest countryman's a rale judge of a 'orse, so please you my lord, he buys 'im and trots off. Vel, then I goes up to the man vat keeps the stable, and I axes 'im, vel vat are you going to stand for that 'ere chaunt, and he gives me a sovereign; vel, that's vat I call 'orse chaunting, my lord, there's rale little 'arm in't—there's a good many sorts on us, some chaunts canals, and some chaunts railroads.

Letter written by a poet to his tailor.—"Sir—As my coat is doomed to run through a *third* edition, I hope you will add a strip to the skirt by way of *appendix*."

Take the hint.—As well might a mill go without wind, water, or steam, as a press without oil or money.

Innocence made manifest.—Among the persons who emigrated to Texas, in the early part of the contest of that country with Mexico, was a young gentleman of the name of Laurens, formerly assistant editor to the New-York Star. He became acquainted with several gentlemen of his own age, also emigrants, in company with a number of whom he one night visited the house of a Dr. Goodrich, where the party remained till morning, Laurens sleeping with his host. In the morning, Goodrich missed his wallet, with a large sum of money, and he accused Laurens of the theft. It was in vain that the latter denied the charge—he was compelled to challenge his accuser, by whom he was shot dead. It is now ascertained that the money was stolen by another of the party, and who was actually Mr. Laurens's second in the duel. Goodrich suffered much from remorse, and came to a violent death at San Antonio. The whole affair forms an admirable commentary on the folly of duelling.

Cruel hoax.—The Lincoln Gazette (an English paper) states that a young lady in that place having a pique against one of her acquaintance, a Miss Barry, procured a suit of men's clothes, and an introduction—and, under pretence of love, induced Miss B. to receive her as a lover. She carried on this hoax successfully for nearly three months, the two lovers wandering round the banks by moonlight every fair evening; and the time was actually set forth for their nuptials. At last a mutual friend discovered the cheat by accident, and acquainted Miss B with the hoax.

Quackery.—"Ma'am," said a quack to a nervous old lady, "your case is a scrutututory complaint."—"Pray, doctor, what is that?"—"It is a dropping of the nerves, ma'am, the nerves having fallen into the pizarintum, the chest becomes morberous, and the head goes tizarizen, tizarizen."—"Ah! doctor," exclaimed the old lady, "you have described my feelings exactly."

Kit North.—What will the admirers of the arts say to the following, which is the assertion of no less a man than old Kit North? "One moral saying in articulate speech, one heaven-descended precept, whether in prose or rhyme, is worth, in sterling value, all that either musick, painting, or sculptor, has ever contributed to the advantage of mankind."

Eau de cologne.—This is the most agreeable, as well as the most useful, of all the perfumes required for the toilet. Persons desirous of obtaining a very superior quality, from the celebrated manufactory of Jean Maria Farina's, will do well to make trial of that now on sale at the German Repository in Wigmore-street; which for delicacy, and fine aromatick fragrance, is unequalled by any that we have made trial of.

A heavy fire.—A British writer says that no troops that ever took the field could have stood before the fire that was poured from the American lines at the battle of New-Orleans—that it was heavier than any experienced by the British throughout the whole Peninsula contest, and by far more terrible than that which was directed against the force that stormed St. Sebastian.

Keeping the field.—A dispute once occurred between an English officer and a French one, as to which of the armies they respectively belonged to won a certain battle. "I think the victory remained with us," said the Englishman, "for a very large portion of our force kept the field." "A very large portion indeed," replied the Frenchman, drily—"the killed and wounded."

Theatricalpuff.—It is stated in the Sunderland Herald, that at the benefit of the stage-manager of that town, "the house was so densely crowded, that the audience were compelled to *laugh perpendicularly*, there being no possible medium for a *lateral* cachinnation."

Give it up.—What kind of *juries* are most dangerous to our liberties?—Why, *perjuries*.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Returning confidence.—The editor of the Maumee Express has a wit that bites shrewdly. Some of the keenest and most original sketches of the time are from his pen. He hits off the effects of an absurd credit system, as follows:—Trade in Detroit goes on something after this fashion:—"I'll give you seventy-five dollars for that pony?"—"Done—but stop, what kind of funds?"—"Black cat."—"Can't take."—"Green cat—'Twont do! Blue cat—no! Grey cat—Don't like it! Yellow cat—won't have it; give me White cat and you shall have him." "No." "Then we won't trade."—"What's the news this morning?"—"Oh, not much; only seventeen banks failed yesterday."—"Quite a falling off, eh?"—"Yes; the times must be growing better."—"Think so, for I hav'n't been sued but six times this morning."—"That shows a return of confidence, certainly."

Maple sugar.—According to a Sandusky, Ohio, paper, one hundred tons of maple sugar, of a purity and beauty equal to the finest Havana, have been made in that county the past season.

The following scraps are copied from the Sun, an ably-conducted and interesting journal, with a circulation, we understand, of more than thirty thousand impressions daily, which is, of itself, high and substantial praise.

A mechanick in Russia is said to have succeeded in making a steam man. It is, probably, one of the most interesting inventions ever offered to the publick. It is a large colossal statue, the feet of which are placed upon wheels on a railroad, and as he goes thundering over the course, the steam comes puffing out of his nostrils in a manner to give the appearance of Satan as pictured in Revelation.

There is a gentleman in London who visits Drury Lane theatre every night, in the firm belief that Van Amburgh will be some time or other devoured by his beasts; and he fears that, by being absent a single night, he may miss the interesting exhibition. A pamphlet has been published in London, purporting to be a life of Van Amburgh, and detailing many wonderful scenes and "hairbreadth escapes" which he has gone through.

Two gentlemen, noted for their fondness of exaggeration, were discussing the fare at the different hotels. One observed that at his hotel he had tea so strong it was necessary to confine it in an iron vessel. "At mine," said the other, "it is made so weak it has not strength to run out of the tea pot."

Bob went into several book-shops to get a copy of Lady Bulwer's "Cheveley," but being unable to find one, on coming out he saw a man with lobsters. Tom, who was with him, as usual, said, "let us get a lobster instead." "Very well," said Bob, "it will do, as it is pretty extensively red."

A western editor wishes to know whether the laws recently enacted against the carrying deadly weapons, apply to doctors who carry *pills* in their pockets?

A captain of a privateer, who had been in an engagement, wrote to the owners, acquainting them that he had received but little damage, having only one of his *hands* wounded in the *nose*.

A young lady in Indiana has been obliged to pay five thousand dollars for slandering one of her own sex!

"Great many ups and downs in this world," as the pump handle said ven they had been usin' him.

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SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH PRESS.

THE COAL-CARRIER.

BY W. H. HARRISON.

"I GIVE you just twenty-four hours to write me a tale. A tale of some kind I must have. I must school you into authorcraft, for by that you are to live. If you do not, therefore, accomplish this task in the time specified, you may seek another home." Such was the unfeeling speech of Lord Arnley, a nobleman of capricious temper, to his humble dependent, Charles Sevenetti. The youth, on hearing the mandate, was left alone in his little study, to consider of the bitter words which had just been uttered. He took up a quill, made it slowly into a pen, wrote his text on a sheet of paper, read it a dozen times, threw down his pen, and equipping himself for a walk, saddenly left the house.

Lord Arnley was a man of great wealth, although, when he entered into life, he had scarcely an income adequate to the most narrow support of his hereditary baronial dignity, and had he died at the age of twenty-one, he would have left behind him such a character as many an untried youth has bequeathed to posterity. "Economical, without meanness; generous, without prodigality; gay, without licentiousness; mild, without cowardice, with perhaps a lurking ambition which would probably have budded forth into great deeds." Such, and far more, might have been the eulogy of Lord Arnley, had he made his final exit from the stage of life, thirty-two years before the time at which our narrative commences.

But time, the great developer of humanity, rendered a somewhat different epitaph necessary. Lord Arnley had been brought up in the country, with such habits of moderation as suited his income; but, on mingling with the world, and having his eyes opened to the luxuries of life, he was smitten with an ineradicable love of splendour. This at length seemed to tire him, and he sought new pursuits. All, however, did not bring him happiness. Something apparently had occurred to distract him; but of this there were only mysterious surmises. When all had wearied him, he one day, about two years before the date of our story, read a little story which Charles Sevenetti, an inmate of his own house, and a dependent of his family, had written for the amusement of Lady Clara. From that moment he might be said to seize upon the mind of the youth with a strange and novel voracity, seeking to explore its inmost recesses, and continually taxing his own invention for subjects whereupon the unfortunate lad should exercise his talents.

Lord Arnley had, when very young, fixed his affections on a lady of singular beauty; she preferred another, and matrimony seemed, like all the other chances of his life, destined to enrich him. A wealthier, though perhaps less lovely and less beloved dame, sought him; he married her; she presented him with Lady Clara, and in three or four years afterwards he became a widower, in which state he remained. The fair sex, after his first attachment, never seemed to form a part of his passions; his parental love, however, was intense, which, with a wandering life, and his freaks upon Charles Sevenetti, had for the two last years in some measure occupied his mind. He had now got from the extreme south of England to almost its extreme north, and there we shall leave him, in order that the unfortunate Charles may tell his tale.

At ten next night, exactly thirty-six hours after the mandate had been issued, Charles Sevenetti descended to the library of Lord Arnley. He entered; his lordship raised his head from a volume which, probably, he was not reading; Lady Clara had the flushed look of hope fulfilled, and the happy protegé, as the world termed him, cast down his eyes lest their expression should be remarked. His lordship tried to look benign, and beckoned to a seat. Charles continued standing, and said, "My lord, here is the tale; and such as it is, I have little share in it, excepting in the character of a mere narrator. Shall I have the honour of reading it, my lord?" "Assuredly; you know I never take the trouble to drag myself through manuscript." "I shall continue standing, if you please." "As you like," said Lord Arnley; "Clara, my love, it is time for you to withdraw." "May I not remain, papa?" I had rather not," was uttered imperatively. Charles was not sorry, for he felt that the story which chance had thrown in his way, and which, under the pressure of circumstances, he had been forced to avail himself of, was not suited for her ear. "Your eyes seem in the door," said Lord Arnley. Charles started, and instantly began.

"A student was one day labouring under a severe depression of spirits. His reason told him that his mind ought to be equal in various ways to remove the load which lay upon him, but reason urged him in vain. After struggling against many contending passions, perhaps I should rather say emotions, he darted into the open air, and bent his steps to one of the town suburbs. It was rather a genteel place, but yet its inhabitants were humane enough to permit a poor apple woman to erect her little stand in their close vicinity, and a few wretched coal-porters to find a sort of shelter from the blast, by placing themselves at the end of the last house of the row. When he reached these poor creatures, he stopt to examine the eight or nine grimed faces which were before him. A little brisk woman made two or three steps in advance, as if expecting his orders. A dark, graff fellow asked where he should go to. A pair of females both started up, for some were sitting on the cold stones, and said, 'We gang thegither, and carry in a load for three pence.' 'For three pence!' said he emphatically; what will that do for two persons?' 'Get us our breakfast, and something ower' Out of seven or eight men and women, all accosted him by word or movement, excepting an old man. This individual stood with his eyes fixed on the ground, his whole air bespeaking dejection but no anxiety. He was of the short, middle size, seemed to have been well formed, though perhaps never robust, and his features had in them a regularity and delicacy, which, even in his present condition might be termed elegant. Broken down as he appeared to be, it was impossible to guess at his age; he looked fifty-five, but he might be only fifty.

"The young man felt himself drawn towards this person as if by a magnet; his feet moved unbidden to the spot where he stood; he imagined him a man whose feelings might be as nice and acute as his own, between whose former and present situation there was, perhaps, as great a disparity as if *he* should one day be in the same state. Almost unconsciously he addressed him with, 'And so, my poor old man, you are still carrying coals?' The construction of the sentence implied a former acquaintance, and the man looked up as if he expected to see some one to whom he was not a stranger."

"The man answered, 'Yes, I carry coals, sir, when any one asks me.' 'You are not fortunate, then, in this way of life?' 'Fortunate!' said he, as if surprised at the term being in any way applied to him, and he added nothing more excepting a kind of laugh, which seemed to say, 'It is long since good fortune and I parted.' 'Come along with me,' said the student, and he led the way to what is called the town moor." Lord Arnley here looked up as if the story were disagreeable to him, and appeared inclined to interrupt it, but presently cast his eyes again on the volume which still lay before him. Charles proceeded. "'And what do you get for carrying in a load of coals?' 'Any thing you like,' replied the poor man, fixing his eyes on the face of the querist; 'but it seems strange that such as you should come on an errand like this.' 'Such as me!' said the youth, and he surveyed his dress, which chanced to be very plain. 'You may always know a gentleman by his voice,' said the poor man.

"The student did not decline the compliment, but, being still under the influence of a depressed spirit, he said, 'God knows, I may one day be as you are.' 'Impossible,' said the coal-carrier, 'for the same disease which would unfit you for better labours, would equally unfit you for this. Unless indeed derangement—a madman *may* carry coals.' 'And why, my poor man, are *you* in this situation?' Your mind seems far more fitted for labour than your body.' The man sighed, looked hard in the face of the student, and said, 'May I ask if you really require my services in my poor calling?' 'No, I do not; but the fact is, I have this morning left my home, if such I may call my place of abode, in quest of materials for a tale.' 'You are an author, then?' 'I have no occupation—no profession—no trade—and, I fear, no capacity for the only resource which seems destined for me. I depend upon one (here the voice of Charles grew husky, and he almost repented of his boldness in introducing the sentiments which followed) who, in the language of the world, has been unprecedently kind to me; for the orphan of a domestick had no claims beyond sustenance and a mere trade. I certainly have been brought up—as—yes, I must say it—as a gentleman. But I had rather have been the free brat of a gipsey, than the sport of fit-and-start kindness. The student here checked himself all of a sudden, as if surprised at his own unwonted and uncalled-for openness, and to such an auditor. 'I will not,' said the man, 'profess to be honoured by your confidence, for you cannot intend to place any in such as I, but'—and he fixed his sunken though still fine eyes on the youth's face—'it is remarkable that there is betwixt my early condition and yours a certain similarity; and although I have never told the cause of my misery to any other than a priest, I shall in all *but* names tell you why I am thus. I am the son,' said the old coal-carrier, 'of a man who, thirty years ago, kept a respectable inn in the town of—I shall call it Bristol, but we lived more to the south. It was my misfortune to be endowed with a most singular beauty of countenance; no one—I speak of the immediate period at which my short history commences—no one ever saw me without stopping to inquire who and what I was. When in my fifth year, chance sent to our house—for it was not a hotel—Mr. C——, his lady, and little son, then about my own age. I unfortunately attracted the notice of this group; the boy declared he could not live without this pretty playfellow; and, finally, as he was an only child, heir to an immense property, and not much contradicted, my father was prevailed upon to part with me, under the promise, which was solemnly kept, that I should be well cared for. I was educated with, and like, my young master, until he went to Oxford, when it was deemed proper to separate us, and have me taught the routine of law business, so that I might be fit for the office of confidential secretary in the family. Just when young Mr. C—— came of age, his father died, leaving him sole heir to one of the first properties in England. His lady mother, though handsomely dowered, remained with us. I say us, for though I never ate with the family upon any occasion, yet in all else I was like one of themselves. In his twenty-third year, my master became attached to a young lady; she had no fortune, but as she had recently refused an earl, young and handsome, Mr. C—— was well assured that interest had no share in her choice. Indeed, who could look upon her and suppose that she had a quality in common with ordinary clay. She was'"——"Describe her at your peril," said Lord Arnly, breaking in on the relation, and flashing a look at Charles Sevenetti, which was not to be parried. He therefore cast his eyes to the next paragraph, and Lord Arnley bent his forehead upon his extended palms, as they lay before him on the table; nor did he again raise it until the coal-carrier's narrative ended. "'Within a year after their marriage, she presented him with a lovely boy, having the fair delicate skin of his mother, with the dark hair, black eyes, and high features, of his father. In six months after this happy event, which was celebrated as if joy were immutable, I saw that my lovely mistress was somewhat altered. She seemed languid; her eyes were dull; her dimples were less frequently in play, and the slight peach-like bloom of her cheek had disappeared. I have always observed that, in cases of alarm, excessive love runs into either of two extremes. His was the extreme of blindness: but when at last the paleness of her cheek was occasionally varied by the mark of consumption, the fatal red spot, and the lately dull eye shone forth with a new and alarming brightness, his solicitude was of the most agonizing sort. I need not dwell on what I can never forget; she sank by degrees; and before her head was laid in the grave, I had the misfortune to observe, that anxiety and unceasing vigilance had shaken the constitution of my master.

"I urged change of scene, and, accompanied by the young heir, and a suitable train of attendants, we set sail for a climate more adapted to a sinking frame. Mr. C—— lingered for some months, while he seemed completely divided between indifference to life on account of his irreparable loss, and an intense desire to protect his son. With a broken heart, he saw that his doom was fixed, and, committing his boy to my care, a charge which I never doubted to fulfil, he departed this life. We sailed for England. My charge was two years and a half old; I never lost sight of him for a moment; could he be otherwise than dear to me? Oh, human nature, thou frail thing! When almost touching our native shore, we were overtaken by a dreadful tempest; destruction at last became inevitable, and the vessel literally went to pieces. On the instant of certain danger, I had wrapped my unfortunate charge in a large sheet of silk oil-cloth, which had been used for some of the fine packages. As I stood upon the last raft, I could descry a portion of his own domains, and the abode of his next heir. For some time I was true to my trust. How shall I tell you the rest? The moment of mortal and of moral trial came. Had I encumbered myself with the boy, I *must* have perished. One only could be saved; at least I thought so, and in that I am now afraid I was in error.' Here the poor man's agony choked him. At last he went on with, 'I quitted my charge, and saved my own worthless life.' Again he paused, and then continued, 'I do not know why I have told you all this, or how it is that I am more than usually affected, for time sears in some measure the worst sores, and I abhor myself most when my anguish is least acute. I reached the shore, stunned, worn out, and, far worse, conscience-smitten. I abandoned myself to want and beggary, and sought, in all that was most foreign to my former delicate and luxurious habits, to find a kind of punishment for my great sin. I had seen in a newspaper an account of the shipwreck of the Ann, and a statement that every soul on board had perished. At last I became Catholick, and sought comfort in a rigid discharge of church discipline. But I thought the good priests I met with too soothing, when in general they sought to console me on the plea that at such a moment human nature could scarcely be expected to call its more noble qualities into action. Their lenity disappointed me, and I longed for some severe infliction. I wandered from place to place, and at last reached this town, where I understood that a stern priest exacted the last tribute to remorse. I laid my heart open to him. He said that my crime was of the deepest dye; that the weakness of human nature formed no excuse; that I had been actuated by the mere paltry love of life; and that, in the stimulant of some active passion, he could have beheld a better apology. I had forgotten the long, long debt of gratitude, the brotherly kindness, I had experienced from a superiour, and the very peculiar sacredness of my trust. 'To such a culprit,' said he, 'beggary is luxury. To want you must add labour of the meanest order, eat no bread but what you work for, and take no labour that is not offered.' The mandate suited the nature of my compunction; and hence, after a lapse of twenty long years, you see me in the most revolting employment I could devise.' Here, continued Charles, the coal-carrier's narrative ended. The curiosity of the student was whetted, and he resolved to quit his present abode next morning, and travel to the coast of ——." "The coast of what?" said Lord Arnley, starting up and fixing on his protegé a look of ferocity; "the coast of what?" he repeated. Poor Charles had been strangely excited by the unexpected emotions aroused by his tale in Lord Arnley. The youth had only sought to make the story the vehicle for expressing his weariness of the life he led. But Lord Arnley's last and most fierce exclamations fairly overcome the spirit of the unhappy youth; his knees smote against each other, and he returned the desperate gaze of his patron with that unsteady wavering eye which bespeaks doubt and apprehension.

"They stood thus for some moments, perhaps minutes, during which time a rapid revolution seemed to take place in Lord Arnley's mind. 'Young man,' said he, with something like calmness, 'I cannot be blind to the conflict which you are enduring. I am *not* blind to it; but while I perceive a conflict, I cannot guess at what is actually passing through your mind. Go to rest. Come to me at eight to-morrow morning, and, in the meantime, while something good predominates in my heart, receive and follow an advice. Never be smitten by a love for the toys of life; you will find them as unsatisfactory, as unqualified to satisfy all that is rational in man, as are to a mountebank the bells which jingle round his ears. Would for the sake of mankind—for the credit of human nature—would that I stood alone! but a toy-loving nation must, unless renovated, come to that destruction which is now ready to overwhelm me."

Charles retired to his room, and threw himself, dressed as he was, upon his bed. His mind was disturbed to agony. His story, such as it was, had, from some unknown and mysterious cause, caused the father of Clara some painful emotions. "Was it not ungrateful," thought he, "to have alluded to Lord Arnley's fitful conduct towards himself? But, on the other hand, was an involuntary dependence to crush in him all that was manly? Is it a fear," said he, "that I shall be dismissed on the morrow, which thus shakes every

nerve of my frame? Such a fear shall no longer have any power over me Have I, the son of a foreign domestick, picked up in a foreign land, any right even to look at Lady Clara, far less to think of her, and make her the loadstone which perpetually draws me back after my foot is on the very threshold to depart? This shall be no longer. To-morrow at nine I leave this house for ever." He accordingly wrote a letter of thanks to Lord Arnley for the support he had afforded him, with a brief and somewhat haughty apology for any occasional want of respect or appearance of ingratitude. This letter he resolved to deliver in person at a last short interview. After this he packed up his moveables, and then sought, though still dressed, a little repose. At eight next morning, which was exactly an hour sooner than his lordship's valet generally waited upon him, Charles entered Lord Arnley's room with the agitation of the evening before considerably augmented. He held in his hand what he deemed his last letter to the man who, though dispensing his bounty painfully, had yet given him a seat at his own board, with education, food and raiment. It was the depth of winter, and in a room well curtained with the deepest green, Charles could not fail to feel himself in almost utter darkness. There was a relief in this: he paused—listened for a word of recognition, next for a breathing—he heard neither. "He talked of opium," thought Charles; "it has produced, as is common, a late effect." He sat down by a window, glad of even a short respite from the fulfilment of his intention. Dark as it was, he imagined that, after a space, he might be able to see where Lady Clara's picture hung. He knew it was opposite to Lord Arnley's bed. "Surely," thought he, "I might discern the shining frame, and the white dress." No, all was black. At last he rose from his seat, walked on tiptoe, and put his hand upon the picture. It was covered with a piece of cloth. The circumstance was but a trifle, yet at that particular moment it seemed portentous.

Surprised at the silence and darkness, he opened a small part of a window-shutter, and saw that a table-cover had been thrown over the picture. Letting in more light, he saw upon a table by the bedside a large empty phial labelled "laudanum," and a letter sealed with black. It was directed to "George Clitheroe, Esq., hitherto known by the name of Charles Seventeil." He tore it open, and read as follows:—I am more guilty than the feeble-minded old man whom you met last night, and whose narrative related to your parents, and *your* supposed death. *I* was your mother's rejected lover; *I* was your father's heir. I hated him; and that hate, with my thirst for luxurious toys, led me to crime and misery. I have long led a life of suspicion and dread, and you have been its main object. Strange to say, I feared, from the very commencement of your story last night, that you had met the old man, the unfaithful servant who had left you to the waves, and the only person who could reveal your history, if he had known you. That old man I know well. I watched him long from fear; but at last I lost all dread on his account. But this is yet mysterious to you; it may soon be explained. By a most wonderful chance I picked you up on that fatal morning of your shipwreck. I had a retainer in Italy, who told me of all your father's movements, of his death, and of your sailing in the Ann. An anxious restlessness seized upon me. I was never distant from the shore. I had seen a vessel in the offing the night previous to the wreck, and, viewing her through my telescope, persuaded myself it was the same which bore the little person that stood between myself and wealth to my heart's utmost desire. A tempest came on in the twilight; wrapped in a large cloak, I watched its progress through the night; the brig went to pieces, and—good God!—you were rolled to my very feet. Something told me—assured me—it was the child whose death I had almost half wished. The temptation was too strong. I walked some miles along the coast, till I arrived at a miserable hut, examined your clothes, and found that I was right You had revived during the walk, smiled in my face, but I had nothing worse in me than to conceal you, and I resolved to care for your life. I easily imposed a tale on the peasant, left you in her care until I procured a horse, and, wrapping you up in my cloak, galloped to London. By a series of stratagems I contrived to bring you from Italy as the child of a servant who had previous to his death rendered me an essential service. This is all I need say—the subject is death—and the dread cup stands before me which will place me beyond your just resentment. Lady Clara and you love each other. Be happy, but conceal from her the guilt of her father; and let her think, as all but you will be inclined to think from the seeming happiness of my earthly fortunes, that my death was accidental. I have left her my injunction, as of old date, to give her hand to you; and I know, for I have long read her eyes, that she will be but too happy to obey Farewell"

Within a year after this event, the old coal-carrier was comfortably situated in a cottage near A—— hall, and tasted happiness which he had long ceased to hope for in life. We shall say no more, for from this the reader may guess the happiness that fell to the share of the other personages of our story.

THE FATHER OF PETER THE GREAT.

The Czar Alexei Michailovitsch, father of Peter the Great, was so much attached to the nobleman Artemin Matfeof, that, contrary to the etiquette of the Russian court, which forbids the czar to visit a subject, he would often go to his house in a friendly and familiar way. One evening, coming in unexpectedly, and seeing the table set for supper with great neatness, he said to Matfeof: "The table seems so neatly and prettily covered, I feel a strong desire to sit down to it with you. Yes, I will follow the suggestions of my appetite, and place myself at table by thee, upon this condition, however, that I disturb nobody, and that none get up from table till they have supped." "Whatever your majesty pleases and commands must be to the honour of my house," returned Matfeof. The supper was served up, and the czar sat down to table. The mistress of the house enters, with their only son, and a young lady, who, after making their profoundest reverences, obey the czar's commands, and take their places at the table During the supper, the czar looked frequently round upon the little company, and seemed to take particular notice of the young lady that sat over against him, as not recollecting that he had ever seen her before as one of Matfeof's children. "I always thought," said his majesty, "that thou hadst no other child than that boy; but now I see, for the first time, that thou hast a daughter likewise—how camest thou never to mention her to me?"

"Your majesty thought perfectly right," answered Matfeof: "I have but that one son. But the young lady that sits opposite is the daughter of my friend and relation, the nobleman Kyrilla Narishkin, who lives in the country on his estate, whom my wife has taken into the house, to show her the city, and, in heaven's good time, to get her well provided for."

The czar said nothing more, than that "he had done a good deed, which therefore must be agreeable to God." After supper, when Matfeof's family were risen from table, and gone to their own apartment, the czar chose to continue sitting with his host. His majesty resumed the subject of the young lady, Natalia Kyrillovna, and said: "The maiden has a handsome appearance; she seems to have a good heart, and is not too young to be married. Thou must endeavor to get her a fit husband." "Yes," answered Matfeof;" "your majesty judges rightly of her; she possesses an excellent understanding, with the greatest modesty, and the best of hearts. My wife and the whole family are uncommonly fond of her, and consider her as if she were our darling daughter. But as to a suitor for her, that is what we are not soon likely to expect. She has indeed numberless good qualities, but little or no wealth; and if I should meet with an opportunity to settle her, the portion I could afford her out of my narrow fortune would be but small." The czar upon this replied: "She must find a sweetheart that has so much property himself as to stand in need of nothing from her, but consider her good qualities as the greatest and best of portions, and make it his endeavour to render her happy." "That is just what I could wish," said Matfeof; but where shall I find such a lover, who looks more for excellent qualities in his bride than for a splendid fortune?" "Oh, yes," said the czar, "they are still to be found very frequently; do thou think occasionally thereupon, and I myself will likewise look out for some such match. The maiden is deserving of all the pains we can take to make her happy." Matfeof thanked his majesty for so gracious an intimation of his kindness, and there the matter remained. The czar wished him a good night, and took himself away. A few days afterwards his majesty came again to Matfeof, discoursed with him for a couple of hours on state affairs, and, after getting up, seemingly with a design to take leave and go away, on a sudden took his chair, and sat down afresh. "Now, tell me," said he to Matfeof, "hast thou not forgot our late conversation about providing a lover for Natalia Kyrilovna?"

"No, most gracious sir," answered Matfeof; "I bear it continually in mind, and only wish it were to some effect. I have found nothing suitable for her yet, and I much doubt that a proper offer will soon be made; for though a number of our young noblemen come to visit me, and consequently often see my charming foster-daughter, they none of them give any intimation about marriage."

"Well," said the czar, "perhaps it may not be necessary. I told thee that I would myself use some endeavours to provide a bridegroom for her. I have had the good fortune to find one, with whom she will probably be contented and happy. I know the man; he is an honourable and worthy person, has merit, and wealth enough not to be under the necessity of asking an estate or portion with her. He loves her, and will marry and make her happy. Thou knowest him too, though probably he hath not hitherto discovered his intention to marry. I think, likewise, that when he applies to thee, thou wilt not give him a denial." Matfeof here interrupted the czar, by saying, "As I just told your majesty, that would be a most desirable thing; it would free me from a great concern I have continually at heart about this poor girl. Dare I now beseech your majesty to tell me the man's name? Perhaps I know him likewise, and can inform your majesty something of his circumstances."

"I have told thee that I know the man," returned the czar; "that he is a worthy, honest fellow, and capable of rendering his wife happy: this thou mayest take my word for. I can say no more of him, till we know whether Natalia Kyrilovna will be willing to have him."

"There is no doubt of that," returned Matfeof, "when she hears that your majesty has provided her a spouse. In the meantime, she must know who the person is, that she may give her answer. This I think is but reasonable."

"Well, then," said the czar, "I give thee to know that I myself am the man that hath resolved to marry her, if she be inclined to it. Do thou tell her this, and ask her whether she can approve of me."

At this unexpected declaration of the czar, Matfeof was filled with astonishment, threw himself at his feet and said, "I beseech your majesty, for the love of heaven, that you will change your resolution, or at least that you will not order me to acquaint the young lady with it. Most gracious sovereign, you know full well that I have already a great many enemies at court, and among the principal families of the empire, who are jealous of the favour and confidence your majesty is pleased to allow me. What an outcry will there be among them when they find your majesty has preferred a marriage with a poor maiden of my family to a connexion with one of the principal ladies at court! Doubtless their hatred and malice against me will cover all the land; and every one will think that I have abused your majesty's favour, and unworthily contrived to bring about the match, for the sake of raising myself still higher in your majesty's regard, and for elevating my family to a connexion with that of the czar's."

"All that will nothing signify," replied the czar: "the affair is mine, and thou hast no business with it. My resolution is taken, and thereby I shall remain."

"Well, be it according to your majesty's pleasure," said Matfeof; "and may heaven bless your majesty with every kind of prosperity! Since it is to be so, let me beg only one favour for myself and for Natalia Kyrilovna, which is, that your majesty will proceed in the matter according to the custom of the empire, and with as little noise as possible, by ordering a number of the marriageable young ladies of the principal families, and among them Natalia Kyrilovna, to appear together at court, with the design of choosing one of them for a bride; and, in the meantime, that no person besides your majesty and myself, not even Natalia Kyrilovna, have the slightest intimation of your purpose and resolution."

The czar found this procedure highly proper, and accordingly bade Matfeof be prepared for the event, and to discover his intention to no one. A few weeks afterwards, he declared his design of marrying again to the heads of the church and his chief ministers in a private council, and further told them that on such a court day all the marriageable daughters of the chief nobles were to be commanded to appear at court, that his majesty might consider them, and choose a bride.

This was accordingly done on a certain day in September, 1670, in the kremlin palace at Moscow, when sixty noble ladies presented themselves in their most superb attire, and among them Natalia Kyrillovna Narishkina in neat and pretty apparel. They were all sumptuously entertained by the czar; but Natalia was declared to be the monarch's bride.

INVOCATION OF THE EARTH TO MORNING.

Wake from thy azure ocean-bed,
Oh! beautiful sister, Day!
Uplift thy gem-tiara'd head,
And, in thy vestal robes arrayed,
Bid twilight's gloom give way!
Wake, dearest sister! the dark-brow'd night
Delayeth too long her drowsy flight.

Most glorious art thou, sister Day,
Upon thy chariot throne,
While, sitting supreme in regal sway,
Thou holdest the high effulgent way,
In majesty alone;
Till into thy cloud-pavilion'd home
In the burning west thy footsteps come.

When last thy parting look I caught,
Which turn'd to smile good night,
With all a lover's fondness fraught—
There seemed not in the universe aught
So precious in thy sight,
As thy own dear earth, while to her breast,
She folded her slumbering babes to rest.

I hear the sparkling midnight spheres
Rehearse the choral hymn,
Which yet, ere earth was stained with tears,
Burst on the joy-entranced ears
Of holy seraphim:
While the lofty blue empyrean rang,
As the morning stars together sang.

Oh, many a joyous mountain rill,
And many a rustling stream,
Calm lake and glassy fountain still,
Tall grove and silent mist-clad hill,
Long for thy coming beam!
Uprouse thee, then, fairest sister dear!
For all are pining thy voice to hear.

With trembling and impatient wing,
My birds on every spray
Await, thy welcome, forth to sing
With many a melting lay;
Then wherefore, beautiful, linger so long?
Earth sighs to greet thee with shout and song.

The sun-flow'r her vigil lone hath kept,
With love's untiring care;
Though round her pinks and violets slept,
She wakefully hath watch'd and wept,
Unto the dewy air;
And like a desolate bride she waits,
For the opening of her lover's gates.

Oh! then arise, fair sister, dear!
Awake, beloved Day!
For many a silent trembling tear,
Falls on my breast like diamond clear,
In grief for thy delay.
From the rosy bowers of the orient skies,
Then up, sweetest sister, arise, arise!

ROMANCE IN DEATH.

The last Natchez Free Trader tells the following story:—"On the seventh of the present month, Miss Mary Ann L. Barber, aged seventeen, and L. B. Young, aged twenty-three, both of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, were buried in one grave, after having departed this life under the following circumstances: Mr. Young was a high-minded, honourable young gentleman, most ardently and devotedly attached to Miss Barber, between whom and himself those promises and attentions had been interchanged which pledged them to the marriage union at no distant day. One in every sentiment, as well as in sympathy, they both, a few months since, made a profession of religion at the same altar and at the same time. On the day of their death, they had gone on a water excursion, with uncommon buoyancy and animation of spirits, along with four others, in a skiff, which suddenly overset and plunged them all in the water. The lover seized the one whom, of all others, he would save, and they both perished! They were found at the bottom, locked fast in each other's arms. With a solemn propriety, that embrace was never broken, and their bodies thus rest in one grave together, even as their spirits together passed into one heaven.

RENEE BORDEREAU.

Among many heroines produced by the civil war of La Vendee, Renee Bordereau, commonly called Langevin, holds a foremost place. She was born at a village near Angiers, of humble parents Forty-two individuals of her family lost their lives in the revolution, and her father was butchered before her eyes. This determined her to take up arms herself. During the course of six years, she fought on foot and on horseback in more than two hundred battles, with the most determined intrepidity. Her uncle was at the head of a party of republicans. Instigated by rage and a zeal for royalty, she beheaded him. The republicans in the Vendean war were called the Blues. Langevin killed four Blues at St. Lambert, with her own hands. In the battle of Ponts de Ce, when she acted the part of a dragoon, she killed twenty-one of the enemy. Soon afterwards she liberated fifty priests at one time, and eight hundred at another, whose death had been determined on. A price of forty thousand francs was set on her head. She was thrown into prison for a crime, for which she could only prove her innocence by a discovery of her sex; she remained, however, five years in prison, where she was treated in the most shameful manner, and only obtained her freedom on the accession of Louis XVIII. to the throne. She has since had conferred on her the order of the Lily.

Obliging.—Some of the obliging folks at Lafayette steal their neighbours' cows, kill them, and sell the beef to the owners!

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

Precocious talents.—The effects of study vary according to the age at which it is commenced; long-continued application kills the youthful energies. I have seen children full of spirit attacked by this literary mania beyond their years, and I have foreseen with grief the lot that awaited them—they commenced by being prodigies, and they ended by being stupid. The season of youth is consecrated to the exercise of the body, which strengthens it, and not to study, which debilitates and prevents its growth. Nature can never successfully carry on two rapid developments at the same time. When the growth of intellect is too prompt, its faculties are too early developed, and mental application is permitted proportioned to this development; the body receives no part of it, because the nerves cease to contribute to its energies; the victim becomes exhausted, and eventually dies of some insidious malady. The parents and guardians who require and encourage this forced application, treat their pupils as gardeners do their plants, who, in trying to produce the first rarities of the season, sacrifice some plants to force others to put forth fruit and flowers which are always of a shorter duration, and are inferior in every respect to those which come to their maturity at a proper season.—*Tissot.*

Amusement versus drinking.—A singing and dancing people is certainly higher in the scale of morality than a sotting people. The national ballad and the national dance open the way to every department of poetry and of musick; when people have reached this point, it is easy to awaken the feeling for every kind and degree of art. The hundreds who resort to a museum cannot at the same time be sitting in an ale-house or a gin-shop. Nor is this all; they will soon come to feel the boundless disparity that exists between men whom art raises into demi-gods, and animals in human shape degraded by drunkenness below the level of brutes. It is an error to suppose that christianity forbids the education of man by the forms, the influences, the conceptions of art: it forbids only those perversions and misapplications of art which the noble and the uncorrupted among the Greeks equally rejected.—*Raumer*

Dutiful children.—"Our children are certainly the most dutiful in this town, Mrs. Frimble, though I say it myself," said Mrs Complacency, one morning, to a neighbour. "Where are the little dears?" said Mrs. Frimble. "They are in the back-yard, and I will call them," replied Mrs. Complacency, opening the door at the same time. "John, William, Samuel, dears, come here this minute." "Go to thunder, you old fool; we guess we've a right to climb to this ere apple tree for all you."

Scene at a hotel breakfast-table.—Enter waiter, with a large shad. V. Z., representative from C., helps himself to one half. "Mr. C." says my next neighbour to his friend, "have you heard any cause assigned why all the shad taken in the Connecticut this season are poison?" "No, I haven't, although I was aware of the fact." V. Z.—shoving away the untouched shad—"Here, waiter, bring me a clean plate."

Tradition of ancient ship building.—There is a Portuguese tradition that all East-India ships were formerly built without any iron used in their construction, for this reason: On the sea-coast of India there is a loadstone mountain; and when ships approach it, so strong is the attraction, that all iron substances fly like so many birds to the loadstone. Thus it became necessary to construct all India vessels without using even an iron spike.

Turkish jest.—One of his neighbours once went to Nasseredin, and solicited the loan of a rope. The Khodjah went into his house, and after a delay of several minutes returned, and told the borrower that the rope was in use tying up flour. "What do you mean?" said the neighbour: "how can a rope be used to bind up flour?" "A rope may be applied to any use," replied the Khodjah, "when I do not wish to lend it."

Walking upon water.—A Swedish fisherman has made several experiments, with complete success, of walking upon the water, which he does with as much ease as upon land, by means of slight tin shoes. These shoes are made in the shape of a small canoe, and are attached together, so that they can only be separated so far as to ensure the power of walking with ease.

Wellerisms.—"Don't rob yourself," as the farmer said to the lawyer, ven he called him hard names. "Terrible pressure in the money market," as the mouse said ven the keg of specie rolled over him. "Running a great risk for nothing," as the loafer said ven he picked the editor's pocket and found an iron tooth comb, and a piece of Tennessee poetry.

Advice.—The advice of a sagacious mother to her daughter, in some old novel, is said to have been—"Ann, my dear, you can never be pretty, so you had better be odd; and the editor of the Gazette thinks that a considerable portion of the modern belles have acted upon this advice."

Natural philosophy.—"Isaac, can you describe a bat?" "Yes, sir: he's a flying insect, about the size of a stopple: has India rubber wings, and a shoestring tail; he sees best with his eyes shut, and bites like the Old Harry."

What a monster.—The Chicago (Illinois) Democrat says:—"A plaintiff in a divorce case, complains loudly of the tardiness in the arrival of the late law altering the terms of the courts, as it has subjected him to the extreme cruelty of living six months longer with his wife than he intended."

Spirit.—Spirit is now a very fashionable word; to act with spirit, to speak with spirit, means only to act rashly, and to talk indiscreetly. An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.

Retort.—A celebrated barrister one day examining a witness who foiled all his attempt at ridicule, by her ready and shrewd answers, at last exclaimed—"There is brass enough in your head, madam, to make a five-pail kettle." "And *sap* enough in *yours*, sir, to fill it," quickly retorted the untimidated witness.

Sleeping in church.—"I didn't like our minister's sermon last Sunday, said a deacon who had slept all sermon time, to a brother deacon. "Didn't like it, brother A.? Why, I saw you *nodding assent* to every proposition of the parson."

A stubborn author.—Bishop Berkley wrote a book proving the non-existence of matter. One night, when returning home from the printing-office with a proof-sheet, he broke his shins against *some matter*—but, alas, it could not break him of his theory.

Old proverb.—A Spanish proverb says, that the Jews ruin themselves at their passover, the Moors at their marriages, and the Christians in their lawsuits.

Pride of birth.—Catharine, Duchess of Buckingham, natural daughter of James the Second, by the Countess of Dorchester, was so proud of her birth, that she would never go to Versailles, because they would not give her the rank of princess of the blood. At Rome, whither she went two or three times to see her brother, she had a box at the opera distinguished like those of crowned heads. She not only regulated the ceremony of her own burial, and dressed up the waxen figure of herself for Westminster Abbey, but had shown the same insensible pride on the death of her only son, dressing his figure, and sending messages to her friends, that if they had a mind to see him lie in state, she would carry them in conveniently by the back door. She sent to the old Duchess of Marlborough to borrow the triumphal car that had carried the duke's body. Sarah, as mad and as proud as herself, sent her word, that "it had carried my Lord Marlborough, and should never be profaned by any other corpse." The Duchess of Buckingham, to mortify her, sent word, that "she had spoken to her undertaker, and he agreed to make a finer for twenty pounds." When very ill, she sent for Mr. Anstis, and settled all the ceremonial of her funeral, and, fearing she should die before all the pomp was sent home, said. "Why won't they send the canopy for me to see? let them send it, though all the tassels are not finished;" and made her attendants vow, that, if she should be senseless, they would not sit down in the room before she was dead.

Mr. Gardiner and Blackwood's magazine.—Mr. William Gardiner, the author of "Musick of Nature," whose lately published work, "Musick and Friends," was quite harshly reviewed in the Blackwood of last month, has come out with rather sensitive replies to that article in the Leicester and London papers. He, in conclusion of one of his letters, quotes from the advertisement of the American re-publishers of the Musick of Nature, those words:—"It would be difficult to name a work in the language, combining in so high a degree acute observation, philosophical analysis, and apt illustration," and says—"I feel the unsolicited commendation, or rather compliment, of my transatlantick eulogist, to be an abundant compensation for the splenetick effusion of a Scotch Tory Reviewer.

Special verdicts.—The verdicts rendered by jurors, are sometimes rather queer documents, as most lawyers have had means of knowing, but there was one returned by a Cattaraugus county (N.Y.) jury, recently, more laughable than any other that we ever heard or read of. It appears that three young men were tried in that county for shooting and mortally wounding a dog, and the written verdict of the "twelve good men and true," was in the following words, to wit:—"All three guilty; plaintiff's damages assessed at sixpence; and each of the defendants to have *another shot at the dog!*" Go it, Jerry. Darn the consequences.

The human voice.—The French papers have a good deal to say of M. Tabarie, who has discovered a process of reviving extinct human voices, by making their owners breathe condensed air. He is busily employed in restoring to the stage some celebrated singers, whose voices have absconded!

Tea.—An English paper says—"It has been discovered that some of the best black tea imported into this country from China, is grown in a climate much colder than that of England, and experiments are in consequence now making near Birmingham to introduce the cultivation in this country."

Elegant extracts.—"What, sir, have my client did? Nothing, sir—nothing. But there stand the man what have did the mischief. Him it were, sir, that with all the ferocity of a bloodhound, seized a shingle, and pursued his victim."

TO THE FAIR

Ye are stars of the night—ye are gems of the morn,
Ye are dew drops, whose lustre illumines the thorn;
And rayless that night is, that morning unblest,
When no beam in your eye lights up peace in the breast;
And the sharp thorn of sorrow sinks deep in the heart,
Till the sweet lip of woman assuages the smart.
'Tis hers o'er the couch of misfortune to bend,
In fondness a lover, in firmness a friend,
And prosperity's hour, be it ever confest,
From woman receives both refinement and zest;
And adorn'd by the bays, or enwreath'd with the willow,
Her smiles is our meed, and her bosom our pillow.

A nobleman in retirement.—One of the dukedoms of Germany, containing an area of about ten miles, is held by the second son of the late duke. The eldest son and heir is a farmer in Warren county, Missouri, and refuses to leave a farm for a ducal crown with ten square miles full of subjects to maintain its dignity.

How to get up a fight.—"I say," said one urchin to another in the street the other day, "you'er the fellow what stole my marbles." "No I 'aint." "Then I am a liar, am I!" and without more ado he pitched right into him.

Cheap way of dressing well.—Brush your hat and boots well every morning, and never mind the holes in your elbows or inexpressibles. The ends justify the means.

G. T. T.—This is a return frequently made in the south-western states, on the writs in the hands of the sheriff, and is an abbreviation for "*gone to Texas.*"

A lady, piqued by Johnson's scrupulous advocacy of truth, once asserted that little variations in narrative must happen a thousand times a day, if one is not perpetually watching. "Well, madam," said Johnson, "and you *ought* to be perpetually watching. It is more from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying that there is so much falsehood in the world."

George the Second, being informed that an impudent printer was to be punished for having published a spurious (king's) speech, replied that he hoped the punishment would be of the mildest sort, because he had read both, and, as far as he understood either of them, he liked the spurious speech better than his own

"I say Mister, what do you ask for them *keards* what takes a chap to the upper gallery," said a shrewd yankee to the man who sold tickets at the theatre. "Fifty cents, sir." "Well, I guess that is giving rather a *high* price to get into *low* company, 'aint it?" "No, sir, it is a *low* price for such *high* company, I should think!" said he of the tickets.

If one train of thinking be more desirable than another, it is that which regards the phenomena of nature with a constant reference to a Supreme intelligent Author. To have made this the ruling, the habitual sentiment of our minds, is to have laid the foundation of everything that is religious. The world from thenceforth becomes a temple, and life itself one continued act of adoration.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

The London Literary Gazette says:—"We cannot insert this pathetick lament for a lost child, in which nature and poetry are so finely combined, without expressing our deep personal regret that ever such an effusion was called forth—an effusion which will wring many a tear from the hearts of parents who have suffered a similar affliction."

CASA'S DIRGE.

BY W. D. MOIR, ESQ. (DELTA.)

Vainly for us the sunbeams shine;
Dimm'd is our joyous hearth;
Oh, Casa! dearer dust than thine
Ne'er mix'd with mother earth:
Thou wert our corner-stone of love,
The keystone of our fate;
Thou art not!—heaven scowls dark above,
And earth is desolate.

Ocean may rave with billows curl'd,
And moons may wax and wane,
And fresh flowers blossom, but this world
Shall not claim thee again!
Closed are the eyes, which bade rejoice
Our hearts, till love ran o'er;
Thy smiles are vanish'd, and thy voice
Is hushed for evermore!

Yes, thou art gone! our hearth's delight,
Our boy so fond and dear,
No more thy smiles to glad our sight,
No more thy songs to hear;
No more thy presence like the sun
To fill our home with joy;
Like lightning hath thy race been run,
As swift, as bright, fair boy!

Now winter with its snow departs,
The green leaves clothe the tree,
But summer gladdens not the hearts
That bleed and break for thee.
The young May weaves her flowery crown,
Her boughs in beauty wave;
They only shake their blossoms down
Upon thy silent grave!

Dear to our souls is every spot
Where thy small feet have trod;
Where odours, breath'd from Eden, float,
And sainted is the sod;
The wild bee, with its buglet fine,
The blackbird singing free,
Melt both thy mother's heart and mine—
They speak to us of thee!

Only in dreams thou comest now
From heaven's immortal shore,
A glory on that infant brow,
Which Death's pale signet bore;
'Twas thy fond looks, 'twas thy fond lips,
That lent our joys their tone;
And life is shaded with eclipse,
Since thou from earth art gone!

Were thine the fond endearing ways,
That tenderest feelings prove;
A thousand wiles to win our praise,
To claim and keep our love.
Fondness for us thrilled all thy veins;
And, Casa, can it be,
That naught of all the past remains,
Except these tears for thee?

Idly we watch thy form to trace,
In children in the street;
Vainly, in each familiar place,
We list thy pattering feet:
Then sudden o'er these fancies crush'd
Despair's black pinions wave;
We know that sound for ever hush'd—
We look upon thy grave!

Oh, heavenly child of mortal birth!
Our thoughts of thee arise,
Not as a denizen of earth,
But inmate of the skies:
To feel that life renewed is thine,
A soothing balm imparts;
We quaff as from Faith's cups divine,
And Sabbath fills our hearts.

Thou leanest where the fadeless wands
Of amaranth bend o'er;
Thy white wings brush the golden sands
Of heaven's refulgent shore.
Thy home is where the psalm and song
Of angels choir abroad,
And blessed spirits, all day long,
Bask in the eyes of God.

There chance and change are not; the soul
Quaffs bliss as from a sea,
And years, through endless ages, roll,
From sin and sorrow free;
There gush for aye fresh founts of joy,
New raptures to impart;
Oh! dare we call thee still *our* boy,
Who now a seraph art?

A little while—a little while—
Ah! long it cannot be!
And thou again on us will smile,
Where angels smile on thee.
How selfish is the worldly heart,
How sinful to deplore!
Oh! that we were where now thou art,
Not lost, but gone before!

He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in the the wrong place, but will frequently emulate men in stations below him, and pity those nominally over his head.

Many of the empty pots of an apothecary's shop are as gaudily decorated and neatly marked as those that are full, and the bottles that make the greatest show in the street are filled with a coloured useless fluid.

Some desire is necessary to keep life in motion; and he whose real wants are supplied must admit of fancy.

LINES,

Written under a portrait of a lady leaning on a balustrade by moonlight.

She stands beneath the evening skies,
Too fair to gaze on, save by night;
And thought is resting in those eyes,
That else were all too bright.

Her pale brow leans upon her hand,
White as a wreath of snow on snow;
And, casting off their silken band,
Her dark curls loosely flow.

O, lady! has the past so soon
Begun to claim thy secret tears;
Ere yet thy life has reach'd its noon
Is thine the grief of years?

Thy dreams are of the silent dead,
Of forms no longer by thy side,
Of looks and tones for ever fled,
Too joyous to abide!

And memory fondly seeks to trace—
Throwing on all a light divine—
The lines of each familiar face,
That once beamed love on thine.

The hopes that wither'd in their prime,
The fears that proved, alas, too true,
The shadows of departed time,
Are crowding on thy view.

The evening air is damp and chill,
The crescent moon has brighter grown,
Yet there, beloved, thou lingerest still,
Unconscious and alone.

Forgive the thought so idly vain,
But now I would not shrink to be
A follower in death's airy train,
So I were mourned by thee!

H. S. L.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THOUGHTS ON CONTEMPORANEOUS CRITICISM.

BY HENRY STANHOPE LEE.

"Were a great literary genius to set out early in life, and listen only to the voice of nature, what mighty things he might do! But every one is in youth shackled by the technical tyranny of those who have taken on themselves to dictate in the literary world."—*Sir Egerton Brydges.*

In this age of humbug, there is no system of imposture more successful than that practised by the reviews and critical journals of the day. In the republick of letters, as in all other republicks, it must be the voice of the majority which will eventually prevail—and yet, how often do we see a solemn prig of a critick launching about him his puny thunderbolts with the affected dignity and power of a Jupiter Tonans! As if he alone could dispose to authors their passports to immortality! As if his decisions were final and irrevocable!

Taste is a quality so volatile, impalpable and indefinable, that even in cases where criticism proceeds from minds the purest, the most impartial, discriminating, and eloquent—where he, who "censures freely," has himself "written well,"—the sentence, in nine cases out of ten, will be set aside by that only verdict to which an author should be amenable, popular opinion

But modern criticism, especially that of Great Britain, appears to be biased wholly by personal or political considerations. The leading reviews of England and Scotland have, during the present century, been practising a most iniquitous system of deception upon the "reading publick." Controlled by cliques, literary or political, they have puffed their friends and punished their enemies, without the remotest view to critical honesty and independence. Look at the dashing extravagance, the splendid but unprincipled bollyism of Blackwood, which is read and admired in spite of its ruffianism and ribaldry. Who, of its readers, look for critical impartiality in its pages—a journal which denounced Coleridge as a dunce, Sir Humphrey Davy as a fool, Hazlitt as a blockhead, Barry Cornwall as an imbecile, Leigh Hunt as a stupid cockney, while in the same breath it would laud to the skies such writers as Pollock and Gault, Trollope and Kenyon! What influence upon the publick have they had—those fierce denunciations launched against Coleridge and Davy? None whatever. The publick have decided, and posterity will confirm the decision, that the one was a great poet and the other a great philosopher And what has become of the tribe of "Little Unknowns," which the pious Christopher North would have foisted upon the publick as great men. "immortals?" Sunk, wilted, dwindled back into the obscurity from which they sprung. So much for the *ex-cathedra* judgments of pompous critucks, in contrast with the unbought, unprejudiced, and insubvertible decisions of popular estimation!

The Edinburgh Review, the Westminster, the London Quarterly, and Fraser's Magazine, are all quite as corrupt and venal as Blackwood in their critical *ipse dixits*. Their own geese are in their eyes much whiter and more beautiful than other people's swans. The Edinburgh praises Mr. Snooks as the best and greatest of men, and reviles Mr. Sniggs as the silliest and basest, because forsooth the one is a whig and the other a tory. The Westminster denounces Mr. Croker and apotheosizes Miss Martineau, because the one is an ultra monarchist and the other an Utopian radical. And so with the other journals we have named. Instead of being independent tribunals, they are merely the sordid and interested organs of coteries and factions. In politicks this partisanship is in a measure justifiable, but in literature it is unnecessary, dishonourable, and immeasurably disgusting.

"A man must serve his time to every trade
Save censure—critucks all are ready made.
Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote,
With just enough of learning to misquote;
A mind well skilled to forge or find a fault;
A turn for punning, call it Attick salt;
To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet,
His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet:
Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a sharper hit
Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit;
Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,
And stand a critick, hated yet caress'd."

Criticism in our own country is at a sufficiently low ebb; but, bad as it is, it is not quite so corrupt as in England. Here it is *indiscriminate* puffery—with the English and Scotch reviewers it is *discriminate* puffery and denunciation—and in either case the bias is dishonest. And here I will go back to the opinion with which I started; that a literary *sentence*, proceeding even from a person the most conscientious, unprejudiced, and competent, should be received with distrust. How much more so then when we know the critick to be partial or unprincipled!

One of the most striking proofs and instances of the fallacy and frailty of critical opinions may be found in the case of young Ireland, the celebrated forger of the "Shakspeare papers." It appears that Ireland's father was a devout and almost fanatical admirer of the great dramatist. But I will let the young man tell his own story:—"I will not," he says, "take upon myself to determine whether nature ever gifted me with a dawning of talent for poetry, or whether I possessed a mere facility at imitation; but the reiterated eulogies rung in my ears respecting Shakspeare—my father's enthusiasm—and, above all, the incessant remark upon his part, that to possess even a signature of the bard, would make him the happiest of human beings—irrevocably sealed my destiny.

"Being in a conveyancer's office, and environed by old deeds, the silly idea struck me of investigating numerous bundles of law documents, in the hope that I might find some instrument signed by Shakspeare; which labour, of course, proving abortive, I had recourse to a dealer in old parchments, whose shop I frequented for weeks, under the same fallacious impression; when, finding all to no purpose, then it was, (as a German amalgamator of the horrifick would assert,) that the demon seized his opportunity to place temptation in my way In fine, wearied by the fruitless toil, in an evil moment the idea first seized me of producing a spurious imitation of Shakspeare's autograph; when, without reflection, having supplied myself with a tracing of the poet's signature, I wrote a mortgage deed, imitating the law-hand of James the first, and affixed thereto the sign-manual of Shakspeare. The instrument in question was shown, accredited in all directions, and my father rendered happy; when, without a thought of anything further, I conceived myself amply recompensed in having been the instrument of producing so much felicity."

But it appears that the crowd of antiquaries and Shakspearian enthusiasts who surrounded young Ireland (he was only *seventeen* years old at the time) would not permit him to rest in peace. They insisted upon it that more of Shakspeare's writings could be discovered where the deed was found; and ultimately the poor boy was so beset and harassed, that, in self-defence, he announced the existence of a newly-discovered drama from the pen of Shakspeare! Prior to this announcement, he had, literally, never essayed his pen at poetical composition, and had not penned one line of the play which he purposed producing. Finally, on the second of April, 1796, (it should have been the first,) the tragedy of *Vortigern*, written by a boy of seventeen, was produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, as a newly-discovered drama of Shakspeare. Shortly afterwards it was published; whereupon some of the most redoubtable critucks and literary men of the day, including Dr. Parr, Mr. Boaden, and others of considerable account in their day, admitted at once that the internal evidence was sufficient to stamp it as the composition of the immortal Shakspeare! Boaden said the reading of the precious manuscripts produced "a tremour of the purest delight;" such persuasion of their excellence being retained for months, "making all scepticism ridiculous." Old Parr was equally enthusiastick in his admiration.

Now, the play of *Vortigern* is about as much like Shakspeare as the drone of a bagpipe is like the musick of the spheres It is precisely such a work as we should think a clever lad, with good imitative talents, might produce. Take the following song—a capital specimen of what are called "nonsense verses," where the sound deceives an inattentive observer with the idea that the sense is all correct.

Flavia sings.

She sang, while from her eye ran down
The silv'ry drop of sorrow;
From grief she stole away the crown,
Sweet patience, too, did borrow.
Pensive she sat while fortune frown'd,
And smiling woo'd sad melancholy.

Keen anguish fain would turn her heart,
And sour her gentle mind;
But charity still kept her part,
And meekness to her soul did bind.
She bow'd content,
Heav'd forth one sigh,
Sang, wept, then turned to melancholy.

Careless her locks around her hung,
And strove to catch each dewy tear;
The plaintive bird in pity sung,
And breathed his sorrow in her ear.
Amazed she look'd,
And thank'd his care,
Then sunk once more to melancholy.

Could there be anything more innocent of meaning or of poetry? Take another extract. The following is from the opening scene of the first act of *Vortigern*. Imagine, if you can, that any one in his senses ever believed it to be Shakspeare's:

Constantius—Good Vortigern! as peace doth bless our isle,
And the loud din of war no more affrights us,
And as my soul has placed thee next herself,
'Tis our desire that thou deny'st us not
That which anon we crave thee to accept;
For though most weighty be the proffer'd task,
We trust thy goodness will the toil accept,
Since we have always found thee kind by nature;
And, as the pelican, e'en with thy blood,
Ready to succour and relieve.

Vortigern—Most gracious sov'reign! to command is thine;
And, as a subject, mine is to obey.

Con.—Such was the answer we did here expect,
And farther now we shall explain our meaning.
As frozen age we find doth fast approach,
And state affairs lie heavy with ourself,
To thee one half our power we here resign,
That due reward may pace with thy great labour.
To this our proposition what reply!

Vor.—Oh! my most noble, good and bounteous lord,
These honours are indeed so great, so weighty,
I fear, least, like a garment too confined,
They awkwardly should press upon the wearer;
Therefore, my gracious lord, let one more worthy,
I do beseech thee, hear them.

Con.—Nay, nay! this thy excuse will not suffice—
E'en now we do await thy full consent;
And, that more speedily we may conclude,
We do require of thee, thou here shouldst sign
This deed prepar'd, by which thou wilt become,
Ourself cojoin'd, sov'reign of this our realm.

Vor.—I shall, my lord, obey your high command.

And so forth, through five insupportably tedious acts! What bigotry or hallucination could have induced Parr and his fellow dupes to fall in raptures with such stuff as coming from Shakspeare! And yet Parr and Boaden were men of erudition, and great critucks in their day! They both lived, however, to persecute and denounce young Ireland with savage virulence after he had confessed the hoax. So much for contemporaneous criticism!

Imagine "Hamlet" to have been produced for the first time immediately after the appearance of this "newly-discovered play of Shakspeare," and imagine it to have been put forth as the production of Mr. Timothy Tibbs. What a parallel, to the disparagement of Hamlet and the glorification of Vortigern, should we have had from our sapient critucks! What senseless balderdash would the scene between the young prince and the "old boy in the cellerage" have been! What drawling nonsense compared with the fire and spirit of the opening dialogue between Constantius and Vortigern! Alas for the fallibility of our poor human judgments! If I ever write a book, (and I mean to, one of these days,) I am resolved I will snap my fingers in the faces of Messieurs the critucks, and write, write, egad! to please myself and the publick telling the snarleyows of the press to bark till their throats are sore; and bearing in mind the consoling reflection of Swift, that, "when a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign—the dunces are all in confederacy against him."

LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

South Carolina, May 25th, 1839.

My dear sir—We are packing up for the city, and will leave our woodland home, our dense forests and broad fields, now green with every variety of vine, fruit and foliage, on Monday next The season is approaching when the rank vegetation of our swamps becomes fatal to European and Atlantick life; and we natives of the seaboard find it a timely precaution to depart before the middle of June. I have remained in our swamps till the middle of July, without apprehension and without suffering harm; but where we have the lives of women and children depending upon us, such a delay might prove dangerous if not fatal, and would certainly be wanton. Both of our plantations, which lie in different but parallel districts of the state, are on rivers. The two Edistoes, or rather the two forks or branches of the parent trunk, run along beside our lands, at a distance of twelve miles—an easy ride of three hours—asunder. This stream is one of the boldest and deepest, though narrow, in our state. We receive from it abundant supplies of fish in the proper season; trout, rock, perch, beam and cat; the latter is accounted among us one of the most exquisite. The meat is whiter than snow, remarkably delicate and tender, without bones, and of superior flavour; one of them, more than two feet in length, graced our table a few days ago; they are chiefly caught in traps At this time our woods present an appearance the most lovely and inviting. Of their density, depth, darkness and variety of green—their odours, which reach you at the distance of miles and envelop you, as it were, in clouds of perfume—you can form no idea The wild grape, of every sort and flavour, hangs around us at every step we take, growing without care or cultivation in every swamp and thicket, rising to the tops of the loftiest trees, and linking them together by festoons of the most glowing and velvety green. Plums, peaches, pears and apples; strawberries, blackberries, raspberries and cherries; many apples, etc.; all these we are about to leave to our negroes. Those poor devils, whom you northern abolitionists so greatly pity, will have, for the gathering, constantly within their reach, dainties which you and I would purchase with difficulty and at a great price in New-York and Charleston markets. Add to this the fish which they get from the streams, the game which they encounter in the fields—(and, *par parenthese*, there are five negroes on our woodland plantations—*slaves*—who each keep their guns in their own possession)—and in their walks the opossums, which are

taken nightly by the dogs by the dozen, and which a negro prefers to any pigs; the racoons, the squirrels, the wild turkeys, duck and deer; and you may form some idea of what we leave behind us. Nor do the cruel owners of the slave defer him to the natural produce of the woods for his support. Mr. ——, a near friend, plants about four hundred acres of corn, about ten of rice, ten of wheat, ten of potatoes, ten of rye, etc., none of which are sold, and all kept for plantation consumption. To these add the slaughter of about sixty head of hogs and ten steers anually, and you will have some idea of the lean providence of that grinding southern cultivator, who is so great a monster of cupidity in the estimation of modern anti-slave philanthropy.

PARISIAN NOVELTIES.

Paris, May 6.

The king's fête was commencing when I wrote last The weather was fine, and the crowd exceedingly great. The day passed off with the utmost tranquillity; with the exception of two or three accidents, nothing occurred to mar the festivity of the occasion. Yet I must declare that I could perceive a vast difference between the demeanour of the people this year and on preceding birth-days. There was a lack of that heart-inspiring gaiety which prompts the Parisian population to fling care to the winds, and be happy at least for one day in the year. The general appearance of the crowd was heavy, and they seemed to care but little for the amusements prepared for them. At the palace, too, the visits were sad affairs, every one appearing out of spirits. In the evening at the concert before the Tuileries, the Marseillaire was encored. The illuminations were altogether official—I did not perceive a single private house with a lampion. The exhibition of the products of French industry was the great circumstance of the day. I have already spoken of the king's private visit there. Everything appeared exactly in the same position when the crowd were permitted to enter. There are four large rooms, and two small ones, each appropriated to its own peculiar articles. The building is marked by considerable grandeur of appearance, but the whole is not yet completed externally and some of the scaffolding still remains up As to the character of the articles exhibited, it is complained that there are too many useless matters in the collection, even mere playthings. The whole number of articles exposed to view amounts to forty-three thousand.

The ministry still remains in *statu quo*. Bets are now made that none will be formed within the month. The Dukes of Orleans and Nemours are here at present. They were both this week at the races in the Champ-de-Mars. Lord H. Seymour has again been unsuccessful this year, as not one of his horses have won. Margarita and Francesca, both entered in the name of the Comte de Cambis, won the two great prizes with great ease.

Next to the formation of the ministry, the chief subject of discussion here is the suicide of Soufflard, one of the men lately convicted of a dreadful murder in the Rue du Temple. This man had, for the ten days the trial lasted, preserved great firmness and presence of mind; it was when brought up to hear his fate that he swallowed a dose of arsenick, sufficient, it is said, to kill a hundred men. He was observed, whilst standing at the bar, to keep his handkerchief to his mouth, and when the judgment was declared, he seemed anxious to speak. He was apparently unable to do so, and he was led away without having uttered any remark. In passing through the court of the prison, he asked for a glass of water, which he swallowed at a draught. This hastened the effects of the poison, and in a few minutes he fell down in dreadful agony. Medical assistance was sent for, and emetics administered, but all in vain; he died next morning in violent convulsions. The most extraordinary part of this strange affair is the concealment of the poison for so many days, as the prisoners are subjected to most minute examination. It is said that the poison was curiously fixed in the folds of his cravat.

The great subject of conversation during the week has been Mdlle. Rachel's appearance in comedy She played *Hermione* in the first piece, and *Dorine* in *Tartuffe* in the second. The Odeon was the theatre chosen for this representation, as being the largest in Paris, and it must be acknowledged that the crowd found it still too small. The receipts amounted to twenty-two thousand francs, and the actress received presents to the amount of twenty-four thousand francs more. I have remarked already, in a former letter, on her performance of the first part. It is full of beauties, though occasionally marked by some roughness. *Dorine* has a certain resemblance to the other part, in point of satirical expression, and a certain haughtiness of spirit, which distinguishes *Dorine* from other waiting-maids. Mdlle Rachel was amusing, at all events, though she showed that comedy does not suit her so well as tragedy. The general opinion here is that she failed; but I consider that judgment too severe. It is said that this young actress's income now amounts to two thousand five hundred pounds a year. Lucky she must be accounted, when it is remembered that ten months ago she was almost in the streets. I venture to assert, that if any one had then offered her fifteen hundred francs a year, she would gladly have accepted the offer

Pigeon shooting is all the fashion here: large wagers are decided daily at the Tivoli Gardens in this way. Great improvements are to be effected speedily in the capital. After the resignation of the Molé ministry, the publick works were suspended, and great distress arose among the working population: one hundred thousand names were down to receive relief last week. A colossal image of Liberty, which now lies near the plaster elephants in the place of the Bastile, will be inaugurated to-day. The theatres are not open to-day to the publick gratuitously, as they were on the king's fête after the revolution. Louis Philippe lost part of his popularity by departing from his original practice in this respect.

A piece called *Léo Burckart* has been produced at the Porte St. Martin. It turns on the secret league established among the German students, to sacrifice any one who may displease them. Léo is a young political writer, who, though an ardent lover of liberty, excites their suspicion for having accepted the place of councillor of state. He discovers their intention to assassinate him, and enters their secret assembly in disguise, through the assistance of one of the members. The scenes which then takes place is a most striking one, and produced a great effect. A young man is proposed as member; he answers satisfactorily to all the questions proposed, and is about to be accepted, when suddenly the officers of the crown appear, and seize on all as secret plotters. The neophyte, in order to save himself, proves that he is a spy, sent by the state to discover the mysteries of the tribunal, and demands exemption from punishment. He is then sternly informed, that all that he had seen, the guards, the officers, forcible entrance, and arrest, are all pretended! It was the last proof; and the parts were filled by the members themselves! He is a traitor, and must die! He is poniarded on the spot, and the meeting resumes its sittings. Léo is present at the subsequent proceeding, and hears who is to assassinate him. This person is in love with Léo's wife, and when he comes to assassinate him, he boasts of the favour shown him by the lady. Léo is about to attack him, when the wife enters and denies the truth of what he had just said He is overcome with shame, and kills himself! The *dénouément* is a very lame affair; but some scenes in the piece are admirable. At the Opera Comique, *Les Treize*, a piece of Scribe's, with musick by Halery, has been brought out with good success. *Les Trieze* are a society of Neapolitan *roués*, who are joined together for the purpose of making conquests among the fair sex as frequently as they can, and thus sowing, as widely as possible, the seeds of disunion between lovers. The adventures of some of them with a young working-girl forms the plot of the piece. The musick is pleasing, but no more Scribe has exhibited as much true humour in this piece as he has displayed polished wit in his other works. *Le Naufrage de la Méduse* has been produced at the Ambigu-Comique. It is the work of M. Desnoyers, and the story is interesting enough. Of course the famous scene from the picture of the Louvre is introduced, and always with applause. The shipwreck is most cleverly managed.

For want of other matter, shall I tell you how Lamartine, the poet, writes his verses. He walks forth in his park, with pencil and pieces of paper: whatever ideas strike him he puts down on these. He throws them all into a box, and his secretary afterwards arranges them as he thinks best. They are then taken to a bookseller, and sold for one thousand five hundred or one thousand six hundred pounds a work Lamartine declares that he never read *La Chute d'un Ange* until it had been printed many months, and then only at the instance of his wife. Some say that he intends to read it this summer.

REMARKABLE ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

The anecdotes given of dogs saving the lives of persons in danger of drowning, are so numerous as to be familiar to every person. "One cannot reflect on the innumerable instances of the love and usefulness of this animal, without being grateful to providence for having given to man a creature capable of many of those noble and disinterested feelings, which we are accustomed to appreciate so highly in our fellow-creatures, and almost to look upon as constituting the perfection of the human character" I beg leave to introduce to my readers an anecdote of a dog belonging to a friend of mine, but shall first, however, mention a story somewhat similar, related by an author of great respectability, regarding a dog belonging to a religious house in France. "At a convent in France twenty paupers were served with a dinner at a certain hour every day. A dog belonging to the convent did not fail to be present at this regale, to receive the odds and ends which were now and then thrown to him. The guests, however, were poor and hungry, and of course not very wasteful: so that their pensioner did little more than scent the feast of which he would fain have partaken. The portions were served by a person at the ringing of the bell, and delivered out by means of what, in religious houses, is called a *tour*; which is a machine like the section of a cask, that, by turning round upon a pivot, exhibits whatever is placed on the concave side, without discovering the person who moves it. One day, this dog, who who had only received a few scraps, waited till the paupers were all gone, took the rope in his mouth, and rang the bell. His stratagem succeeded. He repeated it next day with the same good fortune. At length the cook, finding that twenty-one portions were given out instead of twenty, was determined to discover the trick in doing which he had no great difficulty; for, lying *perdu*, and noting the paupers as they came for their different portions, and that there was no intruder except the dog, he began to suspect the truth; which he was confirmed in when he saw the animal wait with great deliberation till the visitors were all gone, and then pull the bell. The matter was related to the community; and, to reward him for his ingenuity, he was permitted to ring the bell every day for his dinner, on which a mess of broken victuals was always afterwards served out to him."

The following is the anecdote I refer to A friend of mine, Captain W. Aug. Thomson, R. N., residing near Edinburgh, has a dog, both the parents of which were natives of Newfoundland At the time I refer to (1836) he was, I believe, only two years old, but exhibited all the indications of great muscular power, and singular sagacity. He was considerably larger at that time than many full-grown animals of the same breed, and I always imagined his eye possessed a very peculiar degree of intelligence. One day my friend walked down to the sea-beach to observe the military, whose barracks are in his neighbourhood, performing their evolutions, and took the dog with him. All went on very well till the cavalry commenced firing, but such a sound was too much for the astonished Bounce, as the dog is called. Being quite a puppy, like many other puppies, he was not very willing to stand fire, and he therefore considered the best thing he could do was to sound a retreat. Accordingly, without casting a single glance towards his master, he *bounced* away homeward at full gallop, with his tail depressed, and in evident terrour. His master's residence is about a mile from the beach, and it appeared the dog ran the whole way at full speed. But as the house is in a garden, and surrounded by a lofty wall, having a gate which is always shut, and which communicates with the house only by a bell, it became a problem to our canine reasoner, how to get within the walls so as to be in safety. The gate he could not open, the wall was too high to leap; how then could he enter? He perceived at once his predicament, and no doubt thought of the bell he had so often seen his master pull, and the sounds of which were so often followed by the opening of the gate. Crossing the road, he ran up to a labouring man who was passing, and with all the gentleness he could assume, seized him by the wrist and held him, at the same time wagging his tail, and endeavouring to direct the man's attention to his situation. The man was at first, naturally enough, much terrified; but the perfectly gentle appearance of the animal prevented his fears from increasing. He therefore accompanied the dog across the road, and was led close up to the bell, which he at once perceived the animal required him to pull; this having done, he was no longer detained a prisoner, and the gate being opened, he related, in astonishment to the servant, the singular conduct of the dog. This little story is entitled to the highest credit, not only on account of the source I derived it from, but because I myself have seen the dog, when desirous of leaving the room, take his master by the wrist and lead him to the door in order to open it. All this I have been assured is solely the result of the dog's instinct, or rather, reason, as he never received any instruction. I trust that, although this anecdote has little direct reference to humanity in animals, I may be excused taking this opportunity of mentioning it.

DOMESTICK GREENHOUSES.

A plan has lately been discovered for keeping green plants in a fresh and lively growing state, in all seasons and climates, with a very small degree of trouble. As it must be quite new to many of our readers, though well known to professional horticulturists and men of science, I shall try to describe it, from a recollection of seeing it in operation in London in the autumn of last year. It is, I suppose, generally understood that greenhouse plants, among which may be numbered many flowering tender herbs, will not grow in the open air in a town, or even in a carefully-kept room. The smoky or otherwise impure atmosphere either kills them outright or causes them to languish, so that at the best they are poor stunted things. But, besides being deprived of pure air, the plants are not properly and regularly watered. Watering only now and then does not suit all kinds of plants; many require to live in an atmosphere from which moisture can be at all times drawn. In short, by the common artificial methods, it is often impossible to imitate the processes of nature so effectually as to keep a number of pet flowers and shrubs about our dwellings in a state of health and beauty.

The new and improved method consists simply in the use of a glass case for the plants. The case may be the size of a room, or of a box—it is all one. The top and sides of the case are of glass frames; the bottom contains earth in which the plants grow; the whole is kept closed, except at short intervals, when a small door is opened for any necessary purpose. The case may be placed in a room at a window full in the sun's light, or if the enclosure be large, like a greenhouse, it may be situated out of doors. The plants being set in the usual manner, the earth is saturated to a certain extent with water, and the case closed Nature now takes upon itself the entire management of the process. When the sun shines on the case, the moisture rises in a natural evaporation from the earth, and hangs in condensed globules on the inside of the glass. When the cold of evening ensues, the moisture descends, and is absorbed by the plants and by the earth. Thus alternately rising and descending, the moisture in the case keeps up a proper and regular system of irrigation, whereby the plants are sustained in a state of great freshness and beauty. I am not aware that there is any precise method followed for admitting fresh air into the case, and am inclined to believe that this is accomplished only by the casual opening of the small door, or by slight crevices in the frame-work.

A gentleman, residing in the eastern and most confined part of London, has brought the growth of plants by these very simple means to an extraordinary degree of perfection. In one of his front rooms he has a case, about the size of a bird cage, in which there grow a variety of plants, native and exotick, in the most lively state of health and freshness; and in a small back court he has erected a series of sheds, enclosed, and framed with glass on top and front, in which a prodigious variety of plants are seen growing in an equally healthy condition. On being conducted into one of these enclosed out-houses, I was struck with admiration of the freshness and greenness of the vegetation. From the ground grew tall exoticks, and from jutting stones, resembling rock-work, there depended mosses and creeping plants of divers kinds in a state of as luxuriant vegetation as if they had sprung amongst the cliffs which overhang a Highland lake. Yet all this was in one of the smokiest parts of London, in a confined back court, where a breath of fresh air could not at any season be reasonably expected, and where certainly the same plants could not grow in the open air, notwithstanding every care which might be bestowed upon them What a triumph is this over local circumstances! Here is a gentle man of taste, who, though placed in a situation the most untoward, has it in his power, at the merest trifle of expense, to cultivate at least one of the branches of the delightful science of botany, and at all times enjoy the contemplation of some of nature's most beautiful works

A special advantage of this mode of plant-culture consists in its applicability to the transportation of certain growing vegetables to distant countries. It has hitherto been difficult to keep plants alive on ship-board, in consequence of the great quantity of fresh water which they require. The expenditure of water, for instance, in taking plants from Great Britain to New South Wales, is so considerable as to be a complete bar to their exportation. This obstacle to the diffusion of plants no longer exists. By the above described method, growing plants are carried safely round the world, without requiring a drop of additional water during the voyage

The woman that has not touched the heart of a man before he leads her to the altar, has scarcely a chance to charm it when possession and security turn their powerful arms against her

LITERARY NOTICES.

"Concealment." A novel, in two vols. Philadelphia Lea and Blanchard.

Two interesting and well-written volumes vividly portraying the unhappiness and misery which invariably follow any departure from the perfect confidence and truth so necessary to the happiness of married life. Several passages struck us as very beautiful; we will give one or two, and then commend the work to our readers as much superiour to the usual class of novels daily issued from the press. How true is the following, which might have served as the motto to the whole—

"Many people can make great sacrifice for those they love, but few have the moral courage to love truth better than the object of their affection."

And again—

"How rarely does it happen, that the intellect improves the heart; but how often that the affections enlighten and elevate the understanding! How blessed is the union, when both 'work together for good,' and scatter over this life of sorrow the flowers and fruits of intellect and goodness!"

We shrewdly suspect the author of being a lady, from the following—

"There is, perhaps, nothing so engaging to some women as the capability in superiour men of enjoying their society as rational beings; and in nothing do the lords of creation make a greater mistake with regard to the ladies hereof, than in supposing that it is necessary to put off rationality to please the weaker sex."

"Picciola. The Prisoner of Fenestrello; or, Captivity Captive By M. De Saintain Second edition. Philadelphia. Lea and Blanchard.

We are glad to see this new and handsome edition of one of the most extraordinary works of the age. The English editor justly remarks:—"The very soul of poetry breaths through this little romance. But the author of Picciola is a visionary, whose dreams are manifestly the result of a happy and wholesome frame of mind, not frantick slumbers haunted by nightmare and diabolism. Lowly and unpresuming as is the heroine of the tale, she has a claim to the protection of the wise and good; and we defy the most hard-hearted of criticks to set his foot upon the humble neck of "Picciola."

"Poems by Mrs. Follen," author of "Married Life," "Skeptick," "Well-spent Hour,' etc. etc. Boston. William Crosby and Co., Pp. 192.

This is a collection of some of the most graceful and beautiful lyricks that have ever been contributed to the poetical literature of the country. No one can read "Sachem's Hill," "Her Voyage is at an end," the exquisite translations from Uhland, and the devotional pieces, which enrich the volume, without admitting that the author has displayed rare poetick talent. We mean, hereafter, to give our readers some liberal extracts from the work, but must at present content ourselves with the following gem, from the German of Ramler·

TO A FOUNTAIN.

Lo! this fount is flowing ever;
But the fountain prattles never:
Traveller! at this fountain stay;
Learn of it, with pure endeavour,
Good to do, and nothing say.

"Lady Cleveley, the Woman of Honour."

This is the title of a satire by some friend of Bulwer's, on Lady Bulwer and her late novel—tolerably written and severe. It commences with an appeal to the "Daughters of England" to spurn the author of Cheveley -

"With one acclaim,
Or share her matchless sin—her deathless shame."

It ridicules Cheveley as a literary production, lauds Bulwer, and inveighs against his spouse in a manner not more caustick than just. The following is a specimen:

One evening to his lonely home he bore
A wreath, like that immortal Shakspeare wore!
And o'er his solitude the echo came,
Of shouts of triumph, mingled with his name!
And we may deem, his eyes were full of tears—
How cold the triumph which no loved one shares!
Too proud to mourn, he sought his mind t' engage
With the cold woes of a fictitious page;
He turns the leaves—ah! has a viper stung!
His cheek grows pale, his noble brow is wrung!
Oh, monstrous! see, the mother of his child,
With blackest slander has his name defiled!
And o'er his noble heart a sickness came,
Not for his own, but for her deathless shame.
The coarse allusion, the indecent jest,
The falsehood half revealed and half suppress,
And vilest calumnies profusely poured
On the fond mother whom his heart adored.
His sacred anguish is no theme for song—
But heaven is merciful and truth is strong!

The following are the concluding lines:

See, from thy waning charms base flatterers fly!
Read! read! thy shame in each averted eye.
Behold th' inevitable hour is come!
When woman's scene of happiness is home!
Crushed 'neath the mount of curses, thou hast piled,
Weep for the home thy falsehood has defiled!
Yet list! the muse shall teach thee where to find
The only solace of the guilty mind!
Glad tidings greet the trembling heirs of Sin;
Ah, who has said, "compel them to come in!"
Oh, seek, thou false one! through long after years,
To wash this stain in penitential tears!
Then to thy husband's feet; if there forgiven,
May pitying angels plead for thee in heaven!

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to "T." for the goodwill displayed in his communication, but as we solicitously exclude everything of a controversial character from our pages, must decline it.—The remarks of "Sebastian" upon the comparative merits of Miss Shirreff and Mrs. Seguin, are not at all to our taste. Both ladies, in their peculiar spheres, are undoubtedly far above mediocrity. What satisfaction can it be to our correspondent to decry the merits of either?—"Here he goes, there he goes," is the exclamation employed by one of our contributors on hearing that Mr. Wallack had again sailed for England in the Great Western.—The allusion to the mustachios is too personal.—"A Fireman" should be heard, if his remarks were not so terribly inflammable. He is down upon the city authorities like "like," a house a-fire."—We have never met with the caricatures described by "X.," but if he be a true account of them, the venders should, undoubtedly, be subjected to a prosecution.—We fear that we must postpone sine die, the communications of "Hotspur," "Zeta," "L. Y.," "A. B.," "Selwyn," and "Letitia Hardy."

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1839.

THE MIRROR AND ITS PROSPECTS.

We are sure that the numerous friends and subscribers to the Mirror will not be displeased to learn that its prospects never were more cheering nor its support more liberal than at present. Our circulation, during the last year, has experienced a rapid and steady increase, so that we shall be enabled to render the next volume still more entitled to publick favour, both in the improved character of its contents and of its embellishments and typographical appearance Owing to some delay in the execution of the last of the four costly steel engravings promised for the present volume, we shall be compelled to make up the deficiency by presenting our readers with five, the coming year; but, in order that our engagements may be fulfilled to those whose intention it was to subscribe solely for the closing volume, we would state that all such may obtain a copy of the forthcoming plate gratuitously, by making their wishes known at the office.

Ladies of a certain age.—A lady of Marseilles lately brought an action against a gentleman for unhandsome usage on his part. The day of trial came: the court was crowded, and a very fair portion consisted of the sex justly immortalized by Milton as "heaven's last, best work." The usual question was proposed by the judgment: "*Quel age avez vous?*"—"*Dix neuf ans, Monsieur.*"—"You mistake, mademoiselle," interrupted her counsel, "you are of age." The lady, however, persisted that she was a minor, and in spite of the earnest appeals of her advocate, still adhered to "*dix neuf ans.*" Nothing could induce the fascinating descendant of Eve to pass the Rubicon of nineteen; and there being no proof before the court to the contrary, the complaint was dismissed, and the young lady in her teens was compelled to pay the costs. And how old do you think she was? Why, there are two eventful periods in the life of woman—one, when she wonders whom she will have; the other, when she wonders who will have her. She had attained the last.

The Moon-house eclipsed.—Mons. de Waldeck, who some time prior to 1836 spent three years in the province of Yucatan, and who has devoted much of his life to the study of American antiquities, has published the result of his researches. Many important and interesting facts are therein developed. He claims to have discovered the ruins of five large cities in Central America, which are almost unknown to the inhabitants, and the position of which are illustrated by twenty-two large plates. He has likewise a poem, which is supposed to have been written before the conquest of Mexico, when it was a great and powerful empire, in which the christian faith was preached by the high priest Chilam Ballam at least a century before the Spanish invasion, and in a language, the vocabulary of which is still in existence. This Mr. Chilam Ballam must be some relation, we suspect, to the illustrious Hum-ha-hi, who lectured at Pekin on steam-engines and railroads some twenty-five centuries before the discovery of America.

Sully's Victoria.—The full-length portrait of Victoria, executed by the distinguished Philadelphia artist, may now be seen at No. 155 Broadway. It is truly an exquisite work of art, and, from universal testimony, is the most faithful likeness of the British queen that has yet been painted. The engraving of this portrait, though admirably executed, does not convey an idea of the rare merits of the original. The colouring of Mr. Sully's picture is very beautiful and true—the proportions of the figure are exact, and the expression of the face combines energy with sweetness. An autograph of Victoria, presented to the successful artist, may be seen in the room of the exhibition. It is quite a characteristick scrawl.

Belles Lettres.—The Courier says that a gentleman was called upon a few days since, to decipher some inscriptions on a lot of bells, recently imported, and supposed to be of Spanish manufacture. On examination, he found that these inscriptions looked as little like Spanish as anything else, being apparently some very ill-used members of the alphabet, turned topsy turvy. He excused himself, therefore, from the task of deciphering, on the ground that though he read the Spanish language, he had not made much progress in the Spanish *Belles Lettres.*

Inductive reasoning.—A New-Orleans paper says that two individuals got into a political dispute on the Levee recently, when one knocked the other into the river. This is called a specimen of inductive reasoning.

Sidney Clifton.—One of the New-York correspondents of the National Intelligencer, a weekly chronicle of literary births, marriages and deaths, has the following:

"Mr. Fay, (secretary of our legation at Berlin,) is nearly out of press with a novel called *Sidney Clifton*. the scenes of which are laid, mainly, in this city. I have read a few chapters in this work, and think myself safe in pronouncing a favourable opinion of it, in advance of its appearance."

On this the Madisonian remarks—

"The 'gossiper' is wide of the mark. Mr. Fay is *not* the author of the forthcoming "Sidney Clifton."

To this the Commercial Advertiser adds:

"So much any one might guess, who knew that the title of Mr. Fay's forthcoming novel is the "The Countess Ida." But who *is* the author of "Sidney Clifton?" Tell us *that*, Mr. Madisonian, and we will give you credit for knowing something."

Next comes the Star:

"We could tell the Commercial who wrote Sidney Clifton, but we wont. We think, however, we may venture to say, without violating a stipulated cognomen, that it is from the pen of a gentleman of this city, well-known in Wall-street; who, notwithstanding his numerous avocations as a man of business, has found time sufficient to write a work of fiction, of which those who have read it, speak in the highest terms. We have long known the author as a graceful and flowing writer and a poet of the first order. We do not mean, however, to tell his name, nor to *insinuate* that "Sidney Clifton" is by either Prosper M. Wetmore, Goram A. Worth, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Edward S. Gould, or Jacob Harvey. The reader is at liberty to name any other clever man about town he may think proper."

The Star is facetious upon the subject of "Sidney Clifton"—a work which has recently made quite a sensation in the literary circles. We, too, could say who wrote it; but the Star should not "*insinuate*" that either of the abovenamed lazy gentlemen had found time to write a book. One rumour, however, we take upon ourselves to contradict: "Sidney Clifton" is *not* the production of our worthy district attorney, J. R. Whiting.—But who *did* write it?—Ah, that's the question.

Painting and criticism on paintings.—A recent writer judiciously remarks:—"It is a general complaint, on the opening of every exhibition, how few works there are worthy of notice; and the cry alway raised is, 'What trash! what horrours!' The truth is, criticism is much easier than execution; it is much easier, also, to discover faults than to appreciate beauties; and many take a pleasure in looking out for the bad, while they pass by the good in silence. Those who are acquainted with the various and gigantick difficulties to be contended with, the almost universality of knowledge, the poetick and exalted genius necessary for a successful prosecution of this wondrous art, painting, will rather be inclined to astonishment that *so many* great masters have been, and still should be found, than to complain there have been and are *so few.*"

Jeremy Taylor on calumny.—"There is no worse devil," saith Jeremy Taylor, "than a devilish tongue. Were I a legislator I would enact a law, that every one who spoke evil of his fellow-creature, should be condemned to a fine, *could he not fully substantiate his charge*: and that the author of every slander and falsehood should lose his tongue. Then, perchance, there might be peace in Israel. But in the present blessed state of society, it is really fearful and heart-sickening to think how entirely one is in the power of these said tongues, what may not be propagated to one's disadvantage during absence, and how many reputations have been victimized during the babbling moments of a morning visit."

The Merchants' Magazine and Commercial Review.—This work of Mr. Hunt is in press, and will make its appearance on the first of July. We have seen several of the proof-sheets, and we do not hesitate to say, that its typographical appearance will not be surpassed by any magazine or review in the country. Mr. Hunt has secured able and talented assistance, and altogether the work will, we are confident, prove every way worthy of the class of our fellow-citizens for whose especial benefit it is designed.

Catlin's Indian Gallery -Catlin, the artist, who has devoted much time to the study of Indian character, costume, and physiognomy, has opened a large collection of Indian portraits, views of Indian villages, Indian dances, ball plays, religious ceremonies, buffalo hunts, etc., all tastefully arranged for exhibition in the saloon of the Stuyvesant Institute. The collection is a most interesting one, and worthy the examination of the publick.

A voice from Texas.—A moral lesson from Texas to the United States is really something new and amusing. The editor of the Houston Telegraph reads a long lecture to the citizens of the south-western part of the Union, who engage so frequently in furious and desperate brawls. This will remind every one of the sneer addressed by the pot to the kettle

Origin of the word Texas—The Cincinnati Republican has furnished an ingenious clue to the derivation of the word *Texas.* It is said to have originated in a couplet used by the earlier emigrants to that land of promise, *Texas* being a corruption of the phrase in the last line:

"When every other land rejects us,
This is the soil that freely *takes us.*"

The Characters of Schiller.—We learn from the newspapers, that a work with this title has been published by Messrs. Otis and Broaders, of Boston, from the pen of our esteemed correspondent, Mrs. Ellet. We have received no intimation of the fact from the publishers, but will take an early opportunity to give our readers a specimen of its contents.

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